

around. The wagoner stands by the precipice, waiting to clap the brakes on the wheels as they pass him, in preparation for the descent west of the rocky elbow. His collie dog, gambolling merrily in the rear, jumps against him. The teamster loses his balance, drops over the precipice like a ball of lead, bumps once or twice against the goring rocks, is caught in the swift, white water, and vanishes. The last that was seen of him was his Jim-Crow hat, which caught in a cleft in the rocks far down and remained there, an object of fear to the passer-by, till the storms washed it away.

Here and there the Fraser Canon widens out. Here in those openings you see on the shelving banks tiny Indian villages with their little Catholic churches, there, rickety stages where the Red Man scoops the salmon out of the river in August with a pole-net as they struggle in myriads to round the corner against the rapid torrent, further on little groups of Chinamen sluicing the shelving banks in solemn silence for the golden lubricant that keeps this old world a-wagging. And above the river rise the hills, terrace over terrace, like the lesser heights that sit down in the clear, deep waters of Lake Wakatipu. And over all the spreading forest running up to the white peaks and ice-fields and the everlasting snows.

Ten miles above Spuzzum the rocky sides of the Fraser Canon approach till you could almost toss a biscuit across the gorge. This is the narrowest, wildest, noisiest, and stormiest part of the Fraser Canon. The descent is rapid, and the river rushes down it at a terrific pace. Midway up this choking gullet, two shoulders of rock project towards, but not to, each other. This is known as

Hell Gate.

It is the narrowest point in the Canon. 'The river is held back by the projecting rocks, and in time of freshets rises 120 feet above its winter level. Those who pass through the Canon in the month of August often see the eddies packed with salmon, their back fins out of the water, as they rest preparatory to making a rush round the next point.' It is, perhaps, the culminating point of interest in a long-drawn and fascinating scene through which our train had been puffing continuously for nearly two hours, steaming into North Bend at nineteen and a half o'clock (7.30 p.m.) while the white-capped mountains around were still visible and the long-drawn twilight and the red glow of the west were still in the soft April sky.

(To be continued.)

ST. PETER'S ROMAN EPISCOPATE

DEAN BURKE AND BISHOP NEVILL

The following additional letter from the Very Rev Dean Burke in reply to the Anglican Bishop of Dunedin on the above subject appeared in the 'Otago Daily Times' of Thursday:—

'Sir,—Bishop Nevill's controversy with me is, I fear, beginning to abut upon the ridiculous. He told us that he was one "of those who have had the opportunity of learning all that is to be known upon the subject" in question. Some of your readers are now beginning to suspect that his knowledge is confined to what he gets from occasional dips into the "valuable little book" of the lovely Littledale. In his published sermon he said that the Roman episcopate of St. Peter was a "figment." In his letter of August 22 he made a great step in advance, saying "that the local episcopate of St. Peter is at least not proven." In his letter of August 29 he goes still further, and admits that he has no positive arguments to establish his thesis—the "figment" of Peter having been Bishop of Rome. "I don't profess to do impossibilities, and I could not produce such a mass of literature," says his Lordship. And yet any intelligent person can see that if St. Peter were not the predecessor of the Popes the arguments derivable, especially from the third, fourth, fifth, etc., centuries should be, from the nature of the case, thick, in early Church history, as leaves that strew the autumn brooks. The Bishops of Rome, acting precisely in their capacity as successors to St. Peter, claimed to direct, rule, try, and remove from their sees other bishops all over the Church—East and West. Were they not acknowledged as the successors of St. Peter the whole history of the early Church should be strewn with protests against their authority, denials of their claim, rejections of the "figment of Peter" having been Bishop of Rome." The learned Anglican authority Dean Millman writes: "Before the end of the third century (A.D. 290) the lineal descendent of her (Rome's) bishops from St. Peter was unhesitatingly claimed, and obsequiously admitted by the Christian world" (Hist. of Early Christianity, III, p. 370). A former Protestant

president of Marshall College, Pa., referring to a period a little later, writes: "In every great question of the time, whether rising in the East or in the West, all eyes show themselves ever ready to turn towards the Cathedra Petri as a last resort for counsel and adjudication; all controversies, either in the way of appeal or complaint, or for ratification of decisions given in other quarters, are made to come directly, or indirectly in the end, before this tribunal, and reach their final and conclusive settlement only through its intervention. The Popes, in these cases, take it for granted themselves that the power which they exercise belongs to them of right, in virtue of the prerogative of their see. . . . And the whole world apparently regards the Primacy in the same way, as a thing of course, a matter fully settled and established in the constitution of the Christian Church. We hear of no objection to it, no protest against it, as a new or daring presumption, or as a departure from the early order of Christianity." (Mercersburg Review, ap. Kenrick's Primacy, p. 148.)

'Suppose, as Bishop Nevill does, that those early Papal claims were a figment, a belief entertained by nobody in the primitive Church, these protests from Bishops, synods, councils, etc., must occupy the pages of the history of those times.

Where are the Records of these Protests?

I have been demanding them from Bishop Nevill and Co.! His answer is, "I don't profess to do impossibilities, and I could not produce such a mass of literature"! These are actually the Bishop's own words! What a pretty pass for a Bishop to come to—he who was so brave a little while ago over that "figment"!

'His Lordship seems to have a weakness for pursuing legends. He was awfully troubled over some foolish statement which, it appears, he found made somewhere, "That St. Peter was Bishop of Rome for 34 or 35 years." He "engaged" it and "slew" it. At least so he gives us to understand—the monster is lying dead somewhere among the leaves of his manuscript sermons. In his last letter he is pursuing a smaller animal of the same kind—"the legend of the 20 or 25 years' episcopate of St. Peter." Though he has met and "engaged" it a couple of times it is not yet "slain"; it is jumping about, to my mind, as lively as ever. But why tire himself pursuing these reptilian wrigglers? Who asks him to do so? Among Catholic Church historians there are differing opinions as to the length of St. Peter's Roman episcopate. Had Bishop Nevill read even a penny tract by a Catholic writer on this subject he would know thus much, and he would have been spared all the above-mentioned engagements and grimy efforts at slaughter.

'His Lordship is very sore over the ditch into which he fell in the matter of my references to Irenaeus. He assures your readers no less than four times in his last short letter that no such mishap occurred to him. He quotes my words to show this; but he stops short at the very references in question—at the very words he should have quoted! Charitable reader, do please extend a corner of your mantle to cover "the tricks of controversialists!"

'His Lordship does not like Greek. In my last letter I gave not merely the references but added a few Greek words from the passages for the benefit of his Lordship—in order that he could not possibly mistake them. I succeeded, he has not mistaken the references this time. But in a most kindly and gentlemanly way he suggests that I introduced those cabalistic words to deceive your readers. What a fine thing it is to be a gentleman! Men, gentlemanly and otherwise, have a standard whereby they measure others—their own motives and actions. His Lordship seems to complain that I invited my friends to laugh at him as he was struggling on two shaky parallel columns out of the Irenaeus ditch. Recognising that it was a Bishop who was in trouble, and that decorum should be preserved in the circumstances, I ordered my friends to restrain their laughter. Bishop Nevill, I suppose, does not like Latin any more than he likes Greek, seeing that he fails to translate three words of it—"Risum tenetis, amici."

'Let us now briefly examine how, after a study of that "useful little book" of the inspiring Littledale, his Lordship slays St. Irenaeus over again. I confess that he sadly murdered that magnificent doctrinal passage which he quoted on August 22 from Irenaeus, Bk. III, c. 3. I confess also that he now "murders" gloriously the other two passages referred to by me. To rise above his ridiculous arithmetical tangle, I may say that

Irenaeus gives a twofold enumeration

of the Bishops of Rome—one taking in the whole series of Bishops, the other taking in the successors to the apostles. In the former—the passages referred to by me—Ilyginus is put down as "holding the ninth place of the episcopate by succession from the apostles." Well, count backwards:—Ninth, Ilyginus; eighth, Telesphorus;