

thirty thousand, pieces of gold were given by the Khalifeh for a few verses—nay, for a single happy couplet. Two Catholic poets that recently passed through one of the thousand gates of death would have ended their days in luxury, instead of a very modest competency, had they lived in the days of the poetry-loving Khalifehs. One of these was our old and valued friend, Andrew Orr, who passed out recently at Ballarat (Victoria); the other was Theodore O'Hara, whose death is announced in the United States. Both were, like Grey of the famous *Elegy*, men of one poem. They wrote other verses, but their name and fame hangs, in each case, upon the splendid inspiration of one grand lyric. Andrew Orr's enduring poem appeared many years ago in the *Dublin Nation*. It is a song of *heimweh* (as the Germans call it)—of the home-longing of the Irish exile in Australia. We quote its opening stanza:—

'The sunny South is glowing in the glow of southern glory,  
And the Southern Cross is waving o'er the freest of the free;  
Yet in vain, in vain my weary heart would try to hide the story  
That evermore 'tis wandering back, dear native land, to thee.  
The heathy hills of Malazan, the Bann's translucent waters,  
Glenleary's shades of hazel and Agivy's winding streams;  
And Kathleen of the raven locks, the flower of Erin's daughters—  
Lost heaven of wildering beauty! thou art mine at least in dreams!

O, the green land, the old land,  
Far dearer than the gold land,  
With all its landscape glory and unchanging summer skies;  
Let others seek their pleasures  
In the chase of golden treasures.  
Be mine a dream of Erin and the light of Kathleen's eyes!

Theodore O'Hara was a soldier as well as poet—he wielded the power of the sword as well as of the pen. He fought through the Mexican war and stood, on its greatest battlefield, beside the open grave in which were laid, in foreign soil, the remains of great numbers of his comrades in arms. Later on, the bones of the officers were disinterred and buried with military honors among their kith and kin on American soil. Theodore O'Hara wrote for the occasion *The Bivouac of the Dead*, and recited it by the open graves of his old companions in arms. The first stanza runneth thus:—

'The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo;  
No more on Life's parade shall meet  
The brave and fallen few.  
On Fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards, with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead.'

Peace eternal to the departed spirit of the two dead poets!

### Time's Gentle Anodyne

Time's gentle anodyne is fast softening the olden asperities of differences in religious belief. Times was—and within easy reach of living memory—when even clergymen of some repute needed (as Dr. England once remarked) 'no other qualification to write against the Catholic religion than to be so disposed; and the abundance of the spirit was made manifest in the vehemence of the phraseology.' 'Little attention,' added he, 'was paid to facts, circumstances were not examined, nor was it always necessary to have regard even to probability itself. But the good time is surely coming when such deplorable exhibitions of volcanic No-Popery will no more be tolerated in a clergyman by God-fearing people than would drunkenness or blasphemy or other coarse vices that are no longer permitted in decent social intercourse.

We are led to these remarks by the many kindly things (some of them quoted in our editorial columns) which many broad-minded Protestants have recently been saying in regard to the Old Faith. 'Enlightened Christians, in the Protestant Churches,' says a recent issue of the *British Weekly* (a great Nonconformist organ), 'have always seen much in the Roman Church to call forth their love and veneration. They have gladly allowed that Church to be a Church of Jesus Christ. Perhaps it is better that we should quote from eminent and representative authorities. Dr. R. W. Dale, in his address from the Chair of the Congregational Union, said: "The ignorant contempt with which, not very long ago, it was the custom of English Protestants to speak of the theology of the Roman Church and of the intellectual power of those who submit to her claims is passing. How it could ever have been forgotten that she had the undivided control of the highest European thought for centuries, and that since the Reformation she has

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had the allegiance, not merely of blind enthusiasts and impassioned saints, but of the brightest genius and the wealthiest learning, the keenest logical acuteness, incomparable sagacity, and the loftiest eloquence is unintelligible. And no one who has any acquaintance with the writings of that stately succession of scholars and theologians who have gradually built up the vast and wonderful structure of Romish belief will ever dream that the mere diffusion of education, or a general increase of intellectual activity, will render hearty faith in the creed of the Church of Rome impossible."

### Sighing for Persecution

'Bigotry,' said O'Connell, 'has no head and cannot think, no heart and cannot feel. When she moves, it is in wrath; when she pauses, it is amidst ruin; her prayers are curses, her God is a demon, her communion is death.' This is a dark picture to draw. But O'Connell saw at work, in all its fell fury, the bigotry which he described. One of its forms exists, and maintains a baleful, though diminished, activity to our day. We refer to the association of the saffron sash. The spirit which moves it is sufficiently indicated by the oath which every 'brother' is required to take, on bended knees, and holding the Bible in his hands, when he is initiated into the first or Orange degree. By that oath he binds himself never to vote for a Catholic at any Parliamentary or municipal election. It represents the dream of the organisation to restore the Penal Code and make the profession of the Catholic faith a legal bar to Parliamentary and municipal life, as it was in the 'good old days' before that fatal error (as the brethren call it) was perpetrated, and the Emancipation Act was placed upon the statute-book.

That well-known oath, however, is usually, for prudential reasons, kept rather in the background, among the outer fringe of the arcana or secrets of the well-tyled lodge. At times, however, the Orange press and indiscreet members of the lodge, throw aside the thin veil of reserve which is usually thrown loosely over the brethren's first oath. Thus, at a recent celebration at Mudgee (New South Wales) one of the brethren (Mr. Varney Parke, M.L.A.) frankly and publicly admitted that his object and that of his association was the exclusion of every Catholic from Parliamentary life. Here is, in part, his profession of political faith, as reported in the Sydney papers. 'With regard to politics,' said he, 'there was a great work to be done by the Orange bodies. It should be part of the work of the Orange lodges to watch the general trend of politics. In New South Wales they should fight for a Protestant Parliament. That should be the only objective at present, and it should continue as such till they had realised what they sought. Protestants should be ready to bury every other issue before them at present, and remain united till they had a purely Protestant Parliament. When they got that they could support the Government or the Opposition alike, for the sustenance of Protestant interests would be assured irrespective of whoever should hold the reins of Government. In Parliament there should always be a Government to formulate measures, and an Opposition to formulate better measures. At the present time, as a result of Protestant apathy, there were 16 members of the Opposition who were Roman Catholics. It was the bounden duty of every Orangeman to work persistently for a Protestant Parliament. He repeated that every other issue should be buried. Their first and only objective should be to secure the election of only Protestant candidates, and then a Government could be selected from that body which had built up the Constitution on a Protestant basis.'

## THE CHURCH IN NEW ZEALAND

### MEMOIRS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(Contributed.)

#### EARLY IRISH COLONISTS (continued)

In his missionary voyage around the islands of New Zealand the French Bishop came across numbers of Irish settlements. From Ruapuke, in Foveaux Straits, came an Irishman leading a deputation to receive spiritual comfort. At Port Nicholson, where the pakehas numbered now 3500, there were 250 Catholics, chiefly Irish, and an Irish priest (Father O'Reilly) was placed in charge of them. But Waitemata was even then the stronghold of Irish colonisation from Australia. Out of three thousand inhabitants—the most motley and cosmopolitan

The tea that gained a Gold Medal at the Paris Exhibition is 'Maharajah XXXX,' 2s. 'Hondai Lanka.'