

olic children of to-day: the morrow of the Church will be provided for in New Zealand. Let us neglect Catholic education and then we must despair of the Church in New Zealand. Such is the dread alternative before us.

We may have ever so fine churches, ever so fine religious services in all the townships and populated centres. Does that give us solid hopes for the future? By no means. Our hope lies in our Catholic schools and colleges. Thank God these so far are not wanting. In various places, throughout the Dominion, we have our preparatory schools; and over and above them are our high schools for boys and girls taught by our Marist Brothers and our Christian Brothers and our self-sacrificing Sisters; and over and above all loom our colleges in Wellington, Christchurch, and Auckland.

And how have we been able to build our fine schools and colleges? I give the reply. They are the fruits of Catholic self-denial. There is the self-denial of the parents who, from their scanty earnings, are willing to set aside the money needed to build schoolhouses, and to defray therein the expenses of the education of their children. There is the self-denial of priests and Brothers and Sisters, who work without thought of worldly remuneration, convinced as they are that their cause is the cause of the Church of God. For aid to priests and Brothers and Sisters in their magnificent work of Christian education, I call on every Catholic to make their work his own work, to value that work as his highest charity, the most precious gift to be made to the Church, to be made to God Himself.

I am not sure, however, that all Catholics in New Zealand clearly understand their duty towards Catholic education. Gifts on its behalf are far from being as frequent and as generous as they should be. There are, of course, noble exceptions, and they have my highest meed of praise. If Catholics contribute to charity, to the immediate relief of poverty and suffering, they assume that their full debt is paid. God forbid that I lessen the value of help given to poverty and suffering. But when all is said, beyond all this, there is the vision of the wider spreading of the Catholicity of the Church by preserving to it its means of future life and vigor. It is the very life of the Church that is at stake when we speak to you of Catholic education. Catholic education is the vital question of the day.

Shall the Church live and work among us as God wishes that she should live and work? Do you wish to see the sure signs of a happy future for the Church in New Zealand, look to your schools and convents and colleges, look to your children flocking to their class-rooms where, together with sciences needed for their worldly success, they hearken to the sweet words so necessary for their life beyond the grave—God the Creator, Jesus Christ the Saviour, the Catholic Church the harbinger of the truth and graces of the Incarnation and the Redemption.

Any event—of sorrow or joy, of loss or gain—may suddenly remind us of God, and thus be an agent of religious education. Should we be so dull of heart and slow to believe, when everything can speak to us of the spiritual world?

No one else can solve your problem, or work out your riddle. You stand or fall by it. Your happiness, your well-being, your success, and your destiny hang upon your carrying out the programme the Creator has given you.

Tho' clad in leather, wool, and fur,
All airmen risks of cold incur,
As flying high or flying low
They flit their biplanes to and fro;
Their lungs and throats protection need
When planing at abnormal speed,
Protection which they all assure
By taking Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

NUNS OF THE PERPETUAL ADORATION.

Calm, sad, secure; behind high convent walls,
These watch the sacred lamp, these watch and pray:
And it is one with them when evening falls,
And one with them the cold return of day.

These heed not time; their nights and days they make
Into a long returning rosary,
Whereon their lives are threaded for Christ's sake;
Meekness and vigilance and chastity.

A vowed patrol, in silent companies,
Life-long they keep before the living Christ.
In that dim church, their prayers and penances
Are fragrant incense to the Sacrificed.

Outside, the world is wide and passionate;
Man's weary laughter and his sick despair
Entreat at their impenetrable gate;
They heed no voices in their dream of prayer.

They saw the glory of the world displayed;
They saw the bitter of it, and the sweet:
They knew the roses of the world should fade,
And be trod under by the hurrying feet.

Therefore they rather put away desire,
And crossed their hands and came to sanctuary,
And veiled their heads and put on coarse attire;
Because their comeliness was vanity.

And there they rest: they have serene insight
Of the illuminating dawn to be;
Mary's sweet Star dispels for them the night,
The proper darkness of humanity.

Calm and secure: with faces worn and mild:
Surely their choice of vigil is the best?
Yea! for our roses fade, the world is wild;
But there, besides the altar, there, is rest.

ERNEST DOWSON, in *America*.

THE LANGUAGE IN MUNSTER.

It is interesting to note that, according to the last census, there were 21,692 people in the Co. Waterford who spoke Irish. This is a sad falling off, however, from the figures of 1861, when the number of Irish speakers in the county was 57,782.

Cork heads the list of the Munster counties speaking Irish—the figures for 1911 being 77,205, also a sad falling off from the figures of 1861, when the number of Irish speakers in the Rebel Co. was 195,457.

Kerry comes next to Cork with 60,719 Irish speakers in 1911, against 115,101 in 1861. Clare's Irish speakers in 1911 numbered 36,704, against 79,200 in 1861. Limerick's figures are 10,921 in 1911, as against 47,667 in 1861. Tipperary's figures are only 10,020 for 1911, as against 37,301 in 1861.

The highest Irish-speaking figures are those of County Galway—98,523 in 1911, as against 166,404 in 1861. Mayo follows closely with 88,601 for 1911, as against 156,376 for 1861.

The Catholic Church possesses the Eucharist, the most complete and perfect gift of God to man; the Catholic Church produces virginity, the most complete and perfect gift of man to God. I think perfect truth must be where there is perfect love.—*Harriet Shilleto*.

The pleasant man to you is the man you can rely upon; who is tolerant, forbearing, and faithful. . . . It is a great privilege to have an opportunity many times a day, in the course of your business, to do a real kindness which is not to be paid for. Graciousness of demeanor is a large part of the duty of any official person who comes in contact with the world. Where a man's business is, there is the ground for his religion to manifest itself.—*Sir Arthur Helps*.