

and 82 Bishops. The number of clergy is 13,000, secular and regular, serving 11,000 churches. Of children attending school there are 1,000,000, and in the 250 orphanages there are over 36,000 orphans. The total Catholic population is estimated at 11,887,000.

Eucharistic Congress.

No event in the history of the Church in the United States ever brought together so many prelates, prelates, and members of the hierarchy as the third General Eucharistic Congress, which was opened on September 27 with a Solemn Pontifical Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. The Congress continued three days. Pope Pius X, in a special letter, commended the spirit of the Congress, and the message was delivered by Monsignor Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to the United States.

THE TRAPPISTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The following interesting account of the work, which is being done for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the natives at the mother-house of the Trappists in South Africa, appeared in a recent issue of the 'South African news':—

Mariannhill,

the monastery of the Trappists, lies about three miles west of Pinetown, on the northern railway from Durban to the interior. If the native question is the greatest problem in South Africa, then assuredly Mariannhill is one of the most interesting spots for a South African visitor; for here is an attempt to solve the difficulty on lines as old as Christianity, but very different from our modern ideas of religious training as followed by the numerous missionaries who have devoted their lives to the task of converting those whom Sir Bartle Frere once called 'Materialistic Sadducees,' to the doctrines of Christianity. It was on a bright day in winter, and there is no lovelier climate in the world than a winter's day on the coast of Natal, that we paid our visit to Mariannhill. The train climbs the steep incline to Pinetown very slowly, and there is plenty of time to admire the scenery, which is pretty enough in its brown winter coat, with the scattered fruit farms and the ubiquitous cottages of the Indian population, who seem to be taking possession of the coast lands. The principal crops on the hills seem to be mangoes, bananas, and pineapples, which give a semi-tropical air to the scenery. Pinetown, which is on the first plateau, about 1200 feet in altitude, begins to look more South African, with dry hills and clumps of bush.

At the station we were met by an American spider from the monastery, and driven over a surprisingly good country road by our host, a lay Brother in the dress of the Order—a brown serge cowl and sandals—to the monastery. Seldom would it be possible to meet a more entertaining personality than that of our guide, who was a civil engineer and architect, an admirable English scholar, and with the rare gift of conveying to his hearers a living interest in the work that he had so much at heart. The monastery itself lies in an ordinary barren South African valley of no special fertility, but it has been converted by constant, unremitting labor into

A Hive of Contented Industry.

The buildings of red brick cluster round a church with an open tower, from which a peal of bells give a sound very unfamiliar to a South African landscape. Close by, on a neighboring rise, stands a convent for the Sisters of the Order, with a separate chapel, and all round lie the plantations and the gardens, where the food of the community is mainly produced. The property is about 12,000 acres in extent. On our arrival we were entertained at a most excellent lunch, and then driven to an outstation, where an ingenious diversion of a small river was utilized to drive a turbine generating some 10 horse-power. This power was used to work a printing press. While we were there the proof sheets were being drawn of a Zulu dictionary, the result of 14 years' work of one of the fathers. This dictionary will contain 15,000 words, being more than three times the number of any now in existence. The whole arrangement, and the English definitions, appeared excellent, as far as one could judge without being a Zulu scholar. The book, when finished, will be bound in the binding department, which adjoins the printing press, both worked under the supervision of the monks by native workmen, who seemed extremely efficient. Adjoining this building there is an automatic silo, constructed to hold 2,000 bags of mealies, in four bins of 500 bags each. By a simple mechanism each bin is made to discharge into an open trough, and is conveyed by an endless screw to an elevator, at the top of the building, where it is conveyed to another bin, into which it discharges. Below these buildings in the river bottom there is an arrowroot factory, where, at the time of our visit,

several tons of the finished article were ready for packing. This is done in the made on the premises by native workmen, and the product is sold in Durban. Driving back to the monastery we were taken over the wheelwrights' and wagonmakers', the tannery, the shoe-making and harness-making branches, in all of which native workmen, under the guidance of the monks, were doing

Good and Effective Work.

Then another drive to the brick and tile factory, where most excellent drain pipes were turned out, quite equal to any imported. It struck us as not a little singular that this institution, in the wilds of a native location should be the only place in South Africa where this article, which is a primary necessity for any effective agricultural improvement, should be produced. It was an object-lesson and a commentary. Another interesting production was a hollow brick used for vaulting the cloister now in course of construction, and admirable flooring tiles. Our guide was an enthusiast, as became his secular profession, and gave us an exposition on the art of tempering and mixing clay which let us into the secret of his success in producing such admirable results.

Another short drive took us to the water-supply, which is led out of the river for some two miles, crossing ravines by ingenious iron viaducts and flumes constructed on the place. By means of a fall and a turbine 15 horse-power is developed, which works a force pump for the supply of the whole monastery, as well as a mill for the grinding of the bark used in the tannery. On our return we were taken over the buildings in course of construction to replace those now in use. Solidly built of red brick, they will, when finished, form a quadrangle with a cloister surrounding an open court, and comprise, in addition to ample accommodation, a very complete guest-house, where the true monastic hospitality will be afforded to the stranger.

As we left, the evening was closing in, the bell sounded for Vespers, the monks in cowl and sandals trooped into the church and we heard them chanting their service to Gregorian music. The whole scene was a bit of mediaevalism. It carried us back to a time when institutions like these kept alive the dim light of civilization in our fatherlands—when the monastery was the centre of improvement, and when the monks subdued the rough places of the earth, and brought to the still rougher people the lesson that praying and working go well together. Here, under the alien sky, and alongside a civilization perhaps the most material that has ever existed since Christianity taught the lesson of the Sermon on the Mount, these good men are trying to teach doing and praying must go together.

The Order has a Chain of Stations

from East Griqualand to the borders of Zululand. It is too soon to say what effect they will have on the mass of barbarism that grows darker as it gets further east. One thing is certain, however—that they offer to their white neighbors an example of the power of industry directed by intelligence which is of the utmost value in the struggling agriculture of South Africa. As to the natives we are not so certain. It is a noble attempt, perhaps the noblest that has been made, to lift them on to a higher sphere. It deserves to succeed, but there are many influences against it, and when we reach Durban and see the poor barbarians fantastically bedizened, dragging hulking white men through the streets in little go-carts, like beasts of burden, while cargoes of Chinese are being entrained under police supervision for honest labor, and the Indian coolie is slowly flooding the white man off the land, while white men are found breaking stones for starvation wages, we well-nigh despair of the future, and think that our good Trappist friends have perchance come a century too late.

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