

will be successful. We cannot help thinking, however, that our Protestant friends would do a great deal more to combat the divorce evil if they would revise their doctrinal position on the question and preach and teach in clear and unmistakable tones that divorce is absolutely and unconditionally, always and everywhere, condemned by the law of Christ. If that were done—if Protestantism were as firm, clear, and unflinching in its doctrinal teaching on this question as the Catholic Church has always been—the Federal Bill would not only have no hope of passing; it could never even have been seriously proposed.

A Set-Back for Mr. Kensit.

The bigoted 'gutter-journals' who make a regular trade of attacking and abusing the Catholic Church are usually cunning enough to give their scurrilous statements a perfectly general application so that, in the present imperfect state of the English libel law, there is no one particular individual who has the right to bring the libellers to book and claim redress. Occasionally, however, their zeal outruns their discretion, or rather, it would be more correct to say, their malice gets the better of their cunning; they fix upon some one individual the stigma of the calumny they wish to circulate, and then—they soon have reason to be sorry for it. Thus, a short time ago, the *Methodist Times* of London, allowed a correspondent to apply, in its columns, Ware's notorious forgery, the 'Jesuit Oath,' to an individual member of the Jesuit body in England, and at once the son of Ignatius instructed his solicitor to take action in the matter. The offending paper tried to brazen it out for a while, but soon found the case was hopeless, and in the end it wisely went down on its editorial marrow-bones and humbly apologised.

This time it is our old friend the *Rock*—a Church of England organ edited by the notorious Kensit—which has had the misfortune to strike a snag. Some time ago this journal amiably referred to Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., as 'an outlaw, a Jesuit, and a member of a seditious order,' and as soon as possible a writ for libel was served on Kensit on behalf of Father Vaughan. Kensit, who never so far forgets himself as to allow his Protestant principles to put him out of pocket, promptly sent a circular to the newspapers imploring aid to fight those wicked Jesuits. One of these circulars was sent to the *Wellington Times* and its receipt was acknowledged in the following terms:—'The editor of the *Rock*, a London newspaper, sends us a letter stating that a libel action has been raised against him because of some comments he made upon the Jesuits, and he appeals for funds to help him in his fight against "the wealthiest corporation in the world." The letter,' adds the *Times*, 'is declined with thanks, its language being of too violent a partisan character.' Other papers however have evidently been more easily gulled and Kensit was enabled to fight the matter out. The result of the tussle was announced in the cable messages in Saturday's papers, and is a complete victory for Father Vaughan, the *Rock* being mulcted in £300 damages in addition to the very heavy costs which the legal proceedings would be sure to involve. So long as Kensit does not pay the piper out of his own pocket—and on that point we may make ourselves perfectly certain—this lesson will have no particular effect on him; but it is surely not too much to hope that even the most glib of his dupes will get tired of supporting such a man when the net result of their efforts is nothing more than to secure a substantial contribution to the furtherance of the very organisation which it is their one object in life to destroy.

ACROSS PACIFIC SEAS.

II.—AN ISLAND PARADISE.

(By REV. H. W. CLEARY.)

Vancouver, April 17.

WE went ashore at Honolulu when the morning of April 9 was still young. People called it spring in the Hawaiian capital—'the boyhood of the year.' But the sun beamed like a blessing from heaven, a blood-warm glow filled the atmosphere, and there was a soft, caressing touch in the leisurely breeze that sauntered along over the coral reefs and the yellow strand and green uplands and played lightly over your face and set the long drooping stems of the palm trees drowsily 'nodding, nid-nid-nodding.' It was just the breath which you would give to perpetual summer, if you had the making of it. It set me mentally calculating what would be the glow of the dog-days in Honolulu, when that spring morning felt like one of those still, brooding summer days that steal upon Timaru and are called perfect. But official figures, seen later on in the day, knocked my crude calculations into smithereens. They showed that the maximum temperature for 1899 (an average year) was only 88 degrees Fahrenheit and the minimum 58—an extreme variation of only 30 degrees. For there is perpetual summer in this island-paradise and the scent of flowers never passes out of its balmy and fragrant atmosphere.

Honolulu is a tropical Eden of vegetation, with a good deal of the serpent's trail upon it. To reach it from the ship you pass over a few hundred yards' wilderness of unformed ground won by suction dredges from the sea—dust when the weather is dry, puddles and quagmire in the brief season of the rains, and suggestive of the conditions created by the long-drawn dispute between the Dunedin City Council and the Harbor Board. The broad, covered, markets, with their surroundings of green leafage, first meet the traveller's footsteps, and attracted the eager attention of the passengers by their rich display of native products and their endless assortment of strangely-shaped and brilliant-hued fishes. Among the latter I noticed that strange freak of the ocean, a hammer-headed shark, an article of diet among the Chinese residents of Honolulu. (It is likewise for the Celestial palate that the extensive trade in dried sharks' fins is conducted in the islands of the Fiji group.)

Our first visit was to the cathedral. It is a large and ornate stone structure, erected nearly half a century ago, and now too small to meet the expansion of the Catholic community of Honolulu. The Bishop (Monsignor Roper) was absent on a visit to some of the other islands, and the honors of hospitality were done by Father Sylvester. With him we visited the

Fine College

of St. Louis, founded by him in 1882. It consists of a series of detached buildings (residence, class and study-halls, a fine theatre or lecture hall, infirmary, schools, museum) standing in a large enclosure of five acres, and comprising a boarding-school with over 80 resident students, and parochial schools in which a Christian education is imparted to some 600 boys. (The girls' schools, both primary and secondary, adjoin the cathedral). St. Louis College is conducted by the Brothers of the Society of Mary. By the Principal (Brother Bertram) and his assistants we were received with a graceful and winning courtesy which makes the pleasantest recollection of our brief stay in Honolulu. It was holiday time in the college, and Brother Thomas (the second in charge) became our guide, philosopher, and friend so long as our feet were upon the shores of Oahu. The pleasantest of companions was he, and he led our footsteps in pleasant paths, and his mind, stored with 17 years' experience of the Hawaiian Islands as a monarchy, a republic, and (since 1900) an annexed outpost of the realms of Uncle Sam, left nothing unseen or unexplained that could appeal to the eye or mind of the two casual strangers from the far south (Father Barlow and the writer) whose good fortune it was to be entrusted to his gentle care in Honolulu.

The college itself, and especially its beautiful grounds, formed a subject of great interest to us. The grounds were formerly the botanic gardens of Honolulu, and the Principal has added much to their former charms. They are, in fact, five acres of chequered shade and sunshine, grateful in such a climate—an epitome of the varied tropical vegetation of Honolulu, and contain, in addition, many strange plants of other lands from China to Peru—

'A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.'

When the sudden tropical night falls, after a brief red afterglow the electric light—which is universal in Honolulu—lights up the buildings and the green leafy roof of the grounds. One of their most striking attractions is a noble avenue of tall straight-boled royal palms. Beside the Cathedral we had seen the first algeroba—a most useful tree with a spray of feathery leaves—introduced into these islands from Peru by Father Bachelot. Honolulu and its surroundings are now fairly peppered over with this hardy and useful southern tree. The college grounds contain the tall and rugged old giant,

'With his leaves of beauty, his fruit of balm,'

that is the patriarch of all the date-palms introduced into the group—a blessed gift for which the wandering Arab thanked the Creator:

"Allah il Allah!" he sings his psalm,
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm;
"Thanks to Allah, Who gives the palm."

Besides this noble fruit-tree we saw in this fair Pacific garden fan, fur, and traveller's palms, mesquites, rose and mamme apples, breadfruit trees, papaws, macademia trees (nut-bearers), monkeypod, tall camphor trees, umbrella trees (which the natives consider unlucky about the house or yard), caoutchouc trees, mangoes, tamarinds, sepolti pears (ripe and luscious), alligator pears, Peruvian plums, several varieties of pine, and, all over the place, the showy scarlet hibiscus, aglow with bloom—the favorite hedge-plant in and about Honolulu. It is a splendid specimen of a cool tropical garden, and one is not surprised to find there, as in his natural habitat, the fat, lumbering alligator that was brought thither years ago from the swamps of Florida and has grown up in his pond enclosure from the size of an Australian club lizard to his present portly and inactive bulk. Hard by, the familiar, pipe-like note of a fat and comfortable Australian captive magpie—an Arthur Orton of imprisoned corpulency—caught our surprised ear; and in the palm branches overhead and in the close, glossy, dark-green foliage of the guava-trees, Indian minas—the pest of Melbourne—jarred and chattered, and hundreds of

Perky English Sparrows

filled the air with their shrill and incessant nagging. What colonists those sparrows are, to be sure!—facing every clime and adapting themselves to every play of circumstances from within the Arctic circle to the Bluff, and, if I mistake not, to the far-off shores of Tierra del Fuego. And the frozen north and torrid zone of Capricorn and Cancer and the furnace-glow of the sandy Australian hinterland have alike left him the same old gracie, vociferous feathered street-arab—as mischievous, as thievish, as pig-headed (if I may thus refer to his inveterate habit of building his nest in