

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- May 22, Sunday.—Trinity Sunday.
- „ 23, Monday.—St. John Baptist de Rossi, Confessor.
- „ 24, Tuesday.—Blessed Virgin Mary, Help of Christians.
- „ 25, Wednesday.—St. Gregory VII., Pope and Confessor.
- „ 26, Thursday.—Corpus Christi.
- „ 27, Friday.—St. John I., Pope and Martyr.
- „ 28, Saturday.—St. Urban I., Pope and Martyr.

St. John Baptist de Rossi, Confessor.

At the age of thirteen St. John left his birthplace in the north of Italy and directed his steps to Rome, where, after having completed the usual course of studies, he was ordained priest. Whilst yet a student, he labored so successfully to promote the spiritual welfare of his companions that he was called the 'Apostle of the School.' As a priest entrusted with the charge of one of the parishes of Rome, he found a wider field for his zeal, and was enabled to do an incalculable amount of good to all classes of people. He died in 1764, at the age of 65.

Feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Help of Christians.

This feast was instituted by Pope Pius VII. at the beginning of the last century. Napoleon, in his ambitious attempt to become autocrat of the world, found a formidable obstacle in the opposition of the Supreme Pontiff, who refused to surrender the patrimony of the Church, or to allow the French Emperor to control the management of ecclesiastical affairs. As a consequence of his firmness, Pius VII. was detained in captivity for several years. In gratitude for his liberation, which seemed an answer to the prayers of the Church, invoking the intercession of the Blessed Virgin on his behalf, he ordered the present feast to be celebrated. Under the title of 'Help of Christians,' the Blessed Virgin Mary has been selected as patron of the Catholic Church in Australasia.

GRAINS OF GOLD

GOD'S LOVE.

- He gave me life, when none but He would miss,
Or know of an existence unfulfilled;
- He gave me place on earth, and promised bliss
When life was run and all its throbbings stilled—
He loved me!
- He gave me royal gifts—a heart and mind;
He led my reason slowly to its throne;
- And, though I knew His law was sweet and kind,
I turned me from His will and did my own—
He loved me still!
- He gave me blessings rare—His precious grace;
He watched me through the day and through the night;
- He took my grudging love, nor turned His face,
But added grace that I might see aright—
He loved me still!
- He scattered peace and brightness on my way;
He stood and ever waited for my call;
- He sweetly whispered when I knelt to pray;
He asked for little, while He gave me all—
He loved me so!
- Dear Lord, sweet Saviour, take my feeble hand!
Oh, lead me on! My faith shall never cease—
My trust, my joy, my love. At Thy command,
I lean on Thee, my sweet, my only Peace!—
My Love! my Rest!

Ave Maria.

The road to right is not nearly so narrow as some folks would have us believe. It is a bit narrow in one or two places, but having passed these, you'll find it wide enough for every right desire and every high ambition.

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we throw anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or, when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor.

It is right to seek the good will of all men, and to desire that they speak well of us, but when we lie down to die it will be an empty pillow if this is all we can rest on. When we are through with life and all its applause, and we are awaiting the final call, we want something more substantial than a friendly salute. When the faces we love grow dim to our vision, and we are lying in the twilight of two worlds, there are voices we should much rather hear than the plaudits and acclaim of the world, and one of them is: 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

The Storyteller

LONE WOLF

I.

Not, like his grim ancestors for a thousand generations, in some dark cave of the hills was he whelped, but in a narrow iron cage littered with straw. Two brothers and a sister made at the same time a like inauspicious entrance upon an alien and fettered existence. And because their silent, untamable mother loved too savagely the hereditary freedom of her race to endure the thought of bearing her young into a life of bondage, she would have killed them, mercifully, even while their baby-mouths were groping for her breasts; but the watchful keeper forestalled her. Whelps of the great grey timber-wolf, born in captivity and therefore likely to be docile, were rare and precious. The four little sprawlers, helpless and hungrily whimpering, were given into the care of a foster-mother, a sorrowing brown spaniel bitch who had just been robbed of her own puppies.

When old enough to be weaned, the two brothers and the sister, sturdy and sleek as any wolf-cubs of the hills, were sold to a dealer in wild animals, who carried them off to Hamburg. But Lone Wolf, as Toomey the trainer had already named him, stayed with the circus. He was the biggest, the most intelligent, and the most teachable cub of the whole litter; and Toomey, who had an unerring eye for quality in a beast, expected to make of him a star performer among wolves.

Job Toomey had been a hunter and a trapper in the backwood of New Brunswick, where his instinctive knowledge of the wild kindreds had won him a success which presently sickened him. His heart revolted against the slaughter of the creatures which he found so interesting, and for a time, his occupation gone, he had drifted aimlessly about the settlements. Then, at the performance of a travelling circus, which boasted two trained bears and a little trick-elephant, he had got his cue. It was borne in upon him that he was meant to be an animal-trainer. Then and there he joined the circus at a nominal wage, and within six months found himself an acknowledged indispensable. In less than a year he had become a well-known trainer, employed in one of the biggest menageries of America. Not only for his wonderful comprehension and command of animals was he noted, but also for his pose, to which he clung obstinately, of giving his performances always in the homespun garb of a backwoodsman instead of in the conventional evening-dress.

Lone Wolf! It seemed a somewhat imaginative name for the prison-born whelp; but as he grew out of cubhood his character and his stature alike seemed to justify it. Influenced by the example of his gentle foster-mother, he was docility itself toward his tamer, whom he came to love well after the reticent fashion of his race. But toward all others, man and beast alike, his reserve was cold and dangerous. Toomey apparently absorbed all the affection which his lonely nature had to spare in return for this singleness of regard. Toomey trained him with a firm patience which never forgot to be kind, and made him by the time he was three years old quite the cleverest and most distinguished performing wolf who had ever adorned a show.

He was now as tall as the very tallest Great Dane, but with a depth of shoulder and chest and a punishing length and strength of jaw that no dog ever could boast. When he looked at Toomey his eyes wore the expression of a faithful and understanding follower; but when he answered the stares of the crowd through the bars of his cage the greenish fire that flamed in their inscrutable depths was ominous and untamed. In all save his willing subjection to Toomey's mastery he was a true wolf of the savage and gigantic breed of the north-western timber. To all spectators this was aggressively obvious; and therefore the marvel of seeing this sinister grey beast with the murderous fangs so submissive to Toomey's gentlest bidding never grew stale. In every audience there were always some spectators hopefully pessimistic, who vowed that the great wolf would some day turn upon his master and tear his throat. To be sure, Lone Wolf was not by any means the only beast whom the backwoodsman had performing for the delectation of his audiences. But all the others—the lions, the leopards, the tiger, the elephant, the two zebras, and the white bear—seemed really subdued, as it were hypnotised into harmlessness. It was Lone Wolf only who kept the air of having never yielded up his spirit, of being always, in some way, not the slave, but the free collaborator.

Ordinarily, in spite of the wild fire smouldering in his veins, Lone Wolf was well enough content. The show was so big and so important that it was accustomed to visit only the great centres and to make long stops at each place. At such times his life contained some measure of freedom. He would be given a frequent chance of exercise in some secure enclosure where he could run and jump, and stretch his mighty muscles, and breathe the deep. And not infrequently after dark as a rule his master would snap a massive chain upon his collar and lead him out on leash like a dog into the verdurous freshness of park or country lane.

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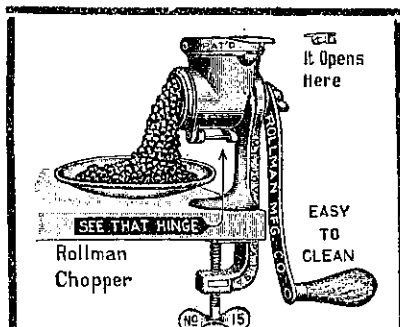
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But when the show was on tour, then it was very different. Lone Wolf hated fiercely the narrow cage in which he had to travel. He hated the harsh, incessant noise of the grinding rails, the swaying and lurching of the trucks, the dizzying procession of the landscape past the barred slits which served as windows to his car. Moreover, sometimes the unwieldy length of the circus train would be halted for an hour or two on some forest siding to let the regular traffic of the line go by. Then, as his wondering eyes caught glimpses of shadowed glades, and mysterious wooded aisles, and far-off hills and horizons, or wild, pungent smells of fir-thicket and cedar-swamp drew in upon the wind to his uplifted nostrils, his veins would run hot with an uncomprehended but savage longing for delights which he had never known, for a freedom of which he had never learned or guessed. At such times his muscles would ache and quiver till he felt like dashing himself blindly against his bars. And if the halt happened to take place at night, with perhaps a white moon staring in upon him from over a naked hill-top, he would lift his lean muzzle straight up toward the roof of his cage and give utterance to a terrible sound of which he knew not the meaning—the long, shrill gathering-cry of the pack. This would rouse all the other beasts to a frenzy of wails and screeches and growls and roars, till Toomey would have to come and stop his performance by darkening the cage with a tarpaulin. At the sound of Toomey's voice, soothing yet overmastering, the great wolf would lie down quietly, and the ghostly summons of his far-ravaging fathers would haunt his spirit no more.

After one of these long journeys the show was halted at an inland city for a stop of many weeks; and to house the show a cluster of wooden shanties was run up on the outskirts of the city, forming a sort of mushroom village flanked by the great white exhibition tents. In one of these shanties, near the centre of the cluster, Lone Wolf's cage was sheltered, along with the cages of the puma, the leopard, and the little, black Himalayan bear. Immediately adjoining this shanty was the spacious open shed where the elephants were tethered.

That same night, a little before dawn, when the wearied attendants were sleeping heavily, Lone Wolf's nostrils caught a strange smell which made him spring to his feet and sniff anxiously at the suddenly acrid air. A strange, reddish glow was dispersing the dark outside his window. From the other cages came uneasy mutterings and movements; and the little black bear, who was very wise, began to whine. The dull glow leapt into a glare; and then the elephants trumpeted the alarm. Instantly the night was loud with shoutings and trappings and howlings and rushings to and fro. A cloud of choking smoke blew into Lone Wolf's cage, making him cough and wonder anxiously why Toomey didn't come. The next moment Toomey came, with one of the keepers and an elephant. Frantically they began pushing and dragging out the cages. But there was a wind; and before the first cage, that of the puma, was more than clear of the door, the flames were on top of them like a leaping tiger. Panic-stricken, the elephant screamed and bolted. The keeper, shouting, 'We can't save any more in this house. Let's get the lions out!' made off with one arm over his eyes, doggedly dragging the heavy cage of the puma. The keeper was right. He had his work cut out for him, as it was, to save the screeching puma. As for Toomey, his escape was already almost cut off; but he could not endure to save himself without giving the imprisoned beasts a chance for their lives. Dashing at the three remaining cages, he tore them open; and then, with a summons to Lone Wolf to follow him, he threw his arms over his face and dashed through the flames.

The three animals sprang out at once into the middle of the floor; but their position seemed already hopeless. The leopard, thoroughly cowed, leaped back into his cage and curled up in the farthest corner, spitting insanely. Lone Wolf dashed at the door by which Toomey had fled; but a whirl of flame in his face drove him back to the middle of the floor, where the little bear stood whimpering. Just at this moment a massive torrent of water from a fire-engine crashed through the window, drenching Lone Wolf and knocking the bear clean over. The beneficent stream was whisked away again in an instant, having work to do elsewhere than on this already doomed and hopeless shed. But to the wise little bear it had shown a way of escape. Out through the window he scurried; and Lone Wolf went after him in one tremendous leap just as the flames swooped in and licked the floor clean, and slew the huddled leopard in its cage.

Outside, in the awful heat, the alternations of the dazzling glare and blinding smoke, the tumult of the shouting and the engines, the roar of the flames, and the ripping crash of the streams, and the cries of the beasts, Lone Wolf found himself utterly confused. But he trusted, for some reason, the sagacity of the bear, and followed his shaggy form, bearing diagonally up and across the wind. Presently a cyclone of suffocating smoke enveloped him, and he lost his guide. But straight ahead he darted, stretched out at top speed, belly to the ground; and in another moment he emerged into the clear air. His eyes smarting savagely, his nose and lips scorched, his wet fur singed, he hardly realised at first his escape, but raced straight on across the fields for several hundred yards. Then, at the edge of a wood, he stopped and looked back. The little bear was nowhere to be seen. The night wind here blew deliciously cool upon his face. But there was the mad red

monster roaring and raging still as if it would eat up the world. The terror of it was in his veins. He sprang into the covert of the wood, and ran wildly, with the one impulse to get as far away as possible.

Before he had gone two miles he came out upon an open country of fields and pastures and farmyards and little thickets. Straight on he galloped, through the gardens and the farmyards as well as the open fields. In the pastures the cattle, roused by the glare in the sky, stamped and snorted at him as he passed, and now and then a man's voice yelled at him angrily as his long form tore through flowerbeds or trellised vines. He had no idea of avoiding the farmhouses, for he had at first no fear of men; but at length an alert farmer got a shot at him with a fowling-piece, and two or three small leaden pellets caught him in the hindquarters; they did not go deep enough to do him serious harm, but they hurt enough to teach him that men were dangerous. Thereupon he swerved from the uncompromising straight line of his flight and made for the waste places. When the light of the fire had quite died out behind him the first of the dawn was creeping up the sky, and by this time he had come to a barren region of low thickets, ragged woods, and rocks thrusting up through a meagre, whitish soil.

Till the sun was some hours high Lone Wolf pressed on, his terror of the fire now lost in a sense of delighted freedom. By this time he was growing hungry, and for an instant the impulse seized him to turn back and seek his master. But no, that way lay the scorching of the flames. Instead of turning, he ran on all the faster. Suddenly a rabbit bounded up almost beneath his nose. Hitherto he had never tasted living prey, but with a sure instinct he sprang after the rabbit. To his fierce disappointment, however, the nimble little beast was so inconsiderate as to take refuge in a dense bramble-thicket which he could not penetrate. His muzzle, smarting and tender from the fire, could not endure the harsh prickles, so after prowling about the thicket for a half-hour in the wistful hope that the rabbit might come out, he resumed his journey. He had no idea, of course, where he wanted to go, but he felt that there must be a place somewhere where there were plenty of rabbits and no bramble-thickets.

Late in the afternoon he came upon the fringes of a settlement, which he skirted with caution. In a remote pasture-field, among rough hillocks and gnarled, fire-scarred stumps, he ran suddenly into a flock of sheep. For a moment he was puzzled at the sight; but the prompt flight of the startled animals suggested pursuit. In a moment he had borne down the hindermost. To reach for its throat was a sure instinct; and he feasted with a growing zest of savagery upon the hot flesh. Before he realised it, he was dragging the substantial remnant of his meal to a place of hiding under an overhanging rock. Then, well content with himself, he crept into a dark thicket and slept for several hours.

When he awoke a new-risen moon was shining, with something in her light which half bewildered him, half stung him to uncomprehended desires. Skulking to the crest of a naked knoll, he saw the landscape spread all around him, with the few twinkling lights of the straggling village below the slopes of the pasture. But not for lights, or for villages, or for men was his concern. Sitting up very straight on his gaunt haunches, he stretched his muzzle towards the taunting moon, and began to sound that long, dreadful gathering-cry of his race.

It was an unknown or a long-forgotten voice in those neighborhoods; but none who heard it needed to have it explained. In half a minute every dog in the settlement was howling, barking, or yelping in rage or fear. To Lone Wolf all this clamor was as nothing. He paid no more attention to it than as if it had been the twittering of sparrows. Then doors opened and lights flashed as men came out to see what was the matter. Clearly visible, silhouetted against the low moon, Lone Wolf kept up his sinister chant to the unseen. But presently, out of the corner of his eye, he noted half-a-dozen men approaching up the pasture, with the noisy dogs at their heels. Men! That was different! Could it be that they wanted him? All at once he experienced a qualm of conscience, so to speak, about the sheep he had killed. It occurred to him that if sheep belonged to men there might be trouble ahead. Abruptly he stopped his serenading of the moon, slipped over the crest of the knoll, and made off at a long, tireless gallop which before morning had put leagues between himself and the angry villagers.

After this he gave a wide berth to settlements; and, having made his first kill, he suddenly found himself an accomplished hunter. It was as if long-buried memories, had sprung up all at once to life—memories, indeed, not of his own but of his ancestors; and he knew all at once how to stalk the shy wild rabbits, to run down and kill the red deer. The country through which he journeyed was well stocked with game, and he fed abundantly as he went with no more effort than just enough to give zest to his freedom. In this fashion he kept on for many days, working ever northward just because the wild lands stretched in that direction, and at last he came upon the skirts of a cone-shaped mountain, ragged with ancient forest, rising solitary and supreme out of a measureless expanse of wooden plain. From a jutting shoulder of rock his keen eyes noted but one straggling settlement, groups of scattered clearings wide apart on the skirts of the great hill. They were too far to mar the vast seclusion of the height; and Lone Wolf,

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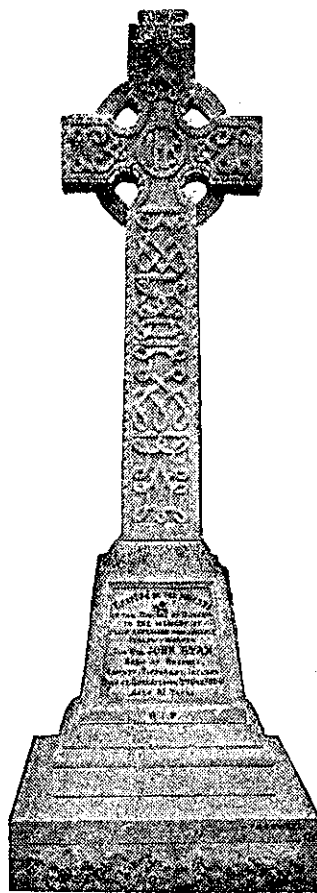
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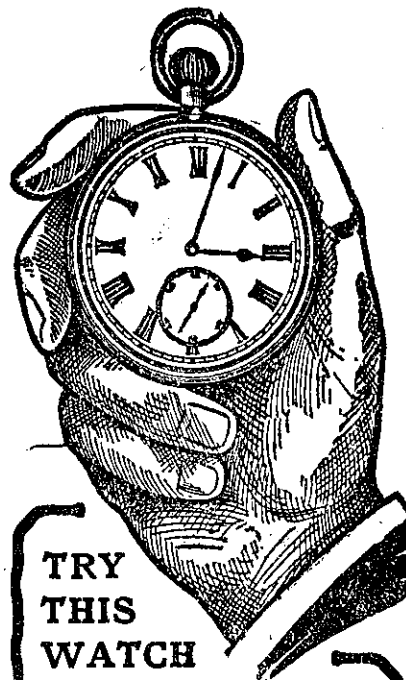
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finding a cave in the rocks that seemed exactly designed for his retreat, went no farther. He felt that he had come into his own domain.

II.

The settlers round the skirts of Lost Mountain were puzzled and indignant; for six weeks their indignation had been growing, and the mystery seemed no nearer a solution. Something was slaughtering their sheep—something that knew its business slaughtered with dreadful efficiency. Several honest dogs fell under suspicion, not because there was anything whatever against their reputations, but simply because they had the misfortune to be big enough and strong enough to kill a sheep if they wanted to; the brooding backwood-mind, when troubled, will go far on the flimsiest evidence.

Of all the wrathful settlers the most furious was Brace Timmins. Not only had he lost in those six weeks six sheep, but now his dog, a splendid animal, half deerhound and half collie, had been shot on suspicion by a neighbor on no better grounds apparently than his long legs and his long, killing jaws. Still the slaughtering of the flocks went on with undiminished vigor. And a few days later Brace Timmins avenged his favorite by publicly thrashing his too hasty neighbor in front of the cross-roads store. The neighbor, pounded into exemplary penitence, apologised, and as far as the murdered dog was concerned the score was wiped clean. But the problem of the sheep-killing was no nearer solution. If not Brace Timmins' dog, as every one now made prudent haste to acknowledge, then whose dog was it? The life of every dog in the settlement, if bigger than a woodchuck, hung by a thread, which might, it seemed, at any moment turn into a halter. Brace Timmins loved dogs; and not wishing that others should suffer the unjust fate which had overtaken his own, he set his whole woodcraft to the discovery of the true culprit.

Before he had made any great progress, however, on this trail, a new thing happened, and suspicion was lifted from the heads of all dogs. Joe Anderson's dog, a powerful beast, part sheep-dog and part Newfoundland, with a far-off streak of bull, and the champion fighter of the settlements, was found dead in the middle of Anderson's sheep-pasture, his whole throat fairly ripped out. He had died in defence of his charge; and it was plainly no dog's jaws that had done such mangling. What dog, indeed, could have mastered Anderson's Dan?

'It's a bear gone mad on mutton,' pronounced certain of the wise ones, idling at the cross-roads store. 'Ye see as how he ha'n't et the dawg noways, but just bit him, to teach him not to go interferin' as regards sheep.'

'Ye're all off,' contradicted Timmins, with authority. 'A bear'd hev tore him, an' batted him, an' mauled him more'n he'd hev' bit him. A bear thinks more o' usin' his forepaws than what he does his jaws if he gits into any kind of unpleasantness. No, boys, our unknown friend up yonder's a wolf, take my word for it.'

Joe Anderson snorted, and spat accurately out through the door. 'A wolf!' he sneered. 'Go chase yerself, Brace Timmins! I'd like to see any wolf as could a' done up my Dan that way!'

'Well, keep yer hair on, Joe,' retorted Timmins easily. 'I'm again after him, an' I'll show him to you in a day or two as like as not.'

'I reckon, Joe,' interposed the storekeeper, leaning forward across the counter, 'as how there be other breeds o' wolf besides the sneakin' little gray varmint o' the East here, what's been cleaned out o' these parts fifty years ago. If Brace is right—an' I reckon he be—then it must sure be one o' them big timber-wolves we read about, what the Lord's took it into His head to plank down here in our safe old woods to make us set up an' take notice. You better watch out, Brace. If he don't git the brute first lick he'll git you!'

'I'll watch out,' drawled Timmins confidently; and, selecting a strong steel trap-chain from a box beside the counter, he sauntered off to put his plans into execution.

These plans were simple enough. He knew that he had a wide-ranging adversary to deal with; but he himself was a wide ranger and acquainted with every cleft and crevice of Lost Mountain. He would find the great wolf's lair and set his traps accordingly—one in the runway, to be avoided if the wolf was as clever as he ought to be; and a couple of others a little aside, to really do the work. Of course he would carry his rifle, in case of need, but he wanted to take his enemy alive.

For several arduous but exciting days Timmins searched in vain alike the dark cedar-swamps and the high, broken spurs of mountain. Then, one windless afternoon, when the forest scents came rising to him on the clear air, far up the steep he found a climbing trail between grey, shelving ledges. Stealthily as a lynx he followed, expecting at the next turn to come upon the lair of the enemy. It was a just expectation; but, as luck would have it, that next turn which would have led him straight to his goal lay around a shoulder of rock whose foundations had been loosened by the rains. With a kind of long growl, rending and sickening, the rock gave way and sank beneath Timmins' feet.

Moved by the alert and unerring instinct of the woodsman, Timmins leaped into the air. Both high and wide he sprang, and so escaped being engulfed in the mass which he had dislodged. On the top of the ruin he fell; but he

fell far and hard, and for some fifteen or twenty minutes after that fall he lay very still, while the dust and debris settled into silence under the quiet flooding of the sun. At last he opened his eyes. For a moment he made no effort to move, but lay wondering where he was. A weight was on his legs, and glancing downward he saw that he was half-covered with earth and rubbish. Then he remembered. Was he badly hurt? He was half afraid now to make the effort to move, lest he should find himself incapable of it. Still, he felt no serious pain. His head ached, to be sure, and he saw that his left hand was bleeding from a gash at the base of the thumb. That hand still clutched one of the heavy traps which he had been carrying, and it was plainly the trap that had cut him, as if in a frantic effort to escape. But where was his rifle? Cautiously turning his head, he peered around for it; but in vain, for during the fall it had flown far aside into the thicket. As he stared solicitously, all at once his dazed and sluggish senses sprang to life again with a scorching throb which left a chill behind it. There, not ten paces away, sitting up on its haunches and eyeing him contemplatively, was a gigantic wolf, much bigger, it seemed to him, than any wolf had any right to be.

Timmins' first instinct was to spring to his feet with a yell that would give the dreadful stranger to understand that he was a fellow it would not be well to tamper with. But his woodcraft stayed him. He was not by any means sure that he could spring to his feet. Still less was he sure that such an action would properly impress the great wolf, who, for the moment at least, seemed not actively hostile. Stillness, absolute immobility, was the trump-card to be always played in the wilderness when in doubt. So Timmins kept quite still, looking inquiringly at Lone Wolf. And Lone Wolf looked inquiringly at him.

For several minutes this waiting game went on. Then, with easy nonchalance, Lone Wolf lifted one huge hindpaw and vigorously scratched his ear. This very simple action was a profound relief to Timmins.

'Sartain,' he thought, 'the crittur must be in an easy mood, or he'd never think to scratch his ear like that. Or, mebbe, he thinks I'm so well buried I kin wait, like an old bone.'

Just then Lone Wolf got up, stretched himself, yawned prodigiously, came a couple of steps nearer, and sat down again, with his head cocked to one side and a polite air as if asking, 'Do I intrude?'

'Sartain sure, I'll never ketch him in a better humor,' thought Timmins. 'I'll try the human voice on him.'

'Git out of that!' he commanded in a sharp voice.

(To be concluded.)

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Current Topics

Dr. Cleary in Mexico City

The Right Rev. Dr. Grimes—to whom we offer respectful congratulations on having a few days ago entered on the twenty-fourth year of his arduous and fruitful episcopate—received last week a letter from our Editor written from Mexico City, and rightly judging that the contents would prove generally interesting, has kindly placed the communication at our disposal. The letter is written under date March 7. After paying a tribute to the memory of the late Venerable Archpriest Le Menant des Chesnais—of whose lamented death he had just learned—Dr. Cleary continues: 'I have been here in Mexico City only three days. I have visited the Marist Fathers (Frs. Roussillon, Reis, etc.), and celebrate daily in one or other of their churches. As elsewhere, so here, the good Fathers are doing noble work—chiefly among the French-speaking and English-speaking communities, and no churches in the city appear to be so crowded and so popular as theirs (S. Lorenzo, for English-speaking people chiefly, and N. D. de Lourdes for French chiefly). Their college gives education entirely in French and English, and is a real God-send. Heaven bless the good Fathers' work! In Puebla (Mexico), in La Paz (Bolivia), and elsewhere I have seen such sad results following from our failure to grasp opportunities and give to young Spanish America the sort of commercial education that it is clamoring for. The Fathers here were delighted with the account I gave of the educational work of the Society in New Zealand.' After some personal messages to Bishop Grimes from Mexican priests who had in time past been associated with his Lordship, Dr. Cleary added that for family reasons he proposed to hurry on to Ireland as quickly as possible.

Taking Him at His Word

Out of the terms 'superstitious' and 'idolatrous' used in the Royal Declaration in reference to Catholic doctrine an amusing, and apparently wholly unconcerted, movement arose in Ireland on the last occasion on which the Declaration was made. It led, according to the *S.H. Review*, to 'a startling innovation in the returns in the religious columns of many of the Irish census papers. With a meek and submissive loyalty for which they are not usually credited, many staunch Nationalist Catholics wrote themselves down "idolaters" in accordance with the Royal Oath. To the enumerators' remonstrances they indignantly replied that the King had publicly sworn they were idolaters, and that they didn't want to "make a liar of his Majesty." The perplexed policemen who collected the papers sought advice from higher authorities as to whether prosecution should issue for a wilfully false statement. But they were advised that in view of the belief sworn to, at least (if not actually entertained), by a certain great personage, it would be wiser to make no further fuss on the subject.' Mr. Tim Healy, we remember, in his first speech in Ireland after the coronation of the late King commenced his address with the words, 'Fellow-idolaters'!—and this may possibly have first suggested the census pleasantries.

The Queensland Referendum

The vote given last month at the Federal elections on the question of whether there shall or shall not be Bible-teaching in the State schools of Queensland seems to be regarded by the people of that State as being distinctly indecisive. A member of the Queensland Parliament—interviewed by the Melbourne papers while on a visit to that city—at once declared that the figures were altogether too inconclusive for any Parliamentary action to be taken. Our Queensland contemporary, the *Brisbane Age*, holds emphatically the same opinion, and gives what look like solid and convincing reasons in support of this view.

*

Our contemporary gives the following lucid exposition of the referendum results and their significance:—'The Queensland State rolls comprise the names of 261,504 persons who were qualified to vote. Of this number a fairly numerous total recorded their votes on the Federal political issues, but only a comparatively small percentage appear to have taken the trouble to vote on the Bible-in-schools State referendum. On this question the voting throughout the State, omitting fractions of the thousand, was:

For the Bible in school	60,000
Against	42,000

These figures work out at a ratio of about 10 to 7, as between supporters and opponents of the innovation proposed by the league. But they must be further construed in their relation to the total of adult voters in Queensland.

Bearing in mind that there are on the rolls of the State 261,504 qualified electors, the number who voted Yes on the Bible-in-school ballot therefore form just one-fifth of the whole constituency, while their opponents number, roughly, a seventh. Both combined would not reach a third of the voting power of the State. The numbers, as we have said, are inconclusive. They proclaim a victory for the Bible advocates, so far as mere votes recorded go, but which is in reality a failure. For the great majority of the voters, by the very fact of refraining from voting on the question, have shown an attitude of indifference on the subject that may not be ignored, while the numbers of those who did vote show up in such diminutive proportions, as compared with the total polling power, that no statesman can seriously think of regarding the referendum as an aggregate expression of the opinion of the people of Queensland. It implies no mandate to any Queensland statesman to attempt to introduce Bible-teaching as a feature of public instruction in the schools of the State. Such a result, after such an industrious and long-drawn-out campaign as that led by Archdeacon Garland for many months past, should carry its own lesson.'

Miss Nightingale and the Sisters

There is a touch of his late father's grace and thoughtfulness in King George's action—reported in the cables—in sending a telegram to Miss Florence Nightingale conveying his congratulations on her ninetieth birthday. Catholics have a special reason not only for admiration, but also for gratitude, to Miss Nightingale for her loyalty to the Sisters who labored under her in the Crimea, and for her splendid tribute to the magnificent services which they rendered. By the English historians of the day the work of the nuns was passed by, as scarcely worthy of mention. Even when the Sisters of Mercy were gratuitously toiling and dying of cold and hunger and overwork and disease at their unpaid post of duty, there were to be found some inglorious varlets—even clergymen—who sat in guilty comfort in their easy chairs in England and in pamphlet and newspaper railed at and ridiculed their admitted devotion to the sick and wounded soldiers of the Queen. That was in the days when prejudice against the Catholic name and the religious habit was ingrained and almost universal. The undoubtedly valuable services of Miss Nightingale were made the theme of song and story. Those of the Sisters of Mercy were either passed over in absolute silence or coldly and thanklessly accepted as a matter of course.

*

Miss Nightingale was, however, more generous than either the clergymen or the journalists of her time. Shortly after the close of the war she wrote the following words to the Superior who had been in charge of the Sisters during the course of that sublimely blundering campaign: 'I do not presume to express praise or gratitude to you, Rev. Mother; because it would look as though I thought you had done this work not unto God but unto me. You were far above me in fitness for the general superintendency in worldly talent of administration, and far more in the spiritual qualifications which God values in a Superior; my being placed over you was my misfortune, not my fault. What you have done for the work no one can ever say. I do not presume to give you any other tribute but my tears.'

The Accession Oath: Some Opinions

Elsewhere in this issue we have dealt at length with the terms and history of the utterly indefensible Accession Oath. The fetor of an addled egg does not strike the senses till the shell is cracked. And then only do you discover that its odor is not as the odors of Araby the Blest. But the offensiveness of the Sovereign's no-Popery Declaration lies thick and plain and rank upon its surface. On the occasion of the accession of the late King representative Protestant journals in Great Britain and Australasia recognised and deplored this, and joined right cordially with our co-religionists in calling for the removal therefrom of words which are as heartless an outrage upon the feelings of the King as they are upon those of his Catholic subjects. American Protestant papers were not less emphatic. A representative American religious periodical—*Christian Work*—said: 'We are glad to know of but one religious journal in this country that justifies the existing anti-Catholic oath required of every new British Sovereign, a Bill to modify which has already been introduced into the House of Lords. The same end can be secured without utilising a direct insult; and certainly to declare, as in the oath, that the use of the Mass is "superstitious and idolatrous," is to insult the whole body of Catholics, besides being unnecessary. You may hold many opinions, but you may not therefore embody them in an official oath, or cast a stigma upon your fellow-Christians, however widely separated from them in polity and doctrine.'

The *Pilot*, an Anglican paper published in London, bluntly asked: 'Who gives a dispensation to a Protestant to swear to a known lie. And how do honest people of all religions characterise such oath?' Commenting on which utterance, the *Ave Maria* remarked: 'Our co-religionists over the water are grateful to King Edward VII. because in repeating the offensive words of the Oath of Accession—the words which denounced the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist and devotion to the Blessed Virgin as superstitious—he lowered his voice so that the passage was hardly audible. The tact of King Edward was surely worthy of praise; indeed it is known that he personally regrets the ancient custom which imposes on him a declaration offensive to millions of his best subjects. But the London *Pilot* (Anglican) points out an aspect of the case which has hitherto been ignored. Not only is the King obliged to make the declaration that he holds these doctrines to be superstitious, while in reality he does not so hold them, but he is further required to confirm the declaration with an oath. In other words, the King is obliged by the tyranny of an old custom to begin his reign with a solemn public lie. . . . The question, then, is very pertinent: What effect will the whole performance have on the popular conception of an oath?'

Dominion newspapers of the higher class have always taken a reasonable view on the subject of this outrageous Declaration; and in the fair and dispassionate review of the question which appeared in its leading columns of the 11th inst. the *Otago Daily Times* was only voicing the opinions and maintaining the traditions of the best New Zealand journalism. Our contemporary said in part: 'The protests which are being revived against the terms of the Oath that is demanded of the Sovereign on his accession to the Throne should not be regarded as unreasonable. The late Marquis of Salisbury on one occasion, we think, described the declaration of faith that is included in the Oath as "of indecent violence" in its reference to the religious beliefs of many millions of the King's subjects. . . . The appeal they make for the removal from the Royal Declaration of expressions the use of which inflicts severe pain upon them gathers strength from the fact that the Oath in its rejection of the articles of their faith is, to all intents and purposes, quite superfluous. The Protestant succession to the Throne is in reality secured by the provisions of the Bill of Rights and the Act of Succession. . . . If it is not now essential for the maintenance of the Protestant succession, which the great bulk of the King's subjects desire to see preserved and will insist upon having preserved, that such a declaration should be used by his Majesty at his accession as is calculated to wound deeply the feelings of the Roman Catholics in the Empire, and as must indeed have that effect, the retention in the Oath of the objectionable expressions is not defensible. And, as we have said, the other safeguards for the perpetuation of the Protestant succession seem to be perfectly ample. If, therefore, such an amendment of the Accession Oath were framed as would, while pledging the Monarch to an acceptance of the principle of the Bill of Rights and to a solemn acknowledgment of the fundamental truths of Protestantism, omit the special references that outrage the feelings of Roman Catholics, it would probably gain the approval of the vast majority of the British people throughout the world.'

The Late King at Mass

One of the last occasions on which his late Majesty was present at Mass in royal state was in February, 1908, after the horrible murder of Dom Carlos, King of Portugal, and of his son and heir, the Crown Prince. The outburst of reprobation of the crime and of sympathetic sorrow for its victims was without parallel in the long history of close and unbroken alliance between England and Portugal; and with characteristic grace, and with a royal tact that was no less admirable because it was prompted spontaneously by a loyal personal friendship, the King and Queen, as expressing the heart of the British Empire, attended the Requiem at Spanish-place in sympathy with the Catholic kingdom of Portugal, at that same moment performing in its own capital the same last sacred rites for the dead. We summarise from the London *Tablet* report of that date the more striking features of the impressive ceremony. By 12 o'clock the church was filled awaiting the arrival of the royal party. It was a sight seldom seen, and never before in that church in such supreme splendor. The building itself was a fitting setting for so noble and solemn a function, with its completeness of architectural detail and its chancel of glittering gold and exquisite mosaics. Among the first to arrive was a deputation of officers of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, of which the late King was the honorary Colonel-in-Chief. The Ambassadors and their suites took their places early on the Epistle side in the nave; the Gospel side was occupied later by Royal Princes and Princesses, behind whom were the accompanying members of the Royal Household and

Ministers of the Crown. For the rest, notabilities of the nation filled all the remaining places.

All had assembled before the Royal personages arrived. They included the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Prince wearing an Admiral's uniform and a Portuguese order, Princess Victoria, Prince and Princess Christian, and Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyle, accompanied by the Duke of Argyle. Bishop Brindle, D.S.O., the soldier bishop who had seen many battles as chaplain to the forces, was vested as an old student at the English College, Lisbon, and had been requested to await the coming of the King. The organ pealed out the Dead March in 'Saul,' the opening strain of 'God save the King' penetrated the building from without, and the royal procession entered. Canon Gildea, with his assistant priests, escorted the royal party to the hall of the presbytery, where the Archbishop was in waiting. Preceded by his Chancellor and Private Secretary, and followed by the Marquis de Soveral, representing the King of Portugal, his Grace led the King and Queen, who were accompanied by Princess Victoria, through the presbytery to the church. The Princess took her place with the Royal Family, their Majesties were enthroned on the Gospel side of the sanctuary; the Portuguese Minister took the special place of honor below the King prepared for him, the Archbishop, who had ceded his usual place, presided on the Epistle side, and the Mass—a Low Mass of Requiem—began.

The function presented what must have been a memorable and never-to-be forgotten scene. The King wore the uniform of a Portuguese Colonel-in-Chief; the Queen, in deep mourning, relieved by the single touch of color of a Portuguese order, the Archbishop in his purple, Canon Gildea, attendant on their Majesties, in his canonical robes, the hundreds of varied uniforms resplendent with dazzling orders and many colored decorations, against the background of mourning worn by all the ladies present, threw into relief the simple severity of the draped sanctuary and the black vestments of the celebrating Bishop. The choir sang unaccompanied selections during the Mass, all of which are described as having been, without exception, beautifully and impressively given. After Mass, his Majesty, taking leave of the Archbishop, expressed his warm appreciation of the music and all the arrangements which had been made by Canon Gildea for the ceremony, adding, 'Nothing could have been better.'

A spectacle so significant of peace and good-will, of loyalty, large-hearted tolerance, and kingly trust, naturally commended itself not only to Catholics, but to the large majority of Protestants also; and the demonstration outside the church by the long lines of spectators was a striking witness of the sympathetic interest of the people. But the small and narrow-minded coterie represented by the Protestant Alliance—the only section of all his millions of subjects whom even the late King could never thoroughly please—had to be reckoned with. A day or two after the King's attendance at Spanish-place the Alliance published the following insulting 'Protest':—'The Protestant Alliance, representing Protestants of all denominations, views with astonishment and distress his Majesty's attendance at a Mass for the dead at St. James's Roman Catholic Church, Spanish-place, W., such an action on the part of his Majesty being inconsistent with his position as head of this Protestant nation, and a violation of the spirit of the Coronation and Accession Oaths. While deeply sympathising with the Portuguese nation in their great sorrow, the Protestant Alliance would humbly point out to his Majesty that, by Act of Parliament, 1689, "all and every person and persons that is, are, or shall be reconciled to, or shall hold communion with the See or Church of Rome, shall be excluded, and be for ever incapable to inherit, possess, or enjoy the Crown and government of this realm, and the people of these realms shall be and are hereby absolved of their allegiance." Luckily for the protesters, this resolution was not addressed directly to the King, or the members of the Alliance might have found themselves indicted for treason, and a resistance to his Majesty's rights. Of course, the fulmination came to nothing—the Alliance fusillade, noisy and pretentious as it was, was merely a case of 'cannonading the sea.'

Messrs. J. Ballantyne and Co., Christchurch, call attention to their famous cream delaine for blouses, which washes well and always looks well...

The Baker was 'crusty'; his words were 'tart.'

He was not in the mood for a jest;

He felt like an oaf and wanted to 'loaf,'

For he had a bad cold on the chest.

What! 'ales' thee, friend, you've been in the 'draught,'

Remarked his old neighbor, the brewer;

'Tis the wind from the 'yeast,' don't worry the least;

Take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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A PASTORAL VISIT

HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP GRIMES IN WESTLAND

Considerable space is devoted by the *Hokitika Guardian* of May 5 (writes our Christchurch correspondent) to an account of the visitation of the South Westland portion of the diocese by his Lordship Bishop Grimes. As previously stated (says the *Guardian*) his Lordship Bishop Grimes, accompanied by Rev. Father Hyland, left Hokitika in the steamer *Jane Douglas* on Wednesday, April 20. The journey down was a very pleasant one, and after going on with the steamer to Jackson's Bay and staying a night at anchor at Open Bay Island, the settlement of Okuru was reached on Friday, April 22. Here a stay was made till the following Monday morning. The whole of the residents of the settlement turned out in full force to welcome the visitors, who were the guests of Mr. J. Cuttance at his homestead, and their reception there was of a most hospitable nature. The settlers of the district for twenty miles around came in to attend the services that were held during the visit. The schoolroom was found too small for the services, and the public hall which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion was then utilised. On Sunday morning Mass was celebrated, and afterwards nineteen candidates received the Sacrament of Confirmation. The Bishop referred in special terms to the good work among the children by Mr. A. J. Saville, who was giving them a splendid education. The weather during the stay was perfect, with one slight exception, a little light rain falling one morning. Thanks to the kindness of the owner, Mr. Molloy, and Captain Vendore, of the *Jane Douglas*, who went to a considerable amount of trouble to make the journey as enjoyable as possible, his Lordship and Father Hyland were enabled to again join the steamer at Okuru and journey to Bruce Bay, thereby saving a long, wearisome horseback ride from Okuru to Bruce Bay of 57 miles, a trying journey to those in the strongest of health.

On arrival at Bruce Bay on Monday night, April 25, the settlers were present in full force to meet his Lordship. In landing by means of the surf boat, at the landing place Mr. T. Condon drove into the surf right up to the surf boat, and the visitors were enabled to get into the conveyance without even getting their feet wet. They were then driven out to Mr. T. Condon's homestead at Mahitahi, a stay being made there until the following Wednesday. Instruction to the children was given by Rev. Father Hyland until Wednesday morning. Services were held each day, and on Wednesday morning ten candidates were confirmed. An appeal was also made on behalf of the Cathedral fund, and it was very generously responded to, a similar appeal at Okuru also being likewise well received.

On Wednesday, April 27, at 10.30 a.m., the visitors left Mr. Condon's comfortable homestead at Mahitahi, the owner accompanying the visitors as far as Bruce Bay. A short stay was made at Mr. J. Ritchie's, where dinner was partaken of. In the afternoon the party left for Weheka, a distance of 31 miles, a stiff day's ride. The travelling was good, the rivers were fairly low, and the track was in good order, while perfect weather prevailed. The journey was broken with a short stay at Mr. A. O. Scott's homestead. His Lordship was agreeably surprised to find such a pleasant homestead, with its well-preserved plantation of virgin native bush, almost right up to the hall door, in all its splendor. The homestead is beautifully situated on the Karangaroa River. After a short stay, the journey was again resumed, a further call being made at the homestead of Mrs. Ryan at Pekanga. The visitors arrived at Mr. F. Williams's homestead at Weheka (Cook's River) about 6 o'clock that night, and were met there by Rev. Father O'Connor, who had come on from Ross to assist his Lordship during the remainder of his journey. A stay was made at Weheka from the Tuesday night until the following Friday morning, the visitors receiving every possible attention at Mr. and Mrs. Williams's hands.

Next day a visit was made to Fox Glacier, one of the lowest in the world. A beautiful view was obtained, and on the way back a magnificent sunset was seen, the appearance of Mount Cook, Mount Sefton, and the whole of the Southern Alps in the vicinity being a ravishing sight of stirring beauty. The next morning a good view of the comet was obtained, the mountains being moon-bathed and making a very charming spectacle. The settlers of the district came in full force to welcome his Lordship, and to assist at Mass and receive the Sacraments, and five candidates were confirmed.

On Friday, April 29, the visitors, accompanied by Messrs. Sullivan and Williams and Miss Mulvaney, left the charming Cooks River settlement for Tataru (Waiho). On the way the first typical wet day of the journey was experienced, the rain coming down uninterruptedly. They rode through in the wet, a journey of some seventeen miles, reaching Mr. Patrick's well known residence.

Here again, as at all the other centres, their reception was of the warmest and most cordial nature. On Saturday morning Mass was celebrated and a number approached the Sacraments. Shortly after they left Mr. Patrick's, Rev. Father O'Connor having charge of a pair of sturdy horses and buggy. The torrential downpour continued unabated. The creeks on this part of the journey were found to be

running high in flood. Especially was this found to be the case at McDonald's Creek, where the buggy was bodily lifted by the force of the current. Rev. Father O'Connor and his pair, however, were equal to the task, and the party crossed safely. Mr. F. Heveltdt's at The Forks was reached in good time. A stay was made here for a couple of hours awaiting information as to the condition of the rivers on the way. They eventually left The Forks about 3 o'clock, Mr. Heveltdt accompanying as pilot. With some little difficulty the Waitangi river was crossed, and Mr. J. Butler's homestead was reached shortly after 4 o'clock. The weather at this stage was the worst experienced during the tour. There was a continuous heavy rain, accompanied by some of the most vivid lightning and heavy thunder ever experienced by the visitors. One crash of thunder in particular was exceptionally severe, and was the cause of much comment by the settlers.

On Saturday morning and evening devotions were held at which all the settlers in the vicinity assisted. Rev. Father Hyland was busily engaged in preparing the candidates for next day's solemnities. On Sunday morning his Lordship dedicated the new church recently erected at Waitangi, about a mile distant from Mr. Butler's homestead, nicely situated, and surrounded by the beautiful virgin forest. The incessant rain of the previous day still continued, and the rivers being in heavy flood some of the more distant settlers could not get in to the morning service. There was in spite of this a very good attendance, and four candidates were confirmed. After the last Mass an address of welcome was presented by the settlers to his Lordship in which they expressed their great pleasure at his presence once more in the district, and their hope that at an early date his Cathedral would be free of debt and ready for consecration. They likened his Lordship to the Apostle of the Gentiles, who braved the perils of sea and land to dispense the consolations of Holy Faith to the members of his flock scattered in the remote districts of the diocese. The settlers who were prevented by the floods from putting in an appearance at the morning services managed to get in during the afternoon owing to the rivers subsiding a little, and they assisted in the devotions that night. On the Monday morning after Mass, Confirmation was again administered to those who were prevented from attending on the previous day.

After Mass on Monday morning, May 2, the northward journey was continued. The travellers had a fairly good trip. The rivers, including the Little Wanganui, were somewhat high, and there were a number of minor wash-outs caused by the floods. On the way the ravages of the storm of a month ago were very noticeable in some places, large areas of bush being wholly uprooted by the force of the wind. Mr. J. Adamson's comfortable homestead at Hari Hari was reached in good time and a stay was here made, every possible comfort and attention being given. On Tuesday morning considerable doubt was felt as to the possibility of crossing the Big Wanganui river, and had it not been for the assistance received at the hands of Messrs. J. Diedrich and H. Hende they would not have been able to have crossed the river so soon. Mr. Diedrich and Father O'Connor took the conveyance over and H. Hende ferried the Bishop and Father Hyland across by boat. The onward journey was then continued, a stoppage being made at Mr. Urquhart's for lunch, a considerable improvement being noticeable here since the last visit. The party then pushed on, and though the Mikonui river was in flood, Ross was safely reached that (Tuesday) night at 6 o'clock, after a very trying day.

General Impressions.

Commenting on the visit generally, his Lordship expressed his great satisfaction, which had proved very consoling to him, to find the intelligent way in which the candidates for Confirmation had answered the various questions put to them. He recognised that this was largely due to the care and attention of the Sunday school teachers and the settlers, and the organisation of the catechism classes by the priest in charge of the extensive district, which was by far the largest in the whole diocese. The teachers deserved every praise for their devotedness and the careful manner in which they attended to their good work. He had been deeply impressed (his Lordship continued) with the loyalty of the settlers to their faith, and they showed they deeply appreciated that treasure which had been handed down to them. Describing the scenery of South Westland, his Lordship referred to it as incomparable in beauty. He had been all over the world, but he had rarely seen anything to equal those vast forests, the snow-capped mountains, and the picturesque lakes which are to be seen on all sides in the southern district. Among the many improvements noticeable since his visit nine years ago there was nothing, continued his Lordship, that had proved such an immense boon to the settlers as the extension of the telephone to Okuru. The value of this convenience could hardly be estimated, and in many ways it was daily proving its great value. Personally, he would never have been able to have gone through the district with such despatch but for the telephone, which was invaluable to travellers in obtaining information as to the state of the rivers on their difficult journey. The people of the whole district highly appreciate the convenience. Since his last visit he had found many of the roads much improved. There were still a great number of requirements needed by the sturdy settlers of South Westland, who deserved

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every encouragement from the Government. One boon would be the widening of the track from Waiho to Cook's River, into a dray road to enable goods to be carted in, and cattle and produce to be taken to market easier. At present the settlers experienced a considerable amount of hardship from the want of proper road access, but if the road were widened it would considerably lessen the difficulties they were under at present. When the Big Wanganui and Waiho rivers were bridged, and access generally was improved, South Westland would become a famous tourist resort, for its numberless beauty spots were unequalled anywhere.

His Lordship stated he had experienced excellent health during his journey, which had proved a very enjoyable one. Naturally the heavy travelling had somewhat fatigued him, and at the end of a long trying day he was considerably fagged, but that he had expected, especially as he had not been on horseback for some nine years. Tuesday's journey had been the most trying of the whole trip, and he was extremely glad to reach the haven of Rev. Father O'Connor's presbytery at Ross. Yesterday morning the Bishop appeared to have quite recovered from the previous days' exertions, and stated he felt in good form. He expressed his keen appreciation of the hearty hospitality extended to him during his journey by all shades of the community, and it had made his tour a very enjoyable and successful one.

Subsequently Bishop Grimes referred to Rev. Father Hyland. He was loud in his praise of the valuable assistance rendered to him by Rev. Father Hyland, who was brought from Canterbury for the purpose of accompanying his Lordship on his southern trip. Rev. Father Hyland knew the district thoroughly, and was highly and deservedly esteemed by the people. During the south journey Father Hyland had given every spare moment he had to instructing the people, more especially the children, who can only receive visits from their pastor, Rev. Father O'Connor, of Ross, at rare intervals during the year.

THE LATE KING

PULPIT REFERENCES

WELLINGTON.

At all the Catholic churches of Wellington and suburbs on Sunday, May 8, sympathetic references were made to the death of his Majesty King Edward VII. The Rev. Father Hickson, S.M., Adm., preaching at the Sacred Heart Basilica, said that the British nation had to deplore the death of a wise and good Sovereign, and the people of New Zealand, being on the fringe of the world, as subjects of the great British Empire, felt, too, the great loss sustained by the death of King Edward. Out in distant parts of the British Empire the public did not come into very close touch with the ruling Powers, but they could none the less realise fully what a wise and good Sovereign had been governing the nation for the last ten years. Called to the throne after the death of one who had long occupied it—whose reign extended over half a century—the late King had great responsibilities thrust upon him. The King from the first showed a rare judgment and a dignity of attitude which at once compelled the admiration of the whole world, and during the subsequent years of his reign he took every opportunity possible to show that the British nation had at its head one who might well be called the First Gentleman of Europe. The King in his relations with Catholics had shown at all times, even before he ascended the throne, great broad-mindedness and a desire to place his Catholic subjects—some twelve millions in all—under no disability. Frequently during his travels abroad he had attended Solemn High Mass and Solemn Requiem Mass, displaying always the greatest respect, attention, and devotion. King Edward always showed a deep interest in Ireland, and it was an open secret that he had very tender regards for the aspirations of the Irish people in connection with their desire for self-government. Catholics, especially those hailing from Ireland, deplored very sincerely the loss occasioned by the death of the King. They had enjoyed many favors during the period of his reign. Of late years especially, England had been an asylum for Catholic priests, nuns, and monks who were exiled from France. The large numbers who had gone to England had received a very hospitable welcome. The King himself had shown a deep interest in many of the communities affected. He had visited some personally, and had shown regret, as far as he could openly do so, for the circumstances in which they were placed. And while we think of the dead, continued the Rev. Father, we must also give some sympathetic thoughts to the living, especially to those closest and dearest to the late King, and those who before and above all others will suffer bereavement. The sympathies of all must go out to the Queen and other members of the Royal Family. The King's son, he concluded, will be known as George V., and we wish him length of days, and hope God Almighty will give him as equally a balanced judgment as his late father's; that he will show as he ascends the throne that he grasps the responsibility, and show wisdom, dignity, and character gener-

ally, which will fit him to carry out the many duties pertaining to his lofty position. Handel's Dead March from 'Saul' was then played on the organ, the congregation standing with bowed heads. At the conclusion of the service Chopin's 'March Funebre' was played.

At St. Mary of the Angels', the Rev. Father Venning at the 11 o'clock Mass on Sunday, May 8, made sympathetic reference to the death of the King. During the nine years of his reign he had proved himself a good King and had earned the affection of his subjects. His efforts towards promoting peace among the nations had gained for him the title of the Peacemaker of Europe. By his death the Catholics had lost a good friend, for, on account of his peaceful disposition, he was a real friend to the Church. At the end of Mass the Dead March was played by the organist, the congregation standing.

The Very Rev. Father O'Shea referred to the death of his Majesty at St. Joseph's Church, Buckle street, and to the great loss the nation had sustained thereby. The 'Dead March' was played at the conclusion of the last Mass.

Sympathetic references were made at St. Anne's Church, Newtown, at all the services during the day. The Ven. Archdeacon Devoy spoke of his Majesty's death as a great national loss, for the late King had proved himself a ruler that would not be easily replaced. Reference was also made to the late King's sympathy for Ireland, which had endeared him to the people of that country. After the evening service the 'Dead March' was played.

At St. Gerard's Church, Hawker street, the Rev. Father Creagh, C.S.S.R., drew attention to the nation's great indebtedness to the late Monarch. The congregation stood during the playing of the 'Dead March.'

Rotorua.

(By telegraph from our own correspondent.)

Feeling reference was made by Very Rev. Dean Light-heart on Sunday last to the loss the British nation had sustained in the death of King Edward. The Catholic Church regretted deeply the sudden demise of this illustrious Monarch, during whose reign and that of Queen Victoria Catholicism had enjoyed perfect freedom and peace. They were told by St. Peter to 'Honor the King,' and the Catholics were not the least among the late King's subjects to carry this into effect, for they recognised in him the preserver of religious tolerance and a prince of peace. During the funeral services on Friday next the church bells will be tolled in respect to the memory of the dead Monarch.

Nelson.

At both Masses at St. Mary's Catholic Church, Nelson, on Sunday, May 8, the Rev. Father Clancy made lengthy and feeling reference to the King's death, and the Dead March from 'Saul' was played by the organist, the congregation standing.

CHRISTCHURCH.

The following circular letter has been forwarded by his Lordship Bishop Grimes to the clergy of the diocese of Christchurch:—

Rev. Dear Father and Beloved Children in Jesus Christ,—We have already united our grief with that of the millions who keenly feel the loss of a great and good King. Our hearts have gone out in sorrow and sympathy to the widowed Queen and her royal household, we have besought the God of all mercy to comfort them in the hour of their bitter distress, and now, as loyal subjects and true, let us not be unmindful of a duty imposed upon us by our holy faith no less than by the instincts of our hearts. In the midst of our sorrow let us not forget him on whom the mantle of royalty has fallen. Let us turn to the King of Kings—to Him from Whom all power descends and through Whom kings reign—and pray that He may deign to guide, guard, and defend him who is now King and Emperor of the British Empire and its immense dependencies. May he, like his lamented father, ever prove the friend and father of his people. By his wisdom, prudence, and tactful counsels may he promote the prosperity of the Empire and contribute to maintain the welfare and tranquility of nations. Wherefore I will ask you to join in a novena of public prayers beginning on Whit Sunday and continuing until the following Monday week inclusively. The "Veni Creator Spiritus" ("Come, O Holy Spirit"), with the usual versicles and prayers, shall be said each morning after holy Mass and each evening after Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament or the accustomed May devotions. Wishing you every blessing.

I remain, Rev. Dear Father, and Beloved Children in Jesus Christ,

Yours very faithfully in Christ,

* J. J. GRIMES, S.M.,

Bishop of Christchurch.

Addressing the congregation in the Cathedral on Sunday, May 8, on the occasion of the King's death (writes our Christchurch correspondent), the Rev. Father McDonnell said as an Irishman he mourned the death of the King, and he was certain he was voicing the sentiment of the Irish nation. King Edward had been a great King and by his wonderful powers had welded together in harmony

a lot of the conflicting elements that had been existent in the Empire. He had been a true gentleman, and it was certain that no subject had ever looked upon a better king than Edward VII. His death had come at a critical time. In the days of an Imperial democracy King Edward had by his great powers made himself beloved and respected as a Sovereign and a man, and it was to be hoped, for the sake of humanity, that the fruits of his reign would not be destroyed by the actions of unwise people.

At his special Mass the Rev. Father Daull, of the African Missions, spoke also appropriate of the occasion. He referred to the admirable manner in which the late King preserved the entente cordiale with foreign nations, particularly with France. The sad event of the death of King Edward had plunged the British Empire, but not only so, but the world at large, into mourning. By his death England had lost one of her greatest kings. His was a short reign compared with that of his revered mother, Queen Victoria, but it was throughout benign and peaceful. No sooner had the late King succeeded to the throne of his fathers than his subjects realised that in him they possessed a Sovereign endowed with the qualities of tact, prudence, and wisdom in the highest degree. To-day, through his influence, the most friendly relations existed between England and the Powers of Europe. The late King entertained the highest respect for the religious convictions of his Catholic subjects, and the work of the Church prospered at home and throughout the dependencies of the Empire during his reign.

DUNEDIN.

The Hibernian Defence Cadets paraded on Sunday morning with the Battalion at the Garrison Hall and marched to the Octagon with the companies that attended church parade at Knox Church. From the Octagon they proceeded to St. Joseph's Cathedral, where they occupied the seats reserved for them close to the sanctuary. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by his Lordship the Bishop, and the occasional sermon was preached by the Rev. Father O'Reilly, in the course of which he said it was fitting that he should voice the feelings of sorrow caused by the news that had reached them on Saturday week. We might still be said to be staggering under the blow of the King's death. It was as yet impossible for us to realise exactly how much the death of King Edward VII. meant. Of this at least we might be sure, in his late-lamented Majesty the world had lost a great monarch, the Empire a good and wise ruler, and all his subjects a kind friend and father. These words might well be applied to the late King. His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man!' The preacher concluded by exhorting the congregation not to leave the church without offering up a prayer that there might descend on King Edward's successor the Spirit of God—the spirit of peace and goodwill—so that he too might in his time come to be known by the title so honorably borne by his father—the title of the Peacemaker. At the conclusion of Mass the organist, Mr. Vallis, played Chopin's 'Funeral March.' The Cadet officers present were Lieutenants Callan and Keligher.

Lawrence.

At St. Patrick's Church, Lawrence, on Sunday, May 8, the Very Rev. Mgr. O'Leary, in referring to the King's death, said: Only two short weeks ago he was dining with Russian statesmen and diplomatists, since which time he had been travelling from country to country carrying out his Royal function for the benefit of Empire and the good of humanity. It is said that the late Boer War hastened the death of his august and venerable mother, Queen Victoria, and it was no doubt owing to his great diplomacy and tact that this regrettable war was brought to a close shortly after he ascended the throne. He was a great peacemaker, and, humanly speaking, it is to be deplored that he was taken away at a time when his great wisdom and far-seeing diplomacy was so sorely needed, but we must remember that God's ways are not our ways and submissively bow to the will of the King of Kings. To the Boers who were erroneously looked upon as our natural enemies he was always a true friend, and it is recognised that he used his humane influence to grant Home Rule to South Africa, thus cementing the bond of friendship and unity of Empire in a way that speaks volumes for his wise and far-seeing statesmanship. God grant that his successor, King George, may have the unique privilege of conferring the same honor on Ireland. . . . This great King has been called by public men Edward the Peacemaker, a title he has justly earned by his wise laws and prudent statesmanship. Apart from his kingly power he was a great personality and as such brought to bear wisdom and knowledge of men and nations that has done incalculable good in the cause of the world's peace and progress. . . . Independently of his exalted position of King in which his rule was wise, prudent, just, great, and progressive, he will be missed by the masses of the people nearer Home for his philanthropic and charitable works, as he was at all times a friend to the poor and needy. To his sorrowing Queen-wife and family our hearts go out in sympathy and condolence in their sad and sudden bereavement, and we pray God to comfort and console them in their dark hour of sorrow and affliction.

Gore.

At the 11 o'clock Mass on Sunday (says the *Gore Standard*) the Rev. Father Delany, preaching on the day's

festival, referred to the death of the King. Catholics (he said) mourned in common with others the greatest King of modern times. The King had great wisdom and tact, and possessed in a pre-eminent degree the gift of diplomacy. That was exercised continuously in the direction of peace. That was one reason why Catholics, in common with others, should deeply regret his death. Another reason was that he was a very tolerant King. Although compelled to formally take the Accession Oath in a form insulting to Catholics, there was every reason to believe that he did so unwillingly. Many of his most trusted friends were great prelates and prominent members of the Church. Another reason for loyalty among Catholic Irishmen was his great sympathy and friendship towards Ireland. All classes in that Old Land mourned his loss, and their fellow-countrymen here did the same. In this country the grievances which beset the Old Land were unknown, consequently Catholic and Irish colonists were among the most loyal of the King's subjects. In the spirit of the festival of Pentecost he asked his congregation to pray that the Holy Ghost might bring strength and help to the Queen Mother in her trouble, that He might bring wisdom and spiritual strength to the new King that his reign might be long and like that of his father be marked by justice, tolerance, and peace. The late King had earned the name of the Peacemaker, and when King George died might such a glorious title be his also.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

May 14.

The May devotions at the various Catholic churches in Wellington are being well attended.

At the initial meeting of the proposed Boys' Club at Thorndon, held on Friday, there was a fair number present.

The Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M. (Provincial), is in the Hawke's Bay district, and is expected to return to Wellington at the end of the month.

The St. Anne's Cadets will hold their first parade in uniform on Friday, and the first church parade on Sunday, June 5, when all the cadets are requested to approach the Holy Table.

The following are the officers of the newly-formed St. Stanislaus' Conference:—President, Mr. A. H. Casey; vice-president, Mr. J. W. Callaghan; secretary, Mr. John McGowan; treasurer, Mr. J. Webb.

The usual quarterly conference of the Deanery of Wellington was held in the schoolroom, Lower Hutt, on Wednesday. The Very Rev. Dean McKenna, Masterton, presided. About twenty visiting priests were present. The Rev. Father Herbert was appointed secretary for the ensuing year.

At the usual weekly meeting of St. Vincent's Guild, held on Friday evening in St. Patrick's Hall, there was a fair attendance of boys under the supervision of members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. The guild is increasing in numbers weekly.

At the monthly meeting of the men's branch of the Sacred Heart Society (St. Joseph's), held last Sunday, there were about 100 members present. The Very Rev. Father O'Shea, S.M., V.G., preached an instructive sermon. Before Benediction five new members were enrolled in the society.

On Wednesday night at the St. Patrick's Hall a very pleasant gathering, held under the auspices of the Wellington Catholic Club, took place. The entertainment took the form of a progressive euchre party, in which a fair number were engaged. The prizes were won by Miss Hyde and Mr. Carl Pfaff.

Mr. J. Rodgers, treasurer of the H.A.C.B. Society, Lower Hutt, has resigned his position, having been appointed assistant master of the Upper Hutt State School. He leaves to take up his new duties on June 1. Mr. Rodgers will be much missed at the Hutt, where he is very popular, having been a most enthusiastic footballer and cricketer.

The fortnightly meeting of the Hibernian Society (St. Patrick's branch) was adjourned as a mark of respect to his late Majesty King Edward VII. after the following resolution was carried:—'The members of the Wellington branch of the Hibernian Society express their deepest sorrow at the untimely death of his Majesty King Edward VII., and desire to tender their heartfelt sympathy to Queen Alexandra, King George, and all the members of the Royal Family.'

The St. Vincent de Paul Society is increasing throughout the Dominion. A conference of the society was opened last week at Wairoa (Napier district), when sixteen active members joined. The conference at St. Patrick's College will be opened next Sunday afternoon, when the election of officers will take place. Besides the above it is expected

within the next two months that new conferences will be opened at Wanganui, Levin, and Otaki. There are at present fifteen conferences in the archdiocese of Wellington.

The members of the men's branch of the Sacred Heart Society (St. Mary's) approached the Holy Table on last Sunday morning at St. Mary's Church, Boulcott street, and in the evening held their usual monthly meeting, when there were about 150 members present. The Rev. Father Herring, S.M., delivered an interesting and instructive discourse on 'Socialism.' Before Benediction nine boys and four men were enrolled as members of the society by the spiritual director, Rev. Father Venning, S.M. After the meeting the Dead March from 'Saul' was played on the organ, the congregation standing with bowed heads, out of respect to his late Majesty King Edward VII.

The Literary and Debating Society of the Wellington Catholic Club held its weekly meeting at the club rooms last Monday evening, when there was a large attendance of members. Mr. A. H. Casey (vice-president) introduced the new president, Rev. Father Quinn, S.M., appointed in the place of Rev. Father Herbert, S.M., who on account of his many parochial duties had to resign his position. Mr. Casey spoke in very high terms of Father Quinn's capabilities, and congratulated the society in securing the services of such a painstaking president. In reply, Father Quinn said that he was very pleased to be associated with the society, and would do his best and asked the co-operation of all members. He pointed out the great benefit to be derived from debating societies, and how many men in public life owed their success to the early training received in a debating association. The syllabus submitted by the committee for two months ahead was unanimously adopted by the members. The debate set down for the evening was then proceeded with, namely, 'That the totalisator in New Zealand should be abolished.' Mr. J. McGowan affirmed and Mr. T. Boyce opposed. The debate was well fought out by those present both for and against, and on the vote being taken resulted in a victory for the negative side.

The half-yearly meeting of St. Aloysius' Boys' Club, Newtown, was held in St. Anne's Club Rooms on April 29, Mr. T. M. Peters (president) occupying the chair. There were about 60 boys present. The meeting was addressed by Rev. Father Herring, S.M., Messrs. Peters, McErlean, Horning, J. McLaughlan, and Captain Martin (of the Cadet Corps). The report and balance sheet were read and adopted. The election of officers resulted as follows:— Patron, Rev. Father Herring, S.M.; president, Mr. T. M. Peters; vice-presidents, Messrs. J. J. Butler, R. W. Collins, B. Ellis, J. Guthrie, J. McMahon, C. McErlean, M. Segrief, J. Wareham, and Captain Martin; secretary and treasurer, Mr. J. McLaughlan; executive, Messrs. D. Burk, C. Clemenson, T. Cochrane, L. Jansen, C. Leuahan, T. McCarthy; prefect of the club, Mr. M. McCarthy; chairman of the literary and debating branch, Rev. Father Herring, S.M.; vice-chairman, Mr. M. McCarthy; librarian, Mr. C. Clemenson. Rev. Father Herring thanked Sergeant Horning for his kindness in instructing the signallers.

It is with sincere regret that I record the death of Miss Teresa Dominican Sandbrook, who passed away at the residence of her parents, Dock street, on May 7. Deceased was 27 years of age and a native of Wellington. During her long illness she was visited by the clergy of St. Joseph's parish, and she died fortified by all the rites of the Church. She was a most exemplary Catholic, and manifested the greatest interest in all movements connected with the Church. She was a member of the Altar Society. Her remains were taken to St. Joseph's Church, Buckle street, on Tuesday, when Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Father O'Shea, S.M., V.G., assisted by Rev. Fathers Hurley and Herring, S.M. The Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., officiated at the graveside at Karori Cemetery.—R.I.P.

DIocese OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

May 16.

The Cathedral Tennis Club and Catholic Club, at the wish of the former, have decided to combine forces in arranging for a stall at the carnival in aid of the Cathedral funds. It is to be designated the 'Cathedral Tennis and Catholic Club Stall.'

On Sunday, the feast of Pentecost, there was Solemn High Mass in the Cathedral at 11 o'clock. The Rev. Dr. Kennedy was celebrant, Rev. Father Daull, S.M.A., deacon, Rev. Father McDonnell subdeacon, and Very Rev. Father Price, Adm., master of ceremonies. An instructive sermon on the subject of the day's festival was preached by the Very Rev. Father Price. The sanctuary and high altar were most chastely adorned, and at Benediction presented a particularly beautiful spectacle.

At a special executive committee meeting of the Christchurch Catholic Club, held on last Monday evening, it was decided to postpone the programme ('A Trial by Jury') fixed for the following evening to this (Monday) evening, as a mark of respect to the late King. This will effect a slight alteration of dates in connection with the club's syllabus. Competitive recitations will thus be taken on Tuesday,

May 24, and on the following Tuesday a debate, 'Whether National Prohibition would be to the welfare of the Dominion?'

The dramatic branch of the Hibernian Society are assiduously rehearsing for their initial performance, which is to take place in the Choral Hall on Monday and Tuesday, May 23 and 24. The piece, a military farcical comedy in three acts, entitled 'My Soldier Boy,' is very cleverly written, and abounds in mirth-provoking situations and humorous dialogue. A very strong cast has been selected to sustain the different characters, and, judging by the talent displayed at rehearsals, a fine production should be the result. An efficient orchestra of nine performers, conducted by Miss Dunn, will supply the incidental music. The stage management is in the capable hands of Mr. Harry Glubb.

It is always pleasing to observe a note of appreciation of the efforts of Church workers generally, and more especially of choirs, the labors of which are almost incessant if anything approaching perfection is to be attained. All true lovers of Church music, properly and devotionally rendered, will be gratified at the notice the zealous and painstaking organist and choirmaster of the Christchurch Cathedral (Mr. Alfred Binz) and his diligent supporters have received at the hands of an exacting musical authority, Mr. Frederic Beard, musical director, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne. Writing in the Melbourne *Advocate* of Catholic Church music in Australia and New Zealand, and in Christchurch in this particular instance, he says:—'Perhaps, on the whole, the music rendered by the choir at the Cathedral, Christchurch, is the nearest approach to what is desired by the Holy Father, as far as New Zealand is concerned. It is generally of the subdued and reverential order.' 'Churchman,' writing in the *Triad* on the lines of Mr. Frederic Beard's criticism, says: 'It is some little time since we were privileged to listen to the achievements of the choir at the beautiful Cathedral in Christchurch. It is hoped that Bishop Grimes has been able to continue the good work that was being done. It was possible, at the period I allude to, to listen to the Proper of the Mass, sung by a few male voices, to the traditional plain chant, in a very acceptable manner, and the harmonised music, which was rightly of the somewhat subdued order, was rendered in a fairly devotional manner.'

Greymouth

(From our own correspondent.)

May 13.

On last Saturday Rev. Father McCarthy paid his first visit to Barrytown and celebrated Mass there on Sunday morning. An unusually large number approached the Holy Table.

There was a large congregation at St. Patrick's Church last Sunday evening when Very Rev. Dean Carew preached a most impressive sermon. He explained the relation of the Church to the State, and in the course of his sermon made feeling reference to the death of King Edward VII.

The usual weekly meeting of the St. Columba Catholic Club was held last Monday evening. The president (Mr. A. P. O'Donoghue) occupied the chair, and about forty members were present. Three new members were elected and two candidates proposed for membership. A feature of the club this year is the large attendance at the weekly meetings, the average since the beginning of the current session being 35 members. The item on the syllabus for the evening was a Shakespearian dialogue (Brutus and Cassius). Twenty members took part, most of whom did very well.

St. Patrick's Church was the scene of a very pretty wedding last Monday, when Mr. Ernest Taylor, youngest son of Mr. William Taylor, of Dunedin, and Miss Elizabeth Galligan, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Galligan, of Kumara, were united in the bonds of Matrimony. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. Dean Carew. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in a handsome princess gown of white *ninon-de-soie*, richly trimmed with silver and crystal embroidery, and wore the customary wreath and veil. She was attended by her sister, Miss May Galligan. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. E. Casey. The bride's gift to the bridegroom was a silver-mounted shaving outfit, and the bridegroom's gift to the bride was a beautiful ring and to the bridesmaid a cable bangle. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of Mrs. T. P. Fogarty (sister of the bride), where the wedding breakfast was partaken of and the usual toasts honored. Many handsome and useful presents were received. The happy couple left for Westport and the north, where the honeymoon will be spent.

We are glad to learn from Mr. J. Wyn Irwin, Australasian representative of Gregg Shorthand, that a large number of our readers are wisely availing themselves of the opportunity of learning this system by means of his special mail course lessons. The ambitious young man or woman could not employ the long winter evenings in a more profitable manner than by learning this shorthand, which is in itself an important educative factor, tending, as it does, to strengthen the memory, cultivate concentrativeness, enlarge the vocabulary, and improve longhand writing....

BAPTISM

(By the Rev. J. Golden.)

The Sacraments of the New Law are sensible signs instituted by Jesus Christ for the sanctification and salvation of the human race. St. Augustine designates them visible signs of invisible grace. They fall under our senses. We behold the actions and hear the words of the minister conferring them. They are composed of three distinct elements, namely, matter, form, and the actions of the ministering agent. The proper application of the matter and the form by the agent effects the sacrament, which produces graces in the soul by virtue of its divine Author, Christ Jesus. The application of water and the appointed words, which are the form, produces the Sacrament of Baptism. This great Christian rite, the first and most essential of the seven Sacraments, cleanses the soul of original sin, as also of actual sin in the case of adults, and the soul thus purified it clothes with sanctifying grace. Moreover, the baptised becomes a child of God, a new member of His Holy Church with a right to all her spiritual good and an heir to eternal life.

Baptism is one of the three Sacraments which imprint an indelible character on the soul, the others being Confirmation and Holy Orders. This mark the Council of Trent calls 'a seal,' whose impression is permanent, in consequence whereof the Sacrament producing it may not be repeated. However, for wise and sufficient reasons, conditional Baptism is of frequent occurrence in the Church. In such a case there must be serious doubt respecting the former Baptism. In a matter concerning the salvation of the soul doubt must be removed and certainty established, and this end is secured by conditional Baptism, which is conferred on non-Catholic Christians who come to the Church. It is an ascertained fact that many who go by the name of Christian do not regard Baptism as a divine rite essential for salvation. Hence arises the doubt as to the validity of their Baptism. Too often, perhaps, an empty ceremony and nothing more is meant. A distinguished convert, Father Benson, informs us that conditional Baptism was dispensed with in his own case, as there existed authentic proof of the validity of the rite respecting himself. This was a rare exception.

The Institution of Baptism.

Our Divine Lord claimed all power in heaven and on earth. In virtue thereof He commissioned His Apostles to evangelise all nations. And when the converts were duly instructed in the faith of Jesus Christ, they were to be initiated into membership of the Christian community through the sacred rite of Baptism. In the twenty-eighth chapter of St. Matthew we read the words of institution: 'All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations; baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' In these words, spoken after the Resurrection, we find the warrant and authority of the Apostles and of their lawful successors in the ministry to instruct the nations, to lead them into all truth, and to baptise them according to the very form He Himself established. And as the commission was above human power and strength, He promised His own divine support and guidance: 'Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.' He Who calls Himself the Way, the Truth, and the Life, hereby guarantees His Church divine inerrancy in her office of teaching and administering the Sacraments, the mysteries of the Kingdom of God.

Behold the institution of Christian Baptism. It is derived from Christ, the High Priest and Mediator of the New Testament. It is endowed by Him with life-giving power to purify and sanctify mankind. Both this and the other Sacraments He has invested in the Church as endowments to enrich and console the human race, from the cradle to the grave. How venerable and precious this Christian rite of Baptism! It is the door to the other Sacraments and the gate to the Church. There is no communion with the faithful of Christ without its valid reception. In the absence of this initial rite, this Laver of regeneration, other sacraments, if conferred, would be null and void. They are gifts for the children of the Christian family, and not for the unregenerated. Pearls must not be thrown to the unworthy and unfit. Membership with the Church must first be secured by the means instituted by Christ. Through Baptism, and not otherwise, is admission gained to the household of the faith. Thus is established a right and title to the abundant spiritual goods of the Kingdom of God on earth. Thus are the Church and heaven thrown open to the soul. Through this channel the graces of Redemption flow for the first time upon mankind, effecting a mysterious change on each recipient. Original sin is washed away by the Precious Blood; the soul is vested with a heavenly robe, sanctifying grace; a new Christian comes forth from the baptismal font; another child of God is associated with the faithful; an heir of the heavenly Father also and a joint-heir with Christ to life everlasting. How great and admirable the change! Yet this is all effected through the Sacrament of regeneration instituted by Our Blessed Redeemer, and administered: 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

The solemn discourse of Christ with Nicodemus furnishes another proof of the divine origin of Baptism. This

beautiful and touching address we read in the third chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. Our Lord insists on a new birth as an essential condition to 'see the Kingdom of God.' Nicodemus erroneously understands the words of Christ 'born again' in a carnal sense. Whereupon 'Jesus answered: Amen, Amen I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God.' And he vouchsafes to superadd another explanation so as to leave no rational doubt of His meaning. The new birth is not, He declares, 'of the flesh,' but 'of the Spirit,' and therefore a divine and spiritual regeneration. He leaves no question as to the 'finger of God' being here. The Christian rite under review and its supernatural effects are divine by the words of Christ. Once more. On the memorable day of Pentecost St. Peter, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, addresses his first sermon to the admiring multitude, and gathered to the crucified and risen Saviour the abundant harvest of 3000 converts. When grace had stirred up 'compunction' in the hearts of these believers, they 'said to Peter and the rest of the Apostles: What shall we do, men and brethren?' But Peter said to them: 'Do penance, and be baptised every one of you . . . for the remission of your sins.' The inspired preacher, the spokesman and divinely appointed Head of the Apostles, St. Peter, 'confirmed' in the faith, continues with the significant and munificent promise: 'And you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.' Behold, how Baptism precedes Confirmation and is made the condition for its reception. For Confirmation is the 'gift' in question. The Apostles had just received the Holy Ghost with a plenitude of His gifts, and St. Peter will now be the first Bishop in the Church to confer the rite of Confirmation. The record of these events St. Luke furnishes in his second chapter of the *Acts of the Apostles*. The same Evangelist relates of the new converts: 'They therefore that received his word were baptised: and these were added in that day about three thousand souls.'

St. Augustine defines Baptism the Sacrament of faith, because persons receiving it profess their faith in the doctrines of the Christian religion. The converts in question accepted the teaching of the Apostles; gave way to compunction in consequence thereof; anxiously asked for guidance: 'What shall we do?' and finally received the rite of Baptism. As all were adults, instruction was an essential condition, absent also to the doctrines propounded by the Apostles, and penance for their actual sins.

Such conditions the Church has ever demanded of converts before their Baptism, whether absolute or conditional. The god-parents make a profession of faith for infants, and pledge themselves to have a care for their spiritual welfare. The obligation of sponsors become grave and urgent if the parents die, or if they fail in their sacred duties to their offspring. Conscientious god-parents have been known to play a very important part in the education of their god-children. As to the action of Baptism on children, it implants the germs of divine faith in their souls, and in this sense it becomes for them also 'the Sacrament of faith.' Hence the reason why Catholic children manifest such an aptitude for acquiring and believing the doctrines of the Church. In due season the germs spring up, and are cultivated by instruction into a goodly Christian tree, to bear precious fruit. How confiding the hearts of little children when learning the rudiments of faith! And how important for them to come to the Catholic school as reason begins to dawn and develop! A Catholic boy attended a certain State school up to his tenth year. When with much ado he was won over to the Catholic school he told his teacher that he was sure there was no God, because he could not see Him. Behold the danger of the secular school. The boy in question had neither prayer nor faith. The poison had taken root in his youthful mind. Yet the parents seemed to care not, as they had no school fees to pay.

(To be continued.)

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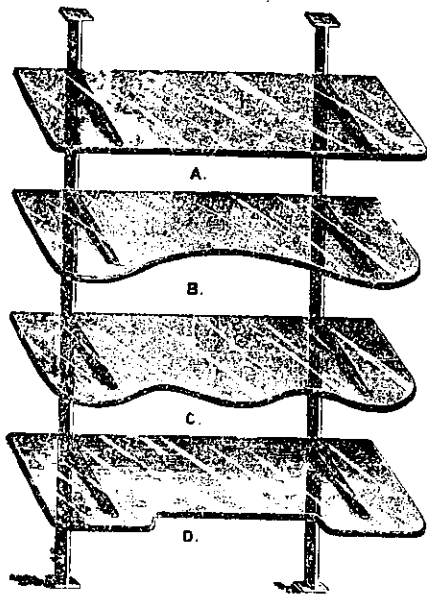
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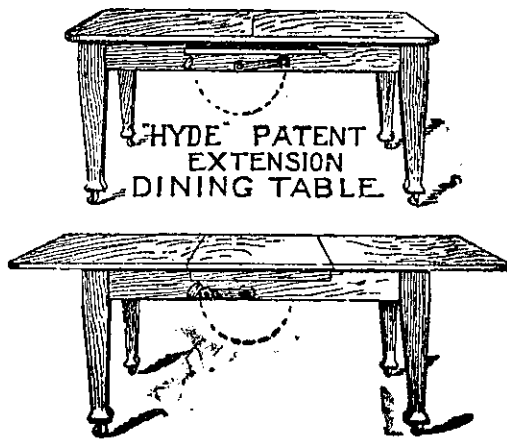
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TELEGRAMS.....' SLIGO, DUNEDIN.'

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Commercial

PRODUCE

Messrs. Donald Reid and Co., Ltd., report:—

We held our weekly auction sale of grain and produce at our stores on Monday. A large quantity of produce was catalogued and sold under good competition at prices generally equal to and in some cases in advance of late quotations. Values ruled as under:—

Oats.—The quantity on offer locally is small, as most farmers who have grain in stores are not disposed to sell at present. Buyers, on the other hand, are not eager to stock heavily, but are meantime only filling actual orders. This hand-to-mouth demand pretty well absorbs all available offerings. Prime seed lines are beginning to have some attention at prices 2d to 3d per bushel above those offering for other purposes. We quote: Prime milling, 1s 11½d to 2s; good best feed, 1s 10d to 1s 11d; inferior to medium, 1s 8d to 1s 9½d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—The past week has been one of the quietest of the season. Millers are not anxious to increase their present stock, and in most cases confine their purchases exclusively to prime velvet, which is offering sparingly. Fowl wheat is plentiful, and has moderate demand at late values. We quote: Prime milling (nominally), 3s 10d to 3s 11d; medium to good, 3s 7d to 3s 9d; best whole fowl wheat, 3s 3d to 3s 5d; medium, 3s to 3s 2d; broken and damaged, 2s 3d to 2s 10d per bushel (sacks extra).

Potatoes.—The market is poorly supplied, and in face of a keen demand prices show a considerable advance. Choice table lots have most inquiry, and any samples suitable for seed are readily taken at full rates. We quote: Prime Up-to-dates, £4 15s to £5; medium to good, £4 5s to £4 12s 6d; inferior and small, £3 to £4 per ton (bags included).

Chaff.—During the week consignments have not been quite so heavy, and sales are more easily made. Large stocks of chaff are still held in store, and there is no change in prices to report. Prime oaten sheaf has most inquiry, while straw chaff has ready sale at late values. We quote: Good to prime, £3 10s to £3 15s; choice, to £3 17s 6d; medium, £3 to £3 7s 6d; inferior and straw chaff, £2 to £2 10s per ton (sacks extra).

Straw.—We quote: Wheat, 23s; oats, 35s to 40s per ton (pressed).

Messrs. Stronach, Morris, and Co., Ltd., report for week ending May 17 as follows:—

Oats.—There is very little change to report since last week, there being very few sellers in the market. Buyers will not raise their limits, and there is very little business passing. Quotations: Prime milling, 1s 11d to 2s; good to best feed, 1s 9½d to 1s 10½d; inferior to medium, 1s 7½d to 1s 9d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—There is very little business passing owing to the millers holding fairly large stocks and owners not being inclined to accept lower prices. Fowl wheat is plentiful, and is not very much in demand. Quotations (nominal): Prime milling, 3s 10d to 3s 11d; medium milling, 3s 7d to 3s 9d; best whole fowl wheat, 3s 3d to 3s 6d; medium, 3s to 3s 3d; broken and damaged, 2s to 2s 9d per bushel (sacks extra).

Chaff.—Consignments are not coming to hand so quickly, but as there is a large quantity of chaff stored prices do not show any material change. Quotations: Prime oaten sheaf, £3 12s 6d to £3 15s; choice, to £3 17s 6d; medium to good, £3 5s to £3 10s; inferior, £2 to £2 10s per ton (bags extra).

Potatoes.—Potatoes are in short supply, and during the last few days they have risen considerably. Medium and inferior samples are not inquired for. Prime Up-to-Dates, £4 15s to £5; medium to good, £4 5s to £4 12s 6d; inferior, £3 to £4 per ton (sacks in).

Straw.—Oats, 30s to 32s 6d; wheat, 22s 6d to 25s per ton (ex truck, pressed).

Messrs. Dalgety and Co., Ltd., report as follows:—

We held our usual weekly auction sale of grain and produce at our stores on Monday, when we offered a large catalogue to a full attendance of buyers. Competition was keen, and we cleared our catalogue at auction and privately at satisfactory prices.

Oats.—The oat market shows little change from last week. The demand for immediate delivery is not so keen, and as farmers are holding firmly to their ideas of values, not a great deal of business is passing. Quotations: Prime milling, 1s 11d to 2s; good to best feed, 1s 9½d to 1s 10½d; inferior to medium, 1s 7½d to 1s 9d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—The market is quiet. Farmers are not inclined to accept lower prices for their wheat, preferring to send it into store on the chance of the market hardening again. Millers hold fairly large stocks, and meantime are content to await developments. Quotations: Prime milling, 3s 10d to 3s 11d; medium milling, 3s 7d to 3s 9d; best whole fowl wheat, 3s 3d to 3s 6d; medium fowl wheat, 3s to 3s 2d; broken and damaged, 2s to 2s 9d per bushel (sacks extra).

Potatoes.—The potato market has experienced a sharp rise during the last few days, and thoroughly sound samples meet ready sale at top quotations. Quotations: Prime Up-to-dates, £4 15s to £5; medium to good, £4 5s to £4 12s 6d; inferior, £3 to £4 per ton (sacks included).

Chaff.—Consignments have slackened off somewhat, but as fairly large stocks are held, prices do not show much change. Quotations: Prime oaten sheaf, £3 12s 6d to £3 15s; choice, to £3 17s 6d; medium to good, £3 5s to £3 10s; inferior, £2 to £2 13s per ton (bags extra).

Straw.—Oats, 30s to 32s 6d; wheat, 22s 6d to 25s (pressed, ex truck).

WOOL

Messrs. Stronach, Morris, and Co. report as follows:—

Rabbitskins.—We held our weekly sale yesterday, when we offered an exceptionally large catalogue. Bidding was brisk, and prices showed a slight improvement on last week's rates. Early winter does brought up to 37d; early winters, bucks and does, 19d to 23½d; best autumns, 17½d to 20d; good, 16d to 17d; spring bucks, 17d to 18½d; medium to good, 15d to 16d; spring does, 13d to 14d; best racks, 13½d to 14½d; light, 11½d to 13½d; milky does, 10d to 11½d; small, 7d to 9½d; hawk torn, 10d to 14d; autumn blacks, 19d to 25½d; horse hair, to 18½d; cat skins, 3d to 4d each.

Sheepskins.—At to-day sale competition was very dull, and prices, except for lambskins, showed no improvement on last week's rates. Lambskins were about ½d per lb better. Best halfbred, 8½d to 9d; medium, 7½d to 8d; best fine crossbred, 7d to 7½d; coarse crossbred, 7d to 7½d; best pelts, 5d to 6½d; medium do., 4d to 5d; inferior, 1d to 3d; best merino, 7d to 7½d; medium to good, 5½d to 6d; best lambskins, 5½d to 7½d.

Hides.—At our sale on Thursday last we offered a medium catalogue. Prices as compared with last sale showed a decline of from ½d to ¾d on almost all lines, cow hides showing the greatest drop. Bidding was not at all keen except for a few lines of extra stout ox. Quotations: Prime stout heavy ox, 8d to 8½d; good heavy do., 7½d to 7¾d; medium, 6¾d to 7¾d; light, 6½d to 7d; prime heavy cow hides, 6¾d to 7½d; medium, 6¾d to 6¾d; light, 6½d to 6¾d; inferior, 3½d to 5½d; bull hides, 5¾d to 6d; yearlings, 6½d to 7½d; calfskins, 6d to 9d.

Tallow and Fat.—There is practically no change to report, all coming forward being readily sold.

LIVE STOCK

DUNEDIN HORSE SALEYARDS.

Messrs. Wright, Stephenson, and Co. report:—

The entry for last Saturday's sale was not a large one, but the whole lot was composed of really first-class mares and geldings. The attendance of the public was fair, and included a number of buyers, but as the owners' ideas of values were on the high side for those present, sales were very hard to effect. There is a good demand for high-class heavy, powerful geldings from four to six-years-old; also for first-class pedigreed mare and ordinary farm sorts, and any of these coming forward are easily placed. Old and done horses are neglected, and to make sales of this class low prices have to be accepted. We have orders on hand for a few high-class buggy horses, but they must be young and reliable, and fit for a show ring. For such good prices could be obtained. We quote:—

Superior young draught geldings, at from £40 to £45; extra good ditto (prize-winners), at from £45 to £50; superior young draught mares, at from £50 to £60; medium draught mares and geldings, at from £30 to £40; aged, at from £10 to £15; strong spring-van horses, at from £25 to £30; strong spring-carters, at from £18 to £25; milk-cart and butchers' order-cart horses, at from £15 to £25; light hacks, at from £8 to £13; extra good hacks and harness horses, at from £13 to £25; weedy and aged, at from £5 to £7.

Wanganui

After the 10.30 o'clock Mass on Sunday, May 1 (says the *Wanganui Chronicle*) the Very Rev. Father O'Shea, V.G., addressed the parishioners of St. Mary's concerning the new ecclesiastical buildings which it is proposed to erect soon in Wanganui. A new church, presbytery, and convent would be required, but the convent was the most needed. Speaking of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Father O'Shea said that they were amongst the most successful teachers in this diocese, a statement which will be endorsed by all parents who have sent children to their schools. In St. Mary's Hall in the afternoon a meeting of the members of the congregation was held to elect a building committee. The Very Rev. Father O'Shea presided. The following gentlemen were elected:—Messrs. E. Wilson, D. Cullinane, T. Lloyd, D. Gellatly, F. Neylon, Jas. Dempsey, W. McTubbs, J. O'Leary, F. D. Gaffaney, and J. M. Murphy. Mr. T. Lloyd was elected secretary, and the committee resolved to meet next evening, when the plans for the new convent, which have been prepared by Mr. J. S. Swan, of Wellington, will be considered.



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Fairyland Fancy Fair, Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

The Fairyland Fancy Fair was brought to a close on Tuesday night last, after a brilliant season of thirteen nights. It was the best-thought-out, best arranged, and most successful bazaar ever held in Timaru, and, as regards the financial result, perhaps a Dominion record can be claimed for it. The gross takings from all sources amounted to £1758 1s 7d, the expenses, by careful husbanding of resources, being only £158 1s 7d. The net result is the really magnificent total of £1600—a most welcome addition to the new church building fund. The Rev. Father Tubman, our highly esteemed and popular pastor, must be greatly pleased at this result of his foresight. He chose the time and place for the fair, and events have proved his judgment sound. Mr. T. Lynch, as manager, was the right man in the right place, and Mr. N. D. Mangos, as secretary, was an indefatigable worker, with a thorough grasp of the situation. Rev. Father Smyth, placed in charge of the fete by the Rev. Father Tubman, flung himself into the work with whole-hearted enthusiasm, and showed himself a thorough organiser and one that got the most out of his co-workers without friction or undue straining. The tug-of-war, one of the great attractions of the fortnight, was practically run by him. Messrs. W. F. Bennetts and P. Mahoney, who had charge of the raffling, did excellent work. The grand display given each evening by Mr. Wauchop was highly spoken of and much enjoyed. Mr. J. C. Coombs led the orchestra each evening, Miss E. Dennehy acting as accompanist.

Another bazaar record for the Dominion was put up by Mrs. T. Lynch, whose stall returned the splendid total of £525 19s 2d. It is considered that this result from one stall in a bazaar will take a lot of beating. All the stall-holders and their assistants worked with energy and well-directed enthusiasm, and the receipts as under speak volumes for the plentiful harvest of golden coins that they reaped. The different takings are as follow:—Mrs. Lynch's stall, £525 19s 2d; Mrs. Burns's stall, £356 1s 9d; St. Ann's Guild (Mesdames Power, South, and Dennehy), £339 3s 11d; refreshments (Mrs. O'Rourke and Miss Ward), £212 17s 9d; doors, £293 2s; the *Pilot* (daily newspaper), £30 17s.

At the 7.30 Mass on Sunday, and also at the evening service, Rev. Father Tubman returned the sincerest thanks of himself and colleagues to all those who had assisted in any way at the fair, and extended a cordial invitation to all workers to attend a complimentary social in the girls' school on Thursday night, when the detailed balance sheet would be read.

Of all nations (writes a non-Catholic) the Irish cling most to sentiment and fond memory of things connected with the land of their birth. At the Fairyland Fancy Fair this was strikingly exemplified. A beautifully carved little box, a genuine work of art, was raffled, and resulted in the handsome sum of £11 4s being added to the funds, chiefly on account of the box being full of sentiment in the shape of a turf from the bogs of County Armagh, the turf having been specially sent from the homeland to Mr.

J. J. Weathered, Timaru, for the bazaar. Of the wealthy and those of lesser means who contributed to this sentiment none were too rich to be above admitting their intimate acquaintance with the bogs of Ireland, and none so poor as to prevent them contributing a shilling to the little box and the sentiment it contained. And if the whole truth is to be told, not a few dropped a tear while they fondly and tenderly handled the precious turf and feasted their eyes on a sod of the old land ever dear to their hearts and memories.

Intercolonial

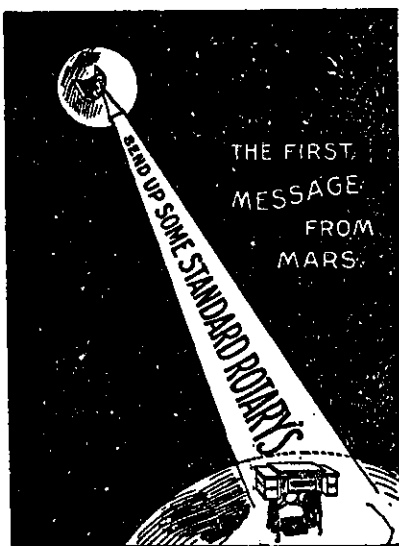
A private cablegram received in Auckland on Monday announces the death at Nauheim (Germany), from heart disease, of Mr. F. E. Baumé, K.C., member for Auckland East.

The Corinthic, from London, brought 236 immigrants. The majority are women, 16 of whom have come to join their husbands. 'Assisteds' number 77, of whom 51 were nominated by relatives in the Dominion, and 26 were approved by the High Commissioner.

Tenders are to be invited at once for the installation of a wireless telegraphy system in New Zealand on the lines indicated by the Prime Minister in his Winton speech for the erection of two stations of high power and three lower-power stations. The Prime Minister is of the opinion that, if suitable offers are obtained, the whole scheme ought to be working within twelve months.

A rise in the price of certain classes of building timber (says the Wellington correspondent of the *Otago Daily Times*) is reported from country districts. Selected heart of totara is now quoted in provincial towns of the North Island at 22s 4d per 100ft; building heart, 20s 4d; rough heart, 14s 4d. The Wellington prices are 21s 3d, 19s 3d, and 14s respectively. The rise is about 2s all round. The lower rate in Wellington is attributed to the competition of jarrah. The Auckland sawmillers have put up the price of kauri by 2s per 100ft, and of totara by 1s 9d per 100ft.

In remarking upon the rapid expansion of the dairying industry in Auckland, the annual report of the Chief Inspector of Schools contains a statement conveying a general idea of the bearing and probable influence of dairying on the lives of the pupils. The details were:—Roll number of classes Standard IV. to Standard VII., 38 pupils; number of milkers (same classes), 18 pupils; average number of cows milk per child, six cows; average distance from school, two miles; average time of starting work, 5 a.m.; average time of finishing work, 7.15 p.m. Seventeen of the eighteen milkers were males. The largest number of cows milked by one child was nine and the smallest two. One boy of 10 years milked eight cows and walked two and a half miles two and from school respectively. It was remarked that attention to this deplorable evil had already been drawn, and it was thought that the ill-effects from the teachers' point of view were due as much to the want of sufficient sleep as to the fatigue that must often ensue from such continuous unvaried exertion.



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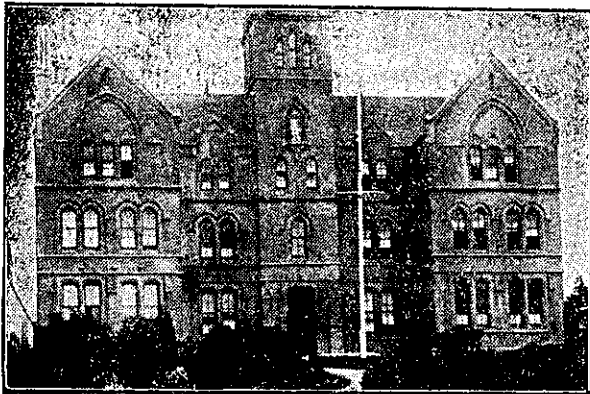
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MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET.

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Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

TRANSLATION.—Fortified by the Apostolic Blessing, let the Directors and Writers of the New Zealand Tablet continue to promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.

April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope.



THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1910.

'A RELIC OF BARBARISM'



FEW rags and tatters of the penal code still cling to the British statute-book. Members of several Catholic monastic Orders are, for instance, to this hour deprived of some of the ordinary rights of British subjects. We are reminded of another Catholic disability that cumber the statute-book by the accession of our new King, George V. We refer to the Declaration against Transubstantiation, etc., which still retains its place as an offensive tag to the Sovereign's Accession Oath. The Declaration is hopelessly out of joint with the spirit of the times. And it is a humiliation and an insult to any enlightened ruler of our day to compel him to solemnly inaugurate his reign by singling out for special opprobrium, from among his subjects of every color and creed—Christians of eight hundred varieties, Brahmins, Mahomedans, and the rest—over twelve millions of Catholics, and officially fixing upon them—and through them, on Catholics of all times and climes—the stigma of rank idolatry.

The following is the full text of this vile declaration which—unless Parliament intervenes—the new Sovereign will be required to make on the occasion of his official accession:—I, George the Fifth, by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, do solemnly and sincerely, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any Transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever; and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other Saint, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous. And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do make this declaration and every part thereof in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation already granted to me for this purpose by the Pope or any other authority or person whatsoever, and without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God or man, or absolved of this declaration or any part thereof, although the Pope or any other person or persons or power whatsoever should dispense with or annul the same, or declare that it was null and void from the beginning.'

This boisterous no-Popery blast is the product of an age of coarse manners and of fierce sectarian strife. The very terms in which it is couched sufficiently indicate that it was formulated in a period when small regard was paid to the sanctity of an oath. It was, in fact, the period whose oath-breaking was so caustically satirised by Samuel Butler

in the lines which he puts into the mouth of the English Sancho Panza:

Oaths are but words, and words but wind,
Too feeble implements to bind,
And hold with deeds proportion so,
As shadows to a substance do.

The declaration quoted above dates from the year 1688—a time when, as Father Bridgett points out in his valuable little book on the Coronation Oath, 'the question was not merely of securing a Protestant heir to the throne, but of total suppression of Catholic worship. Some fanatics would have it suppressed because they judged it idolatrous; some politicians called it idolatrous because they wished it to be suppressed.' The outline of this Declaration against Transubstantiation was first framed by the Puritans during the great rebellion which ended in the shortening of the stature of Charles I. by a head. In 1673 it appeared tricked out in a new dress in the Test Act, which was designed to keep Catholics out of every office, both civil and military—it did not exclude atheists and infidels. Five years later, in 1678, it was made more virulent and comprehensive, and was imposed on all members of Parliament. In this aggravated form it was extended to wearers of the crown by the Bill of Rights in 1688.

Queen Anne was the first British Sovereign who uttered the shameful words of the Declaration quoted above. They have been repeated by every wearer of the English crown since her day. On the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act, this and the similar oath of the Test Act were abolished for Members of Parliament and for all civil and military functionaries except the Lords Chancellor of England and Ireland, and the Chancellors of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. An Act of Parliament passed in 1867 relieved these of the need of subscribing to the offensive Declaration that was invented by the Parliaments of Charles II. and William of Orange. The supreme ruler of all the realm is now alone compelled to officially fling evil epithets at a large and peaceable body of his subjects.

The oath has been the subject of a dropping fire of protest from both Catholics and Protestants ever since the time of first serious movements for equal religious rights in the British dominions. During the agitation for Catholic Emancipation, in refusing to take the 'old oath' at the Bar of the House of Commons, O'Connell said: 'In this oath I see one assertion as to a matter of fact, which I know to be untrue. I see a second assertion as to a matter of opinion, which I believe to be untrue. I therefore refuse to take this oath.' The oath was taken by the late Queen Victoria—then a maiden of eighteen summers—at the opening of her first Parliament on November 20, 1837, and again at her coronation on June 28, 1838. In connection with the 'cruel and indecorous' infliction of this oath upon a young girl of eighteen, the great historian Dr. Lingard addressed a letter of dignified remonstrance to the Lord Chancellor. It contained the following words: 'It will not be denied that before a man may safely and consistently affix the stigma of superstition and idolatry on any Church it is incumbent on him to make the doctrine and worship of that Church the subjects of his study; to be satisfied in his own mind that he understands them correctly, and not merely as they have been misrepresented by their adversaries; and to weigh with impartiality the texts and arguments by which they may be assailed and defended. But who can expect all this from a young woman of eighteen?' And who, we might add, could expect it from a man of forty-five, the course of whose studies has, in all probability, never yet led him into the vexed fields of theological controversy?

On the same occasion the distinguished naturalist Charles Waterton described the oath as 'abominable.' 'It is,' said he, in a published letter, 'a satire on the times; it is a disgrace to the British nation; it ought to be destroyed by the hand of the common hangman.' In 1867 Sir Colman O'Loughlan referred to it in the British House of Commons as a 'relic of barbarism.' And in the House of Lords in the same year Lord Kimberley, who had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, spoke of it in the following uncompromising terms: 'He had himself [he said] been

called upon to make that declaration before the Irish Privy Council, in the presence of a large number of persons of the Roman Catholic faith; and he must say that he had never in his life made a declaration with more pain than when he was required before men holding high office, and for whom he had the greatest respect, to declare the tenets of their religion to be superstitious and idolatrous.'

The bigots, like the poor, we shall, no doubt, have always with us. It is therefore possible that there may be a few of those afflicted with the 'no-Popery' mania who are prepared to defend even the barbarous anachronism of the Accession Oath. If such there be, we are persuaded that they will be very few, and that they will be both in numbers and intelligence utterly insignificant. The trend of feeling is now all the other way about. Slowly, but surely, the grinding disabilities of Catholics in England have been removed. And sooner or later this odious Declaration is doomed to go the way of all the rest. We do not mind how strongly the King is permitted or required to affirm his Protestantism, but that can be done without stigmatising other religions; and the royal declaration can never be regarded as satisfactory until every vestige of denunciation or condemnation of Catholic doctrines and practices is expunged. The time is ripe for the desired change. A new reign is opening out upon us; and for the King's Catholic subjects his reign could not be more happily ushered in than by the news that this 'relic of barbarism,' this inglorious monument to Puritan bigotry and injustice, had been once and for ever swept away.

Notes

An Appropriate Prayer

At an important Synod held in Paris just prior to the recent French elections, the Archbishop reminded his hearers that in a few weeks they would have a powerful weapon in their possession. 'Whoever you may be,' he said, 'I remind you that your duty is to ascertain that the man for whom you vote will respect the faith of your children, the rights of your families, and liberty of teaching,' and he quoted, with singular felicity and appropriateness, the prayer of the Belgian Catholics: 'From schools without God and from teachers without faith, deliver us, O Lord!'

The 'Scotsman' and the Conference

The 'Reformed Churches of the World' are to have a 'World Missionary Conference' next month in Edinburgh, at which no end of missionary societies are to be represented. Instead of being impressed at the prospect, the *Scotsman*—staidest and most representative of Scottish papers—bluntly raises the question whether the kind of Christianity which will be represented at the gathering is really worth exporting. In an article in which it moralises at some length on the subject of the conference the paper observes that 'the question may occur whether, from one point of view, the Christianity seen and known among us is worth exporting to heathen lands. That Christianity which has so often filled the land with bitterness and strife, which erects churches to perpetuate ancient feuds, which sets three and four men to do the work of one hindering each other all the time, which built rival colleges in India, and which is unable to veil its differences before the Hindoo, is that really worth sending beyond the seas? Were a Hindoo to visit a Highland village and inspect its five Protestant churches, each with a skeleton congregation, and ask, What meaneth this waste of human effort? what answer could the Christianity of this country give to that Hindoo? Would not the poor heathen be pardoned if he said that a religion which tolerated such abuses and waste could be no religion for him?' According to many competent and impartial witnesses, the 'poor heathen,' both in India and in China, is thinking and saying that very thing.

An Anglican View of the King's Oath

Prior to the coronation of the late King the terms of the impious oath required of the Sovereign engaged the attention, from time to time, of various Protestant bodies,

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and the general trend of enlightened non-Catholic opinion was strongly against the oath. At an Anglican Synod held in Goulburn, New South Wales, the Rev. J. A. Newth moved a formal resolution protesting against the insult to Catholics involved in making the King declare their doctrines 'superstitious and idolatrous,' and in doing so gave one of the most cogent expositions of the objections to the oath that we have yet seen.

After referring in a courteous and Christian way to the doctrinal differences between the Church of England and the Catholic Church, Mr. Newth continued: 'And because, forsooth, we do not hold Rome's doctrine of the invocation of saints and of the Mass, we must insist on the King's making a declaration that they are "superstitious and idolatrous," must we? The Presbyterians in the General Assembly in Sydney have said "No," even the Wesleyan Methodists in their conference have said "No," and we, I hope, for the credit of the diocese, will also say "No." In the first place, because it is absurd for the King to have to make this declaration; for the King is not a theologian, and no one supposes him to be competent to lay down the law on these vexed theological questions, to really know anything about them, and why, therefore, should he be expected to say anything about them? In the second place, because it seems preposterous that the King, who is only the temporal head of the Church of England, should, as a condition of receiving the Crown, be subjected to a more rigid religious test than is demanded of even the Archbishop of Canterbury, its spiritual head; for the Archbishop of Canterbury is, I need hardly say, only required to give a general assent to the 39 Articles as a whole, and not to declare that he receives what they say of the Mass, etc., "without mental reservation of any kind whatsoever"—in the third place, because it is no safeguard, for if the King were secretly a Romanist, it is not likely that he would not find some way of making the declaration for all that. He might be advised that it was virtually an oath taken under compulsion, and, therefore, null and void; or that he might fake it "without any mental reservation of any kind" that his subjects were entitled to claim for him, or with some other grain of salt that might be offered.

'And last, but not least, we object to this oath, because it is wrong, because it amounts to persecution, for which no good cause can be shown, wounding to the quick as it does a large and influential section of the community, many of whom fill the highest positions of rank and honor in the Empire, and are among the most loyal of his Majesty's subjects. No wonder that King Edward's voice is said to have barely risen above a mutter when he made the declaration on the last occasion upon which, we hope, it ever will be made. If the Roman Catholics were not allowed to celebrate Mass in the British dominions, as was of course the case at one time, then there would be some consistency in the King's declaration; but if, as we do, we leave them perfectly free to carry out their own forms and ideas of worship, and not only this, but if these very same forms and ideas of worship, if the Mass and the invocation of Saints, are tolerated in the Church of England itself, surely we are only straining at a gnat while we are swallowing a camel if we object to the King being excused from calling them names.'

DIocese OF DUNEDIN

Rev. Father O'Connell, S.M., began a week's retreat for the students of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, on Monday evening.

The Very Rev. Father O'Donnell, of Gore, arrived in Dunedin on Saturday from Sydney, on his return from a trip to Europe.

The weekly meeting of St. Patrick's Young Men's Social and Literary Club, South Dunedin, was held in the schoolroom on Tuesday evening, May 10, when a very enjoyable time was spent. During the evening songs were given by Messrs. T. Mee, J. McDonald, W. Boreham, W. Tonar, and J. Keyes, and a piano solo by Mr. F. Perkins. A motion was passed expressing sympathy with the Royal Family on the death of the King.

St. Joseph's Harriers held their weekly run on Saturday from the Wakari School. Considering the weather conditions, a fair muster turned out. Paper being dispensed

with, the pack, under Captain Callan, went along past the school, striking the Wakari District road, which was followed for some considerable distance, till the reservoir was reached, and after going around it the pack doubled back to the Wakari District road, which was followed home. Owing to the weather, the run was cut short, only about four miles being covered, mostly on the road, the pace throughout being very solid.

Sunday being the feast of Pentecost, there was Pontifical High Mass at St. Joseph's Cathedral at 11 o'clock. His Lordship Bishop Verdon was celebrant, Very Rev. Father O'Donnell (Gore) assistant priest, Rev. Father O'Connell, S.M. (Christchurch), and Rev. D. O'Neill (South Dunedin) deacons at the throne, Rev. Father O'Reilly deacon of the Mass, Rev. Father Scanlan subdeacon, and Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., master of ceremonies. The occasional sermon was preached by the Rev. Father O'Reilly. In the evening at Vespers the Rev. Father O'Connell, S.M., preached an impressive discourse on the day's festival.

There was a very large attendance of members at the usual weekly meeting of St. Joseph's Men's Club on Monday evening, the programme being readings by members. The following gentlemen contributed items:—Rev. Brother Brady, Messrs. Hally, Laffey, Graham, Lovell, Dunne, and Rossbotham. The contributions chosen were all from authors of recognised merit, and consequently a most enjoyable evening was spent by those who listened, while the readers without doubt benefited by the close study and preparation devoted to their readings. On the motion of Mr. E. W. Spain, seconded by Mr. J. B. Callan, jun., a hearty vote of thanks was passed to the readers. Rev. Father Coffey, who presided, also complimented the readers and criticised their work, pointing out how improvement might be made in certain cases.

Invercargill

(From our own correspondent.)

May 16.

The annual social in aid of the Catholic Club will be held in the Victoria Hall on Thursday, June 16.

A euchre match between the members of the Hibernian Society and those of the Catholic Club took place in the club rooms on Tuesday night. Both societies were well represented, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The Hibernian side was successful in winning the match. It is intended to hold these matches monthly in future.

The following pupils of St. Catherine's Convent, Invercargill, were successful in the theory examinations of last November, conducted by the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M.:—Local centre examinations: Advanced grade, harmony (full marks 150, honors 130, pass 100)—Alice F. Harrington, 105. Rudiments of music (full marks 99, pass 66)—Marion Vera Nelson, 94. School examinations: Higher division, harmony (full marks 150, distinction 130, pass 100)—Grace E. Paton, 108.

The Hibernian Band's sacred concert, which was postponed from last Sunday on account of the death of King Edward, was given in the Gardens yesterday. The following programme was rendered: Funeral March (Beethoven); selection, 'La Gitana' (W. V. Wallace); solo, 'Beautiful Isle of the Sea' (Balfe); selection, 'La Sonnambula' (Bellini); euphonium solo, 'Land of hope and glory' (Elgar); Hymn of the Homeland' (Sir A. Sullivan); selection, 'Il Bravo' (Mercadante); Dead March in 'Saul' (Handel); 'God save the King.'

The *Southland Times* of May 13 devotes its leading columns to a very fair and impartial article on 'The Accession Oath.' After referring to the agitation on foot to amend the oath, the writer goes on to say: 'The Protestant succession is strongly buttressed by the law, and that being so the insistence upon the terms of the Accession Oath, and particularly upon the declaration that certain rites of the Church of Rome are superstitious and idolatrous might very well be omitted. In that Church are to be found thousands of his Majesty's most loyal subjects, and it is surely wanton cruelty to wound their feelings and to affront their religious convictions by compelling the King to denounce in the harshest terms articles of faith which they regard as sacred.'

DIocese OF AUCKLAND

(By Telegraph from our own correspondent.)

May 16.

Right Rev. Mgr. Gillan is still absent in Gisborne.

The Newman Society (Auckland branch) held its usual meeting yesterday afternoon in St. Patrick's Hall.

The devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration will commence at the Cathedral on the last Sunday in May.

The Children of Mary held a social last Friday evening in the Hibernian Hall, when there was a large attendance, all of whom enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Miss Duffin (honorary secretary) worked energetically to make the function a success.

An angry correspondence on the Accession Oath is proceeding in the *Herald*. Bigots revel in reproducing alleged oaths from the days of Titus Oates, and entirely ignoring the point at issue.

Last evening, after Vespers, a meeting of ladies was held in Ailsa House, presided over by Rev. Father Holbrook, to consider the advisability of holding a social in aid of the parish funds.

Rotorua

(By telegraph from our own correspondent.)

May 16.

The reception of seven young ladies into the confraternity of Children of Mary took place at St. Michael's Church on Sunday evening. The Very Rev. Dean Lightheart officiated. A procession in the church preceded the ceremony, after which Dean Lightheart preached an impressive sermon on the Blessed Virgin Mary. In closing his remarks he said that in looking back over a period of sixteen years of spiritual labors in Rotorua he looked upon this as a red-letter day for him, for it was the happiest and the most comforting example of the success that was attending his spiritual work in the parish. He admonished the members to cultivate the three promises that they were about to make that evening—modesty, charity, and purity of life—for by doing so they would be an adornment to society, make their homes happier, and make better wives and more affectionate mothers. Seven young ladies presented themselves for reception, bringing the strength of the sodality up to ten, with a like number of aspirants, who have not yet attained the age limit.

The Grand Hotel was struck by lightning on Saturday, but fortunately little damage was done. The large flagpole in front of the building was broken and hurled a considerable distance. Two employees of the R.M. Stables were thrown to the ground at the same time, and almost half of the town was thrown into darkness through damage to the transformers, and had to remain so all night.

Blenheim

(From an occasional correspondent.)

The missions conducted by the Marist Fathers throughout the Blenheim parish came to a close on last Sunday. During the past seven weeks the Rev. Fathers O'Connell and Kimbell have visited the various districts and have given missions at Grassmere, Seddon, Renwicktown, Tua Marina, Picton, Havelock, and Blenheim. In each place the people attended the mission exercises with great regularity, and they gave proof of their attachment to Holy Church and to her teaching. In Blenheim, where a fortnight's mission was given, the church was crowded every evening. Each morning great numbers assisted at Holy Mass and the instructions at 6 a.m. and 9 a.m.

During the first week special devotions in honor of our Blessed Lady took place, and it was a beautiful sight to see over seventy Children of Mary in blue mantles and white veils walking in procession, with four of their number carrying a statue of our Blessed Lady. In the second week special devotions in honor of the Blessed Sacrament were held, followed by a procession around the church. The members of the Hibernian Society and Children of Mary took part. The closing scene of the mission was a glorious one. On Sunday morning the entire congregation at the first Mass, numbering over six hundred, received Holy Communion, and in the evening the church was filled to overflowing, when the final sermon on Perseverance was preached and the Papal Blessing given.

Fathers O'Connell and Kimbell were very earnest in their desire to promote frequent Communion, and it was gratifying to see large numbers receiving Holy Communion each morning. The Children of Mary received from Sydney a beautiful banner which was blessed and used for the first time in the processions of the mission.

As a result of an appeal made to the men of Blenheim by the missionaries twenty new members were added to the ranks of the Hibernian Society.

The Rev. Father Kimbell leaves for Wanganui, where he will be joined by Father O'Connell, who is now engaged in giving a retreat to the students of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, and both Fathers give a mission of three weeks at Wanganui.

Kaikoura

His Grace Archbishop Redwood celebrated the early Mass at the Sacred Heart Church on Sunday, May 8 (says the *Kaikoura Sun*). There was a large congregation, and among those who approached the Holy Table were twenty-two candidates for Confirmation. At the 10 o'clock Mass, celebrated by Rev. Father Golden, the Archbishop delivered a very fine discourse on the Blessed Virgin Mary. Before the service at 3 p.m. his Grace explained the nature and effects of the Sacrament of Confirmation. His Grace then confirmed twenty-two candidates—seventeen school children and five adults—after which followed Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The choir was in full force both at

Mass and Benediction. The singing at the latter service was particularly effective and pleasing.

The Society of the Children of Mary, who undertake many duties for the Church, has been augmented by the addition of a dozen new members, who were received by the Archbishop after the last Mass. The altar was most beautifully decorated by the Sisters of the Mission.

It is well known already that Rev. Father Golden has resigned his charge of the parish of Kaikoura, and that he will leave at the end of June. We learn that he himself did not want the public to know this until the last week prior to his departure, but the news came from abroad too soon and circulated all round. The Archbishop has expressed deep regret at his leaving, and was highly pleased with his administration. Financially, the parish is in a highly satisfactory condition. Over ten years ago, when the present pastor took charge, there was a considerable debt on the beautiful church of the Sacred Heart, besides a small debt on the Star of the Sea, on the Esplanade, each of which was erected by Rev. Father E. Walsh, of happy memory. All debts have been long since wiped out, many important and necessary improvements effected, and now there exists a considerable balance on the credit side in favor of the church and school and projected new convent and school buildings. This happy state of parish finances is greatly due to Mr. W. Smith's deep knowledge of book-keeping, for he has done this great service during many years past. It goes without saying that it is also the result of the well-known generosity of the people at large. It is fortunate for Rev. Father Golden's successor that he will find a considerable balance on the right side.

His Grace spoke very feelingly last Sunday of the late King Edward VII., mentioning some fine qualities of the deceased Monarch.

Nelson

(From our own correspondent.)

May 14.

The Rev. Father Clancy has been on a visit here, and at the Masses on Sunday referred to the sad and unexpected death of King Edward VII.

Rev. Father Clancy left for the West Coast on Wednesday morning on his mission in connection with the St. Mary's Orphanage, Stoke.

Sincere regret was felt here on Sunday evening when the sad news was made known of the death of Miss Theresa Sandbrook, of Wellington, sister of Mother Benignus, of Nelson.—R.I.P.

I regret to report the sudden death of Mr. James Henry, at the early age of 29 years. The remains were interred in the Wakefield Cemetery on Friday. Rev. Father Mahony officiated at the graveside.—R.I.P.

Rev. Father Mahony recently returned from a visit to Takaka, Motueka, and some of the most distant parts of the parish. In Takaka a movement is on foot to remove the church nearer to the town, as its present situation is not convenient.

The friends of the Rev. Father Finnerty will be sorry to learn that he has been laid up for some time with a rather severe attack of sciatica contracted while visiting the remote parts of the parish, including the Wangapeka and Sherry districts.

Ashburton

(From our own correspondent.)

May 16.

At the 9 o'clock Mass at the Church of the Holy Name on Sunday last the Very Rev. Dean O'Donnell read the circular letter issued by his Lordship Bishop Grimes with reference to the late King.

Mr. T. M. Brophy presided at the usual weekly meeting of the Catholic Young Men's Club on Tuesday evening last. A motion was carried, the members standing, expressive of the club's regret at the loss sustained by the Empire by the death of King Edward VII. A debate, 'Should the Government offer more favorable facilities than at present offered to suitable immigrants?' was the programme for the evening. Mr. Frank Pritchard championed the affirmative, whilst Mr. F. K. Cooper led for the negative side of the question. An interesting debate eventuated in a verdict by a small majority for the negative party.

Hokitika

May 9.

The new billiard table for St. Mary's Catholic Club has been fitted up in the club's room. The table is a high-class one, and probably one of the finest in the district. There was a large attendance of members at the rooms on Monday evening last, when the initial game was played between Rev. Father Ainsworth and Mr. J. Downey.

The second of a series of euchre tournaments, held under the auspices of St. Mary's Club, was held on Tuesday evening, May 3. About sixty players took part in the tournament, which proved highly enjoyable. The gentleman's prize was won by Mr. P. Favery, and the lady's by Miss Bock. Dainty refreshments were supplied by the ladies' committee.

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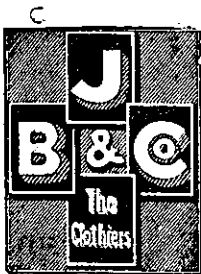
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Irish News

ANTRIM—An Austrian Decoration

Chevalier John Burke, J.P., Austro-Hungarian Consul for Belfast and district, has received from the British Foreign Office permission to accept and wear a Jubilee Cross which the Emperor of Austria conferred upon him in commemoration of the sixtieth anniversary of his reign. A similar permission has been granted to Mr. Martin J. Burke, formerly Honorary Chancellor of the Consulate.

Presentation to Mr. Devlin

The members of the National Board of Hibernians, Belfast, have presented Mr. J. Devlin, M.P., with a gold hunter watch and chain and a beautifully illuminated address as a token of their esteem and respect. Mr. Thomas Maguire, solicitor, presided. The presentation was made by Rev. James C. Cannon, P.P., Glencolumbkille. Speeches were delivered by several English and Scotch delegates who were attending the Hibernian Conferences held in Belfast in March. Mr. Devlin, in acknowledging the gifts, said the Ancient Order of Hibernians had come to stay. It was a powerful fraternal and social organisation, which had extended its ramifications everywhere. There was a necessity for its existence. His association with the Order was one of the proudest and happiest of his experiences in Irish public life.

CAVAN—Death of the Bishop of Kilmore

As we were informed by cable message at the time the Right Rev. Dr. Boylan, Bishop of Kilmore, passed away at his residence in Cavan on March 27. The announcement of his death (says a Dublin correspondent) came as a surprise to his people, although it was known that he had been ailing for some time past. It caused the deepest sorrow amongst the members of all classes in the diocese over which he ruled. On the death of the Most Rev. Dr. McGennis, he was called upon to fill the vacant See of Kilmore, and in May, 1907, was consecrated by his Eminence Cardinal Logue. During his brief episcopate Dr. Boylan proved himself a wise and able prelate, devoting himself assiduously to the advancement of his people's spiritual and temporal welfare. He was a strong and practical supporter of the Irish Parliamentary Party, always subscribing generously to the party funds. Dr. Boylan was a native of the diocese of Kilmore, having been born in Crosserlough, in the year 1842. He received his early education at the Old Seminary, Cavan, and he subsequently continued and completed his ecclesiastical studies at Maynooth, where he was ordained in 1867. In 1874 he was appointed professor in the Diocesan Seminary, Cavan, where he worked indefatigably to mould the character of the hundreds of students who passed through his hands. He was also connected with St. Patrick's College, Cullies, on its foundation by the late Most Rev. Dr. Conaty. He afterwards filled the important position of Bursar of Maynooth College for some years. He resigned the position in 1887, and became a novice in the Redemptorist Order, and in October, 1888, he took his vows as a member of the distinguished Congregation; and had the distinction of being the first Redemptorist to be raised to the Episcopate in Ireland. Of the Redemptorist Order, Dr. Boylan became a most active member, and his career for very many years was of the most strenuous and self-sacrificing character, which could not fail to win the highest appreciation of his ecclesiastical superiors. He filled various important offices in the Order, both in England and in Ireland and in other lands. He was for eight years connected with St. Mary's, Clapham; and in Limerick, Belfast, Dundalk, and other centres his missionary zeal bore good fruit. In 1898 he was named Provincial of the newly-appointed Irish Province, and since that time new foundations of the Order have been established in Perth (Western Australia), Wellington (New Zealand), and in the Philippine Islands, where Dr. Boylan earnestly worked for the extension of the Order with the most satisfactory results.

CARLOW—A Venerable Religious

By the death of Mother M. Brigid Brophy the Community at the Brigidine Convent, Tullow, has lost one of its oldest and most revered members. Deceased, who had reached her eightieth year, had spent fifty years in religion. She belonged to an old Wicklow family, being daughter of the late Mr. James Brophy, Rathmoon, Baltinglass, and Mrs. Brophy, sister of the late Cardinal Cullen.

KERRY—Sudden Death of a Killarney Man

A painful shock was experienced by the people of Killarney on learning of the death of Mr. Daniel A. Spillane, U.D.C., which took place at his residence, High street, at the comparatively early age of 58 years. The event was quite unexpected, as the deceased had been in his usual health. While at breakfast he was seized with faintness, and soon after passed away. During the whole of his life he was connected with the public affairs of the town, both as an officer of the late Town Commission, and subsequently as a member of the Urban Council and Poor Law Board of Killarney Union, and in every relation of his public life he discharged the duties devolving on him with conspicuous ability, courage, and integrity. At the Killarney Petty

Sessions references were made to his death, and a vote of condolence was passed with the relatives of the deceased.

KING'S COUNTY—Death of an Extensive Landowner

The death has taken place at his residence, Streamstown Manor, Clareen, Birr, of Mr. Michael Hackett, at the age of 70 years. The deceased was an extensive landowner, his estate, formerly the Cassidy property, comprising about a thousand acres, situate in King's and Queen's Counties. He also possessed extensive tracts of grazing land in County Tipperary.

LIMERICK—The People's Duty

Writing on the necessity of supporting the Parliamentary Party, the *Freeman's Journal* says:—Limerick is one of the cities from which a substantial cheque has already been received. The peculiar circumstances under which the amount was subscribed are set out in the letter forwarded by the Mayor, chairman, and Mr. J. Dundon, honorary treasurer of the committee formed to restore to the party fund the amount of the election expenses incurred by Alderman Joyce, M.P., last January. In this effective way the Nationalists of the old city by the Shannon have registered their protest against what they regarded as a vexatious contest. The futile opposition offered to the return of Alderman Joyce has had a tonic effect in the city, and the Nationalist ranks have been drawn closer. The same story comes from every centre where the representative of a United Irish Party was challenged by Unionist or dissensionist. The Unionist no longer indulges the hope that he can break the National Exchequer, and by this time he has realised that Nationalist Ireland will be ready to repulse with ignominy a general onslaught on Nationalist constituencies, be the attackers who they may. Unionist and Factionist have been sadly disillusioned by the magnificent response already given by Ireland to the appeal of the National Trustees.

TIPPERARY—A Centenarian

The death of Mr. John Chumney, Nenagh, removes one of the last links between the present and the generation of a century ago. The deceased, who possessed his faculties up to the last moments of his earthly existence, was a person of most retentive memory, which took him back to incidents that occurred early in the last century and during O'Connell's agitation for Catholic Emancipation and Repeal. His death is greatly regretted in the locality. He was just 101 years of age.

Presumption of Death

Justice Madden has ordered presumption of the death of Nora Connolly, who sailed from Australia on board the ill-fated steamer *Waratah*. Prior to her departure the deceased sent £1000 to a London bank. She was on her way home to Tipperary.

WATERFORD—A Prompt and Generous Response

Following the example set by Most Rev. Dr. Fennelly, Archbishop of Cashel, and other Irish prelates, the Right Rev. Dr. Sheehan and the Right Rev. Dr. Clancy have doubled their annual subscriptions to the Irish Parliamentary Fund. Writing to Mr. John Redmond, Dr. Sheehan says there are good reasons why a prompt and generous response should be made to the appeal of the treasurers of the fund. In no recent year have demands at all so large been made upon their resources as 1910 appears destined to bring. In addition to the large sums annually required even under the most favorable circumstances, the fund will probably have to bear this year the additional cost of two general elections, as well as of a full attendance of the party in Parliament during what promises to be a long and an arduous and momentous session.

WICKLOW—Parliamentary Election

Mr. E. O'Kelly, Baltinglass, has been returned unopposed for West Wicklow, the vacancy being caused by the death of Mr. James O'Connor. Mr. O'Kelly, M.P., will be no novice at Westminster, for he was elected for the neighboring constituency of East Wicklow fifteen years ago, and served for a brief period in the House. At that time Mr. John Sweetman, who had been elected in 1892 as a supporter of the majority rule, began to veer from the strict line of party discipline, and his schism culminated in his resignation in April of that year. He stood again with the object of inflicting humiliation on the party, but Mr. O'Kelly, who came pluckily forward, beat him by a narrow majority of 62, and thus held the seat for party discipline, inflicting defeat both on Mr. Sweetman and on the Tory candidate, Colonel Tottenham, who thought to come in between the contending Nationalists, but who came third in the poll with 1165 votes. West Wicklow is one of the most securely safe seats in Ireland for the Irish Party. The electorate is 4417, and out of this the Tories are never able to poll 1000.

GENERAL

Self-Government

Mr. T. W. Russell, addressing the Ulster Liberal Association at Belfast recently, said the last general election had killed Tariff Reform. It would not be long until, under the banner of Liberalism, the people of Ireland would unite in one grand effort to solve the problem of self-government, and thereby bring happiness and prosperity to Ireland.

An Indictment of the House of Lords

Mr. John Redmond, M.P., in the course of his speech in the House of Commons on the motion of the Prime Minister to go into committee to consider the relations between the two Houses of Parliament, said:—What has been the experience of Ireland at the hands of the House of Lords during the last century? In 1792 or 1793 the Irish House of Lords passed almost unanimously great measures which were the commencement of Catholic Emancipation. Again and again, however, the English House of Lords rejected measures of Emancipation sent up from this House. Three times Emancipation passed through the House of Commons, but was rejected by the House of Lords; and when finally carried Lord Macaulay said in 1829 that the concession which had been refused to justice was reluctantly granted through fear of civil war. The history of the tithe war in Ireland is in itself, from the Irish point of view, a further indictment of the House of Lords. It meant practically civil war in Ireland and wholesale suffering and misery. Five Tithe Bills were rejected by the House of Lords. In the matter of the franchise, too, the case was worse in Ireland than in Great Britain. The Catholic Emancipation Bill was passed only on condition that the whole class of forty-shilling freeholders should be swept away. As a result of the Reform Bill of 1832, in 1839 only 5 per cent. of the adult males in Ireland were allowed to have the vote, whereas 19 per cent. of the adult males in England had the vote. The House of Lords insisted that the Commons should not make the same extension of rights to Ireland as to England. Municipal reform was dealt with in like manner by the House of Lords so far as Ireland was concerned. And what about the Irish land question? If the Prime Minister wants an indictment against the House of Lords, that is a question for which the Lords are primarily responsible, because it was a question which affected them, their social position, and their pockets. The Lords maintained up to recently a system which I heard the Leader of the Opposition describe in this House as a land system which had every fault of every land system which had ever existed in the world. Is that not an indictment against the House of Lords? Then the Leader of the Opposition talked of deadlocks. The Bills sent up to the Lords by this House could be counted by scores. They never passed one of them without mutilating it and taking everything of value out of it. In a great many cases they rejected it altogether. By reason of their rejection of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, the Lords were directly responsible for all the misery, crime, bloodshed, and disorder which followed in the wake of the revolutionary land movement which then, and then only, sprang into real life in Ireland.

St. Patrick's Day in America

Mr. Benedict Fitzpatrick, writing from Hotel Astor, New York, on St. Patrick's Day, says:—From all over America comes the news that the celebrations in honor of St. Patrick surpass any ever held before. Chicago buried itself in green to greet President Taft, who joined in the Irish parade on his way to the Irish Fellowship Club, where he is the guest to-day. This afternoon 50,000 Irishmen marched along the wonderful Fifth Avenue through New York, mounted and on foot, in military formation, every man in black slouched hat, white gloves, and badge; spruce, neat, and speckless, with thousands of green flags flying, a hundred bands playing, and a quarter of a million sight-seers cheering. This St. Patrick's Day parade has been improving in number and quality every year. I saw a great number of priests mounted and on foot, and wearing sashes. It was a great spectacle—almost thrilling to an Irishman. Some of the day's journals came out in green, and the *Herald* hailed our people as 'America's ruling race.' From Buenos Aires, where there is a wealthy and enormously influential Irish colony, come reports of wonderful goings on in honor of the day. How is it that these scattered colonies of Irishmen, who rule wherever they are as much as a fourth of the population, are not linked in common action, when the need arises, for Faith and fatherland? There is an opportunity here for an organising genius as for an historian capable of celebrating the wonderful work the race, in its renaissance, is doing throughout the world. I have had occasion lately to see the work our Irish priests in America are doing to keep alive a devotion to the cradle of our race. They understand, as I fear many priests in England do not understand, how Ireland and the Catholic religion are entwined in the hearts of our people, mutually supporting and mutually dependent. For weeks beforehand our priests here simply spend themselves in preparing for St. Patrick's Day. Never was there a closer, more loving union between pastors and people. And I really begin to believe that the unquenchable spirit of our race is to be the instrument that will win America to the Faith.

A lawyer once, who caught a cold,
Was soon called to the 'Bar,'
Where liquor by the 'case' was sold.
Old Scotch, as well Three Star;
His stay was 'brief,' 'I won't, I'm sure,
Touch this whatever it "costs";
I'll take some Woods' Great Peppermint Cure,
And defy this Winter's frosts!

People We Hear About

On Good Friday the King of Spain graciously pardoned twenty-three prisoners who were condemned to death.

Mr. Edison, who draws £1200 a week from moving pictures, hopes to visit England in a year or so, and see the country from a motor-car.

The centenary of the birth of Sir Samuel Ferguson, the famous Ulster poet, was celebrated in Belfast and Dublin on March 10. Mr. Alfred Percival Graves, the well known litterateur, delivered an address on Ferguson and his work in Belfast.

A feature of the Federal elections (says the *Southern Cross*) is the number of young men returned. Two of the Victorian successful candidates for the House of Representatives are members of the Catholic Young Men's Society—Mr. Parker J. Maloney, who won Indi in such sterling fashion, and Mr. J. Scullin, who so soundly defeated Dr. J. G. Wilson for Corangamite. Mr. Frank Brennan, another brilliant young C.Y.M.S. member, ran Sir John Quick unpleasantly close at Bendigo.

The health of Queen Maria Pia of Portugal again gives cause for concern, and King Manuel, a devoted grandson, is as much with her as his duties permit. Her Majesty never really recovered from the shock of the double tragedy two years ago, and even yet the names of King Carlos and the Crown Prince Louis cannot be mentioned in her presence. Queen Maria Pia is a sister of the late King Humbert of Italy, and married King Louis of Portugal when she was still some days on the junior side of her fifteenth birthday.

Mr. Kettle, the Nationalist M.P. whose speech on Tariff Reform aroused much interest in the House recently, is the son of a distinguished Irish politician of whom Parnell thought a very great deal, a fact which gives point to the following story. Mr. Kettle and Dr. Tanner were once addressing by-election meetings at Carlow. They were speaking within a short distance of each other, and Mr. Kettle, who had been doing some strenuous campaigning, had become so husky that he could scarcely be heard by his audience. 'Ah,' exclaimed Dr. Tanner, who observed the rival orator's plight, 'Parnell's Kettle has lost his spout!'

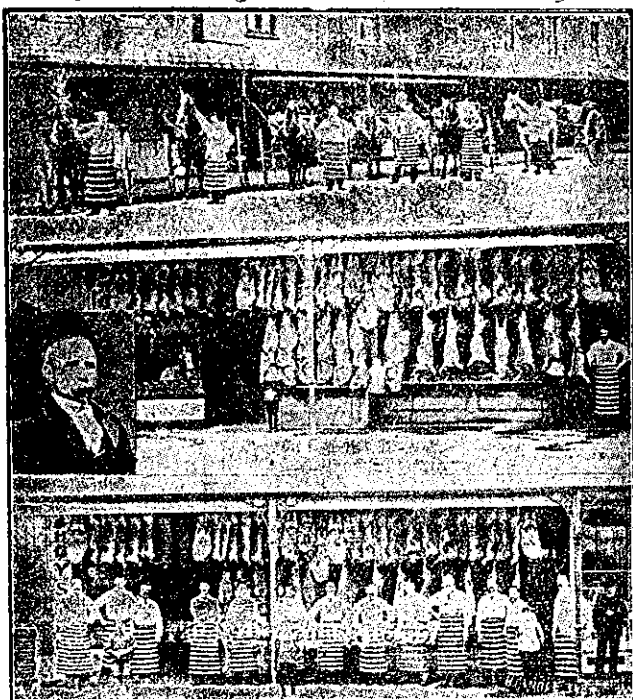
In private life (writes Mr. F. Cruise O'Brien in the *Dublin Leader*) Mr. Redmond impresses one with the ample manner, the generous and spacious ways which one loves to associate with Athens. To me there has always seemed to be something of Greek evenness about him, of Greek abhorrence of extremes. And then with what courtesy he bears himself; his smile of disagreement with one makes one almost want to change one's opinion in the instant; when he rules one out of order he does it as gracefully as if he were making one a presentation. And one feels as it he were, too! He has the large tolerance, the genial bonhomie of the polished man of the world. One feels that he understands and allows for one's different point of view if one disagrees with him, and that he would be delighted were one to agree with him. He is a man who loves the quiet life above all, but who is not afraid of the smoke of battle when it must be battle. A man, in fine, who is the last to seek, and the last to leave the field.

To one who has followed the writings of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and who has watched his great political fight in the Irish and Catholic interests, the anticipation of seeing him in the flesh and hearing his voice was very great. Would he disappoint or confirm those pleasant conceptions which had been formed through the medium of parliamentary reports, succinct and penetrating reviews, and meditative and philosophic writings, in which latter he invariably appeared as the great apologist. His first appearance gave one the impression of 'bigness,' which was accentuated by a tendency to embonpoint. Large-boned and heavy-limbed, his walk brought to mind the many descriptions of the great American President, Abraham Lincoln. But there the likeness ended. With a face essentially Irish, wearing his sixty odd years well, 'T.P.' would always be taken for what he was proud to proclaim himself—a son of Erin. But it was the voice that made the deepest and most lasting impression. At times low, soft, and clear, the cultured language flowing freely and easily, so modulated that as it rose and fell its cadenced volume reached and held all who listened. Then came a change. As the spirit of the speaker entered into the heart of his subject the words flowed quick, free, and strong; fact upon fact was piled up, cases of intrigue and deceit exposed, and instances of chicanery denounced and condemned. Another change, and in penetrating, soul-stirring language he depicted the hard, grim lives of many thousands of workers. Then to the other extreme, where, with humor in words and gestures, the foibles of 'my Lords' ran the gamut of scathing criticism. As the trained voice (with its slight accent, begotten of boyhood's day in old Athlone) expounded with the brilliance of genius the various points of his discourse, the listener could understand partially the dominating influence which commands success. The Irish cause is fortunate in its leaders, of whom 'T.P.' is one of the greatest. He has given unstintingly to it time, labor, and intellect, and, in his own words, his epitaph might be written—'He did his best.'

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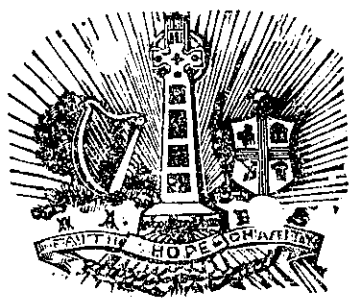
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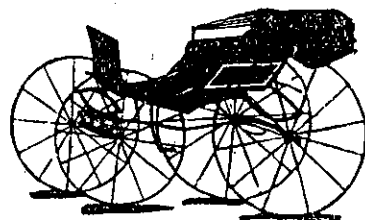
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The Catholic World

CANADA—A Generous Benefactor

A diocesan seminary will soon be erected in the city of Toronto, Canada, through the generosity of Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, private chamberlain to his Holiness, and well known for his generosity to Catholic undertakings. Mr. O'Keefe has turned over to Archbishop McEvay the sum of £30,000 with which to begin a new seminary on land recently purchased. This is not Mr. O'Keefe's first noteworthy gift. The new St. Monica's Church, in his home city, with its fine parochial residence, stands as a tribute to his zeal for the faith and his devotion to the Church. It is all his own personal work down even to the humblest details of the finishing and furnishing. The new seminary will be known as St. Augustine's, and the plans now being prepared call for the erection of a building costing at least the amount of the gift. By a special arrangement with the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada, which was founded primarily to provide priests for the needy places, particularly of Western Canada, this seminary will be not only for the students of the Toronto diocese and the neighboring diocese, but also for the young men preparing especially for the home mission field.

ENGLAND—The President of Ushaw College

The death is announced of the Right Rev. Mgr. Corbishley, President of Ushaw College, Durham, who passed away at Weymouth on Good Friday. He was born in 1851.

Westminster Cathedral

A cable message states that Westminster Cathedral is now free of debt. The consecration of the sacred edifice takes place towards the end of next month.

The Lord Mayor of London

Westminster Cathedral was crowded to the doors on Easter Sunday, when the unusual spectacle was witnessed of a Lord Mayor of London attending High Mass in state. Sir John Knill, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress and attended by the Mace and Sword Bearers and Chief Marshal, was present at the Cathedral when Pontifical Mass was sung by his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster. Sir John and Lady Knill were received at the entrance by Monsignor Howlett, Administrator, and Monsignor Moyes, by whom they were conducted to special seats erected on a dais in front of the sanctuary. The sacred music was admirably rendered by the cathedral choir under the direction of Mr. Terry.

FRANCE—The Rights of Parents

The Catholic heads of families in France (says the *Catholic Times*) are beginning to recognise that, notwithstanding the secret plots of their opponents, they cannot be permanently deprived of their rights in a self-governing, democratic country if they are firmly resolved to maintain and defend them. They are getting their Government to perceive what our Government was made to understand some years ago—that the right of the parent to control the education of the child is a higher and more imperative right than that of the State. During the months of January and February this year some sixty associations of fathers of families were formed, and the movement is developing in all parts of the country. M. Briand, with the elections in prospect, does not consider it prudent to combat it directly, but his indirect opposition is decided and characteristic. Witness the petition just presented to him by the association of fathers of families of the Commune of Apremont. In consequence of repeated complaints made with regard to the use of school-manuals by Albert and Madame Dèz, which were openly anti-Catholic, these books were withdrawn, but for them has been substituted a work which, in the words of the petitioners, 'is worse than those that have been prohibited, is full of errors, and so distinctly violates the principle of religious neutrality as to constitute a real danger to the faith of the children.' This book will also have to be withdrawn. M. Briand will have to yield again, for he knows that unless he gives way the parents will keep their children at home and defy the Government.

Adaptability of the Clergy

One of the evil results of the separation of Church and State in France, the disestablishment for which atheists so long craved and at last obtained, has been the throwing on the labor market of a number of unskilled men (remarks the *Catholic Weekly*). Many poor priests have had to face the world with nothing but their knowledge of the classics and Church history to equip them, and many of them are in sore straits. It is true that the State affords them a miserable subsidy, but it is to be feared that not a few poor souls have gone under. The vast amount of agony that M. Combes and his advisers have caused will ever be remembered in France, and constitute an everlasting blot on the history of that fair land. It is, indeed, pleasant to be able to record that the unfortunate priests are fighting hard to keep body and soul together. Large numbers

are now working at trades. 'The Association of Working Priests' is well established, and already has an organ of its own, the *Union*.

GERMANY—Returning to the Fold

It is stated that the Kaiser's cousin, Prince Frederick Henry of Prussia, eldest son of the late Prince Albrecht, Regent of Brunswick, has embraced Catholicism, ceded his entire fortune to the Catholic Church, and entered an Italian monastery as a monk. He is known in the monastery simply as Brother Henry. The fortune which he has given to the Church in Italy is estimated at £250,000. It will be devoted solely to charitable and humane purposes.

ROME—The Pope and the German Chancellor

The German Chancellor (says the Rome correspondent of the *Universal*) was received in audience by Pius X. on March 25. Following the procedure first established by his Sovereign in the relations with Quirinal and Vatican when in Rome, his Excellency left the Palazzo Caffarelli, seat of the German Embassy accredited to the Court, and went to the Villa Bonaparte, where the Prussian Legation accredited to the Pope resides. On arriving there he left the carriage of the Embassy, and taking one of the Legation carriages drove in it to the Apostolic Palace. Military honors were rendered by the Swiss Guards. The Chancellor was greeted by several high officials of the Papal Court, and was then introduced into the presence of the Pontiff, who was entirely dressed in white, and who greeted him most cordially, preventing him kindly from kneeling and giving him his ring to kiss. The audience lasted over half an hour, after which Doctor von Bethmann-Hollweg went to the floor below to visit Cardinal Merry del Val, with whom the conversation was carried on in German. Although the greatest reserve is maintained on the subject, it is reported that the conversations turned chiefly upon the Catholic Centre Party in Germany, the position of Catholics in Poland, and the protection of Catholics in the East and Far East.

A Private Audience

On Sunday, March 6 (says *Rome*), Col. the Hon. Newton James Moore, C.M.G., M.L.A., Premier and Colonial Treasurer of Western Australia, was received in private audience by his Holiness Pius X. The audience was arranged at short notice on a particularly busy day at the Vatican through the kindness of his Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val and Monsignor Bisleti, who in this wished to express their appreciation of the sterling personal qualities of the Premier and their regard for the flourishing State of Western Australia. In introducing the Premier to his Holiness, the General of the Redemptorists referred to the eminent merits of the Premier, and especially to his impartiality to all classes irrespective of their creed, which was evidenced by the high esteem in which he was held by the Catholic citizens. The General was assured by his Father in Perth that any kindness shown to the Hon. and Mrs. Moore would be appreciated not only by the Redemptorists but by the whole Catholic body of Western Australia. The audience was a very familiar one, and during the conversation both his Holiness and the Premier expressed their appreciation of the favor of the visit and audience and the pleasure it afforded them. On parting his Holiness wished prosperity of every kind to the Premier and his family and also to his important State of Western Australia.

UNITED STATES—Convention of Charity Worker

Right Rev. Mgr. Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University, Washington, is planning for a great national convention of Catholic charity workers to be held in Washington in the near future. The project has the approval of Cardinal Gibbons.

A Mission to Newspaper Men

Three Vincentian missionaries recently gave a mission to New York newspaper men, services being held at 2.30 each morning. At this early hour over seven hundred men attended regularly.

Catholic Pupils Successful

All the prizes offered recently by the *Toledo Times* for essays on George Washington, and open to the pupils of public and private schools of Toledo, were won by pupils of Catholic schools. More than 3000 essays were received in the contest. The judges—Mr. George W. Stevens, of the Toledo Museum of Art; Mr. Grove H. Patterson, editor of the *Times*, and the Rev. Patrick O'Brien, pastor of the Good Shepherd Church—were unanimous in the opinion that the prizes should go to the Catholic contestants. The *Toledo Record* says that 'this is a splendid testimonial to the thoroughness and efficiency of the work of the teachers in our parochial schools and our academies.'

GENERAL

New Cathedral in the East

A new Cathedral was dedicated at Rangoon on February 22 by the Right Rev. Bishop Cardot. Six bishops were present, and also Sir H. White, Lieutenant-Governor of Burmah.

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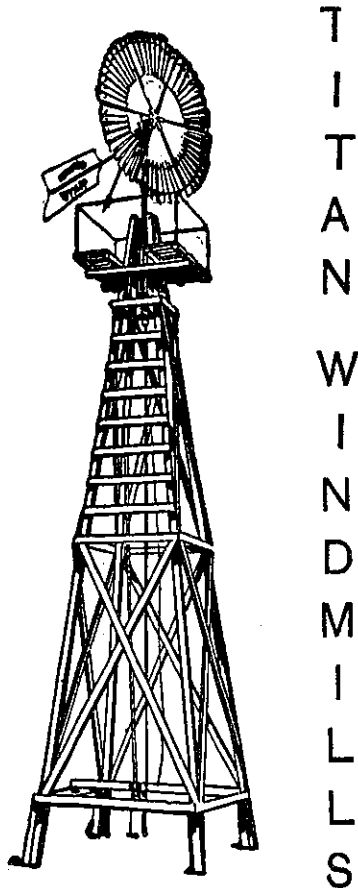
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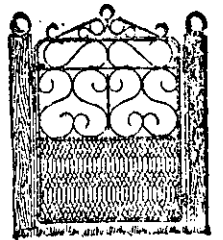
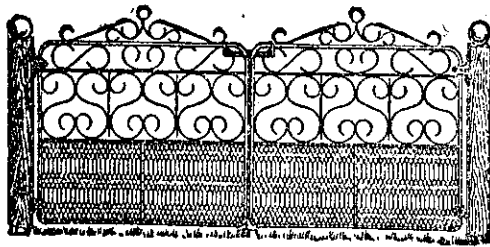


FIG. 19.

DOUBLE DRIVEWAY GATE.

Opening—

9 ft., with Scroll	-	-	65/-
10 ft. "	-	-	70/-
11 ft. "	-	-	75/-
12 ft. "	-	-	80/-

FIG. 18.

SINGLE WALK GATE.

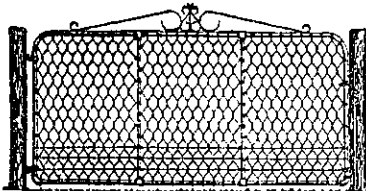
Opening—

3 ft., with Scroll	-	24/6
3 1/2 ft. "	-	26/-
4 ft. "	-	27/6
5 ft. "	-	35/-

Any size made. Always give distance between posts. For more elaborate designs see Catalogue No. 6, sent free on application.

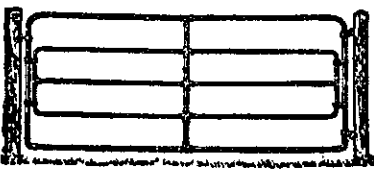
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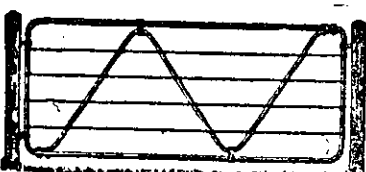
9ft., 30/- 10ft., 33/8 11ft., 37/- 12ft., 40/-
 SCROLL EXTRA—8ft. to 10ft., 5/-; 11ft to 12ft., 7/6

Bar Gates.



10ft., 37/6 11ft., 41/- 12ft., 45/-
 SCROLLS EXTRA, as above.

"N" Gates, with 5 Wires.



10ft., 25/- 11ft., 27/6 12ft., 30/-
 Extra Wires, 1/- each. We recommend 6 Wires for Sheep.

BAR and "N" Gates can be made Rabbit-proof by adding wire netting. Illustrations and Prices in No. 6 Catalogue, which will be sent free on application.

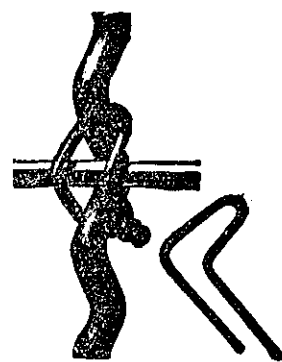
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WHEN WRITING, ADDRESS DEPARTMENT T.

'The Church in New Zealand'

The present generation of Catholics have but a faint idea of the labors, hardships, and sacrifices of the early Catholic missionaries in this Dominion. They see all around them cathedrals, churches, convents, schools, and institutes of charity, and perhaps never think how these came to be built within the space of sixty odd years. There are men living to-day who remember the time when a few little wooden buildings, of no architectural pretensions whatever, were all that the Catholics of this Dominion could boast of in the way of churches. A solitary priest in an isolated settlement, sometimes surrounded by hostile Natives, had a whole province for his missionary district, whilst his flock consisted of a score or two of Europeans located at great distances from one another, and in places difficult of access. In addition to the risks which the spiritual shepherd ran in passing through the territory of unfriendly, and very often fanatical, Natives, he encountered many dangers by flood and field in the course of his travels. His way very often lay through the trackless bush, and his resting place at night was beneath a friendly tree, with no roof save the starry heavens. When he awoke in the morning, with limbs benumbed, he knew that his next meal depended on his arrival, sooner or later, at a settler's hut, or, perhaps, a Native settlement. To attend a sick person meant sometimes a week's journey over rough country and the crossing of dangerous rivers. Father Chataigner, the first pastor of Christchurch, was, on one occasion, summoned to the bedside of a dying Catholic who lived close to Moeraki, near Palmerston South. He proceeded in a little sailing craft from Lyttelton to Port Chalmers. Finding himself further south than was necessary he had to go northward for a distance of about fifty miles to reach his destination, where he arrived just a week after leaving Christchurch. He made the return journey overland, and more than once went very near losing his life when crossing Canterbury rivers that are now spanned by substantial bridges. The pioneer Catholic missionaries in other districts had similar experiences, yet they repined not, neither did their zeal for the spiritual welfare of their scattered flock flag in the least. They sought out the stray sheep, and, when possible, brought them back to the fold. They worked for the honor and glory of God, and sought not human praise. Indeed so modest and retiring were they that their heroic deeds were in many instances known but to themselves and God. A couple of years ago Mr. J. J. Wilson, of Christchurch, conceived the idea of compiling a history of the Church in those early days of the Dominion, and with infinite patience and great labor he succeeded in gathering materials from all over New Zealand. These he embodied in a series of articles which he contributed to the *New Zealand Tablet*. By the time they were completed the author had gathered such a quantity of valuable and interesting information that his many friends strongly advised and encouraged him to publish it in book form, so that it might remain as a permanent record. This has been done, and under the title of *The Church in New Zealand: Memoirs of the Early Days*, the work has been printed for the author by the *N.Z. Tablet* Printing and Publishing Company. In the volume just issued Mr. Wilson has arranged the contents under four principal headings, corresponding with the ecclesiastical divisions of the Dominion. The Right Rev. Dr. Grimes, Bishop of Christchurch, writing to the author, says: 'You were well inspired to gather together so many stirring facts connected with the labors of the pioneer missionaries. Men of boundless faith, undaunted courage, pluck, and perseverance, the bare record of their noble deeds is a powerful sermon for all of us. I feel confident that the work when published will be read with deep interest by many, and even with no little emotion.'

The author very modestly says in his preface that his object in the publication of the volume was that a wealth of valuable historic information may not be lost for all time, and that those who now remain may be afforded an opportunity to "tell the tale" for the benefit of future generations. It is by no means a modest publication; the task of collecting materials for such a work was one from which anyone lacking the author's enthusiasm, energy, and perseverance, would have quailed. Mr. Wilson deserves the sincere thanks of his co-religionists for having placed at their disposal such a valuable record of the struggles, sacrifices, and labors of the early Catholic missionaries. The book is one which should find a place on the bookshelf of every Catholic householder in New Zealand, for its perusal cannot fail to excite the admiration of young and old for these men of 'boundless faith and undaunted courage,' the bare record of whose 'noble deeds is a powerful sermon for all.' It is a book, too, which should be included in the prize list of every Catholic school, as it is most desirable that the rising generation should know with what labor and self-sacrifice the mustard seed of the Faith was planted in these southern isles. A comprehensive index adds considerably to the value of the volume as a work of reference. It is handsomely bound in cloth with gilt letters and printed on good paper. It may be procured from this office, from the Catholic Book Depot, Christchurch, or from the leading Catholic booksellers in the Dominion. Pp. 255; price 3s 6d, posted 4s.

Domestic

By MAUREEN

A Durable Furniture Polish.

Put a half-pint each of turpentine, spirits of wine, and vinegar into a bottle; add two-thirds of a pint of linseed oil. Cork tightly and shake the bottle vigorously in order to mix the various ingredients thoroughly before using. Dust the furniture carefully, remove any grease spots there may be with a flannel dipped in warm soda water, then pour a small quantity of the polish on a piece of clean soft flannel and rub it well into the wood. Polish off at once with a soft duster. If only a small quantity of the polish is used the furniture will brighten much more easily than when the mixture is laid on thickly.

For Staining Floors.

Take of raw linseed oil, one quart; turpentine, one pint; color to the desired shade with raw sienna or French ochre. Mix thoroughly and apply hot with a flat brush. The floor must be perfectly clean and dry before applying the stain. Rub it in well until the oil ceases to stain the rubbing material. If the floor is a new one, it can probably be cleaned without the use of much water, which is always objectionable and should be avoided where possible. Any spots or stains can be removed by the use of sand-paper or steel shavings, and most of the dust and dirt by a thorough sweeping with a dampened broom.

To Clean Paint that is Not Varnished.

Put upon a plate some of the best whiting, have ready some clean warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the paint, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease; wash well off with water, and rub dry with a soft cloth. Paint thus cleansed looks equal to new; and without doing the least injury to the most delicate color, it will preserve the paint much longer than if cleansed with soap and it does not require more than half the time usually occupied in cleaning.

How to Clean Furs.

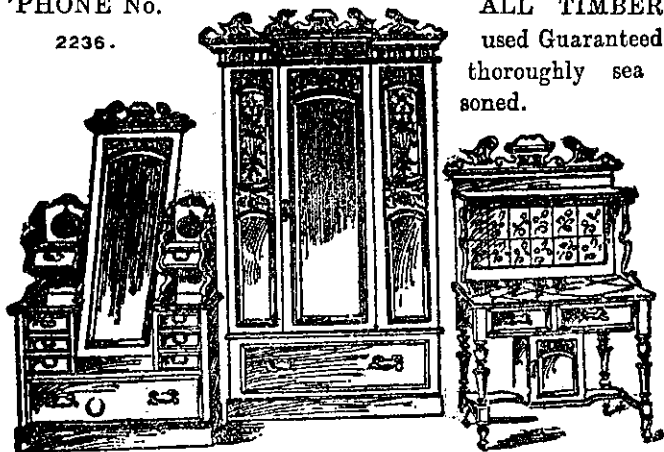
Ermine and miniver are best cleaned with soft flannel. Rub the fur well against the grain; then dip the flannel into common flour, and rub the fur until clean; shake the fur, and again rub it with a fresh piece of soft, clean, new flannel till the flour is out. By this process the color of the ermine is preserved, and the lining need not be removed. Sable, chinchilla, squirrel, etc., are cleaned with new bran, which must be warmed very carefully in a pan, but not burnt; therefore, while waiting, stir it frequently. Rub the warm bran into the fur for some time, shake it, and brush until free from bran. The fur will clean better if the stuffing and lining are removed, and the article laid as straight and flat as possible on a table or board. Well brush the fur before it is cleaned, and if there are any moth-eaten parts they must be removed and replaced with new pieces. The following method is said to be adopted in Russia: Some rye flour is put into a pan upon the stove and heated, being stirred constantly with the hand as long as the heat can be borne; then the flour is spread all over the fur and rubbed in well. It is then brushed gently with a very clean brush, or beaten softly till all the flour is removed. It is claimed that this method will make the fur appear almost new.

Papering a Room.

Take 1lb of best white flour, put it into a clean pail, pour on it a little cold water, and mix to the consistency of a thick cream. Have a kettle of boiling water at hand, and pour on boiling water, stirring rapidly, until it thickens to a thin batter. Then add a little powdered alum, and cool for use. Measure the room, and ascertain the number of pieces of paper wanted, allowing one piece in twelve for waste. With a pair of long scissors, cut off one edge of the selvage, close to the pattern, and into suitable lengths for different parts of the room. The paste should be laid on smooth and thin with a flat paste brush, particular attention being paid to the edges. The paper should be pasted ten minutes before being hung, to allow it to stretch, and prevent it from blistering when dry. After pasting and folding, place the close-cut edge of the paper in the top left-hand corner of the room, press it securely to meet the ceiling, let it hang straight, then, with a clean cloth or brush, press it gently down the centre of the length, then alternately right and left until the paper has been pressed smooth to the wall. Match the next length of paper at the top, so as to have the pattern correct, cut off the surplus at the bottom, and in this way proceed round the room until it is finished. Small wrinkles appearing on common papers are caused by stretching when damp, and may be disregarded, since they will disappear when it becomes dry.

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Science Siftings

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On electric arc lamps it will be noticed that the wires which convey the current are nearly always twisted. This is not from any artistic point of view, but is purely for practical purposes. In the case of a break off at a terminal (that is the place where it meets the lamp), if the wire had been straight it would have necessitated the insertion of a new piece of wire or the making of a new joint; whereas, by untwisting a portion of the coiled wire, sufficient is available for the making of a new connection. These spirals also form a more flexible connection, and there is consequently less chance of the wire breaking when subjected to vibration.

The Cork Oak.

The cork oak grows plentifully in Spain, and the peasants make use of the bark to light their houses at night. The bark is placed in a kettle, from which protrudes a spout; and when it is hot enough it give off a gas which burns with considerable brilliancy. If the family sit up late, several kettles of cork bark are used during an evening; but the lighting is not expensive, and the peasant is careful to save the carbonised cork refuse, for he can sell it, as it is known commercially as 'Spanish black,' one of the intensest black-browns known among pigments.

Floating Islands.

Of all passengers carried by ocean currents, floating islands are the most interesting. Many of them have been found voyaging on the Atlantic. These islands were originally parts of low-lying river banks which broke away under stress of storm of flood and floated out to sea. The Orinoco, the Amazon, the La Plata, and other tropical rivers often send forth such pieces of their shores. Some of the bits of land are of large size, and carry animals, insects, and vegetation, even at times including trees, the roots of which serve to hold the land intact, while their branches and leaves serve as sails for the wind. Generally the waves break up these islands shortly after they put to sea, but sometimes, under favorable conditions, they travel long distances.

A Necessary Precaution.

It is said that when the big guns on a battleship are fired, the crew plug their ears with cotton wool and meet the shock on tiptoe and with open mouths. If they did not plug their ears, open their mouths, and stand lightly on their toes the shock would have a disastrous effect. When the big guns roar and the quick-firers rattle, the great battleship trembles from keel to top, and this vibration raises a milky spume on the sea for many yards around. Volcanoes of water and foam rise near the targets where the half iron projectiles vanish. The height of the volcanoes is 173 feet. They linger a long time in the air before collapsing thunderously. A seven-inch shell heaves up a waterspout 102 feet in height.

The Legs of the Elephant.

The legs of the elephant differ from those of more familiar large animals in the fact that the ankle and the wrist (the so-called knee of the horse's fore-leg) are not far above the sole of the hind foot and fore foot (resembling man's joints in that respect), whilst the true knee-joint (called 'the stifle' in horses), instead of being, as in horses, high up, close against the body, strongly flexed even when at rest, and obscured by the skin, is far below the body, free and obvious enough. In fact, the elephant keeps the thigh and the upper arm perpendicular and in line with the lower segment of the limb when he is standing, so that the legs are pillar-like. But he bends the joints amply when in quick movement. The hind legs seen in action resemble in the proportions of thigh, fore-leg, and foot, and the bending at the knee and ankle, very closely those of a man walking 'on all fours.' The elephant as known in Europe more than three hundred years ago was rarely seen in free movement. He was kept chained up in his stall, resting on his straight, pillar-like legs and their pad-like feet. And with that curious avidity for the marvellous which characterised serious writers in those days to the exclusion of any desire or attempt to ascertain the truth, it was coolly asserted and then commonly believed, that the elephant could not bend his legs. Shakespeare—who, of course, is merely using a common belief of his time as a chance illustration of human character—makes Ulysses say ('Troilus and Cressida,' Act II.): 'The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy; his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.'

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Have you a bad leg with wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation and swollen, that when you press your fingers on the inflamed part it leaves the impression? If so, under the skin you have poison that defies all the remedies you have tried, from which, if not extracted, you never can recover, but go on suffering for all time. WITCH'S OINTMENT is a wonderful cleaning and healing agent, which undoubtedly should merit a trial. Price, 1s 6d and 3s 6d. All chemists throughout the Dominion.

Intercolonial

The Hon. John Meagher, M.L.C., was recently received in audience by his Holiness the Pope.

Our Sydney exchanges report that his Eminence Cardinal Moran has completely recovered from his recent indisposition.

The new Federal Ministry comprises one representative of Queensland, two of Victoria, two of New South Wales, two of Western Australia, two of South Australia, and one of Tasmania.

The Rev. J. A. Carr, of Ardrahan, and the Rev. F. W. O'Mahan, of Ballyvaughan, are at present on a visit to Australia for the purpose of collecting funds for the new Cathedral and the Diocesan College, Galway.

The Very Rev. Father Butler, of Cootamundra, has been appointed to succeed the Very Rev. Father O'Dwyer as parish priest at Tumut; and the Right Rev. Monsignor Buckley, of Wagga, has been appointed Vicar-General of the Goulburn diocese.

The Bishop of Maitland, Right Rev. Dr. Dwyer, received an enthusiastic welcome to Dungog a few days ago. He was entertained at a complimentary banquet, attended by leading residents of all denominations, and speeches were delivered by the Hon. W. Bennett, Messrs. W. Brown, P.M., G. S. Waller, and the Rev. Father J. C. Meagher, and others.

Referring to the omission of the Hon. Hugh Mahon from the Federal Ministry, the Sydney *Daily Telegraph* says:—'Mr. Mahon has a record as an administrator. Indeed, he was the best administrator, and the most independent of his officials, of any of the Ministers in the last Labor Government.' Then the *Telegraph* adds:—'The fact . . . is that the ablest administrator which the party possesses is lost to the Ministry.'

Mr. John Burke Ryan, who died on his farm, near Corop, on March 23, aged 85 years, was a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, under the command of Mr. Robert O'Hara Burke, the well-known Australian explorer. He was in Melbourne in 1860 to wish bon voyage to his old chief on starting for the trip across Australia, from which he was destined never to return. Mr. Ryan spent some years at the goldfields, and about 40 years ago he settled down to farming in the Rochester district.

His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne has made the following clerical changes in the archdiocese, which were necessitated by the death of the Rev. D. Horan, parish priest of Bacchus Marsh:—Rev. M. Ryan, from Elsternwick to Bacchus Marsh, as parish priest; the Rev. John Gibbons, from North Melbourne to Elsternwick; Rev. M. A. Vaughan, who has been on leave owing to ill-health, to North Melbourne; the Rev. W. Berntsen, from Brunswick to Gisborne; and the Rev. P. Gibbons from Gisborne to St. Patrick's Cathedral.

At Maclean the other day Bishop Carroll, of Lismore, criticised the administration of the State education system, and, in the course of his speech, said:—'Pupils of the Catholic schools are allowed to compete for bursaries in Queensland, but in New South Wales, no matter how talented the pupil of the Catholic school may be, he is debarred by law from the privilege of gaining a bursary. Is that justice? I believe the time will come when all students will be on equal terms, no matter what religious faith or convictions they hold, and the work of the Catholic schools will be justly recognised.'

The Mother Rectress of St. Vincent's Hospital, Melbourne, accompanied by Sister Mary Xavier, left recently on a trip to Europe. The former was the recipient of a purse containing 105 sovereigns, presented by the Sisters and nurses, who entertained the Mother Rectress at a concert, and made the presentation. Mrs. D. Slattery, of East Melbourne, gave the Mother Rectress a cheque for £140, and Mrs. Southall, of Richmond, presented Sister Mary Xavier with a cheque for £100, both these ladies regarding it as a privilege to be the purchasers of return tickets for the Mother Rectress and her companion.

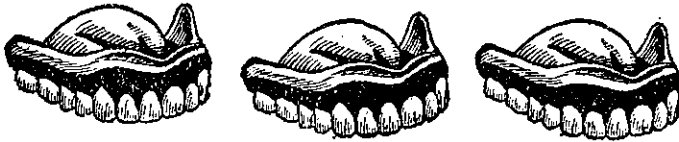
It is just fifty years since the first Sisters of Mercy arrived in Queensland (says the *Brisbane Age*). On his consecration as Bishop of Brisbane, the late Right Rev. Dr. O'Quinn, before leaving for Queensland, undertook the task of obtaining clergy and nuns for the new diocese. In response to his request for a 'foundation' of Sisters of Mercy, Mother Vincent Whitty and six other Sisters from the Mother House of the Order, Baggot street, Dublin, volunteered and thus became the pioneers of the Order in Queensland. The Sisters sailed on December 8, 1860, and arrived in Brisbane on May 10, 1861. To-day only one (Mother Bridgid Conlan) of the gallant little band who so courageously left home and kindred to face privations in a new land survives. Mother Bridgid now controls St. Vincent's Orphanage at Nudgee. The Sisters first occupied a small cottage in St. Stephen's Cathedral grounds, and at once opened a school. There they remained until 1863, when they purchased the residence of Dr. Fullerton, which has since been enlarged until it has become the noble pile which we to-day know as All Hallows Convent.

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SCOLLAR CO.
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The Family Circle

THE CAT EXPLAINS

You ask the reason, little friends,
Why cats don't wash their faces,
Before they eat, as children do,
In all good Christian places.

Well, years ago, a famous cat,
The pangs of hunger feeling,
Had chanced to catch a fine young mouse,
Who said, as he ceased squealing:

All genteel folks their faces wash
Before they think of eating!
And, wishing to be thought well-bred,
Puss heeded his entreating.

But when she raised her paw to wash,
Chance for escape affording,
The sly young mouse then said good-bye,
Without respect to wording.

A feline council met that day,
And passed, in solemn meeting,
A law forbidding any cat
To wash till after eating.

—Our Dumb Animals.

WHEN ESTHER PAID HER FARE

Esther Harley looked in her pocket-book with a deep sigh.

'Only a few nickels left,' she said, 'and not the least sign of a situation yet. I would walk home, but it is already growing dark, and mother would worry about me.'

She signalled the car that came pounding along the street. It was an open car, already nearly full. There was one vacant seat near the forward part of the car. As Esther took her seat she realised for the first time how tired she was. She had gone from office to office in the city all day long, but no one had need of an expert stenographer. Business was dull, they told her, and stenographers were being discharged instead of sought for. What would be the outcome? She must find a situation very soon, or her last money would be spent, and her mother—dear mother, so sweet and so weak and so frail—how could she bear to think of poverty and suffering coming to her mother?

Clang! clang! clang! rang the gong as the conductor registered the fares. Esther looked up suddenly. The conductor had passed her seat and was already near the rear of the car.

'My, but you did that neat!' said the girl who sat next to Esther. Her voice was loud and harsh, and her hat and dress matched it.

'Never moved a muscle of your face when the conductor said "Fares, please." He gave you a queer look, but you were as innocent as a baby, and he went along.'

'But I didn't mean—' began Esther quickly.

'The old company got beat for once,' growled a burly man who sat on the other side of Esther; 'they would grind us all to powder if they could.'

Esther made no reply. She looked up and came suddenly in contact with a pair of keen eyes of a middle-aged man who sat at the end of the seat behind her. If she signalled to the conductor, he would stop the car, and there would be awkward explanations.

Then she began to think upon the matter, and the little invisible tempters that are always hovering around came out of their hiding-places and merrily joined in the conflict. 'Keep the nickel,' they argued. 'It's the conductor's business to collect fares. If he has missed one, you are not to blame.' Then suddenly a great revulsion of shame swept over her, and Esther's thoughts were with her mother—her mother, who would rather bear any privation than have her daughter touched by the slightest suspicion of deception or dishonor.

'Carson, Carson!' shouted the conductor.

Esther lifted her hand, and the conductor rang the bell for the stop at Carson street. The car slowed down. Esther was already on the running board, and the moment the car stopped she stepped off and ran toward the conductor, who stood on the rear platform. She held up the nickel in her hand, and said with a smile:

'You didn't get my fare.'

'Thank you, miss,' said the conductor heartily. For some reason he seemed very glad to get that nickel, as if his faith in the integrity of human nature had been revived a bit.

'Little fool!' exclaimed the girl on the forward seat. Esther had left.

'She'll learn better in time,' growled the big man.

But the man with the keen grey eyes leaned forward into the shadows and tried to get a glimpse of Esther's face as she passed beneath the electric light.

Down Carson street Esther walked slowly and turned into Carson place. It was on the outskirts of the city, almost like a country lane, and at the end of it was a tiny cottage, with some vines growing over the porch.

She paused a moment in the doorway, and then entered the room where her mother was at work preparing their supper. Not a trace of her weariness or despondency remained.

'No, mother, not to-day,' she said cheerfully, in response to Mrs. Harley's anxious question. 'But to-morrow certainly Esther Harley, expert stenographer, will find plenty of office doors open and business men just waiting for her to come in.'

But she was far from feeling so confident when she started out on her daily quest the next morning. One, two, three, four times she applied, but no stenographers were needed. The elevator seemed stifling as she came down to the street from the topmost storey of a lofty office building. Even the dusty street looked refreshing. She looked up to catch a glimpse of the narrow stretch of blue sky above her, and as her gaze followed along the walls of a tall building, she read the sign:

'THE LUCIAN OVERMAN CO.'

Could she—would she dare to make an application at that great corporation?

'I'll try it,' decided Esther; 'it will be no worse to fail there than at these other places.'

And very little time it took to decide the matter. The outer office of the Lucian Overman Company was in charge of an alert young woman, who replied to Esther's question:

'Yes, we have need of one or two stenographers, but there are a dozen applications already filed. Mr. Overman is very particular. If you are in a hurry for a place, you better not wait.'

'In a hurry!' thought Esther sadly, turning to go out.

The door of the inner office was open, so that the man sitting at the desk there could see into the other room.

'Miss Ryder, pass those papers in here.'

He stopped suddenly. 'Walter,' he said to the office boy, 'speak to that girl who is just going out.'

'Excuse me, miss,' said a voice at Esther's side just as she was stepping into the elevator, 'but will you come back into the office for a moment?'

Wonderingly Esther followed the boy back past the alert young woman into the inner office. A middle-aged man with grey eyes sat at the desk.

'This is—?' he hesitated.

'Esther Harley.'

'You were on the Harmon Hill car last evening?'

'Yes, sir,' answered Esther.

'And got off at Carson street?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And—the grey eyes twinkled a little here—' went back and paid the fare which the conductor failed to collect?'

'I did, sir,' said Esther, with a touch of dignity, while her cheeks suddenly flushed. Was he going to make fun of her, too?

'And you are looking for a situation as a stenographer?' he continued.

'I have been trying my best for several weeks.'

'Can you take dictations at the machine?'

'I have done it quite a good deal.'

'Sit down there at that typewriter and I will dictate a letter to you.'

Esther took her seat before the machine, and the other began:

'Miss Esther Harley.'

Esther looked up in surprise, but he went on quietly: 'My dear Miss Harley,—I take this method of informing you that I have decided to take you into my employment, at least temporarily. The reason that I give you this opportunity is that I witnessed an act of yours last evening which showed me that you have a keen sense of the requirements of strict honesty in little things even in dealing with a great corporation. In my experience with applications I have often found a painful lack of such sensitiveness to right and wrong. Your work will begin to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, and if you prove efficient as a stenographer, your position will be permanent.'

'Very sincerely yours,

'Lucian Overman.'

'Oh, Mr. Overman,' began Esther impulsively, 'how can I thank you?'

'Let me see the sheet you have just written,' said Mr. Overman quietly.

Esther handed it to him.

'Not a misspelled word,' he said, after looking it over carefully. 'I am hopeful that you will succeed, Miss Harley. I shall be glad to see you to-morrow morning.'

And as Esther stood waiting on the curb, even the clanging gongs of the street cars seemed by some miracle to have become sweetly musical.

CHEERFULNESS

Cheerfulness can become a habit, and a habit sometimes helps us over rough places. 'A cheerful heart seeth cheerful things.' A lady and gentleman were in a timber yard situated by a dirty, foul-smelling river. The lady said: 'How good the pine boards smell!' 'Pine boards!' exclaimed the gentleman, 'just smell this foul river!'

'No, thank you,' the lady replied, 'I prefer to smell the pine boards.' And she was right. If she, or we, can carry this principle through our entire living, we shall have the cheerful heart, the cheerful voice, and the cheerful face. There is in some houses an unconscious atmosphere of domestic and social ozone, which brightens everybody. Wealth cannot give it, nor can poverty take it away.

WHEN MOTHER WHISPERS

Isabella's mother had called her aside for a word in her ear. No one in the company knew what was said in that hurried whisper, for the face of Isabella's mother was smilingly non-committal.

But not so with Isabella's face. Her brow puckered, her lips gathered into a pout, and her upturned eyes were mutely reproachful. Her expression, and nothing else, was responsible for the conclusion reached by her cousin Jack which he announced to her some five minutes later. 'Guess you were getting a scolding. You looked it.'

'Isabella is one of the girls, unfortunately, who do not appreciate the kindly tact which tries to spare their feelings. As a matter of fact, she had been neglecting one of her young guests, and her mother had called her aside to give her a whispered hint to that effect. And instead of appreciating this piece of consideration, Isabella pouted and revealed to everyone the fact that something was wrong.

When mother whispers a little reproof or suggestion, the sensible girl will be grateful for the kindness which spares her feelings, and will co-operate by giving a smiling attention and prompt obedience. If, by her sulkiness, she frustrates her mother's efforts, she shows herself unworthy of the consideration she has received.

SANDWICH MEN

Advertising is pre-eminently a modern business, yet one phase of it, like much of our commercial system, found its origin in Italy of the Middle Ages. The sandwich man made his first appearance in 1346 on the streets of Florence. The wine merchants there were in the habit of hiring indigent individuals to parade the streets dressed to represent straw-covered wine-bottles. Now the custom has spread to all the great cities of the globe. But nowhere, perhaps, is the sandwich man subject to more stringent regulation than in London. He must walk near the curbstone, but not on the pavement, and not within thirty yards of his nearest placarded comrade. In case the sandwich man does not fulfil these rules he may be arrested and fined.

WHAT WAS IN HER HAIR

'Now, Margaret, dear, I'm going to put some vaseline on your hair to take the dandruff out,' said mamma to her small hopeful of five. 'Then you may run out and play.'

'What's in your hair, Margie?' asked her playmate a little later. 'It looks all shiny.'

'Oh, my mamma put some gasoline in it to take the dandelions out!' replied little Margaret wisely.

FAMILY FUN

The Boat Race.—The most exciting, high-speed game, one that is calculated to raise the mirth of the most doleful, and one that is particularly suited to parties, is that known as the boat race game. Any number of players may take part in it, and they must be divided into two sides. The players stand in two rows, facing one another; at one end of the line there is the starter and at the other the umpire. At the word 'Go!' the starter drops a penny into the hands of each of the two men nearest him. These two men then drop it into the outstretched palms of the people next to them, and so the pennies are passed along from one to the other, and the winning side is the one which manages to get the pennies into the hands of the umpire first. A great point which all the players must bear in mind is that on no account must the coin be touched by the fingers. Each player must secure the coin in the palms of his hands placed together, and must drop it into the hands of the man next him by simply opening his palms. This adds greatly to the fun of the game. In the hurry to pass on the coin the excited player will drop the money and pick it up in his fingers, and his side is then disqualified for that game.

Adverbs.—This is another novelty. In this case each player calls him or herself an adverb, such as joyfully, gracefully, calmly, miserly, cruelly, etc. One member of the party then takes up a book and begins to read out a page. As the adverbs occur which are represented by any person present, he or she has to rise and endeavor to express the same by means of gesture or facial expression. This proceeding will be found to cause much amusement.

All Sorts

Men of understanding are instructed by reason, the ignorant by necessity, and beasts by nature.

Compliments are like wine—it only takes a small dose to go to the heads of some people, while others can stand a good deal.

'And what did the doctor pronounce your ailment?' 'Why—er—well—oh, he pronounced it all right, but I can't.'

Clerk: 'This letter is too heavy; you must stick another stamp on.' Country Woman: 'But you'll only make it heavier if you do that.'

The temperature of the cucumber is one degree below that of the surrounding atmosphere. It is therefore apparent that the expression, 'Cool as a cucumber' is scientifically correct.

Hospital Doctor: 'Well, my man, and how did you like the port wine and egg I ordered you?'

Patient: 'Well, doctor, I should have liked it all right if only the port was as old as the egg, and the egg was as new as the port.'

An open-air orator once received this poser: 'I tell you, gentlemen,' he exclaimed—and the experience of a lifetime confirms my statement—that if you want a thing well done you must do it yourself!' 'How about getting your hair cut?' asked a man in the crowd.

Disgusted customer: 'I bought a currant bun here yesterday, and found a fly in it. I want you to exchange the bun for another.' Confectioner: 'Can't do that, sir; but if you will bring me back the fly I'll give you a currant for it.'

Brown (making a call): 'Your neighbor's daughter seems to be quite a singer.' Smythe: 'Ah, I wish I had her voice!' Browne: 'What would you do?' Smythe (fiercely): 'Drown it!'

A new metal has been compounded in Germany, to be known as electron. It is described as an alloy of magnesium which can be cast, drawn, pressed, and rolled. It is lighter than the lightest metal hitherto known. In color it is silver-white, and lends itself to a brilliant polish.

'What's the matter with the train?' asked the lecturer, vexed with the speed they were making.

'If you don't like this train,' the guard retorted, 'you can get out and walk.'

'By Jove!' said the lecturer, 'I'd do it, but a reception committee is to meet me at my destination, and I don't want to get in ahead of time.'

Gustave Ulyatt has a little daughter who hasn't been well recently. The other day a physician was called to the Ulyatt home to see her. He examined the child with the aid of a stethoscope. When her father came home that evening he asked what the doctor had said.

'Nothin',' replied the little girl.

'What did he do?' asked Mr. Ulyatt.

'He just telephoned me all over,' was the child's reply.

Curious among vegetable growths and one which is seldom seen of men is the rootless cactus of the Californian desert. This plant, a round, compact growth, rolls about the level floor of the desert for some eight or nine months of the year, tossed hither and thither by the winds which blow with fierceness over all of California's sand plateaux during those months. At the coming of the rains, or rather the cloudbursts, which sweep the deserts in its springtime, this cactus takes root wherever it happens to have been dropped by the last wind of which it was the plaything and immediately begins to put out all around it small shoots, which in turn become cacti, exactly like the parent plant. The roots do not penetrate the soil deeply, but spread often over a circle whose radius is not less than 10ft. These plants get every bit of moisture and plant food to be had in the territory they cover.

Moles, clumsy and almost blind as they are, become perfect fiends when they quarrel. No one knows what they quarrel about, but when they start fighting one has to die. They will keep on in the presence of any number of spectators, hanging on to each other like bull-dogs, and burying their enormously strong teeth in one another's flesh. Hedgehogs, another type of the quiet, inoffensive-looking animal, not only fight, but always to the death, and when one is killed the other sometimes devours him. Hares, too, are proverbially the most timid of creatures, yet a fight between two hares is a ludicrous sight, as they skip and jump over each other. But a blow from the hind legs of a hare is no joke to his opponent. Among birds, robins are the most pugnacious. Robins become so frantically set on killing each other that they allow themselves to be picked up in the hand of a looker-on without releasing their hold of each other.

For rheumatism, backache, faceache, earache, neuralgia, and other muscular pains nothing can equal WITCH'S OIL (registered).

For Influenza take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. Never fails. 1/6, 2/6.

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