

Thursday, May 8, 1902.

County.	Total Population.	Per Cent. Catholic.	Per Cent. non Cath.	Illegit. Births.	Per Cent. Illegit.
Cavan ...	111,917	80.8	19.2	32	2.8
Donegal ...	185,635	76.9	23.1	60	3.1
Monaghan ...	86,206	73.2	26.8	38	1.4
Fermanagh ...	74,170	55.4	44.6	55	7.4
Tyrone ...	171,401	51.6	48.4	130	7.1
Armagh ...	113,289	16.6	83.4	139	9.0
Londonderry ...	152,000	44.5	55.5	143	9.4
Down ...	267,595	36.3	63.7	241	10.5
Antrim ...	128,128	21.6	78.4	560	13.0

In the first five counties, in which the Catholics are in a majority, the average rate of illegitimacy, according to the census returns of 1891, was 4.9 per cent; while in the four counties in which non-Catholics predominate the rate is 10.4 per cent, or more than double that of the more Catholic counties.

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Going further afield, we find always and everywhere the same results. Thus, taking Europe as a whole, we have the following statement, in a study on the moral condition of Europe, by Dr. Fousagrives, of Montpellier:

'It is proved that there is in Europe an average illegitimacy of 15 to every 100 births. I thought it would be an interesting study to compare the extent of illegitimacy amongst the European nations of Teutonic and Latin origin, and I found it 15 per cent. with the former, and only 6 per cent with the latter.' Roughly speaking, the Teutonic nations are Protestant, and the Latin nations Catholic; so that the foregoing statement is equivalent to saying that the proportion of illegitimacy is nearly three times greater among Protestant than it is among Catholic nations. Coming to particular countries we find Dr. Fousagrives' general conclusion amply verified. It is hardly correct perhaps to describe any country as entirely Catholic or entirely Protestant. But it is near enough for purposes of comparison, to say, for example, that Sweden and Prussia are Protestant, and Spain and Italy Catholic. Here are the rates of illegitimacy for these four countries as given by Mulhall, a recognised authority, in his work on *The Progress of the World in Arts*:

Sweden (Protestant) ...	110 illegitimate per 1000 births.
Prussia (Protestant) ...	80 " " "
Italy (Catholic) ...	66 " " "
Spain (Catholic) ...	55 " " "

And as in Ireland, so in the continental countries, where there are Catholic and Protestant districts, the excessive proportion is always in the Protestant districts. For example, in Germany the Rhine Provinces are mainly Catholic, and Prussian Pomerania mainly Protestant; and the proportions in these two districts, according to the authority just quoted, are:—

Pomerania (Protestant) ...	995 illegitimate per 100 births
Rhine Provinces Catholic) ...	279 " " "

And so we might go on *ad infinitum* but we have surely more than established our point. It figures ever proved anything they unmistakably and conclusively prove that, in freedom from vulgar crime and in purity of character, and life, the Catholic populations of the world stand, in proud pre-eminence, above all other peoples, and have gained for themselves a good name and fair fame which the puny efforts of ignorant bigots are utterly powerless to destroy.

ACROSS PACIFIC SEAS.

BY REV. H. W. CLEARY.

Honolulu, April 9.

THE bursting of a steam-pipe may temporarily inconvenience an ocean liner as much as the severing of a femoral artery may a 'human'. The Moana, bound for Vancouver, lay fettered and gyved to sundry stumps of iron-bark on Circular Quay, Sydney, on the afternoon of March 24, and on the point of speeding away on her long track across the Pacific seas, when the imprisoned steam, coursing here and there through her veins, found—like the influenza microbe—the weak spot in her system and broke through there. It took nine hours' ship surgery with fire and hammer and tongs and the rest of the paraphernalia of Morris Dock playing upon that pipe before the circulation of the ship's blood—her steam—was re-established; and in the wee sma' hours about the twal' on the following morning the Moana cast off and pounded away down 'ahr beautiful habb'r' under the twinkling stars. Our belated start was aggravated, as to its results, by the breeze that comes wandering from the sky and heading down the eastern coast of Australia with the consistency of a trade wind. The upshot of the double combination was this: it was two hours after nightfall on March 26 when we had done crawling up the long serpentine ship-channel in Moreton Bay. We cast anchor some distance away from entrance to the river—a red and a white eye marking the spot—and the lights of Sandgate stretching away like parallel torchlight processions over the waters to the right. It was a case of Yarrow unvisited—there was no chance of going ashore for even a brief glimpse of Brisbane, and great, accordingly was the disappoint-

ment. But such things must befall those who go down to the sea in ships. And most of us found consolation in an improvised concert, and in the thought that, when steam-pipes, like other well-planned things, will gang agley, it is better that they should leave us a few further sunshiny hours among old friends in Sydney than bumping and wallowing in the trough of the sea where the long capes poke out their bald and roky foreheads along the eastern shores of New South Wales and Queensland.

A tug crept down in the drowsy darkness about midnight and slung the overland mails and a bevy of assorted passengers on board. At dawn the Moana snaked her tortuous way once more down the buoy-d ship-channel, dropped the pilot where she had picked him up, at Cape Moreton, light, and away we headed through the open ocean

Towards Fiji.

The number of passengers in all classes was over 150. Eighty-two of these were in the first saloon, among them the following from New Zealand: Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Edmond (Dunedin), Mr. and Mrs. J. Cooke (Port Chalmers), Mr. and Mrs. Field (Nelson), Mr., Mrs., and Miss Wilson (Wellington), Mrs. B. Heaton Rhodes (Christchurch), Mr. and Mrs. G. Rhodes (Timaru), Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brett (Auckland), Lady Douglas, Miss Douglas, and Miss Foster (Wellington), Mr. Clegg (Dunedin), Mr. and Mrs. Utting (Auckland), Mr. and Mrs. Menzies (Wellington), and Miss Perston (Auckland). There was room enough for all the first-saloon passengers in the finely-appointed cabins of the Moana, few of which contained more than two occupants. One large cabin was reserved for me and my old-time friend, Father Barlow, P.P., of Penrith, New South Wales, who is to be my companion in my wanderings for many a pleasant month to come. I may here state once for all that nothing could surpass the attention shown to the passengers on board, and that the tables are supplied in quite a lavish way with every delicacy and even luxury that the most exacting palate could desire. 'Old stagers' on board who have travelled many a sea have assured me that in respect to attention and cuisine the Canadian-Australian line compares favorably with any they have known. The Union Company seem determined to make this new route to the Old World a popular one with business men and globe-trotters, and present appearances certainly point like an index to the word 'success.'

There are Catholics among the passengers in both the first and second saloon, and 'when the Sunday morning smiles' these—and a particularly 'high' Ritualist as well—foregather in the screened music room and are present at the Holy Sacrifice which is celebrated in succession there by Father Barlow, myself, and Father Maitler, a priest of the Polish Mission, Paris, who is on a health-trip and on his return journey to his people.

'Love the sea?' exclaimed Douglas Jerrold once; 'I dote upon it—from the beach.' The sentiment—with which I and many of my fellow-voyagers are in more or less emphatic agreement—finds ample expression in

The Yachtman's Song

which will bear quoting in full in a random account of a sea voyage scribbled upon my knee on an upper deck in mid-Pacific:—

'I love the sea—the boundless sea.
Where the waves run high and the wind blows free!
Where the sea-gulls cry, and the breakers roll,
And the briny beauty encrusts the soul.
I love—I love the sea

'I love the sea—the boundless sea!
The thunder may growl in a deep bass key,
The lightning may flash, and the breeze may howl,
And the storm in its fury may shriek and growl.
I love—I love the sea.

'I love the sea—the boundless sea!
But I'm sorry to say that it doesn't love me.
When the wind pipes loud, and the billows roar,
I always consider I'm best on shore.
I love—I love the sea.

'I love the sea—the boundless sea!
(If it didn't bound, we should better agree),
And I spoke in the abstract, of course, just now
When I mentioned the tempest might make a row.
I love—I love the sea.

'I love the sea—the boundless sea!
But—let this remark in strict confidence be—
When the ocean is smooth as a duck-pond's breast,
And the wind is hushed—O, 'tis then that I best
I love—I love the sea.'

But the 'cross-Pacific voyage is a smooth-sea ore. In the sixteen days from Sydney to Honolulu by Fiji the sea was only for a portion of three days a bit 'lumpy' and on no occasion rough, and only the more sensitive and overstrained left their places at the table ingloriously vacant. And these are consoled, as occasion arose, by the reflection that even the mighty Nelson, the victor of Trafalgar, used to 'go under' when, after a prolonged stay ashore, he found his 'wooden walls' tossing and dipping and sliding down the watery hillsides of the Straits of Dover. Even royalty cannot protect itself against the nervous ill that makes the sea for so many a sea of troubles indeed. The German Emperor is said to be always ill when in a gale at sea. King Edward, with all his devotion to yachting, has been almost doubled into a bow-knot with mal-de-mer when crossing the bumpy waters of the Straits of Dover. The present Prince of Wales is also a frequent victim, and the Princess a martyr to the melody; and of all the British Royal Family the only one that is quite immune from its attacks is the widowed Duchess of Albany. I cannot say that such considerations diminish

Hancock's "BISMARCK" LAGER BEER.

NEW ZEALAND'S
NEW INDUSTRY