

the country in which it took its rise. So true it is that if you throw one set of dogmas regarding religion out by the school door, another set will immediately come in by the window.

On the part of a large section of taxpayers, I would press upon this Commission the need of according the same general educational treatment to the consciences that cannot, as to the consciences that can, accept those views of religion upon which our Education Act is based. A very considerable body of people in this Dominion hold the following views of the place of religion in education: They hold to the old and more generally accepted doctrine that religion is an essential part of all education properly so called. They believe that education is a vital and continuous process—proceeding on essentially uniform principles both in the home and in the school, which is merely an extension of the home. They believe that it is a grave educational error to expose the child to opposite educational influences in the school and in the well-regulated home—as, for instance, by treating his moral and intellectual faculties as if they were so many watertight compartments. They hold that the State is not above or beyond the reach of the moral law; that it has not a radically different aim from that of the individual; and that the child's high capacity for religious and moral growth is, when duly developed, of enormous value as a national asset. It therefore seems to us that, even from the patriotic viewpoint, it would be a calamity for any school system to leave, by however indirect a manner, upon the mind of the child the idea that religion is a matter only for the home and the church, or that it is a matter of secondary importance to arithmetic as a preparation for life, or that sufficient codes of personal conduct can be formed apart from the inspiration and the sustaining power of religion.

'I do not ask the members of this Commission to share these views of religion in education. I merely ask them to recognise the fact that these views are widely held. For us, Catholics, these teachings are as the very marrow of our lives. The case between the State school and the unaided private school is, in its last resort, a case of dogma against dogma. The fairest and most statesmanlike way is for the State to recognise, in a proper and practical way, that there are other views of religion in education besides those for which our present Act provides. We ask only for equal treatment of conscience in education. I know that this would present certain difficulties; but the difficulties are superficial. New Zealand statesmanship has met and conquered greater; and Canada, Germany, Belgium, Scandinavia, and many other lands show that, given good-will, we also may arrive at a just settlement of this radical defect in our education system.'

## THE CAMPANILE OF VENICE

To celebrate the restoration of the beautiful Campanile of St. Mark's, Venice, a splendid pageant that recalled the ancient grandeur of the sea-wedded city was prepared and carried out on April 25. The Patriarch of Venice, Cardinal Cavallari, performed the function of blessing the restored tower, and thousands of children sang a hymn composed for the occasion by Benedetto Marcello. When the flags of Italy and Venice were hoisted to the corners of the graceful tower two thousand carrier pigeons were liberated to bear the glad tidings of the restoration to the four quarters of the compass, and the children sent up their sweet young voices to proclaim in angelic music their love for God and the patron of the city, the great St. Mark of the Gospels. A gorgeous aquatic spectacle was then beheld on the historic Adriatic. A string of gondolas and barges gaily decorated with flags of all hues and garlanded with flowers moved in procession over the waters, to the accompaniment of martial music and the cheering of the thousands who had flocked to the city to witness the unique event. Afterward a solemn religious service, attended by the Patriarch and all the Bishops of the Venetian province, was gone through in the majestic Basilica that Ruskin and many other art lovers have made the world familiar with by means of pen and

brush. It is good to hear of Venice and its fidelity to its ancient religion and its imperishable medieval glories in war and art.

One thousand years have rolled by (writes a Rome correspondent) since Doge Pietro Tribuno commenced the Campanile that suddenly crashed to the ground a half score years ago. And many old Venetians wept, for their beautiful Campanile was part of themselves. During the period of the glorious Republic of St. Mark (says one writer), the Campanile was the ideal centre of popular manifestations excited by historical events. It was the exponent of divers customs, the public meeting place; the market clustered round it. In fine, it was the ensign of trades, arts, and professions. The public festivals were crowned by the illuminations of its summits, on which poised the Golden Angel of Dal Buono, and many a time it served as a war or a meteorological observatory and as a lighthouse for navigators.

No wonder, then, that the Venetians felt sad, and that, in deference to popular opinion, the authorities decreed it should rise again on its old site. Nothing should be altered. The new one should not be an inch taller nor broader than the old one; its shape should be the same; the bronze of the five bells should be fused and recast, while the sixth 'La Nera Marangona,' that survived the fall, should peal as it had done before. The eighteen hundred fragments into which the little statue of the Madonna had been broken were carefully sent to a famous artist in Florence. It came back as if nothing had happened, and stands in its former place. And the Golden Angel, the gift of Pius X., who also bore the expense of the fusing of the bells, again surmounts the darling of the Venetians.

It is hard for inhabitants of modern cities to understand the sentimental way in which the men of the older cities of Europe regard the chief bells of the place. In Florence 'La Vacca, the Cow,' is looked on with affection by the people of the once glorious republic, and when she rings out the Florentines turn to each other and say: 'La Vacca magghia'—'The Cow is lowing.' In Venice every great event for one thousand years has been honored by the chimes on the Campanile. Right merrily they pealed out when the Venetian Popes, Eugene IV. and Paul II., were elected, and in 1177 they rang over sea and land when the great Emperor Frederick Barbarossa made his submission to Pope Alexander III., who stood robed in full pontificals at the portals of St. Mark's and then walked up the aisles with the Emperor's hand in his to sing the 'Te Deum.' And when 'Blind Old Dandolo,' the Doge of Venice, led his men, sword in hand, though stone blind, at the siege of Constantinople they again pealed long and loud. So also they pealed over the battle of Lepanto, when the Christians broke the Moslem power in Europe for ever: when the Italians drove the Austrians out of Italy, on the feast of St. Mark; at the Ascension of our Saviour (as they will continue to do), and when Leo XIII. ascended the throne.

But each of these bells has a name, and each had a special function in the old days. First came 'the Black Marangona.' This name, (says a writer on things Venetian), is derived from that class of workmen most numerous in this city, which is rightly called the Queen of the Adriatic. These Maranzoni, or carpenters and boat builders, were summoned to their work by the ringing of this bell. Then came 'La Trotteria,' which called the nobles of Venice to assemble in council. 'La Nona' summoned the people to market. 'La Ringiera' tolled out the note of joy for some happy event, and at its sound the Venetian grew glad. And then there were 'La Candia' and 'La Pregadi,' which latter told Venice when justice had been meted out to a malefactor.

'You can see airships galore in San Francisco,' writes an ex-Southlander to an Invercargill friend. 'They fly about like the gulls on the Riverton Beach. We have seen the most daring aviator in the world flying and circling about like a hawk. To watch an aeroplane buzzing over your head is becoming almost as common as watching a motor car.'