

United States has been even more rapid, and it has long been, numerically, by far the greatest religious body in that country.

But far greater, however, than her increase in what we may call her bodily growth has been her progress in the spiritual life, as shown by her zeal in the cause of religious education, in charity, and in all good works. Herein she stands apart, serene, incomparable, and unrivalled. Some years ago the Chicago organ of the Methodist Church said in this connection:

'The Roman Catholic Church is growing in all lands because it manifests its interest in the poor. One of the most lovely things in it is its perpetual and universal care for the poor; the sick, the deserted, the hopeless, the ten-times-over destitute. That Church sends to leper-settlements its priests, some of whom become lepers. That is being "all things to all men" with emphasis. That Church ministers to the plague-stricken. It aids to steady the discontented. That Church is therefore filled to the doors by people who throng its temples and stand up in every foot of space when the pews are filled. When strikes paralyse labor in manufacturing districts, that Church sends its agents to aid in solving the conflict, and one of its strong points at this hour is in its growing agency and influence among discontented, striking, and menacing workmen. He who is looking for proofs that Romanism is growing in power in this Republic is mistaken if he confines himself to Rome's increasing political schemes. Nothing promises more for that wise Church than its hold upon the minds of men, women, and children, who believe that capitalists lose human tenderness in proportion as their riches increase.'

In 1898, Mr. René Bache—a well-known American journalist and grandson of Benjamin Franklin—calculated that 'nearly one-third of the church-goers in the United States are Roman Catholics; considerably more than one-fifth are Methodists; more than one-sixth are Baptists; one church-goer in sixteen is a Presbyterian, and one in seventeen is a Lutheran.' In his *Little Tour in America* (London, 1895) the noted Anglican writer, Dean Hole, dwells with amazement on the 'enthusiastic zeal' of the Catholics of the United States. 'Not only,' he continues, 'are their buildings the most beautiful—there is no church in New York to compare with the Cathedral of St. Patrick—but they are used more frequently for their sacred purposes than any other places of worship.' We may conclude by referring to an article which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1890, which stated that even then the Catholic Church in the United States was 'one of the most powerful and most democratic religious communities which the world has ever seen, and which is fated to leave a lasting mark on the history of Christendom.'

Notes

Lower Hutt, Petone

According to the *Wellington Post*, the chief obstacle to the amalgamation of the adjoining boroughs of Petone and Lower Hutt is the choice of a new name to designate the 'amalgam.' The *Post* suggests 'Britannia'—the old name of Wellington—the name also applied (it appears) to Petone. But (adds our *Wellington contemporary*) 'if Britannia is considered too pretentious, the people might be satisfied with Huttone or Puttone, or some other compound which would take into account the susceptibilities of burgesses in each borough.'

A suitable compromise might be arrived at by slicing up the syllables of the names Petone and Lower Hutt, dropping them separately into a hat, and drawing them out until a sound-combination of (say) three or four syllables has been found sufficiently mellifluous to satisfy the ears of a committee of selection. Or a compromise might be effected on the lines of one that once upon a time ended a name-storm in one of the western States of America. Two little mining townships had crept together under a big spur of the Rockies. They decided to amalgamate; but (as in the case of Petone and Lower Hutt) the chief difficulty lay in the choice of a new name. The mayors of the two townships were finally appointed a committee of selection. One of them insisted on giving the united townships the name of Tipperary—the county from which he and many of the inhabitants had come; the other mayor (a Hebrew who owned practically every rood of his particular township) insisted on the designation Jerusalem. The upshot of sundry warm mayoral interchanges was a compromise, and the united township was named—*Tipperusalem*! We dedicate this bit of veracious history to the mayors and burgesses of Petone and Lower Hutt.

Cruelty to Animals

'He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things, both great and small.'

And a Bill now before Parliament will, if passed substantially in its present form, incidentally further the love of 'all things great and small' by introducing into our legislation some better provision for the prevention of cruelty to animals. In the Bill it is set forth that the terms 'cruelty' and 'cruelly'

'shall mean any act causing unnecessary suffering to any animals, and the intentional infliction upon any animals of any pain that in its kind or its degree or its objects or its circumstances is undesirable or wanton or malicious; and includes, among other things, flogging with unnecessary violence or severity or overworking any animal, using any animal when it cannot be used without suffering, carrying any animal by land or water in such a manner as to cause it suffering which might be avoided, failing to supply any animal under the care of such person charged with an offence against this Act with a sufficient quantity of food or water, or killing any animal in an unnecessarily painful manner.'

The Bill proposes to penalise (among other things) the following practices:—'Causing unnecessary suffering to animals, such as slaughtering domestic animals for food without previously stunning, pigeon-shooting from traps, coursing in enclosures of hares and rabbits, burning horses' mouths for lampas, docking horses' tails, overhead check-rein, and chained boundary dogs.'

A Forgery from Palmerston North

Sundry correspondents send us copies of a four-page tract that has been printed in Palmerston North and circulated in an underhand way among Catholics around that city and even as far as Kaikoura. From the merely literary point of view, it is a rather under-average specimen of the sort of pious 'skilly' that is inflicted upon a suffering world by well-meaning but somewhat eccentric people of the tea-meeting order of intellect. The tract in question is entitled 'The Portrait of Mary in Heaven, Drawn from Holy Scripture.' Its history is told with all the delightful vagueness of the 'true-fact' and 'honor-bright' tract. 'Towards the close of the sixteenth century,' it says, 'the following correspondence took place between a young Mother Abbess and an illustrious painter. It has been translated by Napoleon Roussel.' Only that and nothing more. The information for which the scholar pines, and the investigator sharply presses, is rigorously withheld. Where, for instance, is the manuscript of this fantastic correspondence preserved? Where and when and by whom was it published? And who is (or was) Napoleon Roussel? And where did the correspondents live? No information is tendered—for reasons which the reader will understand as we proceed. Well, the 'Mother Abbess' makes, by letter, a padded-cell arrangement with the 'illustrious painter.' She wants nothing less than 'an exact representation' of (the Blessed Virgin) Mary, 'as she now is, in heaven.' The 'illustrious painter' was to 'fix your own conditions' and to charge as extravagantly as he cared for 'the exact representation.' The generosity of the terms allowed by the 'Mother Abbess' may, however, have been intended to cover the expenses of the 'illustrious painter's' return ticket to the New Jerusalem, and the outlay arising out of the delays that were, perhaps, unavoidable in securing sittings of 'Mary in heaven,' so as to make the 'representation' an 'exact' one—according to specifications.

We may here remark that the 'illustrious' one lived at 'Cloister of the Assumption,' in the city of Nowhere—the capital of the country of the same name. He signed his name 'Joseph de St. Pierre'—we will call him, for short, Joseph Peter. The 'Mother Abbess' resided at 'St. Mary's Abbey,' at Noplace, an important town in the country known to the ancient Greeks as Utopia (Nowhere), to modern Germans as Weissnichtwo, to modern Scots as Kennaquhair—to Britons as the Land of I-know-not-where. It is located exactly three and a half leagues from Amauro's (known in English as Vanishing Point). Having thus given in full detail the address of the Lady Abbess, it only remains to present her to the reader under her proper name. She signs herself 'Marie de St. Roman'—which, being interpreted, actually meaneth 'Mary of Pious Fiction!' The delightful aptness of this name may have been an unstudied and unconscious bit of humor on the part of the inventor of this bit of 'pious fiction.' But, on the other hand, it may have been the cue which (with his tongue in his cheek) he gave to the initiated, so that they might the better enjoy the gullibility of the ignorant and simple-minded non-Catholic folk for whose

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{ Just over Bridge
and opposite
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{ Manufacturer and Importer of Every Description of
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