

drifted across the open stretch, and, carried by the current, brought up against the downriver side. The ice crumbled like thin glass under the pressure of his body, and at the same moment the bear turned and came directly toward him.

Peter thought that the creature meant to attack him. He struggled against the suck of the river, but it held him as if his legs were in the jaws of a trap. He cried out again despairingly. The bear threw up its head and whined as if in sympathy, but came steadily on. Somehow Peter got out of its way, and the animal thrust its chest against the thin ice and opened a little lane in it.

The deadly cold had struck so deep into Peter that he no longer felt acute pain. His limbs were so rigid that he could hardly move them. It seemed to his ebbing senses that he was enmeshed in rippling grasses that wound themselves round him with an inexorable downward pull. He thought they swayed toward his face with a thousand blurring tips, through which he could vaguely see the black shoulders of the bear rising and falling. A great distance seemed to separate him from the animal; then he realised that the bear was slowly breaking a way toward the shore.

Silently and desperately Peter fought his way down the ragged lane left by the animal until he reached the bear, and wound his fingers in its rough, wet coat. The bear growled, but Peter was afraid of nothing except the terrible cold water. His only chance was to cling to the bear. The ice in the centre of the river was much thawed, was, in fact, a mere skin, and open leads lay ahead. There was a chance that this big, lumbering creature of the wilds would find a way out.

Through stretches of eggshell ice and stretches where there was no ice at all, the bear towed Peter. The low tone of falling water was in the air. A black bulk loomed on the right: the first of the two mills above the village. The low tone came from the hundred little streams falling over the dam.

Here there was a great pool of deep, open water. The bear swam swiftly across it, straight to the dam, which it nosed a moment with loud whiffs. Then it threw one great forepaw across the logs, and with a powerful heave wrenched itself from the clutch of the river and lay panting on the framework, across which a few glinting jets purred.

It was not so easy for Peter. He was spent and numb, and the face of the dam was thick with slime; but fortunately there were gaps between the logs, and the thrust of the current aided him. At last he, too, lay across the top, exhausted, but safe. He and the bear regarded each other with eyes in which there seemed to be a sympathetic understanding. The big beast was the first to recover. It shook itself until its thick coat stood erect, looked inquisitively at Peter, and sucked the night air loudly through its nostrils. Suddenly it seemed to realise that it was near a human being, for it lumbered away along the dam.

Peter rose stiffly, and watched the bear leap ashore and disappear in the shadows of the hemlocks. 'I don't suppose I'll ever see him again,' he thought. 'Well, I'll never go hunting for him with a rifle, that's sure.'

### SYMPATHY.

If there is one person who deserves sympathy it is surely he who suffers from chronic colds. A sudden change in the weather or going out into the night air from a heated room, is quite enough to bring on the trouble. Usually the tendency to catch cold is due to a generally run-down condition, and the treatment should take the form of a tonic like BAXTER'S LUNG PRESERVER. It is pleasant to take, gives sure results, and is quite harmless: for children and adults you cannot find a better cough or cold remedy. 1/10 a bottle from all chemists and stores, or by post direct.

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## 'STAND FAST IN THE FAITH'

(A Weekly Instruction specially written for the N.Z. TABLET by GHIMEL.)

### THE PRISONER IN THE VATICAN.

A great number of people suppose that the expression, 'The prisoner in the Vatican,' which the Pope applies to himself, is an empty phrase, invented to gain sympathy, and that the confinement of the Pope within his palace is purely a matter of choice. Even a high-placed lecturer in the Dominion has recently been speaking (if report be true) in this strain. Let us examine the position, for the question is bound to pass out of the academic stage, when the remapping of Europe takes place at the end of the war.

In order to have a correct idea of the Pope's Temporal Power, it may be as well to give the Pope's own view of it. I quote from one of Pope Leo XIII.'s many utterances: 'The temporary sovereignty is not absolutely requisite for the existence of the Papacy, since the Popes were deprived of it during several centuries, but it is required in order that the Pontiff's independence may display itself freely, without obstacles, and be evident and apparent in the eyes of the world. It is the social form, so to say, of his guardianship, and of his manifestation. It is necessary—not to existence, but to a right existence. The Pope who is not a sovereign is necessarily a subject, because (in the social existence of a monarchy) there is no mean term between subject and sovereign. A Pope, who is a subject of a given government, is continually exposed to its influence and pressure, or at least to influences connected with political aims and interests.'

Obviously to be the subject of any given king cannot be the normal position for the head of a world-wide Church. And some of our opponents, at least, ought to be able to appreciate this attitude. Anglicans, for example, who make no claims to Catholicity, who are satisfied to have their Church confined to one race, very logically insist that the head of their Church shall be the reigning king. It would be very awkward if the highest civil authority in the country had to bow down before some ecclesiastical authority.

But is it a matter of choice or of necessity that the Pope should be 'a prisoner in the Vatican.' It is a matter of practical necessity, and that for two very good reasons:—

(a) The Pope could not very well leave his own territory (the Vatican Palace is his own) and appear openly on Italian territory, unless he went to pay an official visit to the Italian King and received a return visit from that monarch. The President of the French Republic, for example, does not run over to London for a visit, however short, without paying an official visit to the King of England. Failure to do so would be a serious breach of etiquette, and would lead easily enough to diplomatic complications. The Empress Eugenie lost her crown when the French Republic was set up. No one would expect her to accept the Republic in a friendly spirit, and the present authorities, even after these forty-five years, would not care to have her living openly in Paris. Now the case of the Pope (unjustly despoiled of Rome that once was his) and the present Italian King is much the same as these two cases. Benedict XV. could not wander round the streets of Rome without calling on King Emmanuel, and that would be equivalent to accepting the Italian domination: in other words, it would be making the head of the world wide Church a subject of an Italian king.

(b) It is quite certain that the Pope could not appear in the streets of Rome without grave danger to his life. He would no doubt be treated with the greatest veneration by devout Catholics, and with respectful consideration by men of no-religion. 'But,' writes one thoroughly acquainted with life in Rome, 'there is in the city a very large body of social democrats, anarchists, and the like, not to mention the small nondescript rabble which everywhere does its best to

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