

international communication by scientific and learned men all over the world. It is, in fact, the language of science almost as much as French is the language of diplomacy. Bax, in his *German Society at the Close of the Middle Ages* (p. 94), says: 'One of the advantages of the custom of writing in Latin, which was universal during the middle ages, was that books of an important character were immediately current among scholars, without having, as now, to wait upon the caprice and ability of translators.' In his entertaining *Letters from High Latitudes* Lord Dufferin tells us how in Reykjavik (Iceland) horse-owners, Protestant clergymen, and many others spoke Latin fluently, how the Luther preacher, at the close of the service, 'chanted some Latin sentences in good round Roman style,' and how at a public dinner in the author's honor Latin was bandied about along and across the table by Icelandic doctor, parson, governor, and the rest. Any one who witnesses a 'dispute,' or even the ordinary daily routine of class-work in, say, a Roman ecclesiastical college, will find reason to greatly doubt the statement that Latin is really a dead language.

Engaged to Marry.

Some poet has compared marriage to a feast where the crowd is—like our public service—greatly 'stuffed,' and

'Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.'

It would seem that betrothals, or engagements to marry, frequently follow a similar rule. Many of our marrying youths and maidens jilt their betrothed spouses with no apparent thought of the questions of propriety and justice involved, and break their engagements as lightly as they would crack an empty egg-shell or snap a twig to boil the morning kettle. A case was recently stated to Father Lambert, of the *New York Freeman*, of a young man who had kept company for some years with a very estimable young lady, prevented her thereby from securing the choice of another eligible life-partner, had promised to marry her this year, but deserted her at last in favor of a younger lady, and justified his conduct by saying that the Catholic Church does not consider engagements of marriage sacred.

*

Father Lambert's reply (which was sought) might be advantageously pasted in the hat of the inconstant young man or on the mirror of the flighty maiden that has broken or is disposed to break an engagement of marriage. 'The young man,' said he, 'in whom you take so friendly an interest is greatly misinformed if he thinks the Catholic Church does not hold an engagement or espousal sacred. Not only does she hold such engagement sacred, but that it induces an obligation that cannot be disregarded without grave sin. An engagement (espousal) is a contract that binds both parties equally, and for either to break it without the consent or grave fault of the other is a sin against justice. Such contract constitutes an impediment or prohibitive impediment, so that a marriage with another cannot be contracted lawfully in the eyes of the Church. Tell your young friend that the girl who waited for him for ten years faithfully and true, that he might take care of his good old mother, is the girl that will make him a wife that an emperor might envy him.'

In Lighter Vein

(By 'QUIP.')

*. Correspondence, newspaper cuttings, etc., intended for this department should be addressed 'QUIP,' N.Z. TABLET Office, Dunedin, and should reach this office on or before Monday morning.

'THERE's nothing like a little judicious levity.'

R. L. STEVENSON.

Apple-jelly Time.

We are somewhat late with our apple jelly this year, but we have made a start with it at last. The first intimation I received of the catastrophe was on last Wednesday evening, when a depraved apple peel, that was viewing the sunset from our kitchen doorstep, caught me by the heel, lifted me high enough to examine the leak in the ceiling, and then let me down into a basket full of bottle-necks. It would have suited me better to land in the preserving pan, or on the pile of specked fruit near the dresser, but I had no choice, and it's needs must when this sort of devil drives. I got up rubbing my head with one hand and my leg with the other, and bemoaning the short-sightedness of nature in giving us only two hands. If I had twelve more of them or even as many as Vishnu, I could have found sore places for them to soothe. There was only one chair in the room that was not laden with jam-bottles. I slipped on another apple peel in getting to it. There were no jam-bottles on it—I could see that in my hurry—but there lay upon it

an iron rod with a ring at one end for converting spirit-bottles into jam-jars. Judging by the smell of burnt rag when I sat down, that iron must have been still hot. It is generally reckoned a terrible thing when the iron enters one's soul, but I think it is at least twenty times worse when it makes an impression on your pantaloons and I immediately concluded that I didn't want to sit down on that chair just then.

*

With miraculous guidance I next threaded my way to our front room, past full jars, past empty jars, past peels, past cores, past decayed fruit, past spilt sugar, and threw myself upon the couch (pronounced kee-owch), endeavoring to rest upon it without touching it. But I must have touched it, because when I arose there were about forty discs of gummy white paper, the size of saucers, clinging to my person in various degrees of attachment. They were so spoilt in the process of removal as to be absolutely useless as lids for jelly-jars. I picked up a rag to clean away some of the gum. The rag proved to be the jelly-bag. This was the last straw. I leaned upon my wife's shoulder and wept. I asked her to forgive all the harsh words I had ever spoken to her. I told her to work into my obituary notice that I supported the Premier in sending away the Ninth Contingent. And I asked her, even if she did marry again, to come sometimes in the summer evenings to the little cemetery and plant thingammy-jigs over my grave. She gave me consolation and arnica, and I began to feel better. 'Herself' is still worrying away with the jelly; the maid is renovating my suit; and I am kept busy anointing my wounds. Bless'd Araby with all its spices, cannot hold a candle to our house with its combined odours of ammonia, arnica and burnt sugar.

I forwarded to 'ole Jim' a communication which reached me from one Patrick Whaley, also of the West Coast. This communication seemed to insinuate that some of the things which 'Jim' has narrated in this column were not exactly true. Yesterday I received this answer:—

'deer Quip,

it apeers sum Fokes are wantin to make out as How what I rote my sun seen fiting The boors Aint troo. They are facks but they are nevrer the less troo. he seen More things throo That campain than a ordnery man cood See throo a Tellyskope. But the kuriosest thing he Ever seen was a oppyration in the orspitul in Jannesbug. A ruf rider as went from Kumara had palpytations on his hart, What he catched sitten Neer a yung lady in a trane, and a doktor took the hart out to skrape it, I spose. Jist in the Very nex bunk more doktors was trying to Extrack a krup shel out from a inglish Tommys livver, or what ever it is we breathe with. Blest if The 2 insids didn get mixt and if they didn so up the tommys Hart in the troopr, and the trooprs hart In the Tomy. When they got wel the tommy diskuverd As how he was in luv with a Girl in Kumara, and cooden make it out. And the Troopr found he was pinin After sum girl he didn no in Ingran. Each nose he has junt thothers clame, that is if prire rites kounts for enythin in that sort o thing. They are in a Muddel and I can't sea how they are goin to tunel out from it. Their aint no denine the trooth of this yarn becauz if you ony look onto the map you will see there is a plase in the Wes Kost what is namd Kumara. Ajoo.

'Respectively yures,

'Ole Jim.'

Quip

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN.

The mission now being given by the Vincentian Fathers at South Dunedin is being largely attended at all the services.

The erection of the new parochial house at Lawrence is being proceeded with rapidly. The walls are now well up to the windows of the second storey, and a short time will see the building roofed.

The Rev. Father Cleary, editor of the N.Z. TABLET, left Dunedin on Monday afternoon by the Mokoia for Melbourne for the purpose of joining the Vancouver steamer at Sydney. Father Cleary intends to visit some friends in Canada, and will then proceed to Ireland to see his relatives, where he will make a stay of some months. Several of the local Catholic clergy and laity were present on the wharf to wish Father Cleary good-bye.

A hurling match between teams from Milton and the Dunedin Hurling Club will take place at Montecillo on Saturday afternoon. The following teams have been selected:—Milton: Walsh (captain), Hynes, Plover (3), Coleman (2), Hands, Burke, Fox, Graham, Calvey (2), Hynes, Scanlan, Powley (3), Lockhart, Gibson, Truske, Dunedin: L. Clancy (captain), Casey (2), Cooper (2), Clarke, Crutchfield, Jidham, McDermott, Hanrahan, Marrett, Powley, Simpson, Stalker, Weir; emergencies, Mulquin and Isaacs.

On Sunday at High Mass at St. Joseph's Cathedral a three weeks' mission was begun by the Vincentian Fathers. The occasional sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Father Boyle, C.M. The Rev. Father McCarthy, C.M., was the preacher in the evening.

BROPHY & Co.

having had 20 years' experience of the district are in a position to give reliable information as to the Grazing and Dairying capabilities of Property in the Manawatu and surrounding districts.