

French maiden not to read the brutal publications of his that are by courtesy called books. Chesterfield, and even Zola, had within them at least a sufficient relic of Christian sentiment to know that certain things are, socially, 'bad form.' And sundry of our youths and boys and hobbledehoyes might do worse than to recall the verdict of the polished British pagan when they fancy that swilling beer and withering the bloom of their early promise with nicotine are necessary, or sufficient, to make them 'look men.'

Truth in Anger

A well-worn quotation from one of Horace's satires asks the rhetorical question:

*'Quaquam ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?'*

Which, being interpreted, meaneth that there is nothing to prevent a man telling the truth with an inch-deep laugh upon his face. But neither is there anything to prevent him letting go a fact or two with a face as sour as a green gooseberry. In this latter way one Rev. C. R. Hewton told some unpalatable truths to his confreres at a meeting of the Orange-hued fraternity that—on the principle of 'lucus a non lucendo'—is known as the Victorian Protestant 'Defence' Association. 'Roman Catholicism,' said he, 'is a wonderful power, and a power which is not abating. In this colony of Victoria we are confronted by a power which is not abating, but gaining. As far as I can see, you are making no impression on Roman Catholicism. You are making no headway in this movement. I am reminded of the story of a child who said to his grandmother: "Oh, Grandma, that dog is killing your chickens!" "Oh!" said Grandma, "let me catch that dog and I will cut off his tail." "But," he said, "it's not the tail that's killing the chickens!" Now, we are in much the same position; we are cutting off the tail of the Roman Catholic monster, when the other end is doing all the damage. We must fight them through education. The general opinion is that Roman Catholics are ignorant people, and that Romanism depends on the keeping of the people in ignorance and darkness. To my mind this is a popular delusion. Take, for instance, Roman Catholic schools. People send their children to convent and secondary schools, and even people who profess to be good Protestants do so, and why? Because they say they get a first-class education there at less cost than any other secondary school. Protestants should provide cheaper schools, cheaper education, to compete with these schools. There should be more colleges, like the Methodist Ladies' College.'

We are very much obliged to the Rev. Mr. Hewton for the high, though angry, testimony which he bears to the superiority of Catholic 'convent and secondary schools.' Thus far, his fellow-Protestants have been content to leave to Catholics a practical monopoly of Christian education in Australia and New Zealand. We should cordially welcome a division of the glory and of the sacrifice associated with this noble work. Many of the non-Catholic clergy are willing to have it done, in any slipshod way, at the expense of others—just as Artemus Ward was nobly ready to sacrifice his wife's relatives for his country's weal. But the sacrifice of self and purse—ah, there's the rub! Judging by past experience and present appearances, the Rev. Mr. Hewton's fair hope is the chasing of a rainbow—that will hardly be caught when the Archangel's trumpet sounds the crack o' doom.

Another 'Hesperus'

Some gloom-pampered man may yet rise to harrow people's souls with a history of famous shipwrecks. That of the steamer 'Hilda'—which went down a few weeks ago in sight of St. Malo in Brittany (France)—

would find a place in such a chronicle of woe with the harrowing tales of the ending of the 'Pomona,' and the 'Lay-ee-moon,' and the 'Wairarapa,' and the 'Drummond Castle' and the 'Bourgogne.'

*'And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept'*

to her doom. She was entering the harbor 'through the whistling sleet and snow' that dimmed the guiding lights ashore. And thus it came to pass that she missed the channel, charged the rocks at full speed, was gored to pieces, and sank in ten fearful minutes, just as the chimes from over the old ramparts rang the midnight knell.

There were one hundred and thirty-four persons on board when the vessel struck. When daylight came six of them were rescued, frozen almost to death. The remainder had their souls battered out against the cruel rocks. Most of the victims were the pious Breton Catholic peasants who cross to England with the produce of their little onion-farms in the late summer and early autumn of every year. 'They are,' says a sympathetic writer in an English paper, 'among the most desirable of aliens, and from Bristol to Hastings and Dover one may see them, with their cleanly and sweetly-clad women-folk, going on Sunday to the Catholic church. The Breton onion seller who has come into conflict with the police,' he adds, 'would take a deal of looking for.' The human freight on the ill-fated 'Hilda' compressed into those last fearsome minutes enough of life to make the youngest of them feel the touch of age. Yet there was no panic. The passing of the vessel was lighted up by a quiet heroism that would convert a cynic—even a youthful one. The Breton onion-sellers busied themselves, along with the two devoted stewardesses, in fastening life-belts around the women and children. Then they quietly and prayerfully waited for the end. For most of them it came speedily amidst

*'The trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.'*

When daylight came, gallant fellows risked their lives among the jagged black rocks and the tossing white waters to rescue the little handful of survivors. 'The behaviour of the Bretons,' says the Christchurch 'Press,' 'in searching for the bodies of the victims and caring for them when found was beyond praise, and correspondents note that although there were rings on the dead women's fingers, bank notes in the pockets of the men, and thousands of pounds worth of gold in the belts of the drowned onion-sellers, nothing was touched. "No thanks are due," was the reply of a parish priest to a correspondent who spoke of the delicacy and extreme kindness of the people. "We have done what was meet for people who are our friends."'

A few years ago a somewhat different scene was enacted when the French ocean-liner, the 'Bourgogne,' went down. Five hundred and seventy souls were carried with her to their account. There was a mad scramble for life as the deadly waters crept up the vessel's sinking sides. It was a story of wild struggle and primitive savagery. But it was lighted up and soon in great part calmed down by the noble courage of five priests (four French and one German) who went about among their terrified shipmates absolving them and consoling them on the brink of their liquid grave. These men died with sublime simplicity, each surrounded by kneeling and praying groups, and with consecrated hands raised in final absolution as the vessel gave her last lurch and disappeared beneath the waves. Some ten years ago a British vessel, the 'Drummond Castle,' was pounded to pieces by the rocks further down the coast of Brittany than the spot that witnessed the wreck of the ill-starred 'Hilda.' There, as at St.

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