

Correspondence.

[We are not responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.]

THE RAILWAY CLASSIFICATION SCHEME.

TO THE EDITOR N.Z. TABLET.

SIR,—It seems strange that a Liberal Government should be responsible for a scheme such as that recently introduced with a view to the classification of its employees.

In the railway department one regulation will certainly weigh very hard on a most deserving branch of the service. It seems a railway guard, no matter what his qualification, must not hope to get beyond the position of guard during the term of his natural life. The injustice of this regulation is all the more acute, as a number of guards have been encouraged to look forward to the position of station master providing they acquire a knowledge of telegraphy and book-keeping.

Cadets who graduate from the sixth standard into the railway offices have gone through the same curriculum as those who go on to the railway platform, and often are not as proficient as the others, yet the former may look forward to becoming station masters some time or another, whilst the others must be content to rough it.

Sometimes a qualified guard, who is capable of undertaking the work of a station master, finds the life of a guard not so conducive to health, whereas if he had his claim allowed he might be able to do effective service for many years in charge of a station. There is no hope of relief for such a one, he must wear himself out in the public service; whilst some young Government-made gent with cuffs and collar, who perhaps was the dunce of his class, gets pitch-forked over the heads of men with families depending on them.

There is something wrong somewhere, and it is to be hoped the Seddon Government will not persist in a course which will alienate from it a large and intelligent body of supporters.—I am, etc.,

OBSERVER.

[We entirely share our correspondent's surprise at the Railway Classification Scheme of the Government. We are in a position to say that in the railway service itself it has caused most intense and almost universal dissatisfaction. The grievance specially alluded to by our correspondent is a most glaring one, and the gross injustice involved in such a state of things cannot be too vigorously protested against. We will be glad if those of our readers who may have an opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the working of the scheme will point out any other anomalies that may be brought under their notice. It is only by free and open ventilation that wrongs are brought to light and redress ultimately secured, and we gladly throw our columns open to a full discussion of the scheme.—ED. N.Z. TABLET.]

A GENEROUS CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—The intimation conveyed in your issue of the 3rd inst., that Mr. J. A. Scott has severed his connection with the TABLET in consequence of the state of his health will cause a feeling of keen regret amongst your readers.

The manifest improvement in the reading matter which has taken place during his editorship has been frequently brought home to me in conversations with my fellow-priests and with intelligent laymen. Mr. Scott seemed to have grasped the true idea that animated the late Bishop Moran in founding and shaping the policy of the TABLET.

Whilst uniformly maintaining the language of courtesy and consideration for those who are not of our way of thinking he did not flinch from a vigorous and fearless enunciation of the principles underlying our claims for justice and fair play.

His previous intimate knowledge of all that was good amongst men who are not of the household of the faith, enabled him to extend a charitable forbearance towards those of whose *bona fides* he had ample evidence, whilst at the same time the Pharisee and the malignant bigot were trenchantly exposed by his facile pen.

For the sake of the good cause espoused by the TABLET, it is much to be regretted that it loses the services of its late editor; but as self-preservation is the first law of nature, we could not expect a man of his undoubted ability to sacrifice himself in the capacity of literary drudge, and abandon the career of usefulness and success which his qualifications entitle him to expect in the legal profession.

In one respect Mr. Scott's position as editor of our Catholic paper will be of inestimable value to him. In a short time he has had a unique opportunity of running through the whole gamut of what may be described as the inevitable disillusionment which intellectual converts frequently spend years in achieving. He has come down to the solid bed-rock of hard facts and common sense, in estimating the relation of the Divine Founder of Christianity with His Church militant, which is so well expressed by St. Paul in I. Cor. i., 27-28 verses.

The effect of this on him will certainly be to intensify his love for the priceless pearl of the true faith, for which he has already made some considerable sacrifices. Wishing him all the success he deserves in his new sphere.—I am etc.,

J. O'NEILL.

St. Mary's, Milton, December 5.

For a first-class and thoroughly reliable bicycle the Massey Harris High Grade bicycle cannot be surpassed. It is finished in the best possible manner, and is very moderate in cost, considering the quality of the machine. A catalogue will be posted free on application to any of the branches.

for Our Young Readers.

NEVER LOOK BEHIND!

NEVER look behind, boys,
Up, and on the way!
Time enough for that, boys,
On some future day.
Though the way be long, boys,
Fight it with a will;
Never stop to look behind
When climbing up a hill.

First be sure you're right, boys,
Then, with courage strong,
Strap your pack upon your back,
And tug, tug along.
Success is at the top, boys,
Waiting there until
Brains, and pluck, and self-respect
Have mounted up the hill.

IF I WERE YOU.

If I a little girl could be,
Well—just like you,
With lips as rosy, cheeks as fair,
Such eyes of blue and shining hair,
What do you think I'd do?
I'd wear so bright and sweet a smile,
I'd be so loving all the while,
I'd be so helpful with my hand,
So quick and gentle to command,
You soon would see
That everyone would turn to say:
"Tis good to meet that child to-day."
Yes, yes, my dear, that's what I'd do
If I were you.

Or, if I chanced to be a boy,
Like some I know;
With crisp curls sparkling in the sun,
And eyes all beaming bright with fun—
Ah, if I could be so,
I'd strive and strive with all my might
To be so true, so brave, polite,
That in me each one might behold
A hero—as in days of old.
'Twould be a joy
To hear one, looking at me, say:
"My cheer and comfort all the day."
Yes, if I were a boy I know
I would be so.
But now, perhaps, you ask of me:
"When it was you
Who had the young and merry face,
With smiles and roses all in place,
Tell us, what did you do?"
Ah, dearies, if I ever fell
Far short of doing wisely, well—
It was, you see,
Because none ever took the time
To tell me in such lovely rhyme
What I should now rejoice to do
If I were you,

SYDNEY DAYRE.

WHY?

I know a curious little boy
Who is always asking why—
Why this, why that, why then, why now,
Why no, why by-and-by.
He wants to know why wood would swim,
When lead and marble sink;
Why stars should shine and winds should blow,
And why we eat and drink.
He wants to know what makes the clouds,
And why they cross the sky;
Why sinks the sun behind the hills,
And why the flowers die.
He wants to know why winds should come
From out the bellows' nose;
Why pop-guns should go pop, and why
The ocean ebbs and flows.
He wants to know why fish have gills,
And why we cannot fly;
Why steam comes from the kettle's spout,
And rain falls from the sky.
He wants to know why coal should burn,
But not a bit of stone;
How seeds get in the apple core,
And marrow in the bone.
He wants to know why ice should melt;
Why spiders eat the flies;
Why bees should sting, and why the yeast
Should make the dough to rise.

Some of his "whys" are not too hard
To answer, if you'll try;
But others, no one ever yet
Has found the reason why.