

the moral and spiritual order it is just the attention to trifles that distinguishes the saint from the tepid man. Attention to trifles makes a gentleman in the social world, just as neglect of them makes a boor. In the ideal order—using ideal in its philosophical sense—trifles tell beyond power of estimation. Dante, artist that he was, realises this when he makes the old Florentine say that what he remembered most in Hell were the green hills and the little streams that ran down to the Arno around the home of his boyhood. We take the risk of correction and quote from memory:

*I piccoli riuscelletti che dai colli verdi
In Casentin scendon giu in Arno
Mi stanno sempre innanzi, e non indarno.*

Why?

Why is it that trifles—apparently trifles at any rate—dominate as they do in our recollections of places and persons? How often, on looking back to the past, the memory of a friend is in some mysterious manner associated with some entirely fortuitous circumstance, which makes as it were a background for our mental picture. We recall one friend long lost and inevitably see him lazily paddling a light boat on a summer evening on the Barrow; another we cannot see without an effort apart from the grateful shade of the olive groves around Tivoli; recollection of a third is for some hidden reason always associated with a walk among the mountains between Subiaco and Olevano. It is the same with places. The first image the name of Rome suggests is a little garden, green with orange and lemon trees and filled with the cool sound of a plashing fountain; Germany brings back an idle day in the groves around Heidelberg Schloss; if there will be years ahead from which we shall look back at Dunedin it will suggest, we venture to say, the vision of dawn coming in over the hills that shelter the harbor and spilling regal colors over the inner reaches of the sea. Why this is we know not, but that it is so our own consciousness as well as the witness of poets—from Dante to Kipling—assures us.

We are such stuff as dreams are made of.

A Warning to Bachelors

In the only volume left behind by that brilliant essayist, "Marmaduke," of the *Truth* of Labouchere's day, there is many a rare gem to be found. The little volume—it is called *The Maxims of Marmaduke*—seems to be caviare to the general reader. However that may be, the people who like caviare are satisfied to be in a minority. Read this and meditate thereon, ye bachelors of New Zealand:—

"The ordinary woman is trained to catch a man, not to keep a husband. As a girl she dances much, sings more, dresses simply but attractively, smiles when it is her interest to do so, and is apparently devoted to home. That conduct implies cheerfulness, economy, and contentment. It is, however, only her ante-nuptial manner. Many a man could describe his experience six months after marriage in these words: "My wife is a parcel of assorted follies and failings, enclosed in a decorative wrapper and labelled "Mixed Chocolates," but after marriage I discovered it to be a packet of acid drops."

The following is even more appalling: "In a seductive atmosphere of music, perfume, and luxury, the eligible man, dazzled and inebriated by the illusive surroundings, is entrapped by the combined blandishments of the selling parent and the child on sale. . . . In the majority of cases, the man purchases a toy sold to the highest bidder in the dearest market in conditions skilfully contrived to delude and obscure his judgment."

Considering the modern New Zealand "flapper" with her latchkey and her cigarettes and "spots," not to mention her apparel—costly inversely as its covering powers—we are of opinion that there was method in Marmaduke's madness.

Some Useful Definitions

The same writer also gives us some definitions which are positively indispensable for up-to-date people nowadays. Cut the following out and apply them and you will be one of the sheep, or one of the lilies of the field or anything else you please except a man or a woman as God made them:

Question—"How is your behaviour in accordance with the latest fashion?"

Answer—"In that I possess no opinion or principles of my own, and do not mind what I do, so long as I do it in distinguished society." (For instance—Jazzing, smoking, drinking whisky, flirting *ad libitum* now seem to be quite proper for modest maidens.)

"What is reputation?—The estimate your neighbors entertain of your wealth and social position." (In olden times old-fashioned people used to have an idea that a good name and a fair fame were important. Since the New Zealand Government gave us Mammon instead of God in the schools things are improved.)

"What is fashion?—The latest frivolity practised by the smallest number.

"How are you to know what is fashion?—By consulting dressmakers and imitating notorious Parisian *soubrettes*. (Enough said!)

"What is charity?—Assisting those who may directly or indirectly be in any way useful to you hereafter. (Collecting for "patriotic" purposes and sending white feathers to an only son on whom a widowed mother depends is also charity.)

"What is justice?—Strongly condemning the slightest failings of others, whilst readily condoning our own most infamous iniquities. (For example shrieking about corpse-factories that never existed and then wondering why any person should object to a lunatic like Colthurst murdering people.)

"What is modesty?—Not to dress lower than the most décolletée woman in the room.

"What is a good book?—The latest suggestive novel."

It seems hard to believe that Marmaduke was never in New Zealand.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The Sisters of Mercy, South Dunedin, desire to gratefully acknowledge a donation of £2 from a kind benefactor, "W.D."

On the Feast of the Assumption the children of St. Vincent de Paul's Orphanage, South Dunedin, spent a gay and happy afternoon at the home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Anderson's Bay, whither they had been invited by the Good Mother, who, with her kind Sisters, gave them a royal time. Before returning to the Orphanage, the children, who were under the charge of Mrs. Baker, sang the music for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, in the Little Sisters' chapel, much to the delight of the old people.

The Dominican Nuns of St. Mary's Convent, Cabra (Co. Dublin) celebrated in June the bi-centenary of their settlement in Dublin, and also the centenary of their foundation at Cabra. The pioneer community of Dominican Nuns, who have accomplished such splendid educational work in the diocese of Dunedin, came to New Zealand in 1871 from Sion Hill Convent, Blackrock, Dublin, an offshoot from the famous Convent of Cabra. It is also of interest to know that early in 1921 (about 18 months hence) the Dominican Nuns of the diocese of Dunedin intend celebrating, on a scale of some considerable magnitude, the golden jubilee of their foundation in Dunedin.

The concert promoted by the Catholic residents of Mornington to augment the fund now being raised to furnish the new Convent of the Sisters of Mercy at that suburb, which is to be given on next Saturday evening (August 30) in His Majesty's Theatre, promises to be an artistic, and it is fervently hoped a thorough financial success. Besides the Kaikorai Band (a splendid combination of talented instrumentalists