

licity of its character would be completely destroyed and it is not too much to say that the cause of education in New Zealand would suffer irreparable injury. Last session, there was a combination between Auckland and Otago members to sweep away all that had been previously done. They proposed that there should be two Universities, as they were pleased to call them—one at Auckland, and the other at Dunedin. The combination was successful in the House of Representatives, but the Legislative Council very summarily rejected the proposal, and so saved the Colony from ridicule, to say nothing of the loss, it would have incurred had the proposal been carried out.

It appears, now, however, that the combination has not been revived, and this is to be accounted for by the fact that the Secretary of State for the Colonies has refused to recommend Her Majesty to grant a charter for conferring degrees on more than one University in the Colony. From questions that have been asked in the House of Representatives, by one of the Otago members, we gather that the principal charge against the New Zealand University is, that it is not a "teaching body." The New Zealand University is not without professors, officers, servants, and students. The Gentlemen who have hitherto acted and still act in that capacity at the several affiliated institutions may not be called but they are professors to all intents and purposes, and the late examination for University scholarships proves that their labours have not been in vain. We have no desire to institute comparisons, but when an Otago member so boastfully asserts the claims of the College established there to be recognised as the University of New Zealand, it is necessary to point to its position on the class-list recently published. It has been said that Otago is not allowed to share in, or is prevented from receiving, its fair share of the New Zealand University vote. This is not correct. Otago excludes herself from participation by the antagonistic attitude she has taken up. If the governing body of the Otago College—it is nothing more—were to follow the example of similar bodies in other Provinces and affiliate their institution to the New Zealand University, a share of the grant from Parliament would be allotted to them.

BISHOP MORAN AT THE THAMES.

(From the Thames papers)

A NUMBER of members of the Roman Catholic congregation met at the church at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th ultimo, for the purpose of presenting an address to the Right Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Dunedin, who arrived that day by the "Comerang." His Lordship, attended by the Revs. Father Norris and Father Golden, was received by the congregation standing, and the choir played and sang, "Faith of our fathers."

Mr H. McIlhorne then expressed the pleasure which he felt in being made the medium of presenting an address to his Lordship. The address, which he then read, was as follows:—

To the Right Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Dunedin.

My Lord,—May it please your Lordship, we, as representing the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the Thames, most heartily welcome your Lordship to this place. My Lord, we cannot allow you to come and depart from this goldfield without expressing our highest admiration of your sacred character: above all the qualities that pertain to your Lordship's high and sacred office. We recognise in you the champion and defender of religious education, and we trust that your Lordship may be long spared to uphold the principles of our holy religion; and may that Providence which has protected you in so many lands guide you to your happy destination, there to reap the rewards of a holy, a virtuous, and a well-spent life.

Asking your Lordship's holy blessing, we beg to subscribe ourselves your Lordship's humble servants.

Bishop Moran said, before thanking them for this expression of good-will towards him he had to thank the clergymen for permitting him to receive this address in their church. He was a stranger here, and had no claim to such courtesy as permitting him thus to make use of their church. He was here by the merest accident. He had been paying a visit to the district of Hawke's Bay, and he found that he would more quickly arrive at home by taking the longer route, and coming by Auckland than by waiting for a steamer to take him direct. They had been pleased in the address to speak of his advocacy of Christian education. He did not know that he deserved any thanks for this, for in common with all other bishops he simply discharged his duty. It was natural that they should seek to fastidiously Christian education in their children. He advocated religious education for the sake of society. The history of the world showed that where people were brought up without religious education anarchy prevailed, and there was no security for life and property. Therefore, not only as a Christian, but as a citizen, he felt bound to advocate by all means in his power a system of Christian education—and its place could not be supplied by a godless system—they could have no security for life or property. On this principle, it was only selfish on his part to do what he could for the safety of the State and the community, and he had no idea at all of claiming credit for it. He regretted that he had not the abilities to advocate Christian education as he could desire. There was no denying the fact that an effort was now being made to start a system the object of which was to destroy the Catholic Church, root and branch, and to root out Christian society. There were at the present moment two Churches in the world. One of these was the Christian Church, as represented by the Catholic body, and the other was the Church devoted to the service of the demon. This anti-Christian Satanic Church found its home in secret societies. Whatever name they might adopt, their object was one—that of waging a deadly feud against the Catholic Church. Which would conquer there could be no doubt, for they had the word of Christ himself, which promised that his Church—the Christian Church—connected with the Roman Pontiff should prevail. So it had been from the beginning. All efforts to destroy it had been in vain. Hitherto the steps taken had been persecution with the sword, fire, and penal laws, but in spite of these the Church gained strength, and the blood of martyrs proved the seed of Christianity. The enemies of the Church, with 1,800 years experience, gained more astuteness. They said that it would be in vain to try to destroy the Church with these means, and

they are therefore trying a new plan to rear the rising generation in a godless system. For this reason, himself and others were making the best fight they could to secure Christian education for the children in their charge. He was not fighting for the sake of fighting, but if the fight must be fought then he should fight it. They had great difficulty—they were a very small minority, and all the other sects had united in a body to trample on them. Anything more atrociously unjust than the present policy pursued towards them could not be imagined. No other portion of the community had done so much for the cause of education. They had raised up and supported schools in every district, and when other schools were raised, although they had to pay for them, every other denomination, except the Catholics, profited by these schools. Then they were taxed in nearly every province to pay towards the support of the godless system of education which they could not use, and from which they derived no benefit. No one had a greater respect for governments than he had; he kept in mind the words of the Apostle, "Obey them that rule over you," but at the same time that he preached and practised obedience to the laws, that did not prevent him from using the privilege allowed by the constitution of raising his voice against this tyrannical, atrocious, and unjust law. While they were daily making sacrifices for their own children it was unjust that they should be compelled to pay taxes for the support of an education with which they could not agree, and from which they could derive no benefit. He would urge them to use every legitimate resistance against these laws until they were repealed. They were contrary to justice, morality, and the well-being of the community. His Lordship left on the same afternoon for Auckland.

STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL.

Spreading rapidly through the Western papers, under credit of the "Literary Journal," is a domestic story in the very latest style of American humor, as the appended extract shows:

A NEW CASABIANCA.

The man looked at his boy proudly, sternly, sorrowfully. The lad looked into his father's face sadly, exultingly, heroically. It was a living tableau no artist could reproduce. "Billy," said the father, gravely, "I took your mother and sister to church yesterday." "Yes sir." "And left you to see to the things." "Yes sir," replied the boy, gazing out through the window at the flicker as it hitched down the gatepost, and finally dropped into the grass with a shrill chirp. "And you didn't water the pigs?" "O oo! Oh sir Geeroody! Oh, me! Lawdy, lawdy me!" The slender scion of an apple tree rose and fell in the hand of Mr Coulter, and up from the jacket of the lad, like incense from an altar, rose a cloud of dust, mingled with the nap of jeans. Down in the young clover of the meadow the lark and sparrows sang cheerily, the gnats and flies danced up and down in the sunshine, the fresh soft leaves of the vines rustled, and all was merry indeed. Billy's eyes turned up towards the face of his father in appealing agony, but still with a sharp hiss the switch cut the air, falling steadily and mercilessly on his shoulders.

And along the green banks of the river the willows shook their shiny fingers at the lifting fog, and the voices of children going to school smote the sweet May wind. "Oh pap, I'll not forget the pigs no more!" "Spect you wont, neather." The wind by a sudden puff, lifted into the room a shower of white bloom petals from a sweet apple tree, letting them fall gracefully upon the patchwork carpet, the while a ploughman whistled plaintively in a distant field. "Outch! Crackee! Oh, pap, pap!" Shut your mouth or I'll split you to the back bone." How many delightful places in the woods how many cool spots beside the murmuring river, would have been more pleasant to Billy than the place he then occupied. "Oh, me, oh, me!" yelled the lad. Still the dust rose and danced in the slanting jet of sunlight that fell across the room, and the hens out at the barn cackled and sang for joy over new eggs hid in choice places. At one time during the falling of the rod the girl quit washing, and thrusting her head into the kitchen said, in a subdued tone, "My laud, ain't Bill gettin' an awful one?" "You're mighty right," replied the mother, solemnly. Along toward the last Mr Coulter tiptoed at every stroke. The switch actually screamed through the air as it fell. Billy danced. "Now go sir!" cried the man, tossing the frizzled stump of the gad out of the window. "Go now, and the next time you water them pigs." And, while the finch poured out a cataract of melody from the locust, he went. Poor boy! that was a terrible thrashing, and to make it worse, it had been promised to him the evening before, so that he had been dreading it and shivering over it all night. Now as he walked through the breakfast room, his sister looked at him in a commiserating way, but on passing through the kitchen, he could not catch the eye of his mother. Finally he stood in the free, open air, in front of the saddle closets. It was just then a speckled rooster on the barn yard fence flopped his wings and crowed vociferously. A turkey cock was strutting upon the grass by the old cherry tree. Billy opened the door of the closets. "A boy's will is the wind's will, and the thoughts of youth are long long thoughts." Billy peeped into the closet, and then cast a glance about him, as if to see if any one was near. At length, during a pleasant lull in the morning wind, and while the low tenderly mellow flow of the river was distinctly audible, and the song of the flock increased in volume, and the bleating of new lambs in the meadow died in fluttering echoes under the barn, and while the fragrance of apple blooms grew fainter, and while the sun, now flaming just above the eastern treetops, launched a shower over him from head to foot, he took from under his jacket, behind, a double sheepskin, which, with an ineffable smile, he tossed into the closet. Then, as the yellow flicker rose rapidly from the grass, Billy walked off, whistling the air of that once popular ballad:

Oh, give me back my fifteen cents.

The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion, never ceases to please, and within the reach of the humblest. The teacher who would be successful must cultivate the gift.