

business in Stamboul. There the chief bazaars are situated. Thus much by way of introduction to the city which we are now approaching. The steamer runs close under the point of Stamboul known as Seraglio Point, because of the old seraglio palace and gardens occupying the slope down to the edge of the water. As we round it every one must be on the look out for the hole in the wall, out of which tradition says so many wives and slaves have been thrown in sacks into the Bosphorus. It is an ordinary shute, like a coal shute, through the solid stone wall, built evidently to enable sweepers and cleaners to throw garden rubbish into the river. Yet the inhabitants believe it to have another design, and mutter low when you ask questions about it.

Constantinople is not a clean city. Mud is deep everywhere in the narrow passages, and at the foot of the hill in Galata, just before crossing the Golden Horn, the slime is terrible. The mixture of people is more curious than any seen elsewhere—soldiers, sailors, and travellers of every nation under heaven, mingled with Turks, Arabs, Persians, Greeks and inhabitants of all the eastern islands and the mountains of Asia Minor, so that the narrow alley at the foot of the hill, which runs along parallel with the water, separated from it by small shops, is at times almost impassable. The stream of people pours along it steadily without a break. Woe to the unlucky dog who slips on the treacherous footing and falls in the mud of that alley. He is irrecoverably lost under the feet of the crowd that presses on, heedless of man or beast.

When the writer visited Constantinople long ago conditions were such as they must be to-day. Every man was armed. It was like a city in a state of siege, and as if everyone were ready for battle. Some wore swords; some carried long guns of ancient shape and ornamented with arabesques in silver.

The long bridge of boats leads across the water. Below it at that time lay the fleets of the world, and among all the splendid vessels that lay there, the great English and French three-deckers, the Napoleon, the Wellington, the Prince Albert, and a host of other great names, it was with a hearty pride that the writer saw one ship attracting more attention from all the passers on the bridge than any other, and this an American. The Great Republic, clipper, lay at the foot of the Seraglio Gardens. No one crossed the bridge but stopped to admire her, and a running fire of praises fell from a hundred lips.

The change is delightful from crowded Galata to cool Stamboul, and it is pleasant to loiter a while in the bazaars before going to the mosques. Of those gorgeous bazaars whose fame has travelled far, the finest is the slipper bazaar. It is a short covered street, with windows in the roof, and in front of each shop is a broad stage or platform, usually carpeted. The shelves behind this platform in the little shop are heaped up with all the brilliant embroideries which so delight the feet of the Turkish ladies. Rare patterns of work are done on velvet in split quills and costly pearls. The diamonds are more carefully guarded, but if you sit down on the shop front, the merchant before you can say 'no,' will fling down a pile of dazzling slippers that would seduce the money out of a purse of steel. The silk and embroidery bazaars are incomparably luxurious.

In the Hippodrome, now the open square of the city, once stood a magnificent collection of statues and ornamental works. It was doubtless one of the grandest squares the world has seen. A few—a sad few—of its old splendors remain—a twisted column, three serpents twined together, whose three heads once supported the tripod of the oracle at Delphi, whence this bronze column was removed to Constantinople; a leaning column of stone once cased in bronze and splendidly adorned, but now trembling and tottering to the fall, naked of all ornament; an Egyptian obelisk, the spoil of some ancient battle with the people of Memphis. These are the few sorrowful reminders of the glory of the city. Elsewhere the lonesome column of Theodosius and the dark caverns of the cisterns of Constantinople and the ruined arches of the Aqueduct of Valens are all that remain of ancient Byzantium.

## DIED AT THE ALTAR

Word has been received at the Foreign Mission Seminary in Maryknoll, Ossington, N.Y., of a young priest's death in the Congo:—

The new apostle, Rev. Father Duggan, was one of the Mill Hill (England) Fathers. He was Irish by birth, and ordained in the spring of 1911. In the few months of his ministry he had gathered about him a considerable flock of devoted blacks. He had started out on a visit to distant stations, when a malignant fever seized him. He struggled on until he was quite helpless and was forced to rest in the cabin of a native Christian. While there, he wrote to his brother missionary, who had gone a five days' journey in the opposite direction, stating his condition but expressing his belief that he would be out of danger soon.

Father Duggan then started back to his station which, after a great effort and a long, weary journey, he reached on a Sunday morning. Once more gathering his faithful flock, he struggled into his vestments to offer the Holy Sacrifice. He began the Mass with difficulty, and after the Consecration grew gradually weaker. Still he went on until the Communion. Then, after giving himself the Holy Viaticum, the heroic priest fell dead at the altar steps. He was carried to his hut and the Mass was left to be finished by the angels. When his brother priest returned, he found still upon the altar the chalice containing the Precious Blood.

The sad news of the young priest's death was communicated to his parents by the rector of Freshfield (the Mill Hill preparatory school), who writes that the father, with wonderful faith and resignation, responded: 'God's will be done. I am content to lose my son for His cause, and my only regret is that I have no other to take his place.'

### Gore

(From an occasional correspondent.)

January 6.

The quarterly Communion of the members of the SS. Peter and Paul's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society took place on Sunday last, Rev. Father Woods, of Invercargill, being celebrant of the Mass. Breakfast was subsequently partaken of at Islington House, there being a satisfactory attendance of members. Rev. Father Woods was also present. At the last fortnightly meeting, held on January 2, several new members were initiated, bringing the membership passed through the society's books up to 100. This is evidence of the progress of the branch during a period of four years. At the annual meeting on January 6, the following officers for the ensuing term were elected:—Past president, Bro. E. Columb; president, Bro. A. H. Smith; vice-president, Bro. M. A. O'Neill; secretary, Bro. M. T. Francis; treasurer, Bro. B. Kolly; warden, Bro. J. Howard; guardian, Bro. J. F. Heslin; sick visitors, Bros. P. Kelly and Wm. O'Neill; auditors, Bros. M. A. O'Neill and J. F. Heslin.

The quarterly and annual balance sheets disclosed a very satisfactory state of affairs. There was an increase of eight members during the quarter, and twenty-six during the year.

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