

tain, excluding Ireland; also in the number of priests, convents, monastic institutions, and pupils. A non-Catholic paper said that the centre of gravity of Roman Catholicism in the United Kingdom was shifting from Ireland to England, and it was daily making converts in the Church of England, as well as among Nonconformists. The politicians and literary men of France who declared that she was dying were yet devising schemes to suppress her too voluminous life. Had the Church been a human institution, devised by men and managed by men without Divine help, sad indeed would have been her fate long ago. The French Revolution, that volcanic force of desperate human energy, had failed to crush the Church. Napoleon, at the height of his power, when he had all Europe under his foot, failed to crush her. When men of that type failed, did they think that the little pigmy politicians that were playing such pranks before high Heaven in France to-day were going to succeed? That would be against reason and against history. The Catholics could look without gloomy anticipation to the events that were occurring in atheist-ridden France to-day. They knew that the Church of God would not give way, that the power of evil would not prevail against it, and that Christ was with them, even unto the end of the world. Looking at the events in France and Portugal to-day, they could safely say that in the light of history there could be only one issue. There might be long suffering and the crown of thorns, but the signs of revival were already there. That was not saying that the world was coming into the fold of Christ immediately or in the near future, but Christ said the time would come when there would be only one fold. It was not for them to prophesy when that time would come, but they all could wait in confident hope. The Church would have her Judas and her Pilate, willing hands to scourge her, willing tongues to calumniate her, and as in France she would be crucified; but after her trials and persecutions she would triumph. She had seen many philosophies have their little day and pass away; she had seen many new-fangled faiths rise and crumble to pieces, but she remained true to the old doctrines. Holding fast to the old truths, she did not try to adapt herself to the changing phases of philosophers. The permanent state was not joy or sorrow; it was the Church militant, the Church fighting against the world, the flesh, and the devil. They must not expect the Church to be always marching in triumph, always rejoicing; she had her Garden of Gethsemane as well as her triumphal road, the nails of Calvary as well as the palm of Palm Sunday. And through all these things the Church was for them the representative of Almighty God.

Mr. John Redmond, speaking at Woodford, Essex, dealt once again with the bogus cry of Separation now being raised by Unionists to injure the Home Rule cause. The hon. gentleman said that whatever else the Irish race were, they were not a nation of fools. Irishmen, quite as much as Englishmen or Scotchmen or Welshmen, helped to build up the Empire, and they were not going to surrender their share in the heritage which their fathers created. One is tempted to ask how many of these blatant orators who go about the country prating of the danger of separation in the event, which is now certain, of Ireland getting Home Rule in the near future, believe what they state. Are there any of them so devoid of common sense as to think that Irish Nationalists imagine an unarmed country, as Ireland is, could in open warfare defeat the British army and navy? Are the mighty Dreadnoughts and powerful cruisers to be swept off the waters by the few fishing fleets that Ireland employs in peaceful pursuits?

The happy days we spend in health
Seem all too soon to glide away.
Then comes a time when each of us
Must to some illness be a prey.
And as an illness oft begins
With cruel cough, or chill, or cold;
It's best to take Woods' Peppermint Cure,
A drug that's worth its weight in gold.

OBITUARY

MR. GERALD O'REILLEY, WAVERLEY.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

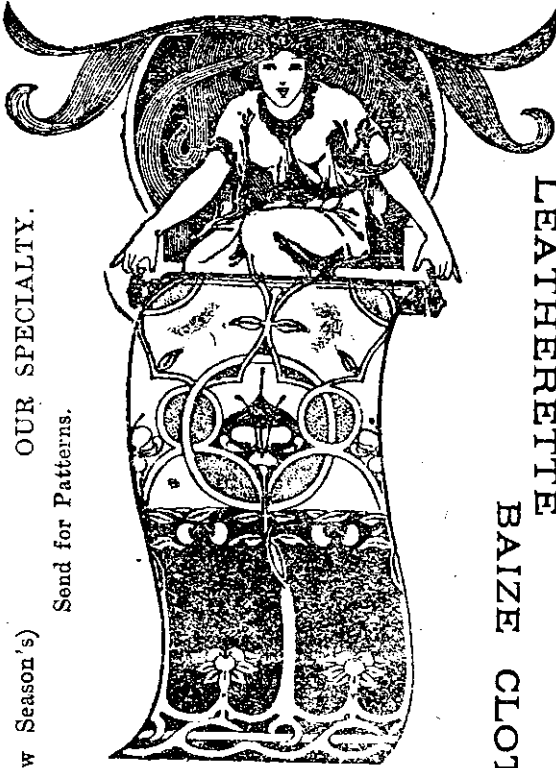
Another of the rapidly diminishing number of the pioneers of New Zealand passed away at Waverley on June 29, in the person of Mr. Gerald O'Reilley, at the age of 73 years. Forty-eight years ago the late Mr. O'Reilley left his home in County Cavan, Ireland, for New Zealand, landing at Wanganui, where he opened a general store and conducted it for a number of years. Twenty-nine years ago he sold out and took up a farm at Moumahaki, where he lived until eight years ago when he retired to Waverley. He is survived by a wife and nine sons (Messrs. W. and Joseph O'Reilley, of Hawke's Bay, B., G., J., C., F., and John O'Reilley, of Moumahaki, and Mr. R. O'Reilley, of Waverley), and five daughters (Mesdames McQuaig and Lawn, of Opunake, Mrs. J. Louisson, of Aromoho, and Mrs. M. A. Brady, of Wellington, and Miss C. O'Reilley, of Waverley). The funeral was one of the largest held in the district, and testified to the popularity and respect in which the deceased was held. The local church committee, of which deceased was a prominent member, acted as pall-bearers and the Rev. Father Duffy officiated at the church where he spoke of the good qualities and of the many good works of the deceased, who had proved himself worthy of the love and esteem of all. Rev. Father Duffy afterwards also officiated at the graveside.—R.I.P.

In this issue Mr. A. Doig, of Wanganui, is advertising a treatment for goitre. This distressing complaint is very prevalent throughout the Dominion, and if not attended to soon becomes a permanent affection. Mr. Doig claims to have treated a great number of cases in all parts of New Zealand without a single failure, and has had testimonials from many *Tablet* readers....

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