

to be practised only by social outcasts and (as Dr. O'Sullivan says in effect in his lecture) by degenerate practitioners who are content to wallow in the dark ages of obstetrics.'

In the lecture before us, Catholic moral principles are also applied to the menacing problem of race-suicide. 'This detestable practice' is charged to fashion, cowardice, shiftless poverty, too high living, and 'the aimless dilettantism of women who will not mar their beauty or disturb their patrician pleasures with the cares of maternity.' And thus we witness so often in our day the pitiful sight of a deliberately starved maternal instinct expending itself upon a pampered poodle—and often even in this passing life the retribution that falls in the physical order upon the violation of a God-given law. 'The care of her children,' says Dr. O'Sullivan, 'is a woman's natural outlet for energy and affection'; it creates a bond that adds to the cohesiveness and dignity of marriage; and 'hopeless disruptions are less likely to occur in a home where the potential antagonists are, at least united in a common love for their little ones, and regard for their welfare.' Here is a passage on another of the modern scourges of conjugal life which is worth reproducing in full:—

'Over five hundred years elapsed from the foundation of Rome before the first divorce was granted. In those days when nature's kindly laws gave brains and bone and sinew to the nation, no power could withstand the onslaught of the Roman legions. But the time came when, as the degenerate Roman man evaded his duty of personally defending his country, so the decadent Roman woman declined her duty of bearing sons; when childlessness became common; when the family institution fell; when the Latin race underwent an alarming diminution; when divorces were obtained on the flimsiest grounds; when the Roman ladies termed the unborn child the "indecent onus," and got rid of it.

'But national sins beget national woes, and the Roman Empire perished for lack of men.

'The early Greek prided himself on the number of his sons who could fight for his country. In the days of Thermopylae, Greece won the admiration of the world for her heroism and dauntless courage. Her navies swept the Mediterranean, her colonies occupied its coast, her free men owned no master, her sovereign commonwealth no tyrant. Yet 'twas but a brief period—as periods go in world-history—ere her serried ranks quailed before the Roman soldiers and the Greek became a slave.

'What is the lesson herein contained? Why this dire disaster to a country whose family institution was once its security and its pride? The story of her decadence you are all conversant with; it is shortly told. Spoiled by prosperity and warped by an empty philosophy, she would not have her classic tastes, her beauty, and her art, disturbed by family cares and family ties.

'One of her own countrymen writes that "the downfall of Greece was not owing to war or to plague, but mainly to a repugnance to marriage, and a reluctance to rear large families, caused by an extravagantly high standard of living." A strangely foreboding ring about these words when we think of the birth statistics of our British peoples! What happened to Rome and Greece may some day befall our own beloved country; grief may tread upon the heels of pleasure; the hour may come when, through national calamities or reverses, we may suffer a similar fate, and die for want of men.'

Here—viewing the matter merely from the standpoint of the patriot and not of the moralist—is food for thought for these southern lands at a time when the problem of national defence has to be faced. Judging by the statistical returns, it looks as if Australia and New Zealand are doomed to 'die for want of men'—to pass out in dishonour like the once hardy stock that long peopled the New England States of America. They have died of moral dry rot and physical decay, and more moral and virile Catholic peoples fill their places today.

A final word is well worth quoting from the eminent Australian surgeon. It is taken by him from the report of the New York Committee of Fifteen on the social evil:—

'The evils of alcoholism should be impressed on both boys and girls, especially the latter. Alcohol—more particularly in the case of women—is a frequent road to the street and disease.

'The modern tendency to train girls to be social butterflies is a great evil, one that is easier to criticise adversely than to correct. The home is the greatest moral inhibitor in society. Yet domestic duties and accomplishments are considered unrefined and undignified. Dress and society are the keystones of the modern household method of training girls. Girls trained in this manner are in danger from their very helplessness, when they are suddenly thrown on their own resources, or marry men who cannot provide the luxuries and social refinements to which they are accustomed. The so-called higher education fails here. This evil will prevail so long as mothers encourage in their daughters a spirit of resentment or indifference to home duties as something unworthy or undignified. The poor man's daughter, who believes herself better than her hard-working mother, is always in danger.

'The age which shall restore the dignity of domestic labor will do a great work in antagonising the social evil.'

Parents will duly make a note of this weighty pronouncement of a noted body of experts. The remedy for these rodent ulcers of society (says the Australian specialist) is, first and above all, 'education, moral and physical, pointing the way our nature must take if she is to shun the dark places of race-suicide and endure by "proving to herself but true".'

Notes

A Frequent Complaint

A growing number of the witnesses in our courts seem to follow the evil example of the unscrupulous cavalier in L'Estrange's fable, who committed perjury 'like a gentleman'—that is, in a free and nonchalant and brazen way. In the Auckland Magistrate's Court last week, Mr. Kettle, S.M., said: 'There is so much perjury and false swearing in this Court, that it is difficult for any magistrate to get at the truth.' We have been hearing this complaint—this evidence of moral dry-rot—with painful frequency during recent years.

A Tableau

You may make 'pure fruit-jam' out of anything—even out of fruit. But you might as well try to evolve sunbeams out of cucumbers as Christian courtesy and charity out of the rabid elements that for some time past have been blistering the public life of Victoria with sectarian hate and rancor. The spirit of fanaticism which inflames them found regrettable expression at the recent great Bendigo Carnival. In that splendid display on behalf of the local public charities, all creeds and classes have hitherto joined in perfect harmony and good will. This year, however, the Protestant Alliance (which is practically the benefit branch of the Orange Society) organised for the great procession an 'Open Bible' tableau, with a number of bannerettes bearing an inscription which was highly calculated, in such a connection, to give offence. The whole affair was designed by an emphatic brother who is given to writing frantic No-Popery letters to the local press. It was in manifest effect, and presumably in intent, a vulgar challenge to Catholics, and especially to Irish Catholics, and a public flaunting of the supposed superiority of the Protestant Alliance creed or creeds over the one of all others with which they are notoriously in open war. A dignified protest by the Hibernians resulted in an order by the marshal of the procession (a non-Catholic city councillor) ordering the offensive tableau to be withdrawn. According to the 'Age' report, the Alliance people then waited on the mayor (a defeated nominee of the lodges at the late elections) and received his permission to 'process' with their tableau through the streets. The Hibernians (who are every year the largest body in the procession) and the Catholic band thereupon withdrew from

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