

in the two great Sees of Sydney and Melbourne. In his recent valedictory discourse, previous to paying his customary visit to Rome, the Archbishop of Melbourne gave some statistics which are a record of rapid progress in the past and of high hope and resolution for the future. During his Grace's administration of a little over twenty years (up to last August), there has been expended in the Archdiocese of Melbourne, for religious, charitable, and educational purposes, the vast sum of £1,272,874. 'But,' added his Grace, 'what will please the Holy Father most to hear is the broad and deep foundations which your faith and your generosity have laid for Catholic education. Banish faith from the schools in one generation, and you have banished God from the country in the next. Some generous help had been proffered us from outside, but we have not sought it. We have borne our burden alone. Our schools have multiplied enormously throughout the whole Commonwealth. The younger grow up with the light of religion to guide them, and those disastrous effects which we see in Italy, honeycombed as it is with secret societies, subversive to religion, to morality, to society itself, since the State has taken education out of the hands of the Church; and in France, which, following the same course, has become now frankly infidel—those disastrous results, I say, will not befall us here.'

### 'In God We Trust'

In well-regulated families much attention is rightly paid to the external manifestations of domestic affection. Love grows and thrives on the evidences of love, and the good-night kiss of parent and child, and the words of affection that pass between them, are the trimming of the lamp that keeps the sacred flame burning brightly, without smoke or flicker or choking carbon. To some extent, the same thing holds true of a nation as of a family. And it is an evil day when a people, as a people, neglect or cast aside its external marks of reverence for the God, the Father of us all, just as it is for a family when the children abandon the little courtesies and the evidences of affection that make the charm of domestic life.

There occurred, for instance, in France, a worse 'debacle' or downfall than that described by Zola, when the Radical-Socialist majority in the French Legislature contemptuously cast aside the signs of reverence that the French nation collectively paid to the Deity in the grand old prayer-motto of its coinage, 'Dieu protege la France'—'God protect France.' And heaven knows, it needs the divine protection now, of all the periods of its history. President Roosevelt made a mistake—nay, a blunder—when, following the evil example of French official atheists, he, a believing Christian man, ordered the motto, 'In God we trust,' to be removed from that portion of the United States coinage which bore it. Congress, however, has, by the overwhelming majority of 255 to 5 decided to restore the old and honoured motto. During the discussion on the Bill, Representative Ellis, of South Carolina, broke into poetry and recited a rather telling parody on Kipling's 'Recessional.' One verse ran as follows:—

'We bowed before the shrine of Wealth,  
And, drunk with riches, went astray.  
Restore, O God, the nation's health,  
And lead it in the old, true way.  
In sorrow, shame, and vain regret  
We plead that Thou wilt spare us yet.'

President Roosevelt had intimated in advance that if Congress directed the restoration of the motto, he would not veto their action. And so an error of haste is to be corrected at leisure.

### How Converts feel

People are, full many a time and oft

'Charm'd with distant views of happiness,  
But near approaches make the prospect less.'

The mountain near by wears not the royal purple that clothed in the distant prospect; and possession oft brings its illusions. Not so, however, in the case of those who seek rest of soul, and freedom from changing winds of doctrine, in the bosom of the City of Peace, the Catholic

Church. Father Robert Hugh Benson, the brilliant author and convert son of the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, says, after years of experience of the Old Faith: 'The Church promises a great deal, but my experience is that she gives ten times more, and if you put on the balance the most successful life outside the Church, and the most unsuccessful and disastrous life within her fold, a thousand times rather choose the latter. The Catholic Church is supremely what she promises to be. She is the priceless pearl for which the greatest sacrifice is not too great.'

Newman, Manning, and many others have spoken in a similar strain of joy at the ever-unfolding beauty of the Catholic Church. Coventry Patmore is one of the customary cases in point. He filed and polished and burnished his literary work with the scrupulous care of Kinglake, until his 'Angel in the House' has come to occupy a place of high honour among the poetic achievements of the nineteenth century. In his biography, which was published in 1900, we find the following words which this devout convert wrote with his own hand: 'From that time' (of his reception into the Church) 'to this' (1888) 'no shadow of religious doubt has ever crossed my understanding or my conscience; though it was not until the autumn of the year 1877 that my faith became the controlling power which for five-and-thirty years I had longed and prayed to find in it.' A like freedom from the rackings of doubt and misgivings marked the newly-won faith of the noted English writer, convert, and publisher, Mr. C. Kegan Paul. Aulus Gellius tells us that poisons proved rather wholesome than hurtful to the ducks of Pontus. In like manner, Mr. Kegan Paul records, in his 'Confessio Viatoris,' how certain 'books' (as we may by courtesy call them) of a vehemently Non-Popery character, such as 'Father Clement,' 'The Nun,' etc., first led his halting footsteps towards Rome. Auguste Comte was a still more unlikely teacher. Yet Mr. Kegan Paul learned from him the apparent paradox that 'Positivism is Catholicism without God.' Under Comte's directions he read 'The Imitation of Christ'—that exquisite book of Catholic devotion that is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever to souls that would get close to God. 'The daily study of the "Imitation" for several years did more,' he says, 'than aught else to bring me back to faith, and faith back to me.'

'Those who are not Catholics,' says Mr. Kegan Paul in his 'Confessio Viatoris,' 'are apt to think and say that converts join the Roman Communion in a certain exaltation of spirit, but that, when it cools, they regret what has been done, and would return but for very shame. It has been said of marriage that every one finds, when the ceremony is over, that he or she has married another. . . . We wed Rachel, as we think, and in the morning, behold, it is Leah. . . . But the Church is no Leah—rather a fairer Rachel than we dared to dream; her blessings are greater than we had hoped. I may say for myself that the happy tears shed at the tribunal of Penance on that twelfth of August—the fervor of my first Communion—was as nothing to what I feel now. Day by day the Mystery of the Altar seems greater, the unseen world nearer, God more a Father, our Lady more tender, the great company of the Saints more friendly, my guardian angel closer to my side. Sorrows have come to me in abundance since God gave me the grace to enter His Church, but I can bear them better than of old, and the blessing He has given me outweighs them all. . . . It will be said that I am very confident. My experience has been like that of the blind man in the Gospel who was also sure. He was still ignorant of much, nor could he fully explain how Jesus opened his eyes, but this he could say with unflinching certainty: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."'

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