

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- January 29, Sunday.—Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany.
St. Francis de Sales, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
„ 30, Monday.—St. Felix IV., Pope and Confessor.
„ 31, Tuesday.—St. Peter Nolasco, Confessor.
February 1, Wednesday.—St. Brigid, Virgin and Patroness of Ireland.
„ 2, Thursday.—Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
„ 3, Friday.—St. Dionysius, Pope and Confessor.
„ 4, Saturday.—St. Andrew Corsini, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Francis de Sales, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

This saint was born in Savoy in 1547. Naturally of a passionate disposition, he succeeded in obtaining such perfect control over himself that his name is a synonym for meekness and patience. Ordained priest, the sanctity of his life, united to a gentle, winning manner, enabled him to bring back to the Church numbers of his countrymen, who had been imbued from childhood with the heretical tenets of Calvin. In 1602 he became Bishop of Geneva. He died in 1622, after having shown himself the model of a Bishop, as he had been that of a layman and priest.

St. Felix IV., Pope and Confessor.

St. Felix died in 550, after having occupied the Chair of Peter during four years. He was remarkable for the charity with which he endeavored to provide for the wants of the poor and sick of the Eternal City.

St. Peter Nolasco, Confessor

This saint was a native of France. He founded the Order of Our Lady of Mercy for the ransom of Christians enslaved by the Moors, and to this object he devoted the considerable property which he had inherited from his father. He died on Christmas Day, 1256, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

GRAINS OF GOLD

TO THE SACRED HEART.

O Heart! where human sorrows find
An echo and a balm combined,
Be near me in this weary way,
That men call life. Oh, be my stay!
Teach me to bear misfortune's stings,
The agony of little things,
The thorns in duty's pathway spread,
That wear the heart like tears unshed.
Oh! Lift me up, till I can see
Naught but Thine own Divinity.
Help me, O God! when I must bear
Heartaches that Thou alone canst share
Unworthy of Thy faintest sigh,
To Thee I cry! To Thee I cry!
Give me Thy love! Give me Thy love!
Oh! Let my life be spent above
Earth's sordid cares! Oh! Let me be
Thine, Sacred Heart, eternally.

We carry our happiness with us. If we are in the state of grace, if we are living for God, if we are on the way to Heaven, what can disturb our peace?

You who are poor, if you will it, you are rich. Your work is a prayer; so is your appeal for justice whatever mistaken plans you may make. As you lift spade or tool, angels see you; you are surrounded by unseen friends, and your hard work and fatigue have their harvest of glory.

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.'

For thirty-five years I have been a priest and Bishop in London, and now I approach my eightieth year, and have learned some lessons, and the first is this: The chief bar to the working of the Holy Spirit of God in the souls of men and women is intoxicating drink. I know of no antagonist to the Spirit more direct, more subtle, more stealthy, more ubiquitous, than intoxicating drink. Though I have known men and women destroyed for all manner of reasons, yet I know of no cause that affects man, woman, child, and home with such universality of steady power as intoxicating drink.—Cardinal Manning.

The Storyteller

A LIFE STORY FOUNDED ON FACT

He was a strikingly handsome man. He stood over six feet in height, graceful and well built. His forehead was high and intellectual, with clustering brown hair crowning it; dark blue eyes, clear and steady; a red and white complexion, almost brilliant, and a mouth like a woman in sweetness. Yet there was nothing feminine about him, and he wore long, flowing side-whiskers that gave a foreign look to his face, and perhaps was the cause, together with his natural elegance, of his being frequently addressed as 'My Lord' or 'Your Grace' when he visited Europe.

He was a widower, although only twenty-six. His two little daughters were under the care of a maternal aunt who idolised them, and while he showered on them all the affection of a tender parent, few of his associates knew he was ever married.

He was a member of St. John's Lutheran Church, a pew-holder, a Sunday school teacher, and foremost in all church affairs. His handsome face and princely manners made him much sought for in all social ranks, and many a fair lady and match-making dame wondered why he did not marry.

He knew it all, and it only amused him, while his heart clung to the memory of the dead wife of his youth, the mother of his children.

He became interested in business and amassed a fortune, which he fondly hoped he would enjoy one day with the children he so dearly loved.

When they became old enough he placed them in the best boarding school of the day, a Catholic academy. He did not care much about religion; he wished them to become accomplished, cultured, refined women, with, of course, that reverence for their Creator and their duties in life that all good women should have.

Thus the years slipped on, and save the affectionate letters of his daughters, who seemed to be gifted beyond the average, and the prompt payment of their bills, and the short vacation visits, he found he was not realising the fact that they were on the verge of womanhood.

During the brief summer vacations he showed his pride and pleasure in them by bestowing on them every possible pleasure, always thinking of their return to school.

Both were clever, praised and loved by their teachers, the gracious nuns. The younger was a beautiful girl, tall and graceful, like her father; the elder was a dreamer. But both were so loving and affectionate that both were inexpressibly dear to their father's heart.

The younger daughter went to the Lutheran Church with her father during their visits home, but the elder, who found she had been brought to the Bishop's house secretly by a saintly relative, the only Catholic one they had, and baptised quietly before she went to boarding school, was instructed by the nuns and was a faithful Catholic.

Finally her sister, impelled by grace and her environment (the example of the religious), spoke of her desire to be a Catholic also. At first the nuns were afraid of her father's displeasure, but when his daughter wrote him that her happiness depended on it, and that if he refused permission it would be the first cloud he had cast on her life, the answer came: 'Do as you please, my child; I shall never cross you.'

And so she was baptised and confirmed in the convent chapel by Archbishop Kenrick of sainted memory. But her father was not present, nor any member of her family. All her maternal relations were non-Catholics, and her dear mother's remains lay in the Protestant cemetery. Yet the nuns and her own happy sister made this occasion and the day of her First Holy Communion festival days, and the happy convert, now fifteen years of age, found inexpressible joy in her new-found faith.

At last their education was finished, and the proud father welcomed them to a luxurious home. He had spared no expense, and as he went from room to room he thought: 'Now, at last, we shall all be happy together.' He had been tempted more than once to place a new mother over them to guide their inexperience, for he was a welcome guest among many fair friends, but the memory of his lovely young wife, who had been called away after only five years of companionship, the thought of his gifted daughters, who idolised him and who were waiting to be with him, rose up and kept his heart free. The years had dealt lightly with him, and made him in his maturity more handsome and princely than ever.

Many times had his daughters written to him and spoken to him about religion, but he thought of it lightly, and ascribed such remarks to the influence of the nuns, whom he always met when he visited the academy and for whom he felt and showed the profoundest admiration and reverence. He treated the pleadings of his daughters tolerantly, and dropped all the little medals, and badges, and Agnus Deis they sent him in a corner of his bureau drawer with a smile. He never treated them with disrespect, for he loved his children, and he knew they thought much of these tokens of faith. He had been less attentive in his



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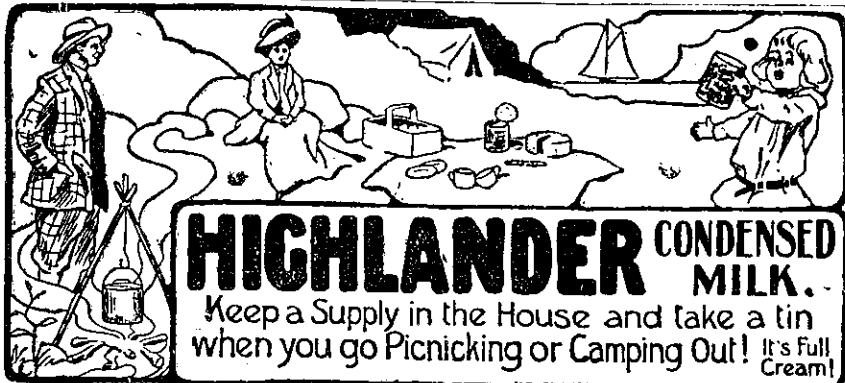
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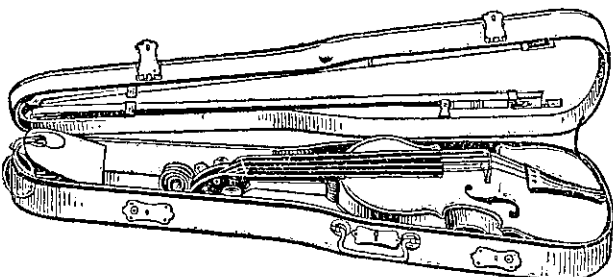
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attendance in his pew in the Lutheran church, and only went when something special occurred—a new preacher or a new soloist in the choir; but he held his pew and had a dim idea he might persuade his daughters to gratify him by appearing with him there, at least once in a while. But he found his mistake promptly; the girls were steadfast in their attendance at Mass, their reception of the Sacraments and their daily prayers, and as business cares began to press heavily at that time on their father and occupy him absorbingly, he let the matter drop. The country at the time was recovering from the Civil War; affairs were much strained; social conditions gave way to philanthropy—care for wounded soldiers, for the widows and orphans, the reconstruction of homes, building up of finances for high and low; this was the state of things at the time. In the Catholic pulpit the value of the immortal soul was strongly told, and the potency of intercessory prayer held out to good Christians. Prayers for the dead (and the heroic dead were in thousands) were said, and prayers for the living as well, for many had drifted from the faith in the troublous times of suffering and sacrifice. Sacrifice was the word that echoed in the air. Men had given their blood in sacrifice on their country's altar, and women had given the tenderness of their hands and hearts to serve the bereaved and those whom the battlefield had left helpless.

With this atmosphere all around of sacrifice there came God's inspiration to the eldest girl: 'Why not offer my life for my father's soul?' The inspiration stayed. It haunted her. She dreamed of it. She spoke of it at last, but not to her father, not to her sister, nor to the members of her family, but to her confessor, and he, who knew her soul, told her it was the will of God.

She quietly made ready, not without many a struggle, and when all was prepared with trembling lips and pallid face she told her father she was going to a convent, the convent of her school life.

We will not describe the scenes that followed. But, supported by God's sustaining strength, aided by her love for him for whom she meant to offer her life, for whose soul she meant to wrestle, she bade farewell to home and all the prospects that the world calls 'the pleasant things of life,' and entered a convent far away from her home city.

It seemed to her that her younger sister did not appear surprised when she told her of her decision, and as time went on she realised that a wonderful thing was happening. Another vocation was developing—a vocation that came from the sacrifice of another young life for a cherished soul.

Grace was working one of those marvels that stun the worldly-minded, that cannot be explained according to the ethics of society or its code of heroism. The younger sister entered the convent, and both daughters offered their bright young lives for the soul of their beloved father.

When this parent heard the bitter news, and looked at his lovely daughter, and remembered her sister far away, he burst into a rage; he cursed the religion that beguiled them from him and left him alone in his later years. He stormed, he pleaded, he reproached with cutting words, and then fell insensible on the floor.

Need we say he did not suffer alone? We must pass by this part of our tale; it is too painful. But God's grace again triumphed, and hundreds of miles away the two sisters in their quiet cloister prayed and went about their daily tasks, their hearts sometimes sad for a moment when they thought of the pain they had given one so dear, but sure of the reward one day. And as they fixed their eyes on the tabernacle, they received such wonderful floods of strength and consolation that they were fain to say in amazement: 'Whence is it, Lord, that we are so happy?'

Let us stop and think for a moment. Could anyone hesitate in believing that a generous God, who gives back with a lavish prodigality all we give to Him, could resist the pleading of those two sincere young hearts? No; a thousand time, No! A year passed by, and God's hour arrived.

It was an evening in early fall. The city was hot, and windows and doors were wide open. On the doorsteps of many homes were gathered groups of families enjoying the cool of evening. The great portals of a Catholic church swung wide apart, and as the church doors were almost flush with the pavement, passers-by could look in and, over the heads of the immense crowd, see the white altar, glittering with tapers and beautiful with flowers.

A preacher was standing before it, his ringing voice full of music and strength, echoed through the aisles and out into the street, and this is what he was saying: 'Yes, my friends, what doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul? To lose one's soul, what does it mean?' A tall, handsome man of middle age was passing the door at the moment. The voice attracted him, the words still more. He stopped and entered the church door to listen. His distinguished appearance made the crowd give way somewhat, and before he realised it he was standing at the last pew of the church, listening to the glowing words of Father Walworth, who was preaching a mission.

Burning its way to the core of his heart, the fiery, fearless, earnest language of the speaker tore at the soul of the new listener. He felt its value when he remem-

bered all it had cost. He realised how empty life had become, and as for the future—what was it to be? He stood and listened, and as he stood it seemed as if the audience drifted away and the voice addressed him. He heard the terrible words melt into the tenderness of the Good Shepherd: 'Come unto Me, all you who are burdened.'

He stood there as if in a trance. He did not notice that the sermon was over, and it was only when people pushed by to gain the street that he realised God's grace had come to him as it did to St. Paul, striking him to the ground. He entered a pew and sat there thinking, but not long. Suddenly he rose, passed up the aisle through the empty church, and at the altar rail met the preacher, who saw at once the rescued soul.

'I wish to speak to you, Father,' he said. 'I have just listened to your sermon.'

Father Walworth, a polished gentleman, led him to the rectory, and from that hour dated his conversion.

He came again and again, and when the mission ended one more ransomed soul knelt at the altar a child of the Church. Amid his happiness the parent's heart turned lovingly to the convent far away, where the two cloistered hearts of his darling children were daily sacrificing their lives and love to the Master for his conversion. Needless to say, the letter that told the blissful news to the Sisters was wet with their tears.

Twenty happy years of devout Catholicism were given to the convert, and when the last illness came, and the end was near, both religious daughters knelt at his bedside. One beloved child held the crucifix to his lips, while her veiled head was bowed to hide the tears that nature forced from her devoted heart; the other read in a broken voice the majestic prayers of the Church for the dying. The Sacraments had been received and the last absolution given by the Archbishop; they had only to wait.

In the silent night the last sigh of his great soul went forth, and they placed it, as their final offering, on the altar-stone of their hearts. They had no more to give.

THE KERRY COWARD

Mike Carney sat loosely on a heap of slag during the last two minutes of the noon hour, the empty dinner pail which hung from his locked fingers swinging backward and forward rhythmically between his knees. His blue eyes, looking straight ahead, held that blending of guilelessness and mysticism which is the birthright of a religious people. Down to the end of his short nose Mike's face might have been a fit study of a fifteenth century monk, but his mouth belied all that, apparently having been formed for no other reason on earth but to whistle an Irish jig, and the sight of it thus engaged was sufficient to cure one forever of the idea that life was dull.

At present his lips puckered more than once, but only a lone note, which seemed to have gone astray, from the rest of the tune. Something began to grow in his eyes, burning away their mysticism and revealing a substratum of quicksilver.

'Tisn't fair, be gob!'

He stood up and faced the brick wall opposite, as though it was the president of the wire works himself.

'Tis chances enough the workin' man has to take, anyhow—'

His voice stopped as if broken. Cringed into himself, he sank back on the slag, torn between the conviction that 'twasn't fair' and the Irishman's inherent abhorrence of 'informing.'

'An' sure where'd be the use?' he soliloquised, his mental attitude seeming to descend despondently with his body. 'Don't they know 'tis done, an' every day, too?'

But an hour later, when the foreman ordered him to replace a large belt from a shafting to a counter-shafting while the machinery was in motion, Carney looked him quietly in the eyes and refused.

His glance had measured the danger first. It was a particularly ugly job, crammed near the ceiling, compared to which the belt he had replaced that morning was as child's play.

'You'll not do it?'

'Not while she's runnin' I'll not do it.'

The foreman's strong young hands closed and unclosed at his sides. He was ten years the Irishman's junior, with his record still to make. The eyes which answered Mike's narrowed to points of steel. For a moment the two men regarded each other with a peculiarly still, flat look.

'You Kerry coward!'

The measured words were like the hiss of escaping steam scalding the Irishman's face. All the fighting blood of his race showed in the one unloosed shaft of blue that leaped from his eyes. Like a felled log the foreman went down.

Very quietly Mike picked up his belongings and left the shop. Not even the certainty that he had lost his job and the beating thought of five small mouths at home to be fed could quell the fierce satisfaction in what he had done. For an hour he walked, hugging it savagely to his breast. Then, as he ascended the steps of his tene-

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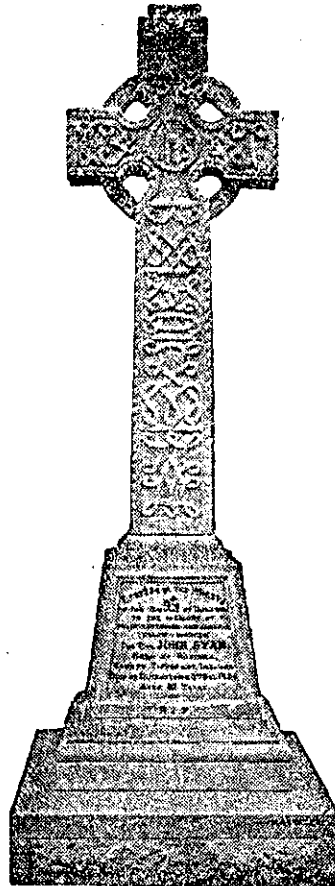
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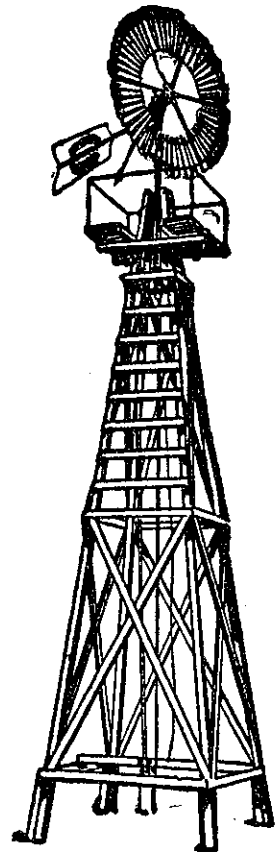
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ment, it seemed suddenly to ooze out at his fingers' tips. Nora's eyes, while she stood on the small piazza hanging out clothes, were as mirrors from which all the grim, bare facts attendant on being 'out of a job' looked back at him with cruel distinctiveness.

Margaret Hartman leaned her arms on the table and looked across the silver and cut glass at her husband. Her white face and wide-open eyes still held the treffulousness of one who had recently been in the darkness of a great fear.

'But the man,' Hartman said, fingering his glass—'I wish you had found out his name, Constance.'

'I know, dear. But, Henry'—her hand went to her heart. Hartman felt reproached as he watched the added pallor of her face—'oh, it was all so sudden, so awful, those mad horses, with the trailing harness and wrecked carriage, the fearful recklessness of it, as they came down the street. And then, when baby left Anna and came toddling unconsciously across to where I sat on the piazza'

'There, dear, don't go over it any more.' Hartman came around the table and put his hand on his wife's shoulder.

'The man,' she went on, after a pause, 'has been hanging around here lately. I have fancied sometimes that he wished to speak to you or me. When I had baby safely in my arms I looked at him—he had the kindest blue eyes—and saw that he was very white. But when I asked him if he had been hurt he said no, only a "bit of a bruise" where the shaft grazed his shoulder. It was the quickness and coolness with which he did it, Henry, that stunned me. And no sooner had he grabbed baby than his mouth puckered in the funniest way, and he sauntered up to me whistling an Irish jig.'

Hartman's brows drew together.

'It couldn't be—of course not—'

'Who, dear?'

'Carney, my little jig whistler. And that reminds me that I haven't seen him around since I got home.'

The superintendent of the Liffington Wire Works went quickly into his library. A moment later his wife heard him calling up his assistant by telephone.

Mike stood in Hartman's library two hours later. His sensitive face worked as he turned a shabby hat round and round by the brim.

'Oh, sure, 'twas nothing, ma'am. I've got five o' thim meself at home,' he said deprecatingly.

'How does it happen that you're not working, Carney?' the superintendent looked at him keenly.

'Well, sir, you see 'twas this way: Meself an' Harrington had a bit of a disagreement about a belt and—a—'

'Well?'

Hartman's eyes held his, compelling the truth.

'Mr. Hartman, sir'—the words rushed from the Kerry coward in a choking blurt—'I once seen a man tore to bits doing what Harrington bid me do. I'll not deny that it's hungry the childer've been sometimes since I've not had a steady job, but 'tis hungrier they'd be if I weren't here at all an'—I couldn't take the chance.'

'You don't have to take the chance.' Hartman was pacing the floor with hands thrust deep into his pockets, the veins on his forehead knotted. 'No man who works under me will be asked to take chances that I would not take myself. Did Harrington discharge you for that?' He wheeled suddenly facing Mike.

'No, sir; no, Mr. Hartman, sir. We had a few words first an' Harrington he called me a Kerry coward, an'—I hit him a lick.'

'Did you, though?' There was relish in the superintendent's voice.

'Oh, sure, 'tisn't any harm I'd want to be doin' him,' Mike put in quickly. 'The lad is a dacent lad enough, an' knowledgable, too; only a bit young, an' sure that'll mend.'

Hartman followed him to the door.

'Come down to the works in the morning, Carney, and we'll see if we can't find something for you that'll keep the "childer" from being hungry in future,' he said genially. 'As to what you did for me this afternoon—I can't speak of that yet.'

Margaret Hartman pushed her husband aside and, taking Mike's hand, raised it to her lips.

'He called you a Kerry coward,' she said, with heaving breast, while Mike stood transfixed by the beauty of her tear-filled eyes. 'but I call you the bravest man—the bravest man—that ever lived!'

When Mike reached the street he stood and looked at his hand in the moonlight.

'Wisha, now, to think of that!' he said reverently. 'Faith, I dunno but I'm glad he called me a Kerry coward.'—*Catholic Messenger.*

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A Vigorous Protest

At St. Joseph's Mount Novitiate College, Bathurst, Catholic education was discussed at a conference of seventy Sisters of Mercy gathered from all parts of the diocese.

His Lordship Dr. Dunne, Bishop of Bathurst, at the close of the conference, addressed the gathering, and said that about a generation ago the Government of this fair young country, faithfully following the traditions of olden times, designed the suppression and death of Catholic schools, not by open violence, which would excite the indignation of a free people, but by the more ingenious method of discouragement and starvation. Yet after thirty years' experience of the starving-out principle their teachers had largely increased and their schools had prospered and multiplied, so that now in Australia their schools numbered about 1400, their teachers about 6000, and the children receiving Catholic education about 126,000. That surely did not look like death to the calling of the clergy. If, however, the effect of penalising Catholic schools and teachers had been only to increase their number and efficiency, of what service to the various States and Governments was the withdrawal from them of hundreds of thousands of pounds (over £200,000 annually) during the last thirty years, to which they were so justly entitled, except as a colossal monument of their folly and injustice, a lasting testimony to the Catholic community of their fidelity to their educational principles? Their iniquitous treatment of that which was dear to Catholics might doom their schools to suffer somewhat materially but certainly not to die; rather to prosper in numbers, efficiency, somewhat materially, but certainly not to be impeded by man's impotency and fruitless opposition.

A Negro Bishop

The Right Rev. Silveria Gomez Pimentar, who died in South America a few years ago, is said to have been the first Negro Bishop in the New World (says the *Sacred Heart Review*).

He was the son of slave parents. Born in extreme poverty, he knew what it was to be destitute and hungry. When a child he attended school half naked and barefooted, but he was from the first remarkable for his application and his good conduct. He was, in fact, so excellent a schoolboy that his case came to the attention of the Archbishop of Balua, who took a liking to the exceptional young Negro and placed him, after some time, in the seminary of his See city. Here Pimentar, now a young man, pursued his studies for the priesthood.

While still quite young, he was raised to the episcopal dignity as Auxiliary Bishop to the diocese of Balua. In this office he still won favor, and when, in 1902, the late Pope Leo XIII. restored the diocese of Marianna, Amazon, whose population was two millions, he designated as its prelate the Negro Bishop. This new office was by no means a sinecure. He was almost alone and without resources in his vast diocese. Added to this, it had been the scene of an anti-Catholic propaganda which rendered the new Bishop's task particularly difficult.

But this son of slave parents, who had overcome so many obstacles in his life, was not discouraged by the situation, no matter how hopeless it seemed. He bent every effort to the work in hand—to the building and maintaining of churches, schools, seminary, houses of charity, etc., and gave so little thought to himself and his own dignity as a Bishop, or even to his own comfort as a man, that he often went almost as poorly clad, and certainly with feet as destitute of covering, as when he attended school, years before, in Balua. But he succeeded, before his death, in rehabilitating the diocese, which he had found in ruins, and in elevating the tone of its religious and social life.

The merit of this Negro Bishop was not confined to his own diocese or to Brazil, nor did his life or labors prevent him from continuing the studies in which he showed himself so brilliant at school. He was a man of vast learning, and had a high reputation among Orientalists for his knowledge of the Semitic languages.

It is just as easy to pull a weed up by the roots as to cut it off; so it is as easy to remove a vice as to correct it.

The weak shrink into themselves, nurse their sorrows, emphasize their sufferings, and so become selfish, complaining, and exacting.

Why is it that whenever you are looking for anything you always find it in the last place you look?—Because you always stop looking when you find it.

The ballot was first introduced into Rome over 2000 years ago. The voter received a sort of wooden slate covered with wax on which the names of all the candidates were scratched. He made holes in the wax opposite those of his choice and dropped his tablet in the box. After the downfall of the Roman Republic popular government took a long sleep, and there was little use for a ballot till quite modern times.

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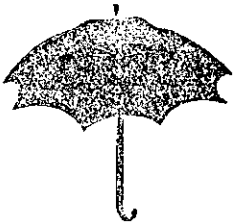
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A RUSSIAN IRISHMAN

There is scarcely a country in the world (says a writer in *America*) where some Irish name of distinction does not call to mind the exiles who formerly sought freedom of worship far from their own sad isle.

France, Spain, Italy, Austria, welcomed the O'Briens, O'Connors, O'Keefes, Taaffes, MacMahons, or FitzGerald. But the Irish pushed still further afield, and we find many citizens of Irish descent in Russia.

The name of O'Rourke has been recently much in evidence in the Slav press on the occasion of the centenary of the battle of Varvarin. In this and many other engagements an O'Rourke led the Russian and Serb battalions to victory, and a monument to him has just been erected on the plain where the Turks were routed in 1810.

Of the many unequal combats in which the numerically inferior Christian forces defeated the Moslems, none has been more glorious than that of Varvarin.

Therefore there is none in which the younger Serb generation takes more pride; and the commemorations were carried out with great pomp. Russia was officially represented, and the family of the heroic Count Joseph Cornelius O'Rourke were specially invited by the Serb Government to attend.

Count Nicholas O'Rourke, grandson of the famous general, although over seventy-six years of age, responded to the invitation, and travelled from his estate in the centre of Russia to witness the unveiling of the monument dedicated to his brave ancestor. In the presence of Church and State dignitaries a Solemn Requiem Mass was said for the souls of those who had fallen in battle, and an immense concourse then defiled before the stone on which the names of the most distinguished combatants are engraved. That of O'Rourke is first on the list or honor.

The family of O'Rourke had left Ireland after the battle of the Boyne and settled in France. In the reign of the Russian Empress Elizabeth a branch emigrated to the Baltic Provinces and became definitely acclimatised.

The future champion of the oppressed Christian races was born in Dorpat in 1772, and received in baptism the characteristically Irish names Joseph Cornelius. He was early destined to the career of arms, for in accordance with prevailing custom for sons of the nobility, he was while yet an infant inscribed in the ranks of the Imperial Guard.

That he took kindly to his calling is evident from his participation in all Russia's wars of that time. As a young lieutenant he was appointed to the French Emigrant Corps, and fought with them at Zurich against the Republican Government.

He returned to Russia as colonel, and then took a command under the famous General Kutusoff. In the

campaign of 1805 he was decorated for signal bravery with the Order of Saint George.

In the terrible battle of Eyalu O'Rourke again distinguished himself and at the proclamation of peace was entrusted with the formation of the Uhlan Regiment 'Volinsky.' This was the regiment he led against the Turks at Varvarin. He had equipped it at his own expense and marched with it to the Balkan Peninsula as part of the Moldavian contingent told off to assist the Christian races struggling for freedom.

O'Rourke assisted in the deliverance of Prahovo, and took part in the stiff combat of Bela Palanka. He next drove the enemy from Soko Gania and defeated them in the pitched battle of Jassika. An Imperial Rescript was forwarded to him on this occasion to express appreciation of his valor.

But it was at Varvarin that Count Joseph won his brightest laurels, together with the prized Decoration of St. Anne. In the face of great odds he decided to hold his ground, and threw up trenches to shield his men and cannon.

Under his inspiring command Serbs and Russians repulsed during four days' repeated furious onslaughts of the Turks, treble their number. In a final desperate encounter O'Rourke not only beat back the attacking force, but chased them over the Morava River into the wilds of Albania.

He now took the offensive and started to storm Gurgusovats (the present thriving town of Knajevats), which he conquered and kept. By obliging the Moslems to evacuate this stronghold he secured the freedom of eighty Serb villages hitherto under tribute.

At the close of the war a gold sabre with jewel-encrusted hilt was presented to O'Rourke by the Christian populations he had delivered.

The career of a soldier—and more especially of a Russian soldier—was no sinecure in those days.

O'Rourke withdrew from one battlefield only to enter on another. He was an active combatant in the repulse of the French invasion; assisted in the siege of Magdeburg, and in the cavalry charge of the first Leipzig. Here it was that he won the rank of Lieutenant-General.

With the Northern Army he fought at Gross Beern, Dunevits, Wittenberg, and the second Leipzig. At Wenzgerode he performed feats of valor that were rewarded with the Order of St. Alexander Nevsky.

Cavalry-General Count O'Rourke died in 1849 at his country estate of Vesselub in the province of Minsk, leaving five sons to perpetuate his name.

Count Nicholas, his grandson, chose the navy as his profession. He married a Princess of the royal native line of Roumania. Two of his sons are in the army, so that the taste for soldiering is not extinct in the chivalrous line of the Russian O'Rourkes.

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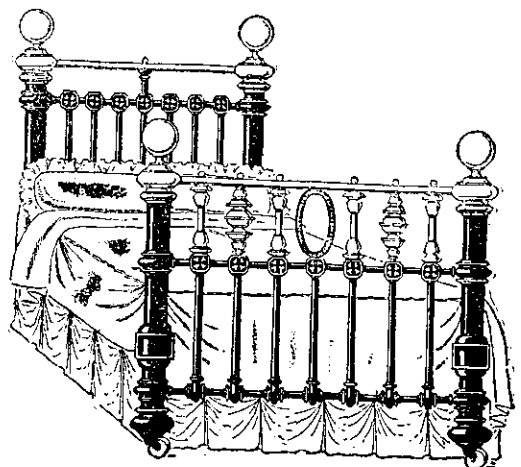
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Current Topics

Those 'German Arms'

The Ulster Orangeman can make more fuss and disturbance, on a smaller capital, than probably any human being in existence. It now turns out, as might safely have been anticipated, that all his lurid talk about 'arms from Germany' and 'dying in the last ditch' was mere wind—the bluff and swagger of impudence out of a job. Says a London cable of January 19: 'The *Daily Mail's* special commissioner, who was sent to Ulster to investigate every source, finds that there is no foundation for the rumor that the people there are arming against the possibility of Home Rule being conceded.'

The Hat Question

'The fashion,' Shakespeare says, 'wears out more apparel than the man'—and assuredly it wears out more apparel than the woman. 'Fashions change like leaves on the bough'—and hat, and coat, and skirt and costume must be used only for one season, and then replaced by later 'creations'—not because the older ones are worn out, but solely at the bidding of tyrant fashion. Fortunately this 'come-and-go' of fashions has sometimes its compensations. The fashion this season, for example, in feminine head-gear, as the male world knows to its sorrow, is what is variously known as the 'Merry Widow,' the 'flop,' or the 'mushroom' hat—a monstrosity which no one can pretend is pretty, and which when worn as it now commonly is at church and other public assemblies becomes an absolute nuisance. The poet of old excused the sex for some of the little weaknesses and eccentricities which derogate from the dignity and grace of womanhood by saying:

'If to her share some venial errors fall,
Look in her face, and you'll forget them all.'

The woman who wears the 'mushroom' hat, however, cuts herself off from that way of disarming censure, for unless you are something of a contortionist it is a sheer impossibility to 'look in her face' at all. As we have said, the appearance of this huge head-gear in church—effectually shutting out all view of priest and altar—has become a veritable nuisance; and sensible people will learn with relief that as a result of the ebb and flow of fashions the 'mushroom' is to 'go out' this season, and the 'Dolly Varden' is to come in. As to what a 'Dolly Varden' is, we have the haziest possible notions; but it simply cannot be equal, in obtrusive and aggressive ugliness, to the 'mushroom.' A writer in the *London Tablet* lately advocated the Spanish mantilla in church as a protest from Catholic women generally against the hideous millinery fashions which are fast becoming as conspicuous a feature in our churches as they are elsewhere. The idea is an excellent one; but until something can be done to break the power of fashion in the general community we are afraid the suggestion is in the nature of a counsel of perfection.

A Reunion Movement

The Primitive Methodist Conference, which has just concluded its sittings at Wellington, has inaugurated what the Press Association in a lengthy message describes as 'a forward move of interest and importance.' Of interest—certainly; of importance—we are not so sure. It is the old, old dream of the union of the Churches—or rather, to be exact, of the union of what the Conference calls the 'evangelical' Churches.' Needless to observe, the Catholic Church is not embraced in the definition; nor, sad to say, is the Anglican Church. In view of the friendly overtures which Anglicans have for some time past been making towards their dissenting brethren their unceremonious exclusion is distinctly unkind. The Conference decided first of all to take steps—which are to be finally settled in the Conference of 1912—for the fusion of the Primitive Methodists with the Wesleyan section of the Methodist family; and this is to prepare the way for a union of the evangelical Churches—as above defined—and the establishment of one grand national Church. That the Primitive Methodist movement for union with the sister body may secure such a relative success as was achieved by the divided and rival Methodist organisations in Australia some years ago, is highly probable; but that the wider movement for corporate reunion on an extended scale will succeed—in ever so modest a degree—is not even remotely probable. There is something pathetic in these almost countless efforts towards Protestant reunion—pathetic because they witness to the haunting sense of misery at division and disunion, as being contrary to the will of Christ, and pathetic because of their invariable and inevitable failure. Protestantism,

as a recent convert writer remarks, is powerless to maintain unity of thought even among the members of a single family; and efforts at reunion between even two single Protestant denominations who have any doctrinal differences at all to begin with—there are none between Methodists and Primitive Methodists—are foredoomed to failure. We remember how, only a few years ago, a movement was afoot in Dunedin for bringing about the organic union of the Presbyterian and Congregational bodies of New Zealand. As far back as 1691 'heads of agreement' were drawn up between the two sections into which the English Congregationalism of the time was divided—the Presbyterians and the Congregationalists of the Savoy platform. The arrangement, however, did not work smoothly, and was soon abandoned. In 1801 a working union was effected between the Presbyterians and the Congregationalists of Connecticut, in reference to the formation of churches in new settlements. The Congregationalists, however, found that it operated to their disadvantage, and they dissolved the partnership in 1852. Of the New Zealand movement, which began so promisingly some seven years ago, nothing is now heard; and the ambitious scheme of our Primitive Methodist friends for a grand 'national' Church which shall include all the so-called 'evangelical' bodies is only too surely destined to go the same way.

Catholics, strong in the strength of their unbroken unity, view with friendly interest the efforts made by their separated brethren of every creed to bridge over those differences which make Christianity a stumbling block and a subject of mockery, not only to the heathen but to large masses of thinking people nearer home. It is true that such movements are little likely to succeed in their immediate purpose. But they will serve to emphasise the essential and vital importance of unity, and will tend to leaven the masses of our separated brethren with a truer conception of the meaning of 'one Fold and one Shepherd,' 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism.' And the Church is sure to be the gainer. Her gain would be infinitely greater if, in their search for unity, our friends would get down to the root of the doctrinal disruption which rends Protestant Christendom; and would squarely face and adequately deal with the principle which has been, and is, the direct cause of all their interminable divisions—namely, the system of forming their religion on 'the Bible and the Bible only,' interpreted by each individual according to his own lights. Erasmus remarked in his day that 'the interpretation of the Scriptures by individual minds has never ended in anything but laming texts which walked perfectly straight before.' In the second volume of his *Rationalism in Europe*, Lecky says (p. 174): 'It has been most abundantly proved that from Scripture honest and able men have derived, and do derive, arguments in support of the most opposite opinions.' And thus *Whitaker's Almanack* for 1900 was able to enumerate 274 religious denominations in England alone; and the *Times*, in a leading article in its issue of January 13, 1884, could say that 'England alone is reputed to contain some seven hundred sects, each of whom proves a whole system of theology and morals from the Bible.' The principle mentioned above leads to chaos in religion. And the summing of it all is this: There is no logical resting-place between an infallible church and no-church.

The Education Question in the British Elections

One cannot help being impressed in reading through the literature of the Home elections—with the frank and open reference on the part of many candidates to what is known as 'the Education Question,' and with the consideration and attention shown to the Catholic and Irish votes. It is true that such references came more from one political party than another; but, on one ground or other, both sides made open and direct appeal to Catholic and Irish voters as such, and no candidate appeared in the least to feel—as our political worthies in this part of the world seem to do—that the heavens would fall if they dared to express unqualified and unequivocal approval of the denominational principle. Here are one or two samples of the appeals issued to the electors by various candidates, which we take at random from the advertising columns of the *Catholic Times*. We give first the appeal to the Oldham electors, both from the Liberal and from the Conservative side. From the Liberals: 'To the Catholic and Irish electors of Oldham.—Mr. John Redmond says that the great obstacle to the concession of Home Rule is the House of Lords. Irish and Catholics, vote for Emmott and Barton, and smash the veto.' From the Conservative side, first candidate: 'To the Catholic and Irish electors of Oldham.—I am earnestly in favor of religious education in our day schools and the right of parents to have their children taught the faith they believe in, by teachers who believe what they teach. Religion is the chief bond of human society, and the only sure basis of the formation of charac-

ter. I will not barter it away, but will oppose to the utmost a Government which wishes to shut out religion from the schools and the State.—E. R. Bartley Denniss.' From the second candidate: 'With regard to education, I would earnestly advocate the encouragement and the enhancement of moral training and the imparting of a solid foundation of religious teaching (of whatever denomination), for without religion a child has no moral standards to go by.—Arthur E. Wrigley.' Then a united appeal from both candidates: 'Catholics, protect your schools by voting for Denniss and Wrigley.' Let us take next the Abercromby Division of the City of Liverpool, and here again we will give extracts both from the Liberal and from the Conservative appeals. Liberal candidate: 'I am a member of the Church of England and a supporter of the Temperance movement, and on the education question I have always held the view that every parent should have the right of educating his child in his own religion.' Conservative candidate: 'Last, but not least, the question of safeguarding to our people their right to have their children taught the religion of their fathers, and by those who believe in what they teach, is one upon which I confidently appeal to the electors of the Abercromby Division for a renewal of their confidence and support.' And here are a few miscellaneous samples—selected chiefly on account of their brevity—out of a very large number available: 'Darwen Division.—Catholics, work and vote for Hindle, who still stands by his promise to support the Catholic schools. He has voted for eliminating the objectionable clauses in the Coronation Oath.' 'Catholics of East Manchester.—Vote for Proby. Mr. Proby says: "I support religious education for children in the faith of their fathers." 'To the electors of the Ince Division.—In education I advocate, and will support, only such measures as will enable parents to have their children taught such religious faith as they desire during school hours, and by teachers who believe such faith.'

That is in England. It means that there is a reasonable and healthy public opinion on this great question, and that Catholics are a power to be reckoned with. And in New Zealand—how do matters stand? If we would realise how vast is the gulf which separates us from the splendid position achieved by our co-religionists in England, let us conjure up a vision of the transformation there would be if we woke up some fine morning and found New Zealand candidates expressing such sentiments as those quoted above, and announcing their determination to stand by them. We wouldn't know ourselves, or our country—still less our candidates; there would be 'new heavens and a new earth.' The population of England and Wales is, approximately, thirty-two and a half millions; and the number of Catholics is estimated at two and a half millions, so that the latter are one in thirteen of the population. In New Zealand we are one in seven, so that relatively to the whole population we are just about twice as numerous as our co-religionists in England. What the Catholics in England have effected should be twice as easy of accomplishment for us, seeing that we have, proportionately, twice their numbers. The measure of their advance is the measure of our falling behind, and such falling behind is entirely to our shame.

Catholics and Criminal Statistics: An Admission

Over and over again, in refuting the hoary calumny that there is a disproportionate amount of crime amongst Catholics as compared with other religious bodies, the *N.Z. Tablet* has maintained and insisted on the absolute worthlessness and unreliability of the ordinary gaol and *Year-Book* statistics on the subject. These statistics are not only gravely defective—making no discrimination between the gravity of the various crimes and making no allowance for a number of other vitally important factors—but they are also hopelessly incorrect. How could they possibly be accurate and reliable, seeing that they are based, wholly and solely, on the unchallenged and unverified non-oath statements of convicted persons—many of them criminals whose uncorroborated oaths would not be accepted in any court of justice in the Dominion? The truth of our contention in this matter has now been frankly admitted by the compilers of the Government *Official Year-Book*, and for the future—'purely in the interest of accuracy'—the figures relating to the denominational returns of crime are to be incontinently dropped from that useful publication.

The discovery of this action and attitude on the part of the authorities was made in a very simple, almost accidental, way. Some few weeks ago a controversy on this now somewhat hackneyed topic was begun in the columns of the *Wellington Evening Post*. It originated, if we remember rightly, in a letter containing some disparaging remarks in connection with the alleged preponderance of Catholic criminals, written by a Protestant clergyman. The

Rev. C. J. Venning, S.M., took up the gauntlet; a number of secularists and others cut in; and in a very short time, as the war correspondents put it, 'the fighting became general.' In the course of the battle the enemy cast about for the latest statistics to throw at Father Venning's head; but, to their disgust, found that the *Year-Book* for 1910—just issued—had omitted the usual tables giving the religious denominations of convicted prisoners. At once it was suggested that "'Rome" had been at work, and had got the unpleasant figures suppressed!' Immediate inquiries made by the *Evening Post* at the Registrar-General's office showed that there was not a scintilla of truth in the suggestion. We quote from our contemporary of January 13, allowing the *Post* representative and the editor of the *Year-Book* to speak for themselves. 'Inquiries made in the proper quarter to-day,' says our contemporary, 'showed that the reason for dropping the table above referred to was that when investigations were made into the matter it was found that the information in the tables was unsound. Prisoners charged several times gave different religions. For example, John Jones would be a Catholic when convicted of one offence, and say a Primitive Methodist, an Anglican, or a Baptist on another occasion. . . . The editor of the *Year-Book* (Mr. W. M. Wright), on being seen with reference to the omission, said it was purely voluntary in the interest of accuracy. There was absolutely no influence of any kind brought to bear upon the matter. It was done in order to avoid anything leading to controversy that could not be supported by facts. The prison authorities recognise three religions—viz., Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews. For reasons of their own, prisoners are known to change their religion according to circumstances, such as the strength of the religious body or bodies who include gaol visiting in their institutional work, the faith of the master or gaoler, or even of the visiting justices. Prisoners seem to think, rightly or wrongly, that they will receive a certain amount of consideration on account of the faith they profess if it squares with that of persons official or non-official authorities or visitors.' Here we have a most important and valuable admission—the editor of the *Year-Book* finding, 'when investigations were made into the matter,' and frankly acknowledging that the figures in the 'official' tables are so incorrect and unreliable for purposes of comparison that—'purely in the interests of accuracy'—it is necessary that they should be dropped.

The *Evening Post*, in an editorial on the subject, in which it somewhat illogically suggests that so long as the figures are collected they ought to be published in the *Official Year-Book*, frankly admits their inaccuracy and the utter worthlessness of any conclusions that might be based upon them. 'The statistical question,' it says, 'which has cropped up in connection with the discussion in our columns of the relative merits of secular and religious education is decidedly interesting. Disputants have hitherto been able to turn to the *Official Year-Book* for whatever light could be obtained for controversies of this kind from the proportions contributed by the various denominations to the prison population of the country. But the 1910 *Year-Book* withholds this information for the first time. As the figures played a prominent part in a discussion which attracted a good deal of attention last year, the omission has naturally been attributed to the influence of the party against which the figures seemed to tell. It is, therefore, satisfactory to have the assurance of the editor of the *Year-Book* that no influence of any kind had been brought to bear upon him in connection with the matter. The omission was purely voluntary, and it was carried out "in the interest of accuracy." Such erroneous conclusions are drawn from figures which necessarily fail to cover the whole ground, that the editor deemed it advisable to omit them altogether. As the explanation which we publish in another column shows, a prisoner may sometimes declare himself as of one sect and sometimes of another. In some cases the faith of the religious body which is most attentive to a particular prison may be assumed for the time by an inmate in order to get the benefit of that body's ministrations. There are certainly many causes of error, and the work of deducting conclusions from the facts, even if correctly ascertained, is full of pitfalls.' That has been the contention of the *N.Z. Tablet* from first to last in this criminal statistics controversy, and it is highly gratifying now to have it thus officially and authoritatively confirmed. We have only to add that the editor of the *Year-Book*—Mr. W. M. Wright—who, in the interests of accuracy, has made the innovation above-mentioned, is not a Catholic.

It is also highly satisfactory to learn that the Attorney-General, through Mr. Waldegrave (Police Commissioner), has sent notice to all the gaols to the effect that 'every care is to be taken by inquiries and other means to see that prisoners do not make false entries as to religion. . . .

Winsome lassies, comely dames,
Women blithe an' bonnie,
A' buy the Hondai Lanka Tea,
O' blends they'll no hae ony!

Christmas Fare! Choice Hondai Lanka Tea is a Royal beverage for Christmas meals. It's flavor is supremely delicious.

Also to let such offenders know that they will be liable to forfeit good marks, etc., while in prison.' This is undoubtedly a step in the right direction, and one for which the Attorney-General is to be commended. In order to do complete and even-handed justice all round, it is only necessary that Dr. Findlay should carry the matter one stage further, and make the practice of false declaration of religious belief on the part of prisoners a punishable offence by Act of Parliament. That will come in time, if we keep hammering away; and when it does come, if the criminal statistics tables are continued, they will tell a very different tale.

SOCIAL ACTION IN BELGIUM

PROTECTION AND ORGANISATION OF LABOR

After the Catholic party had taken up the reins of power in Belgium (writes the Rev. Dom P. J. O'Reilly, in the *Catholic Times*), provision was made by the Government for the enlightenment of the toilers by commissioning capable lecturers to traverse the country from end to end, and spread the light of modern agronomic science over the land. Lectures on the proper treatment of animals, the advantageous use of manures, the employment of the latest tools and machines, etc., keep the agricultural classes informed of the progress of science, and enable them better to understand the importance of the adoption of scientific methods if they are to keep abreast of the times, and successfully sustain the strain of competition. The practical necessity of forming farmers' associations has been constantly inculcated. About the year 1891 the Minister of Education decided that the elements of agronomy should be taught in the primary schools. To encourage and stimulate the initiative and enterprise of private institutions, such as the highly successful School of Agricultural Science at the University of Louvain, the Government made known its intention of allotting grants and founding bursas of study for the benefit of these establishments.

The three chief final schools are those of Veterinary Medicine at Cureghem, and of Agriculture at Gembloux and Louvain. Secondary teaching is designed for the sons of agriculturists, and they receive it in the secondary schools. Here it is well to point out that 17 free schools, with 700 registered pupils, cost the State 41,500 francs per annum, just a little less than the single official school at Huy, whose 44 students impose on the education budget an annual burden of 42,440 francs! Permanent primary instruction in agricultural matters is imparted in the milk and cheese schools, while extra occasional courses are organised by State itinerant professors. During the year 1904-1905 the registers record 375,153 attendances at 766 courses, consisting of 8992 lessons. A strongly-felt want has been supplied by the establishment of information bureaux and agricultural libraries, for the formation of which the Minister of Agriculture provides books gratuitously.

Provident Institutions.

What considerable progress has been made during the comparatively short period of twenty-six years by insurance societies under State patronage, statistics abundantly prove. Provision has been made for every possible contingency. Insurance is obtainable against every kind of risk to which frail, feeble man is exposed—whether sickness or accident, unemployment or invalidity, or old age, and—even burial! Alas! for every human creature the last-named risk is commonly believed to be a certainty, and so we need not be surprised to find that the premiums demanded are proportionately high! Without further introduction let us set down some interesting figures. The State Savings Bank, which had 370,000 depositors in 1883, counts in 1906 2,519,000 clients. This improvement may be attributed to the confidence inspired by the stability of the Government as well as to its active and intelligent propaganda work. The increase in deposits during the same space of time is correlative. In 1883 169,900,000 francs were lodged in the State Savings Bank; the amount had increased to 1,204,500,000 francs in 1906. Besides the People's Savings Bank under Government management, there are also private banks for small deposits, such as Raiffeisen's. If the savings bank system constitutes the most satisfactory means for extending the practice of thrift, assurance against old age, accidents, unemployment, and sickness offers the safest and most economical guarantees against misfortune and bad times. It is under the régime established by the laws of June 23, 1896, and of March 19, 1898, that mutual aid societies have developed with such rapidity in Belgium. Central and local authorities have been really prodigal of subsidies to these co-operative—for such in fact they are—societies. To schools, to industrial establishments, to barracks, to club and meeting rooms, the apostles of insurance have come to proclaim the necessary and saving gospel of prudent foresight, and wherever this important doctrine has been preached, wherever the light of these great truths has penetrated, the popular mind is illumined, the truth is acknowledged, and gladly embraced. In order to facilitate

the foundation and successful working of provident institutions, the Ministry of Industry and Labor has, within a few years, advanced its credit from 35,000 to 350,000 francs. To-day we see in existence 103 federations—all receiving important Government loans—composed of 7762 branches, and claiming a membership of 1,200,000. We look back to 1883, and what do we behold? Only 196 independent societies, supported by 2121 members! In the short period of ten years 2685 insurance societies against sickness have disbursed 32,000,000 francs in payments to sick members, and yet notwithstanding this depletion they can boast of reserve funds to the amount of 10,000,000 francs. In 1883 the State grant to these provident associations was limited to 600 francs; we tell you with pride and admiration the figure now stands at the vast sum of 4,100,000 francs!

All account books are controlled by auditors of the Office of Labor. Information and propaganda bureaux are to be found scattered over the whole country, and, like the co-operative societies themselves, submit all their operations to the inspection of the Standing Committee of the 'Sociétés Mutuelles,' presided over by Senator Count de Roodenbeck; they submit them also to the scrutiny of the Office of Labor, whose worthy president is M. Dubois.

To help in assuring the workman the means of subsistence at a period of life when his arms refuse toil and his strength is gone, the Office of Labor has obtained special grants from the Treasury for the purpose of encouraging the affiliation of private companies to

The State Pensions Fund.

To affiliated societies large bounties are allocated year by year. The laws of May, 1900, and August, 1903, set apart a sum between twelve and fifteen millions in aid of the Government pensions credit scheme, while it sacrificed, in 1907, the sum of sixteen millions as an endowment in perpetuity of the State Pensions Fund. The number of members affiliated to the Caisse de Retraite in 1908 was 900,000. They were contributors to 5600 private old-age pensions societies. In 1906 these various societies received from the Government in voluntary subscriptions and loans 5,100,000 francs. 'Sociétés de Mutualité' federate with the object of more easily guaranteeing members against the risks of prolonged illness and presumed invalidity. It is worth while pointing out, in conclusion, that the State gives to the treasurer of the federated societies, the 'Caisse de Reassurance,' a premium amounting to 60 per cent. on every single payment received. As a final word on this part of my subject I cannot help exclaiming: 'England, Protestant England, follow thou virtuously in the footsteps of Catholic Belgium.'

In addition to associations of insurance which are designed to guarantee the toiler against unfortunate contingencies, there have been formed Patronage Committees whose whole aim and endeavor it is to ameliorate the present lot of the workman. It was laid down in the law of 1881 concerning the 'Comités de Patronage' that the objects of these committees should be threefold—1st, to encourage the building of suitable workmen's dwellings, and the sale thereof to workmen; secondly, to study all that relates to the salubrity of workmen's dwellings, and the hygiene of localities where they may be erected; thirdly, to promote the development of savings, insurance, assurance, people's credit, and old-age pensions societies. The law provides for the formation of a committee in every administrative division of the kingdom. Each committee is composed of at least eight members; the number may be increased to eighteen. As soon as the law was passed, fifty-eight committees were established.

Labor inspection was introduced to secure full conformity with the laws that regulate labor, commerce, and industry. Three official, obligatory, Inspection Councils exist in Belgium—of Public Health, of Public Food, and of Labor.

The Inspection of Labor.

is carried out by mining engineers, and by members of the Labor Council. The former are appointed by competitive examination; the latter are nominated by the King. Fifteen inspectors superintend the working of Labor Acts throughout the nine divisions into which the country has been divided for the purpose. There are five medical inspectors besides those already mentioned. They are entitled to visit all establishments in their district where hired workmen are employed, they can exact whatever information they deem necessary in the execution of their charge from both masters and men, and they are empowered to prosecute offenders against the law. The Council for the Inspection of Labor is divided into several departments, such as the Committees of Commercial Inquiry and of Agricultural Interests, the Labor Office for publication purposes, the Commission of Labor, and the Committee of Research.

Laws of Protection benefit the entire working population, without distinction of age, sex, or employment. Child and female labor especially is supervised and safeguarded. The law of 1889 was the first big step towards the protection of labor. It proved to be a defence for the defenceless. It was a proclamation of the rights of labor. It was the Magna Charta of the vast majority, who suffer most keenly from the bitter, the olden curse—'Thou shalt win thy bread in the sweat of thy brow.' Its object as defined by M. Lammens in the Senate, is to prevent excessive hours and the premature and unduly prolonged labor of

'A guid New Year! An' may ye hae plenty o' Hondai Lanka Tea tae slocken yer thirst.'

A most acceptable Christmas Box is a Box of Hondai Lanka Tea. It gives genuine pleasure and delight.

children and women. In 1897, 8648 establishments, where 42,075 children and females were employed, received a visit from the inspectors.

Amongst the enactments which illumine the pages of the Statute-Book respecting labor are the regulations against accident and disease. In this connection we may mention the Act dated August 4, 1898, which has regard to the health and the security of the workman, and the law made to prevent the adulteration of food and drink. But more than the preservation of the physical health, the preservation of the moral health of the community demands the interference and the protection of law; hence the passing of laws for moral protection, the Acts dealing with Public Inebriety (August 16, 1887), concerning the supervision of children employed in itinerant trades (May 28, 1887), and the repression of mendicancy and vagrancy (May 28, 1891). To Monsieur le Jeune is due the honor of having humanised the penal code by bending the law towards the reclamation of the criminal (November 27, 1891).

Still it is not sufficient that the physical and the moral health of the workman be not endangered, it is not sufficient that he be given every means for maintaining and developing his material and moral physique. For he toils, and he should receive the fruits of his toil. He should receive a just, a living wage, in return for his work. Therefore between the years 1887-1891 the Government introduced and succeeded in passing several important laws whose end is to ensure justice in the remuneration of labor. They are—the laws of May 16, 1887, on the payment of wages; of June 18, 1887, on the forfeiture of wages and the substitution of goods for money payment; of April 26, 1896, on the privileges of workmen; and that of June 17, 1896, supplementing the previous law on the payment of wages.

In the forefront of societies for the defence of workmen's rights and interests must be placed

The Trades Unions.

They are federations composed of persons following a common trade, formed for its protection, and the general good of its members. The necessity of these organisations is clear, while the advantages accruing to society in general from their existence are equally clear. Here I will call attention only to a few of their uses. They facilitate professional training by the organisation of technical instruction, they encourage the growth of the once flourishing régime of apprenticeship, and by arranging visits to foreign countries, they study the conditions under which their brethren live who dwell beyond the borders of their own small world. They supply their members with the means of subsistence in times of sickness or unemployment, on the occurrence of accidents, and during old age. In virtue of the law on the Wages Contract, they can agree upon a fair scale of wages, upon reasonable hours of work, and the provision of moral and religious guarantees. Legal existence was conferred on the unions by the Act concerning them under the date March 31, 1898.

A number of workmen's associations have merely an unofficial existence. Their status is not recognised by law. Not that they work at any particular disadvantage through not being marked with the seal of the law. In large towns such societies are remarkably active and powerful. At Ghent, for instance, the glass-blowers are splendidly banded together—shoulder to shoulder faithfully they stand—while the cigar-makers and the weavers are united in a strong organisation. Women are not bereft of the arms of defence supplied by the unions. They have formed several associations for the protection of their rights. Women's rights! Ah, yes! Women have rights, but fewer, perhaps, than men. Would it then be unkind to ask, *en passant*, in view of the present agitation in England, whether the suffrage is a right to which women can lay no claim? In the absence of official statistics it is not easy to determine accurately the numerical importance of these organisations. However, we can compute the strength of the "Syndicats Chrétiens." The zealous Dominican social worker, Père Rutten, is our informant. He tells us that there were 10,000 members of the specifically Catholic trade unions in 1904. Their numbers to-day are estimated at 40,000.

Agricultural co-operative societies have grown considerably within the past few years. These rural guilds have, for the most part, become affiliated to the national agricultural league known as the 'Borenbond Belge.' The Borenbond has been entrusted with a triple mission—(a) the defence of the religious, moral, and material interests of the peasants; (b) the amelioration of agrarian legislation; (c) the organisation of agriculture on a co-operative basis. It is

A Vast and Powerful Organisation,

with ramifications extending far and wide. But its influence is felt mainly in the provinces of Brabant, Antwerp, and Limburg, while it is also very active in certain districts of West Flanders. Its serried ranks are composed of 45,000 men. No wonder such a splendid society enjoys the cordial support of the Government! So many are the institutions founded or patronised by the Government for the promotion of the physical, moral, intellectual, and religious well-being of the workman, that we would far exceed the already generous limits of the present article were we to attempt to speak of them all.

Therefore, without stopping to describe the work of the 'cercles ouvrières,' which are centres of union, of social

training, and of general self-improvement for their members, and while satisfying ourselves with a mere mention of their existence, we feel the society for

The Erection of Workmen's Dwellings

and lodging-houses calls for a few words. The question of cheap dwellings for workmen was settled by the Acts of August 9, 1889, and July 30, 1893. In order to further the improvement and multiplication of workmen's dwellings, the law of 1889 provides for—(1) the constitution of Patronage Committees, (2) grants the necessary authorisation to savings banks to advance loans, (3) grants certain privileges and exemptions to building societies and workmen proprietors. Prior to 1889 we find only ten societies for the building of workmen's dwellings; now there are 163. Eight years ago loans accorded for the building of 'habitations ouvrières' reached the colossal figure of 40,028,099 francs. And the Society for the Purchase of Small Holdings merits more than a passing notice. What do we read of its labors and progress? One report, presented to the general assembly in January, 1902, tells us that the society had provided 600 small holdings, the concession of which benefited 3000 persons. Labor Exchanges and Unemployment Committees assist the victims of immoral competition by providing them, when and wherever it is possible to do so, with work and monetary aid.

Schemes of moralisation have been the constant care of this Christian Government. As a Christian Government it has in diverse ways, and at various times, mercifully pronounced the sentence of death against the ape and the tiger and the savage in its sin-stricken subjects.

Total Abstinence and Temperance Societies

have received every encouragement from the State, and hence they give evidence of unceasing growth. By taxes on alcohol and public balls, the Government has done its best to combat the spread of certain particular evils, most dangerous to society. Since 1896 a notable decrease in the general consumption of alcohol has happily taken place.

The foregoing account of a Catholic Government's legislation leads to reflection of various kinds. Yet I will not venture to disturb the thoughts of those who read these lines by suggesting certain evident conclusions that will leap to their minds after having followed my narrative of a great Government's achievement during a period which, as the aforementioned writer in the *Catholic Times* remarked, has no parallel in the history of modern parliamentary government. But, very naturally, you may ask: Do Belgian Catholics, as such, co-operate with their Government in this great work of social regeneration? To this question, in drawing to an end, I will give, with pleasure, a brief answer.

Private zeal shares in and completes the work of the Government in its efforts to uplift and Christianise its people. Confraternities are devoted to the Christian instruction and the moral and physical education of children and youths. Retreats play a leading role in the cause of social betterment. The power and influence of retreats are wonderful. There is no persuasive to a life of virtue, there is no dissolvent of a life of evil, like a retreat. At Fayt, at Ghent, at Lierre, at Liege, at Arlon, and Alken, retreats are given weekly to groups varying in numbers between 20 and 50. The object of the retreat is to awaken and to develop the consciousness of the Christian man with regard to his mission and destiny, to engrave on his mind and heart the principles of the Christian life, to strengthen him to resist evil tendencies within himself, to render him impervious to the corrupt forces to which he is ever exposed, and to teach him to exert a moral influence in his own sphere of action; in a word, the object of the retreat is to make a truly Christian man of the exercitant, who will labor zealously for the salvation of his own soul, as well as for the salvation of the souls of his fellow-men. Who shall tell of the secret conquests, of the victories for Faith and virtue that have been effected within the secluded walls of the houses of retreat? The history of these houses, if it could be written as God knows it, would be a glorious history. Retreat work for women and girls has been successful likewise, and steadily has it progressed, with every sign of progress still. May the retreats continue to flourish! For every retreat gives birth to new apostles, who return to their homes to labor for the advancement of the Kingdom that shall never pass away. Henceforth brave Christian soldiers they will be, and more, loyal and devoted citizens, and faithful defenders of that party whose name and deeds are, and always have been, synonymous of Justice, Charity, Liberty, and Progress.

THE LATEST TABLET PUBLICATION.

'Secular versus Religious Education: A Discussion.' Edited (and, as to its greatest part, written) by Rev. H. W. Cleary, D.D. 212 pages, stiff paper wrapper. Price 1/-, posted 1s 3d. Cardinal Moran writes of it: 'I have received the brilliant pamphlet, *Secular versus Religious Education*. It is a most useful and instructive contribution to the educational controversy, and cannot fail to do a deal of good.'

Apply MANAGER, TABLET, Dunedin.

ULSTER AND HOME RULE

A STRIKING MANIFESTO

On December 5 an Irish Liberal manifesto was issued which supplied a much-needed antidote to the campaign of calumny and slander that was being carried on in Ulster, England, and Scotland against the Nationalists and Catholics of Ireland. The manifesto was signed by six gentlemen who are known all over the country for their integrity and honesty—Lord Pirrie, head of the great shipyard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, Ltd.; Sir Hugh Mack, one of the leading Belfast merchants; Mr. Edward Archdale, of Castle Archdale; Mr. Thomas Shillington, of Portadown, a large employer of labor; Mr. Joseph Carr, of Killyleagh; and Dr. R. Keightley, of Lisburn, a leading member of the Irish Bar. The manifesto was as follows:—

Manifesto of Ulster Protestants.

At a serious crisis in the history of our beloved country, an attempt is being made to inflame the passions and kindle the fires of sectarian and racial hate. All the devices which have been so long employed in keeping Irishmen asunder and dividing our country into hostile camps, are being used with a reckless disregard of consequences. We do not for a moment believe these methods will succeed. In our opinion the time has at length arrived when the question of

Self-government for Ireland

—the fierce battleground of a hundred years of ceaseless strife—can and will be wisely settled with a due regard to the unity and integrity of the Empire on the one hand, and to the just desires and aspirations of the Irish people on the other. Nor can any man exaggerate the importance of that settlement to our country. For nearly a century the question of Home Government has barred with triple steel every door of progress. It has paralysed the energies of the country and diverted the current of national activity into the unfruitful channels of incessant political struggle. But, indeed, it could not fail to do otherwise. For a hundred years the vast body of the Irish people have had neither sympathy with nor confidence in the executive and administrative government of Ireland. That government has no natural root in the soil of Ireland. Bureaucratic government cannot soar on an ampler wing. Forty-two Boards without correlation or connection, and almost without responsibility, control the destinies of Ireland. As Liberals, we prefer the Government of the People. Circumstances and conditions have greatly changed since 1895. The question of higher education has been definitely solved and permanently settled. The greater part of the land of Ireland has passed into the hands of the tenants, and the history of landlordism has reached its concluding chapter. Serious crime as a consequence is practically unknown. But most important of all, twelve years' administration by Irish County Councils has proved by its wisdom and integrity and even-handed justice the claims of Irishmen to manage their own internal affairs. You will remember that Lord Salisbury—'clarum et venerabile nomen'—declared that he would prefer Home Rule for Ireland to the system of Local Government which has since proved so successful. Events have falsified his prophecy, and demonstrate that they who trust their countrymen are the best friends of their country. For our own part, zealous Protestants as we are, we have

Perfect Confidence in our Catholic Fellow-countrymen. In the South and West of Ireland, good-will and brotherly kindness are universal. Religious dissensions are unknown. We confess with shame that it is only in Protestant Ulster that intolerance and bigotry have a vigorous growth. Yet even in Ulster many changes have taken place since 1895. Moderate men are everywhere awakening to a true sense of their responsibility, and we trust that the union of Irishmen of all creeds and classes is being slowly cemented in an enduring bond. Our position as Protestants and Ulster Liberals appears to us to be plain and clear. Our Nationalist fellow-countrymen desire no separation from the Imperial Union. We should listen to no such suggestion. We are proud of our share in the glory and renown of the Flag under which we were born and under which we hope to die. We are true Unionists in the best sense of the word. A sullen, discontented, hostile Ireland is a source of weakness; a contented, pacified, and prosperous Ireland will give us a new strength and solidarity. Only a large and

Generous Measure of Home Government.

can achieve that happy result. We desire to see the way cleared for social reforms. We desire to take our part in debating those great questions on which the true welfare of humanity depends. We desire to have a clear stage for material progress. We wish to be able to say, without a political meaning in the word, that we are Irishmen. We have faith in the Liberal Party, which has already done so much in the cause of justice and right. We have faith in our own countrymen, and we have faith in Ulster, which in the old days of oppression and persecution stood up manfully for civil and religious liberty and the inalienable rights of the people

CHURCH PROGRESS IN SYDNEY

At the blessing of the foundation-stone of the Dean Slattery Memorial Presbytery, Enmore, on Sunday, January 8, his Eminence Cardinal Moran referred to his campaign on behalf of the Cathedral Fund, and incidentally mentioned the list of some of the works with which he has started the New Year.

In the course of his remarks the Cardinal said that he wished specially to mention the fact that, so far from interfering with local parochial work, the campaign on behalf of the Cathedral had served as a stimulus in giving new strength to the wonderful spirit of sacrifice and enthusiasm which had marked the carrying on to completion of the great works of religion, education, and charity.

The list of works about to be commenced and those started was a remarkable one, and showed that the work of completing St. Mary's did not interfere in any way with or paralyse the efforts of the parochial districts.

For instance (continued the Cardinal), they were erecting a beautiful presbytery at Enmore at a cost of over £1200. A few months ago he had dedicated a splendid residence nearly opposite to St. Pius' Church for the devoted nuns; a new convent at Arncliffe for the Sisters of St. Joseph, as well as a new church-school for the use of the district. Owing to the increase of population, it had been found necessary to transfer the church-school from Canterbury to Campsie, and following the church, the Sisters of St. Joseph would also transfer their convent. At Erskineville the foundation-stone of new church would be blessed; the contract price had been let at £5000. At Darlinghurst the new Sacred Heart Church would be erected at a cost of £9000. The Marist Brothers are building a school in the same neighborhood at a cost of £11,000. At St. Mary's new schools, typical for Australia, are to be elected, and will include boys', girls', and infants' schools, as well as a residence for the Christian Brothers, who will take up charge of the boys' school. Although he had opened additions to the Christian Brothers' school, Waverley, quite recently, he had just approved of a plan providing additions to the Burwood High School. On every side the cry was heard to enlarge the churches and the schools, whilst, elsewhere, the cries went up that the congregations could not fill the churches.

During the past twelve months additions to St. Vincent's Hospital had been made at a cost of £4000, and, at the present time, he had approved of a plan adding a new wing to the Lewisham Hospital at a cost of £11,000. The Garcia School of Music building had just been completed, and he hoped within a few weeks to impart the blessing of the Church to the new University Hall, and other blessings at Kincoppal. The Forest Lodge church is to be enlarged some 60ft. St. Patrick's has purchased land at a cost of £4000 for new schools and a hall.

In the country they had the same enthusiasm in their work. At Adaminaby in the Cooma district, the new church will cost £1500. In the remote parish of Burragarang, a beautiful site for a new church had been purchased at Yerranderie. In addition, a new presbytery awaits the blessing of the Church. Nearer home, in the Randwick parish, the Very Rev. Father Treand is building a new church at Coogee; the school at Kensington is to be enlarged. A new parochial district has been formed at Chatswood, and its pastor is already planning a new presbytery, besides a new church in one of the outlying districts. At Camden the new orphanage had been inaugurated, where no fewer than 800 acres had been secured. The property, which cost the owner £20,000, has been purchased for £6000. New additions are being carried out to the orphanage at Ryde.

The daughters of Nano Nangle, the Presentation nuns, were coming from Wagga to carry on their apostolate in Haberfield, where they had secured a beautiful residence.

This list, concluded the Cardinal, showed that there was no drying up of the fountains of enthusiasm in promoting the various works of religion and charity in the parochial districts.

He hoped as the years went on the good works would be multiplied, and that the year 1911 would be marked in red letters in the history of the diocese for the good work accomplished in the interest of religion.

ONEHUNGA CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S CLUB

(From the Club correspondent.)

The quarterly meeting of the club was held in the club rooms on Sunday last after 10 o'clock Mass. The president (Mr. B. McLaughlin) occupied the chair. The chaplain, the Very Rev. Father Mahoney, was present, also a large attendance of members. The quarterly report was read by the secretary, which showed the club to be in a sound position, both financially and numerically. During the quarter a progressive billiard tournament was held and Mr. D. Williams proved the winner. A very successful smoke social was also held at which the various Catholic clubs of Auckland were represented. On Monday, January 2, the club and the local branch of the Hibernian Society combined ran a very successful excursion down the Manukau Harbor, the success of which was largely due to the untiring efforts of the club's popular secretary (Mr. Jos. Dempsey).

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

January 21.

The Marist Brothers' schools will re-open during the first week in February.

The clergy of the archdiocese of Wellington will go into retreat at St. Patrick's College on Monday, January 30.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Tetreuzzi, of Rome, who has been on a visit to Wellington, left on Thursday morning for Auckland. From Auckland he will proceed to the South Sea Islands.

Mr. W. M. Ellis, well known in Palmerston North, and who was transferred from there to Auckland, has, after a short sojourn in the northern city, been transferred to Wellington. Mr. Ellis whilst in Palmerston North was secretary of the Hibernian Society there.

Dr. and Mrs. (John) Grace have arrived from Honolulu, on a visit to Mrs. Grace, Hawkestone street. The doctor (who is in practice in Honolulu) is an old Wellington boy, who will meet a wide circle of friends. Dr. and Mrs. Grace are accompanied by Mrs. Grace's sister, Miss Greenfield.

The Rev. Father Herring, S.M., chaplain to St. Anne's Defence Cadets, celebrated Mass at the Wellington Rifle Battalion's camp at Karori on last Sunday. There were present at the Holy Sacrifice some 70 or 80 men. This is about the first occasion on which the Mass has been celebrated in a Wellington Volunteer camp.

At the half-yearly meeting of the Masterton branch of the Hibernian Society held on January 18, Bro. Waters was installed as president for the ensuing half-year. Bro. Richards, the retiring president, was presented by the society with a past president's framed certificate in recognition of his labors on behalf of the branch.

Bugler Christenson, of St. Anne's Cadets, who met with an accident at the fire near the Seatoun camp, is now doing well. Captain Martin and his officers desire to thank the Sisters of Mercy at Seatoun for their kindness to Bugler Christenson, and also to other Seatoun residents, who so readily came to their assistance when the lad was injured.

Master John Hally, of the Marist Brothers' School, who had the distinction of securing the first place in the 'B' scholarship examination, open to pupils of schools in the Wellington Education District, has not been recommended for a place; being a pupil of a Catholic school, he is debarred owing to the amending Act not coming into force until July next.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Fowler, who has been most active in the pulpit during his stay in Wellington, left last week for Christchurch and the South Island. The Monsignor preached at least twice every Sunday since his advent to New Zealand, and every Friday night as well. His eloquence is of the fervid kind, and has delighted and instructed all whose good fortune it had been to hear him. His sermon on Sunday week on the 'Holy Name' at the Basilica and his lecture at Newtown on Sunday night on 'Rome' are the topic of conversation throughout the city. He is without doubt the most eloquent pulpit orator that has ever visited New Zealand, and fortunate indeed will be the parishes which he will visit during his stay.

The Hibernian Society (St. Patrick's branch) met last evening in St. Patrick's Hall, the branch president (Bro. W. J. Feeny) occupying the chair. An acknowledgment of the letter forwarded to the leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party (Mr. J. E. Redmond, M.P.), congratulating the party on their success in having the objectionable terms of the Coronation Oath deleted, was received. Mr. Redmond thanked the members for the kind sentiments expressed. After the routine business had been disposed of, the branch, in conjunction with the ladies' society, spent the remainder of the evening socially. Progressive euchre, musical items, and dancing were the order of the evening. The following were the prize-winners of the euchre tournament:—Misses Walsh and Gosling, and Messrs. Hauseman and Moriarty. Musical items were rendered by Messrs. McKenzie and Jas. McKeown. The accompaniments and dance music were played by Misses Una Simon, Salmon, and Donoghue.

The following pupils of St. Patrick's College were successful in passing the civil service junior examination:—William Buckley (third in New Zealand), James McGinley, William Hennessy, William Popplewell, Courtney O'Rourke, Albert Beswick, John Casey, Howard Buckley, James Hennessy, V. Daniel, Daniel Bradley, Eugene Craighead, Arthur Brennan, John O'Shea, T. Smith, John Barry, William Neylon, Andrew Cummins, Philip Blake, Edward Kelleher. William Buckley also passed high up on the list of credit passes in the junior university scholarship examination. The following boys of the college also were suc-

cessful in passing the following university examinations:—Matriculation, Albert Beswick; matriculation and solicitor's general knowledge, W. Hennessy, J. Engel, J. McGinley. This is a very creditable performance, and the college authorities are to be congratulated on the success of their year's labors, which again demonstrates the fact that our secondary schools are second to none in the Dominion.

St. Anne's Cadets, encamped at Seatoun, were inspected on Monday evening by Lieut.-Colonel Chaytor, officer commanding the Wellington Military District. There were between 70 and 80 boys on parade, under Captain Martin. After inspecting the camp and putting the company through some evolutions on the recreation grounds, Colonel Chaytor briefly addressed the boys. He said that considering the few opportunities the members of the corps had for practical work, they acquitted themselves very well. Some advice was given with reference to minor details, and the lads were urged to take a pride in their company, being reminded that under the new Defence Act the success of their future work would largely depend on the grounding they received as cadets. Whilst the cadets were in camp the Rev. Father Herring, S.M. (chaplain), celebrated Mass every morning in a large marquee, and on one evening a service was held, at which the boys were addressed by the Rev. Father Herring on 'The dangers for youth.' On Sunday the Very Rev. Father O'Shea, S.M., V.G., celebrated Mass in the marquee for the youthful soldiers. In the evening they journeyed to St. Anne's by special tram to take part in the evening devotions. The camp was struck this week, much to the regret of the boys, who thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(By Telegraph from our own correspondent.)

January 23.

The Catholic schools of the city and suburbs re-open on January 31.

Rev. Father McCarthy, C.M., delivered a splendid sermon on 'Faith' at the Cathedral last evening.

His Lordship Bishop Cleary attended the civic welcome to the Hon. Mr. Fowlds in the Council Chamber last Friday afternoon.

Rev. Fathers Carey and Murphy, of Melbourne, arrived last evening from Sydney, and intend spending a holiday in the Dominion.

The Hibernian branches of the Auckland diocese will decide to-night the date on which will take place the Hibernian welcome to Bishop Cleary.

The diocesan clergy went into retreat at the Sacred Heart College this evening. Rev. Father Roney, S.J., who conducts the retreat, arrived last evening from Sydney.

Brother Mulholland, district president of the Hibernian Society, has passed the senior civil service examination. This will be welcome news to brother Hibernians throughout the Dominion.

His Lordship the Bishop since his arrival in Auckland has been kept exceedingly busy. After the great and memorable functions of the public reception, he has been welcomed by many of the Catholic institutions.

Rev. Father Holbrook made an earnest appeal at the Cathedral yesterday to parents and guardians to send their children to Catholic schools, where the secular education imparted was more than equal to that of the State schools; therefore no valid excuse remained for disobeying the commands of the Church in this important matter.

Rev. Father McCarthy, of the Vincentian Order, well known throughout the Dominion, arrived here from Sydney last Sunday evening. He is en route to Buenos Aires, where he will be assisted by Rev. Father Grey in giving missions to the English-speaking Catholics, the great majority of whom are from Ireland or of Irish descent. Since Father McCarthy was last in the Dominion he has been in Ireland, and assisted in several missions there. Father McCarthy leaves for South America from Wellington next month.

Rev. Father Murphy, S.J., addressed the confraternity of the Holy Family last Tuesday evening at the Cathedral. He prefaced his remarks by referring to the wonderful demonstrations of welcome to his Lordship Bishop Cleary, which he was happily privileged to have witnessed, and in which he participated. It was (he said) a grand manifestation of loyalty and affection to the Right Rev. Dr. Cleary, and would most certainly encourage and cheer him in the great work he had undertaken in this diocese. He then delivered a most interesting and instructive discourse.

The results of the recent public examinations furnish further proof of the excellent educational work done in the Sacred Heart College. Nine students satisfied the examiners in the civil service examination—Master J. Coleman (Wellington) and Master Daniel O'Connor (Auckland) securing fourth and fifth places respectively for the whole of the Auckland district. Four candidates passed the matriculation examination, and also secured the solicitor's general knowledge pass. These successes should prove highly satisfactory to the Catholics of Auckland and of New Zealand generally, since there are at the college pupils

from various parts of the Dominion. When the attendance at the college is taken into account, the number of successful candidates will bear comparison with that of any other school in New Zealand.

On Monday, January 16, his Lordship the Bishop visited the Star of the Sea Orphanage. The verandah and schoolroom were very tastefully decorated with flags and lanterns. Accompanying the Bishop was a large number of the clergy, who were entertained by the Sisters at tea, after which the following programme was given by the children:—Songs of welcome, address, choruses in four parts, action songs, and a very pretty dance in costume by eight little tots. His Lordship said he was very pleased with the manner in which the children acquitted themselves, and especially complimented them on their singing. At the close of the entertainment a few special prizes were distributed as follows:—Bible history (gold medal presented by his Lordship the Bishop), Barbara Scansie; church history (valuable book, the gift of Rev. Father Doyle), Elsie Johnston; catechism (prayer book, the gift of Mrs. Ormond), Ruby Walker; good conduct (beautifully-bound prayer book, the gift of Rev. Father Holbrook), Stella Cook; most popular girl (silver watch), decided by the votes of the children, May O'Brien; most obliging girl (gold brooch, the gift of Mr. Ford), Nellie Baker; most trustworthy girl (valuable book, the gift of the Rev. Mother), B. K. Hunter; most diligent girl (silver purse, the gift of a friend), Dorothy Campbell; highest number of marks (silver-backed hair brush, the gift of Mrs. J. O'Brien), Irene Howarth.

Oamaru

(From our own correspondent.)

January 23.

Another unquestionable success has been achieved by the St. Patrick's Dramatic Club in their latest performance, which was staged under most auspicious circumstances at the Opera House on Friday evening last. The piece prepared for this occasion was T. W. Robertson's fine comedy-drama, 'Caste,' and high encomiums have been bestowed from all sides for the masterly interpretation given to this popular gem of English comedy. Much arduous labor was expended in the preparation by the director and the members, but the result must have been exceedingly gratifying to all concerned. The theatre was filled in all parts, and the reception accorded the players left no doubt as to the appreciation of the large audience. All of the well-known and well-drawn characters of the play were capably filled, and, considering that four of the seven taking part were making their first appearance upon the stage, their performance was doubly creditable. Miss N. Falconer played the difficult part of Esther Eccles with great credit, and gave promise of even better things in future performances. Miss K. Hannon made a decided hit as Polly Eccles, and was in a great part the life of the piece. Miss M. O'Grady, in the rôle of Marquise de St. Maur, both looked and acted the part of the haughty aristocrat, and shared the honors with her fellow-debutants. Mr. W. McCombie, who had a long and far from easy part as Hon. George D'Alroy, was a great success, his voice and appearance suiting the character well. Mr. L. Warsaw, as Captain Hawtree, was a typical army officer, his acting being marked by confidence and sang froid. Mr. F. J. Mulvihill, as Eccles, was very good in a difficult rôle, and there were no dull moments while he was on the stage. Mr. James Birss, in the character of Sam Gerridge, kept the house in a ripple of merriment, his acting in conjunction with Polly Eccles being delightful. On the whole, the production was a notable one, and nothing but praise can be bestowed on all who took part in it. Mr. T. de Spong was stage manager and Mr. F. Graham musical director. The society go into rehearsal next week for the production on St. Patrick's Night of the farcical comedy, 'Facing the Music,' in aid of the parish schools.

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

There was a crowded congregation at St. Mary's Church on Monday evening, January 16, when four postulants were received into the Order of St. Joseph. Their names were Miss Josephine Maud Lloyd, daughter of Mr. T. Lloyd, barrister (in religion, Sister Hyacinth), Miss Hudson (Sister Damien), Miss Kathleen Cooper, Feilding (Sister Benignus), and Miss Lily Parker, Lyttelton (Sister Claver). The ceremony was performed by his Grace Archbishop Redwood, assisted by Rev. Fathers Moloney and Barra, and the beautiful music incidental to the ceremony was entirely sung by a choir of nuns, the 'O Salutaris' and 'Tantum Ergo,' at the Benediction, being a rare musical treat. His Grace the Archbishop addressed the novices, and charged them to remember that in putting off the worldly dress and donning the convent garb they bade good-bye to all worldly goods, relatives, etc. They were going to enter a novitiate of holiness and become brides of the divine Lord and His Church. They cut all attachments of the world, and

now took the vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience. They were entering the school of perfection, like the lives of the holy angels, rich in the wealth of virtue, love, and chastity, and were now the brides of Jesus Christ. There were fully eighty nuns present, this convent being the mother house of the Order. After the Benediction there was a reception at the convent, where the Sisters entertained his Grace and the clergy at supper.

The annual retreat for the nuns was this year conducted by Rev. Father Creagh, C.S.S.R.

Presentation to Father Cooney, Lyttelton

(By Telegraph from our own correspondent.)

January 23.

A large gathering of the parishioners of St. Joseph's Church, Lyttelton, and their friends, assembled in the Lyttelton Club's Hall this evening, the occasion being a social gathering to the Rev. Father P. J. Cooney, who for the past ten years has been in charge of the parish, and who is leaving on a visit to Ireland and for a tour through Europe. The chair was taken by Mr. H. Anthony. The proceedings commenced with a progressive eucharist tournament and several other amusements, after which refreshments were handed round. On behalf of the parishioners, Mr. J. Mahar (secretary of the presentation committee) presented to Father Cooney a purse of sovereigns, which had been subscribed to by every adult member of the parish, and an enlarged photograph of the group, taken at the annual picnic at Purau on January 8. An album entitled 'Emerald Hours in New Zealand' was also presented. The address inscribed in the album referred to the fact that the congregation could not allow Father Cooney to leave without some recognition being made of the large amount of work he had done in fostering the interests of the Church in Lyttelton during the past ten years. The thanks of the congregation were due to Father Cooney for the noble work he had done during his service, and for the assistance he had rendered to the various societies connected with the parish. The members trusted that on his return he would enjoy renewed vigor, and once again be fully restored in health to carry on his good work amongst the people.

The Growth of the Church

The material decline of the Empire (writes Mr. Hilaire Belloc in the *Catholic World*) is not co-relative with nor parallel to the growth of the Catholic Church, it is the counterpart of that growth, and, as one of the greatest of modern scholars has well said, 'the Faith is that which Rome accepted in her maturity; nor is the Faith the heir of her decline, but rather the conservator of all that could be conserved.'

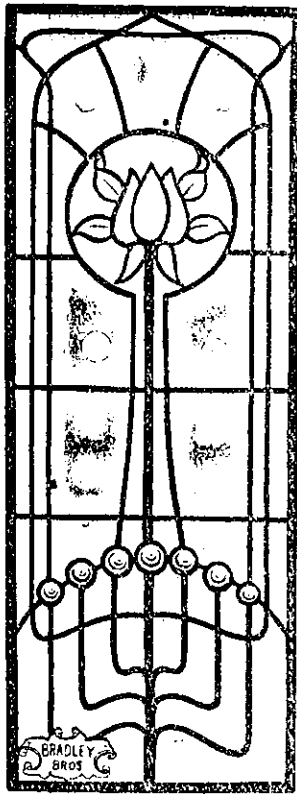
There was not so much an awakening of civilization by the advent of barbaric blood, as the imperilling of civilization in its old age by some infiltration of barbaric blood; that civilization so attacked did not permanently fail we owe to the Catholic Faith.

In the next age the Catholic proceeds to see Europe saved against a universal attack of the Mohammedan, the Hun, the Scandinavian; he notes that the fierceness of the attack was such that anything save something divinely instituted would have broken down. The Mohammedan came within three days of Tours, the Hun to within a week of the Rhine, the Scandinavian into the mouths of all the rivers of Gaul, and almost overwhelmingly over the island of Britain. There was nothing left of Europe but a nucleus or an island. Nevertheless it survived. In the renaissance which followed that dark time, the Catholic notes not hypotheses but documents and facts; he sees the representative system and the parliaments springing up from the great monastic Orders, in Spain, in Britain, in Gaul—never outside the old limits of Christendom. He sees the Gothic architecture arising spontaneous and autochthonic, he sees the Universities inheriting much but copying nothing—and, in a word, he sees the marvellous new civilization of the Middle Ages rising as a transformation of the old Roman society, a transformation wholly from within, and motivated by the Church.

At the end-of-summer sale now proceeding at Messrs. Herbert, Haynes, and Co., Ltd., Princes street, Dunedin, there are undoubted bargains in clothing, mercery, dress goods, hosiery, millinery, furniture, etc....

A music sale is now on at Mr. E. J. King's, Ingestre street, Wellington. A list of prices appears elsewhere in this issue....

Small birds find a staunch champion in a correspondent (a resident of Cave) who recently wrote to the *Timaru Herald* on the grub-devouring qualities of some of their species. It is estimated, he says, that a pair of sparrows will destroy about 4000 caterpillars weekly in feeding their young, and there is, he adds, good reason to suppose that they sufficiently repay the trivial damage they cause either in the garden or field.



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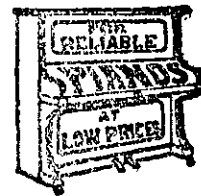
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Catholic Marriages.

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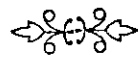
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Commercial

PRODUCE

Wellington, January 23.

The High Commissioner cabled the following market report on January 21 (the quotations, unless otherwise specified, are the average market prices on spot):—

Mutton.—Market steady; stocks, New Zealand small, but high prices are restricting business. Canterbury cannot be quoted. North Island, 4½d; Australian, 3½d; River Plate, 3½d.

Lamb.—Dull sale for all lamb, and the market has declined. Canterbury, 5½d; other than Canterbury, 5½d.

Beef.—Market firm; stocks on hand small, with good inquiry, especially for fores. New Zealand hinds, 3½d; fores, 3d.

Butter.—Market firm, with more inquiry at higher prices about the beginning of this week. The market closed rather quiet. Choicest New Zealand, 110s (occasionally 111s); Australian, 105s; Danish, 116s; Siberian, 103s. The Arawa's shipment arrived in good condition.

Cheese.—Market firmer. The Arawa's shipment arrived in good condition, and met with brisk demand. Colored, 59s; white, 57s 6d.

Hemp.—Market quiet, with small business doing at about quotations already given—viz., New Zealand, good fair spot, per ton, £20 5s; fair grade, £19 15s; fair current Manila, £19; forward shipment, about the same. The output from Manila for the week was 30,000 bales.

Wool.—Market stronger.

Cocksfoot Seed.—Market quiet, but firm. New crop, weighing 19lb per bushel, was offered at 80s per cwt; no buyers.

Kauri Gum.—Market quiet, but holders are firm; small business doing, and prices weak. Quotations (nominal): Ordinary to fair, three-quarter scraped, £8 2s 6d; fair, half scraped, 97s 6d; brown fair, half to three-quarter scraped, 80s; brown pickings, common to good, 45s; bush, fair to good, pale and amber scraped, £8. Stock, 337 tons.

Eggs.—Cold-stored Italian, 10s 6d to 12s per 120; Austrian, 8s 3d to 10s; Danish, 11s 9d to 13s 6d.

Messrs. Donald Reid and Co. report as follows:—

Oats.—The market has been extremely quiet so far as any shipping business is concerned, and only small sales for local trade can be reported. We quote: Prime milling, 2s 2½d to 2s 3d; good to best feed, 2s 1d to 2s 2d; medium, 1s 11d to 2s per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—In view of the quotations from northern stations, millers are not disposed to take lines in store on the basis of late quotations, and sales can only be effected at lower values. Fowl wheat is not over plentiful, and commands fair value. We quote: Prime milling, 3s 8d to 3s 9d; medium milling and best whole fowl wheat, 3s 5d to 3s 7d; medium fowl wheat, 2s 10d to 3s 4d; broken and damaged, 2s 3d to 2s 9d per bushel (sacks extra).

Potatoes.—Heavier supplies have come to hand, and prices are again easier. Unripe and stale samples are extremely difficult to quit at quotations. We quote: Prime ripe samples, £6 10s to £7 10s; medium to good, £5 to £6 5s; unripe and inferior, £4 to £4 15s per ton (sacks in).

Chaff.—The market is glutted, and prices are from 10s to 15s per ton lower than those ruling a week ago. Any little demand is for choice lines only, but medium and inferior lots are almost unsaleable. We quote: Prime oaten sheaf, £4 10s to £4 12s 6d; choice, to £4 15s; medium to good, £4 to £4 7s 6d; inferior and discolored, £3 5s to £3 15s per ton (sacks extra).

Straw.—Wheaten, 30s to 32s 6d; oaten, 37s 6d to 40s per ton (pressed).

Messrs. Dalgety and Co. report as follows:—

Oats.—The demand still continues quiet. Millers and shippers are not operating unless at reduced prices, and any business passing is in small lots for local consumption. Quotations: Prime milling, 2s 3d to 2s 3½d; good to best feed, 2s 2d to 2s 2½d; inferior to medium, 2s to 2s 1d per bushel (bags extra).

Wheat.—There is nothing fresh to report. Prime velvet and velvet ear is saleable, but Tuscan has no inquiry. Fowl feed is more plentiful, but is being worked about in small quantities. Prime velvet, 3s 10d to 4s; velvet ear and Tuscan, 3s 7d to 3s 8d; whole fowl feed, 3s 5d to 3s 6d per bushel (bags extra).

Potatoes.—The market is moderately supplied, and there is a fair sale as under:—Locally grown, 7s to 8s per cwt.

Chaff.—During the last week large consignments have come to hand, and at to-day's sale we offered over 100 tons. The demand was very slack, and prices dropped considerably. Only the best quality was saleable even at quotations, medium quality being quite out of favor. We would advise clients to ease off consignments until the present heavy stocks in Dunedin are worked down to a smaller compass. We quote: Prime oaten sheaf, £4 7s 6d to £4 10s; fair quality, £4 to £4 5s; light to medium, £3 to £3 15s per ton (bags extra).

Messrs. Stronach, Morris, and Co., Ltd., report for week ending January 24 as follows:—

Oats.—There is very little business being done, the market being exceedingly quiet, only local sales taking place. Quotations: Prime milling, 2s 2½d to 2s 3d; good to best feed, 2s 1d to 2s 2d; medium, 1s 11d to 2s per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—As the market has opened up north for new wheat, millers are not inclined to buy old lines at late quotations, and are offering lower prices. Fowl wheat is scarce. Quotations: Prime milling, 3s 8d to 3s 9d; medium milling and best whole fowl wheat, 3s 5d to 3s 7d; medium fowl wheat, 2s 10d to 3s 4d; broken and damaged, 2s 3d to 2s 9d per bushel (sacks extra).

Chaff.—The market is over-supplied, and from 10s to 15s per ton less has to be accepted to clear. Medium and inferior lines are almost unsaleable. Quotations: Prime oaten sheaf, £4 10s to £4 12s 6d; extra, to £4 15s; medium to good, £4 to £4 7s 6d; inferior, £3 5s to £3 15s per ton (sacks extra).

Potatoes.—The market is heavily supplied, and prices are easier. Stale lines are very hard of sale. Prime samples, £6 10s to £7 10s; medium to good, £5 to £6 5s; inferior, £4 to £4 15s per ton (sacks in).

WOOL

DUNEDIN WOOL SALES.

The second of the series of Dunedin wool sales was held on Thursday (says the *Otago Daily Times*) at the Art Gallery Hall. The usual quota of buyers was present, America, the Continent, and Britain being represented, as well as several local speculators. The latter were operating to a larger extent than at the December sales, expecting, no doubt, to get the wool at slightly reduced rates. The local factories were active competitors for halfbreds and merinos in medium to light condition. Both in halfbreds and fine crossbreds the competition of Continental buyers was not so good as at the December sales, with the result that prices of these classes were ½d to 1d lower. Not only were they buying at cheaper rates, but their competition was not so keen, even at the lower prices. Bright crossbreds in light condition met with a brisk sale, and in many instances realised December sale prices. Pieces were well competed for at the lower range of values by scourers, by buyers for shipment to the Continent, and others. On the whole the competition was keen at the low range of values for nearly all classes of wool, although in medium and shabby crossbred and halfbred wools the market was very irregular.

This sale, like recent sales in the north, was lower in sympathy with the London market, which opened with a fall in values of from 5 to 7½ per cent. In the afternoon, however, an improved tone was noticeable, due doubtless to cable news from London to the effect that competition there was keen at the rates established on the opening day of the London January series.

Owing to the broken weather, the entry this year was not so large as at the corresponding sale of last year. Last year 24,103 bales were submitted; this year 22,139.

The difference in values, as compared with the December sale, was as follows:—Merinos, ½d to ¾d per lb lower; super halfbred, 1d lower; medium to good halfbred, ½d to ¾d lower; inferior halfbred, ½d to ¾d lower; super crossbred, par to ¾d lower; good crossbred, 1d lower; medium, 1d lower; inferior, 1d lower; pieces, 1d lower.

Mr. M. T. Kennelly, 217 Crawford street, Dunedin, reports as follows:—

Rabbitskins.—Winter does, to 20d per lb; winter bucks, 16d to 18d; incoming autumns, 14d to 17d; racks, 8d to 10d. Horsehair, 16d to 19d; catskins, 4d to 6d each. Advices from London report a decline of 2d on all grades.

Sheepskins.—Halfbred, 6d to 8d per lb; fine crossbred, 5½d to 7d; coarse do., 5d to 6½d; pelts, 3d to 5a.

Hides.—Sound ox, 6d to 8d; do. cow, 5d to 6½d; damaged ox and cow, 3d to 4½d; calfskins and yearlings (sound), 6½d to 9d. Horsehides, 8s to 14s each.

Tallow.—Best in casks, to 26s per cwt; do., 24s; mixed, 18s to 20s; rough fat, 16s to 20s.

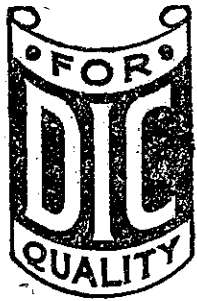
Prompt returns. No commission.

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

Rabbitskins.—Our next sale will be held on Monday, 30th inst.

Sheepskins.—The next sheepskin sales will be held on Tuesday, 31st inst.

Tallow and Fat.—There is no change to report, there being very little coming forward.



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[We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by our correspondents.]

IMAGES IN CHURCHES

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The moral duties of an editor of a daily paper are graver than those of an author or an orator. Comparatively few read books, and of book-readers at least some few think. It is only the few, too, that attend lectures, and of these a fair proportion weigh the principles and test the conclusions of their professors. But the daily paper speaks to the multitude, and speaks every day, and, the multitude being too busy to think, the dogmatism of the editor is never called into question. He thinks with assurance for the people, and the people accept as their own the conclusions he draws or suggests. The editor's thought, therefore, must be the clearest he can arrive at; light from every quarter must be brought to bear upon it, and when it is concerned with opposing interests, personal preferences must be suppressed, and the thoughts put forward with all the impartiality of a judicial mind. There was quoted in the leading article of the *Hawera Star* a few days ago a gibe of Sir Robert Stout at those who use images in their churches. Sir Robert, who had been commended as the possessor of 'an observant, critical, and analytic mind, capable of sifting facts and movements, and penetrating their significance,' was allowed to ask the readers of the *Star* if those who used images in their churches were not irrational people. Next morning I wrote to the *Star* suggesting that it was Sir Robert himself who, perhaps, was irrational. The letter was refused publication. Perhaps you, sir, or some of your readers would inform me if my letter was not in accordance with the ethics of journalism. I have always thought highly of the *Star*, and I am loth to think it would willingly violate a grave moral duty. But I find it equally hard to believe, when one side of a question has been put forward, that the other can be suppressed without injustice. The following is my letter to the *Star*.—I am, etc.,

P. J. POWER.

Sir,—A sweet little woman from the Emerald Isle, in appearance the very soul of meekness and simplicity, comes down the steps from a Catholic church in Piccadilly and takes a seat beside a table set with little pyramids of tempting fruit. The Chief Justice of New Zealand, with half a dozen others in charge of a gentleman from Cook's, comes down the same steps. It must be borne in mind that the Chief Justice of New Zealand is on a high mission: he is no mere tourist, but is out to uplift humanity. He is the embodiment of the hitherto unknown doctrine of Man's Universal Brotherhood, and he yearns to dissipate darkness and superstition, and turn towards the rising dawn the eyes of his poor brothers and sisters. He unfolds his academic table, which he always has in readiness, and with his companions sits down beside the apples to reason with the guileless vendor thereof. Several little boys who know that corner well, for they have often received apples gratis there, gather round, at which the Chief Justice is more than pleased. 'And now, Mary,' says he, casting an impressive look round the audience, 'why do you worship images?' 'Well, sir,' says Mary, 'we had a way in Ireland of answering one question by asking another. May I ask you, therefore, "Do we worship images?"' 'Why, of course you do. Have I not just seen you worship an image in that very church?' 'Oh, dear, no. I was only saying my prayers before it.' 'But, don't you see, my poor woman, that that is worshipping it?' Now I am an educated man, a philosopher and a scientist, too, though the combination is unusual at the present day, and I have just come from the Darwin Centenary celebrations, and I never kneel to pray before an image.' 'You don't?' rejoins Mary, with a merry twinkle in that eye that is so roguish for all its simplicity. 'And where do you kneel to pray?' 'By my bedside, of course.' 'Say, boys,' cries Mary, 'the Chief Justice of New Zealand worships the bedpost. I wonder if all New Zealanders are so benighted.' And the laughter of Mary and her proteges breaks up the table—not the one with the pyramids, but the other one. I have not seen Sir Robert Stout's pamphlet, which is reviewed in to-day's leading article, but I have no doubt at all it will be quite as amusing in its own way as the account of Alice's excursion behind the looking-glass. But if Sir Robert would only get in front of the glass, and get to know himself there, and pick up a little knowledge of those texts of Scripture which he neither understands nor knows how to quote, the question he asked himself in a London church would be reversed. A cheap gibe at what, in his superior wisdom, he considers idolatry may not take anything from the reputation of Sir Robert Stout, but it hurts the dignity of the Chief Justice of New Zealand.

P. J. POWER.

A KERRY RECTOR ON HOME RULE

During the course of the general election the following letter was received by Mr. J. P. Boland, the Nationalist candidate for South Kerry, from the Rev. George McCutchan, the Protestant Rector of Kenmare. Mr. McCutchan is a strong Home Ruler; indeed, he is one of the two Protestant clergymen—the other being Professor Galbraith—who were present at the memorable gathering that assembled in the Bilton Hotel, Dublin, after the disestablishment of the Irish Church by Gladstone, when the Home Rule agitation first came in an organised form, mainly from the inspiration of Irish Protestants, and who have still adhered to the Home Rule cause. Soon after this historic gathering in Dublin, the Rev. Mr. McCutchan was transferred to Kenmare, where he was one of the most prominent figures in the memorable Kerry Election of 1872, which paved the way for the passing of the Ballot Act. In that election Mr. McCutchan supported the Home Rule candidate, Blennerhasset, against the landlords' nominee, Dease, and there can be no doubt whatever that his able advocacy of the cause of Home Rule had much to say towards the achievement of the triumphant success at the polls of Mr. Blennerhasset. Mr. McCutchan has never wavered in his opinion regarding Home Rule, as the following letter, addressed to the Nationalist candidate, will show

The Rectory, Kenmare, Kerry

10th December, 1910.

Dear Mr. Boland,—I am unable to be present when you meet your constituents, and desire to say why I continue to support you. The rumor that an agent of Mr. Wm. O'Brien will contest your claim to represent South Kerry is not alarming, although it may be considered judicious to provide against surprises. The operations of his Party are no longer secret. The voting in Cork, which returned Mr. O'Brien and his colleagues, has brought to light all that needs to be known. The Conservative voters of the city have given their support to one who is expected to do as much harm to the cause of Home Rule as any living man. They are entitled to give this support. No one can question their claim to vote as they please. And when the result was made known in Belfast an assembly of Orangemen there hailed it with prolonged cheering. They are within their right, and I should be the last to question it. But surely it follows that the position of those who received the cheers and the votes requires more careful attention. They parade the initials A.F.I., but might, I think, be more fairly described as the Faction. These men are the enemies of a cause which is dearer than any other to the hearts of Irishmen. They profess still to be Home Rulers of a sort, but they are not so regarded by the keen discretion of those who give them votes and cheers and money. They are cheered because of the injury they seek to do Home Rule. The long recognised leader of the Irish Party and those who are pledged with him to its support, receive from Mr. O'Brien and his friends persistent and relentless hostility. In the phrase of a distinguished statesman—'Mr. O'Brien tries to drive a wedge into the Irish Party.' The profession of these men to take Protestants under their protection is a transparent sham. We do not need their protection.

I have for over thirty years lived in the midst of a population mostly Roman Catholic, and I have found them kind and obliging neighbors from whom no sign of persecution has ever been manifested. There is absolutely no reason to distrust them in the future. I believe there is not in Ireland a locality where a Protestant clergyman may more peacefully and securely discharge all his duties than in the County of Kerry.

The time is close at hand when all Irishmen will be called upon to forget their controversies and live together in peace. I have no doubt that they will loyally respond to the call. Everyone now expects an Irish Parliament and self-government, and those who have had no politics desire its success. Within the last three days the Prime Minister of England gave his explicit promise that in the coming Parliament his Government will introduce a measure of Home Rule. The prospect by some, no doubt, is regarded with anxiety. But there are many more than ten to one of honest Irishmen who hail it with buoyant hope.—Faithfully yours,

GEO. McCUTCHAN.

Johnny was sent to study mathematics, and the teacher told him that it was a true science. 'For instance,' she said, 'if it takes one man 12 days to build a house, then 12 men can build it in one.'

Johnny replied: 'And 288 men will build it in an hour, 17,280 in a minute, 1,036,800 men will put it up in a second. Now, I don't believe they could build a single brick in that time. Again if one ship can cross the Atlantic in 12 days, 12 ships should be able to cross it in one day. I don't believe that, either, so I'm not going to study mathematics,' and Johnny left the teacher studying the problem herself.

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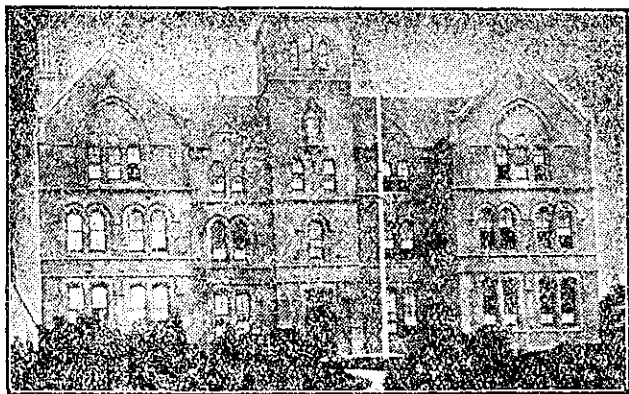
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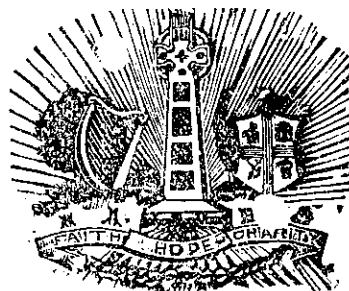
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W. KANE,

District Secretary,

Auckland.

IN MEMORIAM

MILLIGAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James Milligan, who departed this life on January 27, 1910, fortified by the rites of Holy Church; on whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

Worthy of true respect was he
From those he left behind;
A better brother could not be,
Nor one more true and kind.

—Inserted by his loving sister and family, Dunedin.

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Communications should reach this Office BY TUESDAY MORNING. Only the briefest paragraphs have a chance of insertion if received by Tuesday night's mails.

ADDRESS matter intended for publication 'Editor, TABLET Dunedin,' and not by name to any member of the Staff.

ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS are thrown into the waste-paper basket.

Write legibly, ESPECIALLY NAMES of persons and places

Reports of MARRIAGES and DEATHS are not selected or compiled at this Office. To secure insertion they must be verified by our local agent or correspondent, or by the clergyman of the district, or by some subscriber whose handwriting is well known at this Office. Such reports must in every case be accompanied by the customary death of marriage announcement, for which a charge of 2s. 6d is made.

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

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiae causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.

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, JANUARY 26, 1911

A MUCH NEEDED CRUSADE



HE world is growing cleaner-mouthed, as literature shows, and decent people do not nowadays rip out strange oaths as their ancestors used to; but there is still much too much of nauseating profanity in the way in which the most Sacred Names are bandied in the conversation of our workshops, fields, and street-corners. So late as half a century ago the swearing habit appears to have been almost universal, even in the so-called higher circles. 'Sixty years ago,' says Dean Hole, 'the conventional gentleman was as profuse in his anathemas as an Oecumenical Council or a Communion Service, but his maledictions were not pronounced against evil and unbelief, but against political opponents, inclement weather, forgetful servants, refractory horses, disagreeable duties, and tradesmen who wished to be paid. Those were days in which a Primate said to a Premier, 'It may save time, my lord, if we assume before we commence our discussion that everybody and everything is damned.' The practice is in many cases largely the outcome of thoughtlessness, and the sources of its strength are to be found in habit and environment. The strength of grip which the practice takes upon those who have once thoroughly acquired the habit is well illustrated by Mark Twain in *Huckleberry Finn*. He describes young Huck Finn as being rescued from his wild life and adopted by a kind widow lady. After a brief experience of the new conditions the disconsolate Huck said to the friend of his bosom: 'Well, I'd got to talk so nice it wasn't no comfort; I'd got to go up to the attic and rip out a while every day to get a taste in my mouth, or I'd a died, Tom.' That is just it. The habit becomes a mental and physical force that, when well entrenched within the territory of our personality, it takes a strenuous struggle to drive from its vantage-ground.

The very prevalence of this evil habit dulls the public sense of its enormity, and thereby increases the difficulty of effectively coping with it. History, however, tells us of more than one more or less successful effort—by associations or by individuals—to check the evil and to promote clean speech. Perhaps the most noted association of this kind was that which was formed in the first half of the fifteenth century by the famous Franciscan monk and preacher, St. Bernardine of Siena. He raised aloft a banner bearing the Holy Name inscribed above a figure of the crucified Lord, preached a crusade against the abhorrent blasphemy that was so prevalent in his day, and succeeded everywhere in winning men to abandon those jarring expletives of passion and irreligion that are now so common in these new countries. St. Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, imposed upon her soldiers the most stringent orders against the use of profane language. She even succeeded in reducing to the bounds of strict decorum the language of the celebrated oath-volleying La Hire, who was a very Boanerges among the sturdy swearers of his time, and who con-

sidered thunderous blasphemy as an indispensable qualification of a leader of men—just as it is in these new countries regarded by some as a necessity for the driver of the slow-paced ox-team. Under the gentle influence of the sainted Maid of Orleans, La Hire so far amended the style of his lingual gymnastics as to swear by nothing else than his marshal's baton. St. Louis of France, the Lollards, the Puritans, and the Quakers all waged war to the knife against swearing. A more recent effort on the Continent has aimed at checking profanity by the use of what are called 'curse cards.' People go about with the cards in their pockets, and when they hear bad language present one to the swearer to sign. The card has printed on it a pledge to abstain from swearing for a specified time, or to pay a small fine for each oath to some charity. 'Nearly 40,000 of these cards,' says a London paper, 'have been distributed in Switzerland alone.'

But by far the most successful and remarkable movement against profanity yet recorded is the magnificent crusade which is at present sweeping over the United States, and claiming the attention of the whole country. It has been instituted by the Holy Name Society—a Catholic association organised expressly for the purpose of crusading against profanity and its companion evil, obscene storytelling. The success of the society has been amazing. Within the last few years it has extended its branches from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from the Great Lakes to the Gulf—and there is now hardly a diocese in which it is not represented. The Apostolic Delegate, his Excellency Diomede Falconio, in a letter of April 30, 1910, has given the society his heartiest commendation. 'I recommend most heartily,' he says, 'to the venerable hierarchy and to the clergy of the United States the Society of the Holy Name, and would urge its establishment in every parish. Wherever it has been organised it has done great good by promoting clean speech and reverence for the Holy Name of God, and by the help it affords men to approach the Sacraments regularly and to attend to all their other Christian duties. Example is a powerful force for good or evil, and the example of a large body of men in a parish practising their religious duties faithfully is at once a stimulus and a help to the members to fervor and perseverance, and an inducement to others who without this example might be careless and indifferent.' It is estimated that up to the present time 500,000 Catholics have enrolled themselves under the blue and white insignia of the society, and have pledged themselves to do their utmost for the suppression of profanity and all immorality.

The principal, and certainly the most effective, means by which the society aims at influencing public opinion is by the holding of mammoth processions and parades; and the accounts of these giant demonstrations—even at this distance—make most interesting and inspiring reading. We give a few brief specimen references, culled from our contemporary, the *San Francisco Monitor*:—'Newark, N.J., had a splendid, big Holy Name rally last Sunday afternoon, when a body of nearly twenty thousand men marched through the streets of the city, with fluttering banners and to the strains of martial music. In the ranks were veterans of the Civil War, with grey hair and faltering step. By their sides marched their sons; the rich and poor, old and young, representatives of many nationalities and men of every political belief, were represented in the ranks. A cold, drizzling rain failed to deter the marchers or dampen their enthusiasm.' Again: 'Fifty thousand earnest and determined people, headed by singing choirs instead of brass bands, marched through the streets of Pittsburg as a witness that the war is on—that profanity must go.' Once more: 'Inspired by the Right Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, D.D., over 13,000 men paraded through the heart of Rochester on Sunday, carrying the blue and white insignia of the Holy Name Society, listened to remarkable speeches by a distinguished Catholic prelate and a Supreme Court justice, in which obedience to constituted authority was exhorted and a protest voiced in behalf of millions of Catholics in America against every tendency to anarchy and lawlessness. It was the greatest parade of its kind ever held in that city.' And yet again: 'Reverence for the Holy Name, desire for the promotion of clean

speech, drew fully six thousand men into line last Sunday afternoon at Cincinnati, and as they marched over the various thoroughfares on their way to the grounds surrounding Holy Name Church, where special services were to be held, they offered a splendid exemplification of the ends and aims of the Society of the Holy Name, of which they were enrolled members. It was a demonstration of which all Christians should feel proud.' And so on. It is unmistakably evident that these parades have greatly stirred public sentiment in American cities; and the movement has won warm encomiums both from Protestant religious papers and from the secular press.

There is abundant scope for the operations of the Holy Name Society, and for an anti-profanity, anti-obscenity crusade in our own Dominion. Our godless schools are busy turning out youths of the type of Huck Finn, who can find no comfort in 'talking nice,' but who have to 'rip out' awhile every day. And while Catholics who are brought up under right influences have a deep and instinctive reverence for the Sacred Name and the name of the Deity, and are shocked at their free and frequent and needless repetition, those of our people who are lax in the practice of their religion are easily influenced by their environment, and very readily catch the infection. As we have said, public opinion on the subject is now very far in advance of what it once was. Habitual profanity fixes a man's status; and hard swearing is no longer considered an accomplishment for a gentleman, much less for a lady. The practice has, in fact, virtually gone out from the upper rungs of society. The time will come, it is to be hoped, when this coarse vice will disappear from both ends of the social ladder. And the coming of that good day would undoubtedly be hastened by the spread of associations like that of the Holy Name.

Notes

'Priest-Ridden'

The *Missionary* quotes this interesting item, which our readers might do worse than pigeon-hole:—"Priest-ridden" is a favorite metaphor of Godless demagogues who represent Catholic people as groaning under the incubus of innumerable clergymen. Sometimes it is applied to the Catholics of the United States. Store up for future use the following percentages deduced from the recent Census Report on religions: The percentage of ministers of the Methodist Church is .069; Baptist, .007; Presbyterian, .068; Episcopalian, .006; Christian Scientist, .014; all the Protestant bodies combined, .007. The Catholic percentage of clergymen is .001.' In other words, Protestant bodies in the United States have—relatively to their numerical strength—exactly seven times as many clergymen to rule them as 'priest-ridden' Catholics have.

A Sleepy Congregation

How to live up a sleepy congregation must be something of a problem to preachers in these hot mid-summer days. It is on record how a pastor of the old school once accomplished the feat—effectively, and yet without giving offence. It was a very warm day, and the church closely packed. The pastor observed, with some annoyance, many of the congregation nodding and sleeping in their seats whilst he was preaching. He took his measures accordingly, and introduced the word 'hyperbolic' into his sermon. Then he paused, and said, 'Now, my friends, some of you may not understand this word hyperbolic—I'll explain it. Suppose that I were to say that this congregation were all asleep in this church at the present time, I would be speaking hyperbolically; because (looking round) I don't believe much more than one-half of you are sleeping.' The effect was instantaneous. Those who were nodding recovered themselves and nudged their sleeping neighbors; and the preacher went on to an awakened and attentive congregation.

'Is it Home Rule'

We learn from English papers just to hand that enormous interest is now being manifested in the question, 'What will happen if the Lords' Veto is abolished?—and on

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every hand the query is being raised: 'Does it mean Home Rule?' If the explicit pledges given by members of the Cabinet are to count for anything at all, there can only be one answer to the question. The query was definitely put to the Prime Minister during the election. At Fife he was asked: 'Is it the case that if the Liberal Party are returned on this occasion they intend to grant Ireland a measure of Home Rule?' Mr. Asquith replied: 'It is. The next question was: 'Will Mr. Asquith explain in general terms the nature of the Home Rule Bill he proposes?' 'I refer the questioner,' he replied, 'to a speech I made a year ago at the Albert Hall, in which I explained, in very clear and, I think, definite terms, the general character of our proposal, and to which I entirely adhere.' Mr. Asquith, in his Albert Hall speech (December 11, 1909), had said: 'Speaking on behalf of the Government in March last year, a week before my accession to the office of Prime Minister, I described Ireland as the one undeniable failure of British statesmanship. I repeat here to-night what I said then, speaking on behalf of my colleagues, and I believe of my party, the solution of the problem can be found only in one way—by a policy which, while explicitly safeguarding the supreme and indefeasible authority of the Imperial Parliament, will set up in Ireland a system of full self-government in regard to purely Irish affairs. There is not, and there cannot be, any question of separation. There is not, and there cannot be, any question of rival or competing supremacies; but, subject to these conditions, that is the Liberal policy.'

Mr. Redmond's view of the situation in the new Parliament was plainly expressed in a speech made during election week at Rathmines:—'If the anti-House of Lords majority is a great and sweeping one, if it is made up of seats won from Tories, then immediately that Parliament meets on January 31 a Bill to abolish the Veto of the House of Lords will be introduced. It will be passed through the House of Commons very rapidly, it will go to the House of Lords, and if they refuse to pass it, then whatever steps are necessary to be taken to compel them will be taken.'

Mr. Lloyd George was even more explicit and emphatic than Mr. Asquith. He was asked at one of his meetings: 'If the Liberals are returned to power, when do they intend to introduce a Home Rule Bill?' and he replied: 'At the first available moment.' 'As the Prime Minister has already declared,' he said, 'we have no intention of shirking Home Rule. It is absolutely essential for the efficiency of the Imperial Parliament. It is not merely extending self-government to Ireland. Wales wants self-government. Scotland wants self-government. England wants self-government. We are treading on each other's toes in Parliament, and are not doing any work because the Imperial Parliament is attending to trivial matters which would be beneath the attention of many a county council. That is very bad business. After disposing of the Veto of the House of Lords, the first thing will be to reconstruct our present Imperial machinery in such a way as to make the House of Commons free to attend to the immense Imperial questions awaiting consideration.' And Mr. Churchill stands committed to the same view. 'What the Liberals now want to do,' he said, 'amongst other things, is to effect a settlement with Ireland, and to give the Irish the control of their own purely Irish affairs, subject to the unquestioned supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. If they can secure a good national settlement with Ireland at this juncture, Great Britain will be secured an increase in the strength of the Empire, much more important than by half a dozen Dreadnoughts.'

DIocese of Dunedin

The Rev. Father Tobin is in charge of the Cathedral parish in the absence of the local clergy at the annual retreat.

The Rev. W. Ganly, St. Kilda West (Melbourne), arrived at the Bluff on Monday, and went on for a short visit to Riverton.

The Very Rev. Father Murray, C.S.S.R., who had been conducting retreats in Dunedin for some time, returned to Wellington on Monday.

The annual retreat of the clergy of the diocese is being held this week at Holy Cross College, and is conducted by the Rev. P. M. Lynch, C.S.S.R.

The members of St. Patrick's choir, South Dunedin, held a meeting at the presbytery on Sunday evening for the purpose of making a presentation to Miss Tonar, organist. Rev. Father O'Malley presided, and in a few words referred to the good work done by Miss Tonar as organist, and thanked her on behalf of himself and the choir for her services, and then presented her with a lady's dressing case and umbrella suitably inscribed. Mr. C. Atwill replied on behalf of Miss Tonar.

The week's retreat for the Children of Mary and the members of the confraternity of Perpetual Succour, conducted by the Rev. P. M. Lynch, C.S.S.R., was brought to a close on Sunday afternoon in St. Joseph's Cathedral, when over 100 new members were received into the confraternity of Perpetual Succour. As a result of the retreat very large numbers approached the Holy Table at the early Masses on Sunday morning. The Cathedral was crowded in every part on Sunday evening, when the Rev. Father Lynch preached.

AFTER THE PASSION PLAY

Oberammergau, the world-famous Bavarian village, has resumed its wonted quiet, and the Passion play actors are enjoying a well-earned rest (says *America*). There were in all fifty-six performances of the great drama, during the rush weeks of July and August there being as many as four performances a week. As each performance lasts eight hours, the physical strain on many of the performers was very great. This strain was increased by the continuous wet weather. On the majority of the play-days the performance was carried on in the rain, which was somewhat very heavy. The last performance was given on September 27, and on the 29th, the feast of St. Michael, the 700 performers made a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to the near by Benedictine monastery of Ettal, reciting the Rosary on the way. A Mass of thanksgiving was celebrated in the beautiful abbey church, during which many of the pilgrims approached the Holy Table. The Lord Abbot of the monastery addressed the performers at the close of the service.

During the season the play was witnessed by 260,000 persons. The box-office receipts reached 1,680,000 German marks (420,000 dollars). Of this amount 500,000 marks will be distributed among the players. The surplus, after the expenses of this year's performance are paid—and they are heavy—will be devoted to the charitable and municipal works of the village. Among the latter a prominent place must be given to the regulation of the Ammer, as the little river is called, that flows through the village, whose overflow during last June put a stop, happily only a short one, to the performances, but which threatened for a while to have much more serious consequences. There is a plan on foot also to rebuild the wooden portion of the great theatre in stone.

Appropos of the accusation sometimes brought against the Oberammergauers that they are more interested in the play for financial than for religious and artistic reasons, it may be remarked that a favorite Viennese actor, who died about the time of the last of this year's performances in Oberammergau, enjoyed an income of 200,000 (40,000 dollars) Austrian crowns a year. Compare this with 500,000 marks (about 600,000 crowns) to be distributed among 700 Passion play actors! Most of the critics of Oberammergau apparently forget that for nearly a year the play had absorbed the major portion of the time and attention of the villagers, with a consequent financial loss, the recuperation from which no one can begrudge them. Nor can it be forgotten that there are 'high prices' in Bavaria as well as in the United States.

Some idea of what it cost the Oberammergauers to serve suitable meals to their guests may be gathered from the fact that they had to pay 25 pfennigs (6 cents) a piece for fresh eggs. It remains true, however, that other enterprises profited financially through the Passion play, notably some in Munich, which city nearly all of the spectators visited. A very widely-distributed poster bore in big letters at its top 'Oberammergau—Passion Play—1910.' On looking below, one saw that about *one-eighth* of the space was given to the Passion play; the rest urged the tourist not to miss various displays and exhibitions in Munich.

Some misapprehension (says the *Press*) appears to exist amongst the public regarding the provisions of last session's amendment of the Education Act, especially as to the age limit. There has been no alteration in this last-mentioned respect. A child must remain at a primary school till it reaches its fourteenth year, or until it passes the Fifth Standard. The amending Act, however, provides that school committees whose schools are more than five miles from a technical college may, on application to the Education Board, start compulsory continuation classes, the compulsory attendance at which affects those between the ages of fourteen and seventeen. This last-mentioned provision has been confused in the public mind with the age limit at primary schools.

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Interprovincial

Hastings is to have a ferro-concrete picture theatre, to seat 1200 people.

Somewhere about half a million sterling is the sum which the New Zealand Dairy Association (Auckland) expects to pay its suppliers this season.

It is stated that contracts have been made for the supply of no less than 40,000,000 feet of timber from the West Coast of New Zealand to Australia.

In a report of some bowling matches the Patea County Press discloses the pleasing circumstance that three married ladies and a clergyman took part in the game.

In the last four years no fewer than 15,141 pianos have been imported to New Zealand. British-made pianos last year exceeded the foreign-made in number.

The boys in the Rakaia district are making a good deal of money collecting small birds' eggs. Nearly twice as many have been accounted for so far this season as for the whole of last season.

There are seven fruit inspectors in New Zealand at the present time, whose salaries aggregate £1295; thirteen orchard instructors, with salaries amounting to £2250; and eleven dairy instructors, whose salaries total £3190.

The Rotorua correspondent of the Auckland Star reported on Thursday that a new geyser had broken out in Sulphur Bay on a strip of land known as Shag Island, immediately behind the new bath buildings. It was playing shots from 10ft to 20ft without intermission.

A short time ago Palmerston North residents decided to raise £3000 by public subscription to purchase a supply of radium for curative purposes. Meanwhile there has been a difference of opinion amongst the doctors over the matter, which has been deferred for the present.

A Masterton apiarist has now no fewer than 1200 colonies of bees, situated in 11 different parts of the district. The output of honey this year is likely to be considerably larger than last year, the season having been more favorable.

Prince Leopold of Battenberg (second son of the Princess Beatrice) reached Wellington from Auckland by the Main Trunk train on Monday afternoon, and was met by the Governor, the Prime Minister, and Cabinet Ministers.

Of the medals awarded by the Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music for the local examinations, the gold medal in the advanced grade has been won by Miss Mary Ingerton, Wellington (singing; pupil of St. Mary's Convent), 138 marks.

Flaxmillers in the Manawatu have another trouble to bear on the top of the present low prices. A grub has been at work on the standing flax in the swamps, and spoilt a great many blades, thus reducing the quality of the fibre. It is believed that the absence of floods last winter accounts for the presence of the noxious pest.

Legacies which run into five figures are not very plentiful (says the *Dominion*), but, like other rare things, they do happen at times. Our Feilding correspondent states that it is reported that a resident of KIWITEA has received a cablegram, and on opening it found that, consequent on the death of a relative, he had become legatee to a sum of £60,000.

The Prime Minister has stated to a contemporary that no invitation has been received by the Government for members of the Legislature to attend the Coronation ceremony. Sir Joseph Ward also has stated that no contingent of troops will be dispatched to represent New Zealand at the Coronation ceremony.

At the present time (states the Minister for Public Works) the Government has 1706 men employed on railway construction works in the North Island, and 1655 (out of a total of 2087 throughout New Zealand) on road construction works. Mr. McKenzie says the Government could do with more laborers, but there was generally a shortage at this time of the year, many men being engaged shearing or grass-seeding.

A man well over 80 years of age was charged at Napier with being an idle and disorderly person; in other words, with being homeless. He refused to go to the Old Men's Home, which he declared was not a home, 'but a pandemonium.' He was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. Asked where he resided, the reply was: 'In gaol; as soon as I come out I am arrested and sent back.'

The movement in favor of a universal Saturday half-holiday is growing in Auckland, and the association which has been formed to bring about this objective intends making strenuous efforts to have special legislation dealing with the subject passed next session. At present agents are canvassing the city and suburbs, and at least 20,000 signatures will, it is hoped, be obtained to the petition to Parliament upon the need for a compulsory Saturday half-holiday.

Writing with reference to harvesting work in North Canterbury, the *Press* says:—Very active steps were taken to secure grain crops after the gale, which were all but ripe, and the harvesters were busy on Friday and Saturday, and some were intending to reap yesterday. The

wheat on Saturday was in a state in which the wind, if it became violent, would have a more damaging effect than by the wind on Thursday night or Friday morning. A good deal of extra labor has been occasioned by setting up the stooks and stacks, and on some of the farms there will be a fair picking for pigs and fowls from the grain shed on the ground. Caterpillars have been noticed this season in one, if not more, of the grain crops on Kaiapoi Island. In the instance referred to the pest did a good deal of damage.

Mr. J. D. Henry, an authority and author on the subject of colonial oil, is paying a visit to New Zealand to investigate the prospects of the Dominion's petroleum as a competitor in the world's markets. In the course of an interview he said: 'I have two objects in coming to the Dominion. First of all I am here to represent quite professionally certain important financial interests in London; and in the next place I am interested in the subject of British colonial oil as an author, and in that connection everything associated with the history and present-day developments of the oil industry here will be of interest to me. As to the feeling in London on matters of oil production in the colonies, I can assure you that it is better now than it has ever been in the history of the industry.'

A Press Association telegram states that the Hon. Dr. Findlay told a reporter in Christchurch that the case of Inspector Gillies had been considered by Cabinet, and it had been decided that his retirement must stand. The Minister also stated that a Prison Board would be appointed shortly, consisting of one lay member from each of the four centres, and three official members, including a judge of the Supreme Court. New police regulations have been drafted, and are now being reviewed by the Crown Law Officers. They will be submitted to the police inspectors in due course. The promotions, consequent on the retirement of high officers in the Police Force, will probably not be announced for a month or two. Referring to the Webster claim, Dr. Findlay explained that Great Britain and the United States had agreed to the appointment of an International Commission to consider this and claims of a like nature between subjects of the two Powers. The commission will sit at Washington on a date to be fixed.

In these days when so much is heard of the strained relations between employer and worker, it is a pleasure to be able to record an instance of generosity of which one of the immediate and best effects must be to strengthen and preserve mutual confidence (states the *New Zealand Times*). In March last a young Australian miner was killed by an explosion in a Reefton mine. He had been the principal support of his widowed mother, but as she was resident in Victoria she was unable to claim under the Workers' Compensation, the Act of 1908 containing express provision excluding persons not domiciled or resident in New Zealand at the date of the accident. The hardship of the case was intensified by the circumstance that the deceased had built a cottage and had intended shortly bringing his mother to this country to live with him. When the case was submitted to Mr. P. J. O'Regan in his capacity of solicitor for the union of which deceased was a member, he advised that the mother had no claim, but he ventured under the circumstances to apply to the employing company—the Consolidated Goldfields of New Zealand—for a compassionate allowance for her. The attorney for the company, Mr. D. Ziman, of Reefton, has now replied, enclosing a cheque for £100 for the poor woman.

ST. MARY'S CLUB, HOKITIKA

(From the club correspondent.)

The initial annual picnic of St. Mary's Club was held on December 27 at Lake Mahinapua, and was attended by a large number. The 10.30 a.m. train was a lengthy one, but every carriage was packed, and soon after its arrival at Mahinapua the landing and surroundings of the lake were enlivened by the presence of numerous parties at all points. After luncheon various sports and other amusements were initiated and continued, to the great enjoyment of all present throughout the afternoon. A handicap footrace attracted numerous competitors, and all the heats provided close finishes, Messrs. E. Toohey and J. McSherry filling the winning places in the final; while a young ladies' race was equally interesting, the successful competitors being Misses E. Harvey and Ogilvie. The most exciting item was a tug-of-war, in which the married and single men were matched, but the former proved too many for their opponents. The children had a very lively time with a succession of races and other events, and enjoyed themselves fully as well as did their elders. The Rev. Father Clancy, assisted by the president (Mr. N. Warren) and the vice-president (Mr. C. Ward), the secretary (Mr. B. Cox), and the committee of the club, worked most energetically all day to promote the enjoyment of their guests, and their efforts were crowned with entire success, the unanimous verdict being that the picnic was in every way a most pleasant function. The picnickers returned by the two evening trains, after having had an excellent excursion. It is the intention of the club to make the picnic an annual affair, and, judging by the interest taken in the recent one, it is fairly safe to predict many more equally enjoyable outings.

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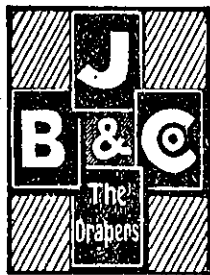
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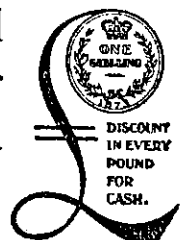
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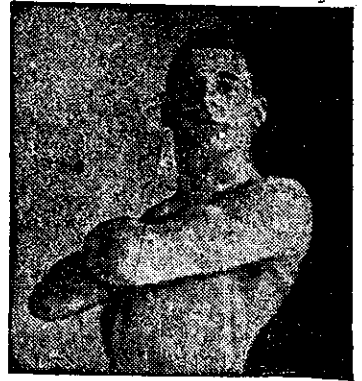
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Irish News

ANTRIM—The West Belfast Seat

On Monday evening, December 5, St. Mary's Hall, Belfast, was the scene of a most unique gathering in the history of that building. The occasion was a meeting of Protestant working-men of West Belfast, assembled for the purpose of hearing an address from Mr. Joseph Devlin. The large hall was filled in all parts, the attendance being confined almost entirely to Protestant artisans and laborers. They gave Mr. Devlin quite as rousing a reception as he ever received from his Nationalist and Catholic colleagues in the same building, and followed with deep interest his magnificent speech, punctuating his remarks with vigorous cheers.

Intimidation in Belfast

The fact that intolerance is kept up in Belfast in the interests of the landlords and the capitalists has been brought out very clearly during the contest for the representation of the southern division of the city (says the *Catholic Times*). Mr. Sloan, in opposing Mr. Chambers, has reminded the electors of his former services in Parliament. His doctrine as a Protestant was considered strong enough and he had other qualifications which were deemed fitting for a member of Parliament, but he committed some unpardonable sins. He was guilty of voting for Old Age Pensions, for the betterment of the condition of town tenants, and for the improvement of the dwellings of farm laborers, for the removal of the Poor Law disqualification. Worse still, he supported measures to enable the farmers of Ireland to own the soil they cultivate. Worst sin of all, he proclaimed that he desired to see sectarian factionism at an end and peace established between Irishmen of every creed and class. For this Mr. Sloan was boycotted by the Orangemen at the instigation of their leaders, who do not want any representative to betray the slightest symptom of sympathy with popular demands. Cabals were formed against him, but he is a gentleman whose energy is not easily repressed, and upon entering upon his candidature he boldly announced that one of his chief objects was to put down boycotting and intimidation in Belfast.

A Liberal Manifesto

The manifesto in favor of Irish self-government which has been issued by Lord Pirrie, Sir Hugh Mack, and other leading Protestants in Ulster, is a noteworthy document. It is frank, straightforward, and transfused by a true Christian spirit. The manifesto also breathes hope for Ireland. Fierce quarrels about religion are evidently dying out. Like Mr. Joseph P. O'Kane, who contributes an article on the same subject to the *Irish News* of Belfast, the signatories bring out clearly the fact that the only argument upon which the Unionists rely, namely, that Irish Catholics cannot be trusted to be just to their Protestant fellow-countrymen, is baseless. Their language is a severe rebuke to the politicians who have been exerting themselves to create discord between Irish Protestants and Irish Catholics. 'For our own part,' they say, 'zealous Protestants as we are, we have perfect confidence in our Catholic fellow-countrymen. In the South and West of Ireland goodwill and brotherly kindness are universal. Religious dissensions are unknown. We confess with shame that it is only in Protestant Ulster that intolerance and bigotry have a vigorous growth. But even in Ulster many changes have taken place since 1895. Moderate men are everywhere awakening to a true sense of their responsibility as Irishmen, and we trust that the union of Irishmen of all creeds is being slowly cemented in an enduring bond.'

CLARE—A Generous Subscription

Right Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, has sent a generous subscription to the fund which is being raised for the families of the Kilkee fishermen who lost their lives recently while pursuing their dangerous calling. His Lordship says many and many a good day of health and pleasure he owes to the Kilkee fishermen, simple, kindly, hard-working folk.

CORK—The Necessity of Unity

The Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cloyne, in the course of a letter read at a meeting of Captain Donelan's supporters, writes: 'Your meeting is not necessary to assure Captain Donelan that in his candidature he will have the undivided support of our Queenstown voters. This fact is already well known to him and all concerned. Ingratitude is a vice hateful to Irishmen, and we should be rightly charged with shameful ingratitude if we wavered in our support of the man who has served East Cork for the last eighteen years with a spirit of devotion to the interests of his constituents that does credit to our Irish Parliamentary representation. His care has been given equally to every part and class of his constituency, without distinction of place or creed, but owing to the special circumstances of Queenstown the splendid results of his advocacy are particularly apparent in the town.' In conclusion Dr. Browne says that he places even above Captain Donelan's personal claims as their trusty representative

for eighteen years, his unvarying adhesion to the only principle that can win for the country any notable advantage, namely, the principle of a united, pledge-bound Irish Parliamentary Party. The Bishop does not understand how any man of common sense can imagine Home Rule can be gained on any other principle. The letter does credit both to the patriotic Bishop of Cloyne and to Captain Donelan, and should help to end the false cry about the persecution of Protestants which is being raised at the present moment in many places for purely party purposes.

Little or No Difference

Colonel Hutchinson Poe has subscribed £100 each to the Unionist and the All for Ireland exchequers. In the course of a letter explaining his views the Colonel says he sees little or no difference between the two policies, while, as might be expected, Home Rule, as advocated by Mr. Redmond, and the Irish Party, would be wholly unacceptable to him.

A Valuable Souvenir

As a souvenir of her visit to Cork during the general election, Mrs. William Redmond was presented with an antique silver bowl over a hundred years old, and also a pair of cut-glass decanters, manufactured in Cork over a century ago. Mr. A. Roche made the presentation.

DUBLIN—Death of a Marist Father

The Marist Fathers in Dublin have sustained a deep loss in the death of the Rev. P. J. Larney, S.M., of the Catholic University School, who passed away recently in his fortieth year.

GALWAY—The Housing of the People

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Dea, Bishop of Galway, is interesting himself in a very practical manner, not only in the spiritual welfare, but also in the bodily welfare of his flock. The other day he acted as spokesman for the Clifden and Oughterard District Councils to the Congested Districts Board, calling attention to the very undesirable state of matters prevailing in the districts. His Lordship spoke very strongly on the matter, quoting some startling cases of 'housing' within his own experience—but common cases withal. Dr. O'Dea urged that it is essential that the Board should deal with this problem.

KILDARE—Death of a Carthusian

Many friends and old acquaintances, both at home and abroad (writes a Dublin correspondent), will regret to learn of the death of Father Columban (formerly Joseph) Dowling, of the Carthusian Order, who has passed away at 'La Cervara,' San Margherita Ligure, Italy. He came of a fine old family at Allen, County Kildare, and studied at Maynooth College for his native diocese. But at the end of his college course he volunteered for the Australian mission, where he spent ten years as a hard-working priest in the diocese of Goulburn. He then joined the Redemptorist Congregation, and for years he was a most successful missionary in England and Ireland. Some twenty-two years ago, wishing to give himself up to the contemplative life, he joined the Carthusian Order, and in this, by years of silence, prayer, and penance, he prepared for the end.

LIMERICK—The Persecution Bogy

At a great Nationalist meeting in Cork on December 4, Mr. Samuel P. Harris, R.D.C., Adamstown, Knocklong, a Protestant Nationalist, was enthusiastically cheered. Mr Harris holds one of the most extensive agricultural farms in Limerick County. He said he came there as a poor, persecuted, Protestant Nationalist from the County Limerick, to raise his voice as strongly as he could in protest against the calumnies that had been circulated for consumption in England by poor William O'Brien, that once sterling Irishman, who, he was sorry to say, had sunk so low as to calumniate his Catholic fellow-countrymen by attributing to them that they would persecute and injure the Protestant Nationalists of Munster. Seeing the use that was made of these calumnies in the English Tory press, he (Mr. Harris) felt compelled to come there and protest against these statements. When he told them that he had been living in the midst of a Catholic population all his lifetime, except for about eight or nine years that he spent in the United States, he thought they would see that he could speak from experience of the treatment that was meted out to the Protestants of Munster by their Catholic fellow-countrymen. The curious way that they found of persecuting such a man as himself was by electing him to the District Council in Kilmallock. Though opposed at the triennial election for the last nine years, he came out at the head of the poll, although there were not two Protestant votes in the electoral division for which he was elected. Since the United Irish League had been started by Mr. William O'Brien, he had been chairman of the local branch of the league; he acted as secretary of the East Limerick Executive of the League since that body was established, and within the last two years he was elected unanimously as chairman of that body. Only a week ago, in the town of Kilmallock, when the Protestant Rector, Chancellor Hackett, was leaving the parish, the first man that suggested a testimonial to him was a Catholic, and when the list of subscribers was published it would be seen that out of 140 subscribers about 90 were Catholics. The

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man who presented the address and purse of sovereigns was a Catholic, who said that he was delighted to be asked to make the presentation, because it showed the pleasant relations that existed between the Catholics of Munster and their Protestant fellow-countrymen.

TIPPERARY--The Roscrea Railway Accident

A Dublin City special jury awarded £1100 damages to Rev. Patrick Flynn, of Glasson, near Athlone, in respect of personal injuries received in the Roscrea railway accident on July 19 last. The defenders, the Great Southern and Western Railway, admitted negligence, but denied liability. Margaret Mary Gleeson (14), who sued through her father, was awarded £500 damages against the company in respect of injuries sustained by her in the same accident.

GENERAL

The Cardinal-Archbishop of Sydney

Mr. John Redmond on December 5 received the following telegram from Cardinal Moran:—"Cabling Bank of Commerce, London, 100 guineas, my subscription to Irish Parliamentary Party. Australia, with America and Canada, wishes the party complete electoral success to obtain forthwith for Ireland the Home Rule under the Crown which we enjoy freely and loyally in Australia."

Praise for the Irish Party

In a speech delivered at a meeting in Pudsey to promote his candidature for the division, Mr. Ogden (L.) paid a hearty tribute to the honesty of the Irish Nationalist members of Parliament. The Irish Party, he said, for singleness of purpose, for purity of motive, and for disinterestedness of service would bear comparison with any other political party. Every penny they got, from whatever source, was published. Which of the other parties, either Liberal or Conservative, could bear the same publicity?

Centenarians

In the old Franciscan Abbey, close to Donegal town, recently there were laid to rest the remains of two centenarians, Mr. William Warke, Winterhill, and Miss Margaret Melly, of Donegal. The former just exceeded the century, but Miss Melly had passed her one hundred and sixth birthday. Both were very highly respected in the district. Felix O'Boyle, who resided all his life at Drumkeerin, County Antrim, died on December 2, at the age of 103 years, his demise calling forth great regret from a very wide circle of friends. Credence may be put in one report, which says, referring to the centenarian, that 'he possessed a healthy constitution.'

What Home Rule Means

In the course of an address at Walsall (England) during the general election, Mr. John Redmond said: "By Home Rule I mean what Parnell meant, what Gladstone meant. I mean this, and this only—that there shall be created, by Statute of the Imperial Parliament, a Parliament in Ireland elected by the Irish people, charged solely with the duty of managing purely Irish affairs, with an executive responsible to it for the administration of those affairs, subject, as every Home Rule Parliament within the Empire is to-day, to the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament." If he understood this question of Federalism, of which they were now hearing something, it meant that each of the countries in the United Kingdom should have self-government. The scheme he had defined was not inconsistent with such a Federal system. What he objected to was that Ireland should have to wait until England and Scotland and Wales were ready for Parliaments. In his judgment, the only solution of the Irish problem was self-government. England had tried every conceivable means of governing Ireland. She had tried conciliation and concession, but conciliation had always come at the wrong time; and her concessions and reforms were too late, and were ignorant. England had never trusted the people of Ireland. They asked her to trust the people, a brilliant and brave race, a race that had shown their willingness to make great sacrifices of their prosperity, their liberties, their lives for what they held to be high principles; that had shown in every land except their own, where they were denied the opportunity, the qualities necessary for the most successful exercise of the arts of government."

Politics in Ulster

Steps should be taken without delay (says the *Irish News*) to impress a vital fact of the Irish situation upon the public in Great Britain: the fact that the 'manifesto'-manufacturers calling themselves the 'Ulster Unionist Council' and many other names, have no more authority to speak for the Province of Ulster, or for a majority of its people, than for Munster or Carnarvon, Caithness, or Cornwall. At least one-half of the entire population of Ulster are openly and totally opposed to the political party on whose behalf the 'Ulster Unionist Council' are daily issuing their pitiful whines and ridiculous threats; and it is equally certain that seven-eighths of the men who have hitherto voted Unionist in the North of Ireland, owing to hereditary prejudice and the influence of the calumnies poured into their ears by the landlord gang, look upon the moans and splutterings of the 'Council' of rack-renters and placemen with feelings of amused contempt.

People We Hear About

It is expected that the Coronation will be attended officially by five Heirs-Apparent to Thrones—the German Crown Prince, the Duke of Sparta, and the Crown Princes of Denmark, Sweden, and Roumania. The King of Italy is to be represented by his cousin, the Duke of Aosta.

Thursday, December 29, was the 100th anniversary of the birth of the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone, who was born on December 29, 1809. In memory of the dead statesman his statue in the Strand, London, was decorated with wreaths and other floral emblems.

The royal family of Sweden has always been noted for its simplicity. All the princes of the Imperial houses of Hapsburg and Hohenzollern had to learn a trade. In fact, history relates that some of these royal apprentices became skilful mechanics. But royal washerwomen are decidedly a novelty. The two daughters of the Duke of Westgotland receive at the present time a careful and practical education in the minutest branches of house-keeping; and it must be an interesting sight to see Princess Margaret and Princess Martha, neither yet in her teens, busily engaged at the washtub in the interests of their dolls.

The following telegram, signed by Messrs. J. E. Redmond, John Dillon, T. P. O'Connor, and other members of the Irish Party, was despatched to Mr. Justin McCarthy, at Folkestone, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday: "We wish you every good thing on your birthday, and sincerely trust that you may still be spared for many years to those who love and esteem you, and their name is legion." Acknowledging receipt of the message, Mr. McCarthy sent a letter to Mr. John Redmond, saying: "I send my most heartfelt thanks to you and all my friends who join with you in your most welcome and inspiring message to me on my eightieth birthday."

The ubiquity of Irish families is proverbial. The statement that the American Minister to Denmark is an Irishman is one of a great many indications of the fact. Mr. Maurice Egan was born in Philadelphia in 1852—his mother having been born in that city in 1819. His father went thither from Tipperary in 1825, at the age of sixteen, in care of an uncle—an uncle of this uncle had arrived at Ipswich, Mass., in 1765. Mr. Egan has one son, Gerald, whose relatives, including Pennsylvania Dutch families, are cosmopolitan. For instance, the Baron Logos von Egan, of Finme, and Mr. Thomas Egan, of Frankfort-am-Main, are cousins, and in Normandy there are any number of relatives of Irish blood. Mrs. Egan, the mother of the present Minister, remembered Lafayette—that Marquis to whom Americans will always be grateful—having seen him in Philadelphia, as a child, in 1828.

Of the twenty new K.C.'s, Mr. Timothy M. Healy is undoubtedly the most striking personality (says the *London Daily Sketch*). A satirist of the most scathing description, 'Tiger Tim' is at heart the tenderest and most amiable of men. For the past eighteen years he has been a familiar figure in the House of Commons, where he is regarded as the most bitter-spoken, most ready-witted man on the Irish benches. Constantly in eruption, his interventions in debate are always piquant if not helpful. His sardonic temperament has made him a phrase-maker. Thus he described one Bill as the offspring of a headache at the Irish Office! He declared that the making of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman Chief Secretary was an attempt to govern Ireland with Scotch jokes. One of Mr. Healy's most exquisite imaginings, however, was during a recent divorce case, when he said that 'the spectacle of his learned friend's client crying in the witness-box was the greatest miracle that had ever happened since Moses drew water from the rock.'

The late Sir Clifton Robinson, the 'Tramway King,' who died suddenly in New York a few months ago, was managing director and engineer of the London United Tramways and other companies. Sir Clifton, who was a Catholic, commenced his career as a conductor at the age of twelve, and before his death had the distinction of having constructed and organised more tramways in various parts of the world than any other man. He had a keen sense of humor, and consequently had a good budget of stories to tell. One of the most amusing was that of two countrymen on a visit to Edinburgh some years ago, who noticed tramcars for the first time. They wished to proceed in a certain direction, but as there seemed so many cars going the same way they were in doubt as to which to take. All dubiousness, however, soon vanished, for Geordie, noticing a car bearing a cocoa advertisement in huge letters, turned to his friend and said, 'Here, Jimmie, we'll tak' this one; it's "Best and goes farthest."' Sir Clifton once confessed that his hobby was work, and he certainly was one of the most strenuous of men. He never believed in the old proverb, 'A rolling stone gathers no moss.' 'I have rolled all over the world,' he confessed a short time ago, 'and still hope to roll and to gather moss.' The following were the rules for success which he once laid down: Have faith in yourself. Back yourself as other men back horses. Get to know all you can. Cultivate a sense of humor. Work hard, be thorough, live plainly. Never stand still.

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Author of *Francis de Sales, Love is Life, Jacquetta*, and *St. Charles Borromeo*.

Shrines and Sunshine.

You ask me to send you my impressions of our journey to La Côte d'Azur and of our sojourn there, and to give you descriptions of the Shrines of our Lady we visited. Well, here they are! They have been dashed off anywhere—anyhow—in the midst of the distractions of what Bourget so aptly calls 'la vie de colis.' I have not had time to mould them into shape or polish them up.

I will skip both the Irish and English Channels—what a blessing it would be if one could do so!—rush through Paris on board the Nice express, and not stop till we reach Lyons, in the cold, grey dawn of a dark February morning.

Lyons is a city that does not attract me, nor have I ever met anyone who liked it. In spite of its broad thoroughfares, its handsome buildings, fine shops, and the rest, there is a something about it, a 'je ne sais quoi,' impossible to describe; it is beautifully situated 'cela va sans dire,' at the confluence of the Rhône and the Saône; they say it is one of the finest cities in this land of fine cities; and the view from the heights of Fourvière is certainly splendid. Still, there is no accounting for these things, and I do not wish to spend another day there. It was chiefly to please you we rested there, as I knew you were pining to get an account of the famous Pilgrimage Church of Notre Dame de Fourvière.

We ascended to it by the railway, as it is a very steep climb. It is situated quite on the summit of the Hill of Fourvière, the dome is crowned by a colossal gilt statue of our Lady. There are two churches. The older was considered most devotional; the walls are covered with paintings representing miracles performed through the intercession of the Madonna, but her revered image is enshrined in the modern Romanesque Church, and is yearly visited by millions of pilgrims. We did not meet many; probably it was too early in the season, and then the day was so bitterly cold. We were just as well pleased; it was so much more peaceful; it was so much easier to pray thus, almost alone before the holy shrine, with the red glow from the sanctuary lamp throwing a soft radiance over the calm, gracious features of our dear Mother.

On leaving the church we noticed over the entrance an inscription, which stated that Lyons had been preserved from the cholera through the intercession of Notre Dame de Fourvière.

It was so cold and gloomy outside that I fear we did not appreciate the beauty of the view. It is very extensive; one gets a good idea of the size and grandeur of the city at one's feet. The two rivers flow round and through it, crossed by numerous handsome bridges; the spires of the cathedral and the churches shoot arrow-like skywards; round it are miles and miles of well-cultivated fields and gardens. They tell me that on a clear day one can see Mont Blanc.

On our way down we glanced in at the Cathedral of St. Jean. It is supposed to be Gothic, but seems a little mixed, as there is a Roman fringe of red and white marble running round the apse. The building is of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; the stained glass of the same period is really beautiful. The little Chapel of St. Louis, built by the Cardinal de Bourbon in the thirteenth century, is a gem; the ornaments are exquisite flowers and foliage most delicately sculptured.

The next day we left Lyons, spent a night at Avignon to have a look at the old palace of the Popes, now used as a barrack. We only saw the outside, and were sadly disappointed. However, we were enchanted with the view from the ramparts, and found the Cathedral very interesting, particularly the tombs of Popes John XXII. and Benedict XII., and the beautiful marble one of the brave Crillon.

We arrived at Marseilles about 11 p.m., and just walked straight upstairs from the platform to our rooms on the second floor of the comfortable Hôtel Terminus.

The next morning the sun shone and the sky was cloudless, and down below we could catch a glimpse of the blue waters of the Mediterranean. We hurried out. Oh! the glorious air! the delicious warmth of the sun; the heavenly blue of the sky; the scent of the flowers from the square in front of the hotel! The fruit-laden orange trees! We felt we were indeed at the 'fête du soleil' in this magic land of the Côte d'Azur.

We walked quickly down the hill, and through the famous street of La Cannetière, of which the natives say: 'Si Paris avait La Cannetière, Paris serait un petit Marseilles.' It was almost deserted then, but later on in the afternoon we were able to appreciate its charm. Crowds of people of all sorts and of all nations thronged it; the cafés and shops were brilliantly illuminated; motors and carriages flew past; all was life and movement. Nevertheless, I think I prefer the walk along the queer old quays, lined with quaint old houses with arched colonnades, under one of which we breakfasted in the open air in February. Of course we partook of 'Bouillabaise.' I can't say we cared for it, but we considered it a duty. When in Rome

do as the Romans, when at Marseilles eat 'Bouillabaise.' At any rate, if we did not do full justice to the fish mixture, we did revel in the sunshine and in the strange sights and sounds. All the world seemed to pass by that little table of ours; the East and the West, the real working world, not simply tourists and trippers; Turks, Jews, negroes, in their quaint costumes, jostled tweed-clad Englishmen; picturesque Italians hobnobbed with fat, ponderous sons of the Fatherland and the babel of voices! Then before us was the harbor, with crafts as different as the humans; white-winged yachts, brown-sailed fisher boats, Levantine ships, colossal liners, tiny ferry boats—such a medley! And beneath them the blue and silver waters of the Mediterranean.

It is a steep climb up to Notre Dame de la Garde, but somehow we did not feel tired; but when we reached the summit, and the magnificent view rejoiced our eyes, we felt how good it was to be alive.

Such a view! The city, the villa-crowned hills, the harbor, the islands; there is the one—the Château d'If, where Mirabeau was imprisoned and from which Monte Cristo escaped. Then we turned towards the church: there was the statue of the Blessed Virgin dominating all, perched on the highest point; truly, Notre Dame de la Garde keeping guard over this fascinating City of Marseilles. This church of hers is beautiful both within and without, as the shrine of the Mother of the King should be. It is a dream of beauty, and again we think it is well for us to be here. The upper chapel is lined with fine marbles, and over the altar there is a lovely silver statue of the Madonna, but the original miracle working one is of olive wood, and is in the crypt. It is that the sailors and fisherfolk of the neighborhood and the devout pilgrims from distant lands come to venerate and pray before, and many curious offerings are hung on the walls—models of ships, crutches, ends of rope, etc.—testifying to miraculous cures and escapes from death.

At last we tear ourselves away. We had rather an exciting afternoon, getting into wrong trams and losing our way, but finally we arrived at the promenade of La Cannetière in time to indulge in tea at one of the big bright cafés—another meal in the open air. Was it not just too jolly for anything? Particularly when one remembered the cold and the damp and the gloom we had left behind up north. Later on we strolled round to the Cours Belsunce to have a look at the statue of the good Bishop. His name was Belsunce, and when, in 1720, the awful plague broke out—the one that lasted for several months and carried off over 40,000 persons—he was one of the very few who remained faithful to their posts, performing bravely all the offices of his sacred ministry, praying over the dying and the dead, attending the hospitals, where he was helped by a few pious, devoted nuns. Pope writes of him:

'Why drew Marseilles' good Bishop purer breath,
When nature sickened and each gale was death?'

But I must wind up. In my next letter I hope I will be able to give you a description of Hyères, and of the Sanctuary of Notre Dame de l'Ermitage at Costebelle.

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Messrs. Dwan Bros., Willis street, Wellington, report having sold Mr. M. J. Donnelly's interest in the lease, furniture, and goodwill of the New Zealander Hotel, Manners street, Wellington; Mr. Chas. Clarke's interest in the White Hart Hotel, New Plymouth; the freehold of the Manakau Hotel, Manawatu railway line, on account of Mr. Thos. Bevan, jun.; the lease, furniture, and goodwill of the Al Hotel, Christchurch, on account of Mr. Thos. D. Thomas; the lease, furniture, and goodwill of the Grand Hotel, Westport, on account of Mr. Henry Nahr; Mrs. E. M. Cooper's interest in the lease, furniture, and goodwill of the Shamrock Hotel, Molesworth street, Wellington; Mr. F. N. Paulson's interest in the lease, furniture, and goodwill of the Provincial Hotel, Upper Hutt; Mr. W. Butler's interest in the lease, furniture, and goodwill of the Starborough Hotel, Seddon, Marlborough; the lease, furniture, and goodwill of the Endymion Hotel, Awahuri, Manawatu; on account of Mr. M. Moynihan, the lease, furniture, and goodwill of the Pahautanui Hotel; Mr. Ford's interest in the lease, furniture, and goodwill of the Railway Hotel, Inglewood, Taranaki; the freehold of the Pier Hotel, Kaikoura South; Mr. B. Crisp's interest in the lease, furniture, and goodwill of the Commercial Hotel, Havelock, Marlborough; the goodwill, furniture, etc., of the Wimbledon Hotel, Hawke's Bay, on account of Mr. W. Pacey; Mr. Thomas Green's interest in the lease, furniture, and goodwill of the Post Office Hotel, Picton; also a large number of hotels through their Sydney agency.

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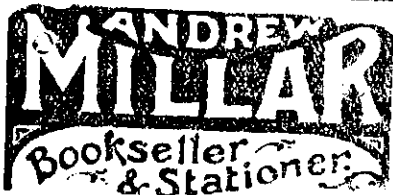
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The Catholic World

ENGLAND—In Favor of the Mantilla

The Bishop of Salford, who has frequently expressed his objection to the large hats now worn by many ladies, in which he sees a positive danger, has again entered the ranks of the critics of the 'Merry Widow' (says the *Catholic Times* of December 9). His Lordship, however, is not a mere destructive critic, but has a practical proposal, and advocates the wearing of mantillas as coverings for the head when in church. As a beginning, he suggests to the women that they should wear some form of mantilla the year at the midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, particularly those who are going to Holy Communion. It will be recollected that at the great Cathedral services in connection with the National Catholic Congress at Leeds many ladies, in response to the committee's request, discarded the fashionable headgear for the mantilla, thereby adding greatly to the comfort of those who wished to miss nothing of the stately ceremonial.

An Ancient Custom

In the will of Sir Henry Tichborne, he directs that on March 25, the feast of the Annunciation, a dole or gift of bread or flour shall be given to such of the poor inhabitants of the parishes of Tichborne and Cheriton as may apply for same. This is an annual custom of the family, resting upon long tradition. He also expresses a desire to follow the custom adopted upon the death of any member of the family who is buried at Tichborne of distributing to every poor person who may be present at the funeral a small silver coin for each year of the age attained by the deceased, and also to distribute amongst the persons so present fifty-four quarter loaves. He directs that his son should be sent to Eton to be educated there at the age of thirteen, and should be brought up in the Catholic faith. Sir Henry died worth £144,000, of which the son, Joseph, inherits about £140,000.

FRANCE—Objectionable Books

The condemnation of certain school books by the Bishops, and their sufferings and that of the priests, on account of their condemnation, are bearing fruit (writes the Paris correspondent of the *Glasgow Observer*). Several Town Councils have protested against the use of the condemned books in schools. At a meeting of the lay teachers of Paris, one of the fourteen books proscribed by the French Episcopate has been named as unfit to be put into the hands of children. One of the leading teachers, speaking of this book, said that he would not hesitate to withdraw his children from a school in which it is used.

More School Laws

M. Briand has been engaged for some time with his colleagues, in finding ways and means of meeting the ever-rising Budget—the national debt is double that of Great Britain, and three times greater than that of Germany—but he has found time to intimate that he is going to issue new laws in defence of the 'lay' schools. His plan (writes a Paris correspondent) is to strengthen the compulsory school attendance laws, and to compel parents to send their children to 'lay' schools only, thereby shutting up all the remaining Catholic schools. There is, therefore, more trouble before the Church. France is suffering much for her Catholic schools, but she is prepared to suffer still more for the faith of her children.

GERMANY—The Pope and Labor Associations

An explanation which will set at rest all misleading rumors as to the attitude of the Holy See towards German Labor Associations is given in a Pastoral Letter which has been issued by Cardinal Fischer, Archbishop of Cologne, and which was read from the pulpits of the archdiocese on December 8, the feast of the Immaculate Conception (says the *Catholic Times*). About the time when the Cardinal was about to make his visit to Rome all sorts of reports were circulated. It was said that some of the labor organisations would be condemned by the Holy Father, that divisions were likely to arise between the German Catholics, and that there were serious differences between the German Bishops. The Cardinal in his Pastoral assures the German Catholics that they need not be troubled in the least about these reports. The Pope, whose sentiments on the subject he possesses in the writing of his Holiness, so far from condemning any of the labor organisations, praises and blesses them. 'We can, shall, and will,' says his Eminence, 'continue to keep them up and develop them. If there is anything imperfect in connection with them, we shall put it aside and endeavor to make them more perfect in the interest of the sacred cause we serve and for the welfare of our people.' The Holy Father maintains exactly the same view that he has hitherto taken with regard to the Labor organisations; that is to say, his attitude is one of neutrality as between the two directions in which these societies proceed in Germany, but it is his wish that for the future the Catholics should strive more and more to have their own special organisations besides the others, and that both should work in complete harmony.

One of the results of the Cardinal's visit to Rome will doubtless be increased activity amongst the Catholic workingmen's societies.

PORTUGAL—Sufferings of the Jesuits

The reports in the anti-clerical press of Portugal to the effect that the Jesuit Fathers were subjected to the humiliation of anthropometrical measurement before being expelled from the country are confirmed by the statement of the Portuguese Provincial, Father Louis Gonzaga Cabral, published in the *Revista Cattolica*. That was not the worst indignity they had to bear. Their prison experiences were inexpressibly trying. They had to endure every kind of hardship. Armed ruffians threatened to shoot them dead again and again. They had to lie at night on bare boards and tables with little covering. Over a score were forced into an apartment where there was scarcely sufficient space for three. Venerable old men whose days had been spent in study and in efforts to benefit the people were compelled by their rough and violent gaolers to hold out their fingers in order that impressions might be taken of them as if they were criminals. And when, at last, the Fathers, after having been robbed of everything they possessed and having heard lying and absurd charges made against them, were ordered to quit the country, their friends had to provide the money to pay their fare. Father Cabral does not use an inappropriate word when he calls their trials a martyrdom.

Evil Deeds

A professor of the Lazarist College of Arroios at Lisbon, the Rev. M. Souza, a Portuguese priest, who was an eye-witness of the bloody drama enacted when the revolutionists visited the institution, has given details of what occurred there on the evening of the murder of Father Fraguas, the Superior, and Father Barros-Gomes. He said: 'The revolutionists burst into the college after having broken the doors and windows. They met first in the corridor the Rev. Père Barros-Gomes, a Portuguese priest, aged seventy-two; they rushed upon him, and one of his aggressors stabbed him in the abdomen with a poignard. A lay Brother who was concealed in a neighboring room saw them strike the Father with the butt-end of their muskets on the head and chest until death ensued. They next tore off his soutane and trampled upon it. Whilst this tragic scene was being enacted the pupils fled, terror-stricken, towards the entrance of the garden, the noise and tumult growing more and more deafening. Perceiving the imminence of the danger, and thinking perhaps to conjure it, Père Fraguas said in a loud voice: "I shall go and meet them." And then with outstretched arms, holding a crucifix in his right hand, he walked up to the assailants, crying out in Portuguese: "For the love of God, do not kill anybody!" A musket shot from one of the body of rioters laid him prostrate on the floor before the door of his room. They then threw themselves upon him, stripped him of his clothes, and, kicking and otherwise maltreating him, cried out: "This is just the man we wanted." To such an extent did they vent their rage on his corpse that he could hardly be recognised.' Professor Souza was himself badly wounded by a blow of the butt-end of a musket, but his life was saved through the intervention of one of the Republican leaders.

SCOTLAND—Death of a Convert

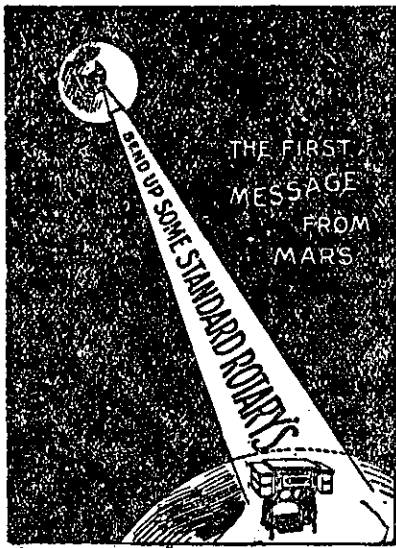
The death occurred recently at Bournemouth of the Hon. Mary Stuart, eldest daughter of the late Lord Blantyre, of Erskine House, Bishopton, Renfrewshire. The London residence of Lord Blantyre was in Berkeley Square, half a minute's walk from the church at Farm street, and there Miss Stuart came under the kindly influence of the Jesuit Fathers (says the *Glasgow Observer*). She was received into the Church in 1886 by the Rev. Father Gallwey, S.J., and from that time till the hour of her death she was a most devout Catholic, untiring in aiding everything connected with the Church. The Catholic Truth Society, the Crusade of Rescue, the Home for Destitute Catholic Children in danger of losing their faith, convents, charitable societies of every kind, had in her a liberal benefactress; in fact, the measure of her charities will never be known.

UNITED STATES—Catholic Charity

It's an ill-wind (says *America*) that blows nobody some good. When Mayor Gaynor was shot he was taken to St. Mary's Hospital, Hoboken, which is in charge of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis. Much of the rapidity of his convalescence was due to the care with which the Sisters looked after his case. When he left the hospital he asked for his bill, and was told there was no charge. A number of prominent New York citizens, without distinction of creed, have now united to present the Sisters with a Thanksgiving offering in recognition of their services to the Mayor during his critical illness.

Praise for the Sisters

In sending his cheque for one hundred dollars to the chairman of the fund that is being raised for St. Mary's Hospital, Hoboken, Mayor Gaynor, of New York, wrote:—'I enclose my cheque for one hundred dollars for the St. Mary's Hospital Thanksgiving Day Fund. It seems to me that before closing the fund you should remove the limit of one hundred dollars, so that those who can afford



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it may give larger sums. The noble women who run the hospital are much in need of funds to carry on this work. My one wish the morning I left their hospital was that I were able to pay off their entire debt. Up to the time that I was taken to the hospital I had only a vague notion, like that common to all who have had no hospital experience, that there were such noble women in the world who devote all their time gratis to the nursing of the sick and wounded in hospitals. What would the world do without them? There is a notion abroad to some extent that this fund is to pay my medical and surgical bills. It ought to be removed, as I fear it prevents subscriptions.

President at Thanksgiving Mass

Foremost in importance in the national capital's observance of Thanksgiving Day was the second annual Pan-American service at St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D.C. President Taft, nearly all the members of his Cabinet, supreme court justices, and diplomatic representatives from every Government in North and South America attended. Solemn Mass was celebrated by Cardinal Gibbons. Archbishop Diomede Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate, was present. President Taft and Mrs. Taft were received by Father Russell, rector of the church. Their pew was adorned with the American flag, and little flags of all the other republics floated from various pews. A luncheon followed at the rectory, where Cardinal Gibbons warmly advocated a Pan-American tribunal of arbitration. The President and Cabinet attended a similar service in the same church a year before.

The Catholic University

Cardinal Gibbons, as Chancellor of the Catholic University of America, has issued a letter concerning the work of that admirable institution. His Eminence says the excellent condition of the University is shown in the Rector's annual report. The endowment is now larger than ever before.

The Apostolic Basilicas

Few feasts (writes the Rome correspondent of the *Catholic Standard and Times*) are observed with greater solemnity than that of the anniversary of the dedication of the Apostolic Basilicas, viz., St. Peter's, the temple of Christendom, where the Prince of the Apostles sleeps, and St. Paul's, on the Ostian Way, where he who 'died and suffered more than all the other Apostles' finds rest at last. We need not dwell on the majestic ceremonies that characterised the feast; those only remotely acquainted with the elaborate details and magnificence with which such occasions are surrounded in the centre of Catholicity will readily understand all that. Let us dwell for a minute on the two great edifices themselves.

It is pretty difficult for some to realise that it took one hundred and seventy-six years to build St. Peter's; that the main building alone cost £10,000,000 (at an era when labor and material were much lower than now), and that the annual expense of repairs alone runs into £5000. 'The interior,' says Eaton's *Rome*, 'burst upon our astonished gaze, resplendent in light, magnificence, and beauty beyond all that the imagination can conceive. Its apparent smallness of size, however, mingled some degree of surprise, and even disappointment, with my admiration. But as I walked slowly up its long nave, empanelled with the rarest and richest marbles, and adorned with every art of sculpture and taste, and caught through the lofty arches opening views of chapels and tombs and altars of surpassing magnificence, I felt that it was indeed unparalleled in beauty, in magnitude and splendor, and one of the noblest and most wonderful works of man.' No wonder Madame de Staël called St. Peter's *une musique fixe*.

The wealth of art that characterises St. Peter's is not to be found in St. Paul's, which is comparatively a modern building. But still it is a veritable little world of marbles and painting. Space will not allow me to dwell upon the temple where the Apostle of the Gentiles lies, but there is one fact which should be proclaimed from the mountain tops to expose the shame of a degraded and corrupt Government. Like all the churches in Rome, except St. Peter's and St. John Lateran's, which are still, by the Law of Guarantees, Papal territory, St. Paul's has been taken under the protection of the Italian Government and declared a national monument. The Benedictines serve the Basilica, but dare do nothing to change the existing order of things. Some twenty years or so ago the Government powder magazine exploded in the vicinity and shattered the windows of the magnificent edifice, and they have never been replaced. There is money for everything but for the venerable church. For a monument to Victor Emmanuel II., which has almost impoverished the peasants; for new zoological gardens that nobody asked for in Rome, while so many are on the brink of starvation; for archaeological ideas that are costing the ratepayers millions; in fact, for everything a Government built on fraud and violence finds money of late years, but to keep out the rain and wind from the Basilica of St. Paul there is not a sou. And yet tourists bring to Italy £20,000,000 a year!

Domestic

By MAUREEN

A Novelty Bag.

A novel idea for using up a worn-out bag or purse is to get a piece of cloth to match the dress or costume and form it into the shape of the bag. The side pieces are made separately and joined in. Secure the old purse just at the sides, and insert the handles, which can be made by folding strips of the material together and machining them down two or three times; or handles can be taken from an old bag and securely fastened on to the new one.

A Good Liniment.

A very useful household liniment is made in the following way:—Place two eggs in their entirety in half a pint of white wine vinegar. These will dissolve in twenty-four hours. Add half a pint of turpentine and three-pennyworth of ammonia. These will make a powerful liniment, which must be well shaken before being used. The mixture will keep for years. To avoid mishaps it should be put in a blue bottle and labelled for external use only.

Special French Gingerbread.

Put a pound of flour in a basin with three-quarters of an ounce of ground ginger and a teaspoonful of mixed spice. Warm three-quarters of a pound of treacle with three ounces of brown sugar, and stir into the flour. Dissolve a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in a little warm milk, and add it to the flour, etc., together with two well-beaten eggs. Beat the whole well with a wooden spoon, pour into a greased tin, and cook in a slow oven for about three-quarters of an hour.

Children's Need of Sleep.

Many parents forget that their growing children need long sleeping hours, in order that healthy growth may be continued, and a well-ordered nervous system become established. It is not easy to state definitely the number of hours of sleep required, as there are individual requirements that will modify any rules; still it is safe to say that after early infancy, when the normal child sleeps most of his time, at least twelve out of the twenty-four hours should be spent in sleep. Until six years of age the daily nap should be added to this. The twelve hours of sleep should continue until the tenth year, and longer if the child is delicate or of especially sensitive nervous organisation. From ten to fourteen years, ten hours' sleep are required. After the age of fourteen, few have the endurance to cope with the complexities of modern life and thrive on less than eight hours' sleep.

Worth Knowing.

Lemons may be kept almost indefinitely in the hot weather without becoming dry, by putting them into a jar of water, with a lid on. Change the water once a week, if the lemons are to be kept longer. It will be found that they keep as firm as when fresh, and also much more juicy.

Fruit stains on table linen can generally be removed by stretching the piece across a basin and pouring boiling water in a thin stream from a kettle directly on the spot. Wring it out and pour more from the other side, reversing the piece.

Do not discard a broom that begins to show signs of wear. Rather take measures to preserve it. If the broom is soaked regularly in hot suds and put out into the sun to dry, it will get new life, and have as much elasticity when half worn down as when new.

The Double Chin.

The bete noir of women whose years are beginning to tell is the chin. It is at the junction of the chin with the neck that the withering process begins. The tissues of the chin are often relaxed, and the flesh accumulates in a bag. Young people in the ceaseless activity use every muscle of the body, but the average woman is seldom called upon in her occupations to throw up the head and put the muscles of the chin on a stretch, and, as a result, accumulates in ugly rolls. As a substitute for these natural movements a series of exercises can be used which are easy and effective in banishing the heavy chin. The first of these is to throw the head back as far as possible, thrusting out the under jaw at the same time, so that the whole chin will feel stretched and drawn out flat. With the chin still kept on the stretch turn the head first to the right and then to the left. These exercises, if persisted in, will surely give firmness to the chin. The chin may also be massaged by gently pinching the tissues and lifting them up by the hands, the fingers of both hands meeting in the middle of the chin, and then pressing and smoothing the flesh backwards as they separate one from the other.

Maureen

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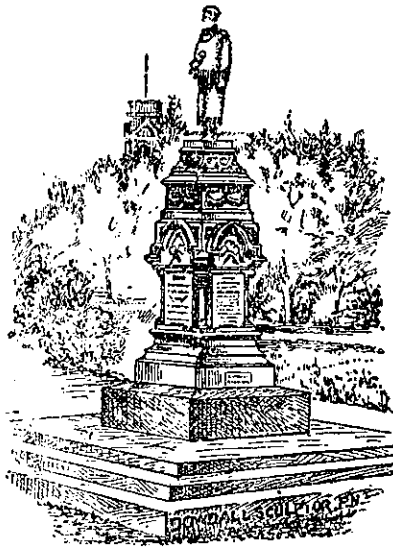
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Science Siftings

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Locating Springs Telephonically.

According to reports from Paris a local engineer named Dienert has been successfully using a sensitive microphone with a listening tube for magnifying the rumbling or dropping of underground streams of water so as to make them audible to the human ear. It is claimed that several subterranean springs were thus located at depths of about fifty feet, and if further tests substantiate these reports, we may at last have found what believers in the so-called divining-rods had been seeking for centuries.

Men, Horses, and Elephants.

Interesting tests were made recently in New York to determine the respective pulling power of horses, men, and elephants. Two horses, weighing 1600 pounds each, together pulled 3700 pounds, or 550 pounds more than their combined weight. One elephant, weighing 12,000 pounds, pulled 8750 pounds, or 3250 pounds less than its weight. Fifty men, aggregating about 7500 pounds in weight, pulled 8750 pounds, or just as much as the single elephant. But, like the horses, they pulled more than their own weight. One hundred men pulled 12,000 pounds.

New Stalactite Cave.

Explorers have recently discovered a new stalactite cave in the Dachstein Mountains, Upper Austria, and estimate it to be the largest of its kind in Europe. The principal tunnel measures about one mile and a quarter, with numerous branches of varying length. The cave has two levels. In the upper, two immense ice halls were found, having precipitous glaciers some 300 feet in length. Spread over the lower level were a series of halls, the largest being 600 feet long and 100 feet high. Among the paleontological specimens found were brachiopods and cave bears.

Not Immune From Snake Poison.

It is a popular fallacy that the mongoose is immune from snake venom. It has been proved, however, to be considerably less susceptible than other and larger animals to the snake poison, which may possibly be accounted for by the fact of its eating poisonous snakes, and so becoming in some degree inoculated. But the simple reason why it is that during a combat with, say, a cobra, the mongoose appears often to be struck, and yet shows no ill effects, is that when in a fray it sets up the wiry hair on its body, so that if it is not quick enough always to elude the darts of its opponents the chances are that the snake either 'strikes short' or the poison is ejected without any wound being made. The mongoose, with the other ichneumons, is very susceptible of domestication, and in many of its customs it resembles the cat, possessing all the inquisitive nature of the latter. Besides reptiles, and 'vermin' generally, the mongoose is responsible for much havoc among all kinds of birds, and its introduction—for the purpose of killing rats—into the West Indies has been very destructive there to indigenous bird-life.

The Development of Motor Traffic.

The development of motor traffic in recent years has undoubtedly been startling. The Royal Automobile Club has been collecting statistics, by which it appears that the total number of motor vehicles registered in Great Britain and Ireland at the end of September was 183,773, as compared with 154,415 at the corresponding date of last year. This is certainly a striking increase; but the horse has not yet disappeared. Of the cars registered 7499 belonged to Ireland, 13,093 to Scotland, and 163,187 to England, of which less than one-fiftieth were registered in London. When steam traffic was first introduced into England, a great many years ago, it was prophesied that in another generation the horse would be practically extinct as a 'motive power.' Several generations have passed away since then, but the horse-drawn cart is still familiar. There can be no doubt, however, that the use of the motor is increasing rapidly, as the statistics of the Automobile Club show.

An Immense Salt Mine.

The most interesting salt mines in the world are said to be those at Wieliczka, in Galicia, which form an underground collection of streets, houses, churches, and monuments. Their history can be traced back a thousand years, and they are still being worked. The mines form an oval twenty-two miles in length and half a mile in central width. The aggregate length of the galleries at present accessible is upward of sixty-five miles, and that of mining railways twenty-two miles. Enormous cavities amounting to 106,000,000 cubic feet have been produced during the last century below the town of Wieliczka by working the rock salt, and as these cavities—kept up artificially by timbering—are continually increasing, the inhabitants of Wieliczka some time ago were fearing lest their town be exposed to the risk of collapsing, and the local building activity was therefore temporarily confined to the erection of wooden structures. Present regulations, according to which those cavities have to be filled in, in due course gradually removed that apprehension.

Intercolonial

The Rev. Father P. Cogan, of Murrurundi, where he has been in charge for the past ten or eleven years, left Sydney on January 7 for a couple of months' holiday in New Zealand.

The Rev. Father P. Cullen, Gresford (Maitland), who leaves for the Old Land on a twelve months' tour, has been presented with an address and purse of sovereigns by the parishioners of Glendon Brook.

The Rev. Father Joseph Slattery, C.M., Vice-president of St. Stanislaus' College, Bathurst, who has been appointed local Superior of St. Vincent's Monastery, Ashfield, is one of the leading scientists of Australia (says the *Catholic Press*). As a centre of science he has made St. Stanislaus' famous in this country. He was one of the first Vincentians to go to Bathurst to take charge of the college in 1838. When wireless telegraphy was in the embryonic stage in Australia he sent a message three miles, from Bathurst to Kelso, up to that time the greatest distance over which a wireless message had been despatched in this part of the world. He also used the X-rays for practical purposes at St. Stanislaus' before it was in use in any other part of Australia.

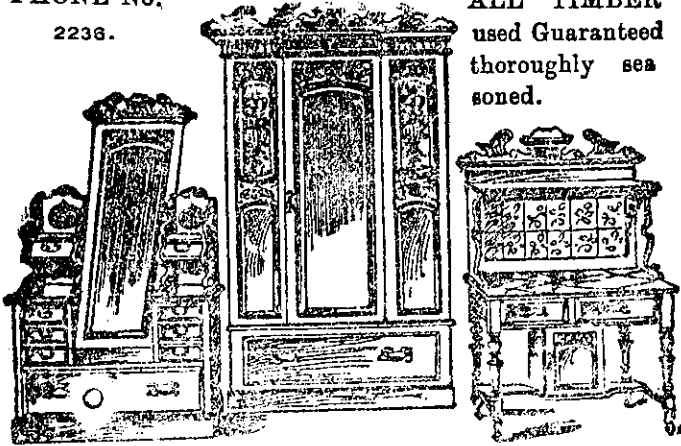
The following clerical changes in the archdiocese of Sydney have been officially notified:—The Rev. Father Meaney, of the Cathedral staff, has been appointed Inspector of Catholic Schools in the archdiocese; the Rev. Father McAuliffe, of St. Francis' Church, Albion street, has been appointed to the Cathedral staff; the Rev. Father Keogh, who recently arrived from Ireland, will act as assistant at St. Francis' Church, Albion street. He was ordained at Carlow College at the close of the 1910 scholastic year. The Rev. Father Darby, until lately a member of the teaching staff of St. Columba's College, Springwood, and who was ordained at the close of last year, will join the Cathedral staff.

His Eminence Cardinal Moran in the course of an address at Enmore on Sunday, January 8, announced that the new primary schools now in course of erection at the Cathedral would cost £10,000, and that the Christian Brothers would take charge of the parish school for boys at St. Mary's immediately after the Christmas holidays. The girls' primary schools have hitherto occupied the temporary buildings on the site of 'Old St. Mary's,' in College street, and the Cardinal's Hall. These premises will shortly be required for the extension and completion of the Cathedral. In the same way the boys' primary school and St. Mary's High School were both conducted in the old pro-Cathedral, on St. Mary's road. The buildings, which were never suited or properly lighted for school purposes, are being demolished and replaced by up-to-date schools for both boys' and girls' primary school training.

A few Sundays ago the Very Rev. Dean Phelan, V.G., Melbourne, opened a new church at Mordialloc, dedicated to St. Brigid. The contract price of the church was about £500. In the course of his address the Vicar-General said it was useful to cast a retrospective glance at what had been done for Catholic education during the past 35 years. In the archdiocese of Melbourne at present there were 27,000 children being taught in Catholic schools. Between 800 and 900 nuns were assisting in educating them, and there was a large army of Christian Brothers and secular teachers similarly engaged. The Church had spent during the past year £42,000 on primary education in the archdiocese, and the results of such expenditure were to be seen in the full Catholic churches and the multiplication of them. Whilst religious education was attended to in the Catholic schools, secular education was not neglected. That was to be seen by the fact that there was not a public examination open for general competition in Victoria in which Catholic children did not carry off the best awards and the greatest number of prizes.

A cable message from Sydney on Friday says:—The Catholic Educational Conference carried a series of resolutions similar to those adopted by the Catholic University of the United States, defining the position of the Church in reference to education. These set out that intellectual education must not be separated from moral and religious instruction. Religion should be the centre round which all other instructional subjects are grouped, and the spirit by which they are permeated. Instead of lessening the need of moral and religious training, the advance in educational methods rather emphasises the need to provide the essentials of Christian education. The Church welcomes whatever science may contribute towards rendering the work of the school more efficient, but Catholic parents are bound in conscience to provide an education for their children, either at home or in the schools, of the right sort. Another series of resolutions dealt with primary education methods in Catholic schools. The Conference adopted several resolutions dealing with secondary schools. It was decided that the standard of proficiency in religious knowledge was of paramount importance, and that too much time should not be devoted to music, as it interfered with other studies. The system of 'leaving' certificate decided upon is considered to be such as should admit a pupil to matriculation at the University.

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SCHOOL DAYS

Where's my coat? Where's my hat?
Where's my 'rithmetic?
Wonder where my grammar's at?
Help me find it, quick!
Where's my jog'fy lesson, pa?
Where's my new foot rule?
Hurry up an' help me, ma,
I'll be late to school.

Johnny's throwed my tie away—
Yes, you did! It's gone.
You wuz playin' yesterday,
An' you had it on.
Help me try to find it, ma,
T'other one's too red—
Here it is. I found it, pa,
Underneath the bed.

Here's my jog'fy, anyway,
Here's my coat and hat—
Wonder why my things can't stay
Where I put 'em at?
Ouch! I hit my head a knock,
Gee! I got to fly,
Pretty nearly nine o'clock—
All right, ma. Good-bye.

STORY OF TWO GIRLS

Nella was sure she had passed the same girl the day before, walking in the same direction with a steady, plodding gait, which seemed to speak equally of weariness and determination. She looked back over her shoulder just before she turned the bend in the road, at the square little figure trudging patiently through the dust, and nodded. 'It's the same girl,' she said; 'I know I wasn't mistaken.'

When she passed her for the third time in a week, she drew rein. 'You and I always seem to be going in the same direction,' she said pleasantly. 'Won't you get in and ride with me?'

The girl looked down at her bare, dusty feet, and her color rose. 'If I'm going to sit beside you,' she replied, 'maybe I'd better put on my shoes.'

'Why, no! It doesn't matter,' Nella answered, with difficulty suppressing a smile. But, after the stranger was seated beside her, curiosity got the better of her. 'Why do you carry your shoes?' she inquired. 'Don't the stones hurt your feet?'

The other girl chose to answer the first inquiry. 'Count of wearing them out,' she returned laconically.

'Oh! Nella blushed high, and hastened to cover her slip by asking another question. 'Is it far to your school? You see I know you're a schoolgirl by your books.'

'Five miles.'

'Five miles!' Nella repeated the words with a little gasp between. 'You don't mean—you can't mean that you have to walk five miles each way?'

The girl nodded.

Nella waxed indignant. 'It's a shame! Hasn't your father any horses? Isn't there any school nearer? Why, you must be tired when night comes.'

'There ain't no school nigher than that one,' said the other girl with grave dignity. 'Pa's got a team of mules, but they've got all they can do, bless you, without taking me to school. It seemed a right smart way at first, but I don't think much of it now. You can get used to heaps of things.'

'Do you like school?'

The girl drew a sharp breath. Her eyes shone.

'I love it—the learning things. Sometimes when the girls do well at this school they let 'em go to another, or beyond the mountain, and there they learn to be teachers. I'd like that.' Her voice vibrated with the intensity of her emotion. 'I'd like to help other folks. And it's nice to know things, too.'

'Nella touched the pony with the whip, thinking hard. She had found her lonely drives something of a bore, and had kept them up because her father insisted on her spending as much time as possible in the open air. Why shouldn't she help out this plucky little scholar? It would make her drives all the pleasanter to have an object.

But her thoughts did not stop with this. When the family went south for the winter her father had suggested that she should give up some time every day to study. A trained French teacher was within call. He himself could superintend her work in mathematics. Nella had shrugged her shoulders and frowned. 'It's hard enough studying at school,' she said, 'where everybody else does it. But here I couldn't stand it.' When she compared her own reluctance with the girl's eagerness and ambition, she was forced to acknowledge that the contrast was not in her favor.

Nella's father looked at his daughter with interest that night. It struck him that it had been a long time since he had seen her so eager and full of life. 'You must have had a pleasant drive,' he said.

'Oh, I did, papa! And I found the bravest girl, who walks ten miles a day to and from school. I'm going to meet her and drive her part way every time I can. And papa, I think I'm ready to begin the French lessons.'

The chance meeting on the lonely road had helped two girls.

BOASTFUL SANDY

We once had a cat named Sandy, who was large and yellow and had a long, bushy tail and silky ears.

He was indeed ornamental, much more so than useful, for as a mouser Sandy was not a success.

Yet, in spite of other people's opinion, in his own eyes Sandy was the terror of all the mice in the State. To watch him at work was a treat. He set about mice-catching with much style, such as 'see the conquering hero comes' air. And when he lost his mouse, as he nearly always did, he always assumed a bored attitude, as if to say, 'Pray, don't imagine I really wanted to catch that mouse; it was merely for practice!'

At last, discouraged with Sandy's achievements, we bought a trap.

Sandy was delighted with the trap, for he found a mouse in it nearly every morning, and he took to lying in wait and watching it.

One day as he waited he saw a gray mouse steal from a hole in the corner and approach the trap. Nearer and nearer he crept, but instead of getting himself caught, he sprung the trap.

Like a gray streak the mouse made for his hole, and like a yellow streak Sandy followed him. But, as usual, the cat was too late, and the mouse got safely inside.

But now that he knew where the mouse lived Sandy determined to have him. So he sat very quietly by the mouse hole until the mouse should come out of his front door again. But the mouse did not come, and at last Sandy grew very weary of waiting. He wanted to go to sleep, and he did not want the mouse to get away, so he solved the problem by crossing his paws over the mouse hole and going comfortably to sleep.

Then the artful mouse stole out of his back door, ate the cheese from the trap, and stole gleefully back, while Sandy still slept on.

WASTED TIME

The other day a well-dressed stranger, carrying a hand-bag, called at a life insurance agent's, and inquired if the agent was in.

The agent came forward rubbing his hands, and the stranger asked:

'Do you take life insurance risks here?'

'Yes, sir. Glad to see you, sir. Sit down, sir,' replied the agent.

'What do you think of life insurance?' inquired the stranger, as he sat down and took off his hat.

'It's a national blessing, sir—an institution which is looked on with sovereign favor by every enlightened man and woman in the country.'

'That's what I've always thought,' answered the man. 'Does your company pay its losses promptly?'

'Yes, sir—yes, sir. If you were insured with us, and you should die to-night, your wife would have a cheque within a week.'

'Couldn't ask for anything better than that.'

'No, sir; no, sir. The motto of our company is, "Prompt pay and honorable dealings."'

'How much will a policy for one thousand pounds cost?' inquired the stranger, after a long pause.

'You are—let's see—say thirty-five and in good health. A policy on you would cost twenty-four pounds a year.'

'That's reasonable enough.'

'Yes; that's what we call low. But ours is a strong company, does a safe business, and invests only in first-class securities. If you are thinking of taking out a policy, let me tell you that ours is the best and safest, and even the agents of rival companies will admit the truth of that.'

'And when I die my wife will get her money without any trouble?'

'I'll guarantee that, my dear sir.'

'And I'll get a dividend every year?'

'Yes; this is a mutual company, and part of the profits come back to the policy holders.'

'And it won't cost me but twenty-four pounds for a policy of one thousand pounds?'

'That's the figure, and it's as low as you can get safe insurance anywhere. Let me fill you up a proposal. You'll never regret it.'

'Them's the blanks, I s'pose?' said the stranger, pointing to the forms.

'Yes,' replied the agent, as he drew one to him and took up a pen. 'What do you say? Shall I fill it up?'

'No, I won't take any to-day,' replied the stranger, as he unlocked his bag. 'But if you want something that

will take that wart off your finger inside of a week, I've got it here. It's good for corns, bunions, the toothache, earache, sprains—

'Clear out from here!' screamed the duped agent, with a heightened color, 'or there will be a chance for the coroner in this place immediately.'

He cleared off.

YOUNG SHAFTER'S LESSON

An American exchange gives the recipe by which General Shafter learned self-reliance. The story is told in the officer's own words:—

'Once, when I was a boy at school, our teacher called up the class in mental arithmetic and began putting questions, beginning with the pupil at the head. I stood somewhere near the middle, and next below me was a boy who was three years older and considerably ahead of me in our various studies.

"How much are thirteen and nine and eight?" asked the teacher.

'One after another the boys and girls guessed and failed. Meantime I thought it out. The question had just got to me when I heard the big boy who stood next whispering apparently to himself: "Twenty-nine, twenty-nine, twenty-nine."

"Well, Willie," said the teacher, "let us see if you know. Come, now, be prompt."

'I cocked my head on one side and said triumphantly: "Twenty-nine."

"Next! How many are thirteen and nine and eight?"

"Thirty," said the big boy below.

'That was just what I had figured it to be myself, and I made up my mind then and there to depend on my own judgment for the future. Ever since when I have had anything to do and have figured out what I thought to be the best way of doing it, I have gone ahead, remembering when people criticised or tried to throw me off the track how that big boy made a fool of me in the mental arithmetic class.'

THE ART OF STORY-TELLING

The teacher in a Philadelphia school had called upon Freddy to tell the class a story in fifty words. Accordingly Freddy rose and began as follows:—"I have a little sister. Her name is May. May likes pussies and dollies. One day May saw a pussy in our garden, and she said: "Here, pussy, pussy, pussy. Here, pussy, pussy, pussy! Here, pussy, pussy, pussy!"

And Freddy sat down with much satisfaction. There was a moment's pause, and then a voice, evidently that of the class mathematician, called out from a near corner in the room, "That's only thirty-eight words."

Up stood Freddy again, unperturbed, and continued: "Here, pussy, pussy, pussy! Here, pussy, pussy, pussy! Here, pussy, pussy, pussy! Here, pussy, pussy, pussy!" Then he sat down.

MISUNDERSTOOD

She glided into the office and approached the publisher's desk.

'I have written a poem,' she began.

'Well?' queried the publisher, with a look intended to annihilate.

'I have written a poem,' she calmly repeated, 'on "My Father's Barn," and—'

'Oh!' interrupted the publisher. 'You don't know how greatly I am relieved! A poem written on your father's barn? I was afraid it was written on paper, and that you wanted me to publish it. If I ever happen to drive by your father's barn, I'll stop and read it.'

FAMILY FUN

Why is an orange like a church steeple?—Because we have peels from both.

What kind of cat lives in a library?—A catalogue.

What sea would a seasick person like to be on?—Adriatic (a dry attic).

What grows the less tired the longer it works?—An auto wheel.

When has wit a father?—When a pun becomes apparent (a parent).

Why should an architect make a good actor?—Because he is excellent at drawing houses.

Why are spiders good correspondents?—Because they drop a line by every post at every house.

What does a girl become when she ceases to be pensive?—Expensive.

What is a sure sign of an early spring?—A cat watching a bird on a tree.

A lady asked a gentleman how old he was. He answered, 'My age is what you do in everything.' How old was he?—XL (excel).

What beneficent word is a combination of a chair and a table?—Charitable.

What is the most difficult lock to pick?—One from the bald head.

All Sorts

The estimated population of Canada a year ago last March was 7,185,000.

Rain falls more frequently between 3 a.m. and 8 a.m. than at any other time.

Attempts at aviation that met with some degree of success were made by an Italian priest in 1751.

The Franciscan has the largest number of Bishops of any of the Orders in the Church. At present it numbers forty, two of whom are Cardinals.

The first company organised for the illumination of streets by artificial light made from coal was that at Preston, Lancashire, England, in 1794, and the discovery of the process is due to the Jesuits of Stonyhurst.

Mother: 'Jimmy, there were three apples in the cupboard, and now there is only one. How is that?'

Jimmy: 'I don't know, ma, unless I overlooked it.'

'Have you anything in oil, suitable for the dining room?' asked the lady shopper in a department store.

'Certainly, madam,' replied the floorwalker. 'Which would you like—floor oil, salad oil, oil paintings, or sardines?'

'I like your choir,' said the visitor. 'Indeed!' said the gratified President of the Musical Society. 'Yes; they have grit. They think for themselves. They do not allow their efforts to be diverted by the mere mechanical accuracy of the organ.'

A school teacher in one of the lower grades once asked, 'What is wind?'

After a thoughtful pause, a small hand was raised.

'Well, Robert, what is your answer?'

'Why—er, the wind is the air when it gets in a hurry,' answered Robert.

'Happiness,' declaimed the philosopher, 'is in the pursuit of something, not in the catching of it.'

'Have you ever,' interrupted the plain citizen, 'chased the last car on a rainy night?'

Smith threw down his newspaper in disgust. 'It's shameful,' he exclaimed, 'the way these 'ere colleges waste money on furniture! 'Ere's an account of somebody giving Harvard forty thousand dollars for a new chair.'

Hubby (with irritation): 'Why is it that you women insist upon having the last word?'

Wife (calmly): 'We don't. The only reason we get it is because we always have a dozen arguments left when you stupid men are all run out.'

The rocking stone of Tandil is a natural curiosity in the Argentine Republic, perhaps the largest in the world—three miles from Tandil, a small village, which may be reached by railway 250 miles south of Buenos Aires. The giant, mushroom-shaped quartz boulder stands upon the summit of some picturesque hills, perhaps a thousand feet in height. It weighs over 700 tons, and it rocks in the wind and may be made to crack a walnut. Yet this boulder is so firm that one of the old dictators, Rosas by name, once harnessed a thousand horses to it and was unable to displace it. There are several rocking stones scattered about the world, though none nearly so large.

The famous musician Joseph Haydn was the son of a poor wheelwright at Rohrau, in Lower Austria. His father played on the harp, to the music of which his mother would often add that of her charming voice. This it was which first awoke the musical talents of the great composer. One day, when he was in company with several other distinguished musicians, the question arose as to the best way of refreshing the mind when one is wearied with mental labor. 'For my part,' said one, 'I find nothing so effective as a glass of good wine.' Another remarked: 'When my ideas begin to flag, I quit my work and go into company.' 'And how is it with you, Haydn?' asked one of his companions. 'I take to my Rosary, which I always carry about me,' he answered, modestly. 'After a few decades I am sure to feel refreshed both in body and in mind.'

Salt-cellars may be said to have been in use in pre-historic times. Homer declared that salt was a gift of the gods. The Greeks and Romans gave the salt-cellar the place of honor at their banquets, and every effort of craftsmen was employed to make it an object of beauty. Salt-cellars were often heirlooms, handed down with great care from father to son. During the middle ages the salt-cellar was the finest and most conspicuous object on the table, and was placed in the centre—the members of the family and their guests occupying seats at one end, the servants and retainers sitting at the other. This is how the phrase 'to sit below the salt' came to mean 'to occupy an inferior position.' Wealthy people used salt-cellars made of gold and silver and designed by great artists. Many of these have been preserved to this day, and are treasured in museums. Poor people, however, were content with more humble receptacles for the useful condiment, and often used a piece of bread with a place hollowed out to serve as a salt-cellar.

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