

stand his abuse I think we, the 'Holy Romans' can stand it. He is welcome to abuse us to his heart's content. His abuse will never set our nerves agog or flutter our pulse in the slightest degree.

#### Like the Aching Tooth.

I do not know the number of teeth with which the human head is usually furnished. I have never counted my own teeth, and, therefore, cannot say how many I have or ought to have. Those who are curious in the matter can easily find out the normal number from any doctor they meet. My ignorance will therefore be excused if I indulge my imagination. Suppose I had 1000 teeth in my head, and suppose, moreover, 999 of these were solid and sound ones. The 999 would give me no trouble, and therefore never distract my thoughts. But suppose there was one tooth which, bringing up the reckoning to the 1000, was hollow and decaying, and ached and ached, and that, in its aching, hindered me from working during the day, and hindered me from sleeping during the night. Of that tooth, whether I would or no, I should perforce have to think a good deal. For a tormenting tooth there is but one remedy—a visit to a dentist's. Then would come a twinge and a shake, and a wrench and a pull; and lo and behold, the whole trouble would be over for all and good. Like the aching tooth is the mischief-making religious agitator. He is an annoyance and a nuisance to the body, religious and social. He is only one in a thousand, it is true, but there is not one in the other nine hundred and ninety-nine of his fellow-citizens who would not prefer his room to his company. Yet, we are all sinners, and have to suffer for our misdoings. I am afraid it will be our fate to ever have the mischief-making religious agitator to worry us.

#### 'I've Got Him on the List.'

I love Australia—I love Australians—with all the love of which a human heart is capable. I wish every Australian well, even the mischief-making religious agitator himself. I fondly believe that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand wish well to me. I heard a song once at a private concert given by a gentleman vocalist. It was taken from an opera of Gilbert and Sullivan. I think the opera was 'The Mikado.' It was a song in which the Imperial Lord High Executioner gave an account of his doings to his master from day to day. His duty was to furnish regularly to his Majesty a list of those whose heads it would be an advantage to the public to have cut off. I do not quite remember the exact words of the song, but the refrain of the Lord High Executioner ran something like this:—

'Oh put him on the list,  
He never will be missed.'

I am by no means a vindictive turn of mind. I wish evil to no one; but I certainly would keep mischief-making religious agitators as far away from me and from my neighbours as I possibly could.

#### Send Him to the Pole.

Professor Mawson is on his way to the South Pole. I cannot, therefore, invoke his services. But, when the next explorer starts on his journey to the South, I should be glad if he would give a passage to one of our mischief-making religious agitators. Of the bonafides of my wish there is proof in this, that I should be prepared to pay down £5 towards the cost of the religious agitator's passage southwards. I would have, however, the explorer first to pledge me his word of honor that when he took his departure from the South Pole he would leave the religious agitator behind him. I am of a generous turn of mind, and would like to deal with everyone kindly. If the mischief-making religious agitator was willing to go and the explorer was willing to take him—a point on which I am doubtful—I would be ready to act munificently. In the first place, I would, at my own expense, have letters patent issued under the hand of the Bailiff of the Supreme Court, creating the mischief-making religious agitator duke of the South Pole. In making such provision for our friend I would insist, however, on one condition. I would have him, before he took ship, sign

a covenant by which he would bind himself never to set foot on Australian soil again. The penalty of his failure to keep the covenant would be the forfeiture of his ducal rank and his immense estates in the southern world.

#### Worse than Human Ills.

Human nature is subject to many ills. Sickness comes in childhood; it comes in middle age; it comes when men are old. In my fairly long life I have had my share of physical ills. As a boy I had the usual allowance of boyish ailments. Grown up I had neuralgia, rheumatism, and lumbago; of course I was in the fashion, and had two or three attacks of influenza as well. I did not welcome any of the visitants, and my decided conviction is that, on the whole, I should have been happier without them. Yet, beings of clay must have patience. Patience I try to have in every trial. With mischief-making religious agitators I am afraid I have no patience whatever. They are worse than neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, and the influenza all put together. God forgive me if I sin by uncharitableness; but I do wish the mischief-making religious agitator in some other land than the land in which I live. Many, very many Australians—the majority of them non-Catholics—would, I feel certain, if there was a ballot taken, be found to share my wish. I pray that at least one of my religious agitators may take my offer on the advantageous terms tendered, and emigrate on the first opportunity to the South Pole. There is a great scarcity of citizens there. But he can count on a warm welcome from the numberless seals and whales.

#### Near and Dear Friends.

My words finish in the spirit in which they began. The number of non-Catholics who are near and dear friends of mine I cannot count. I have nought to complain about them, but of their constant and extreme kindness to me. Nothing could be further from my thoughts than giving offence to any one—least of all to those non-Catholics to whom I owe so much. If there is in what I have said any remark, however slight, that gives them pain, I recall it without demur, and fervently wish it had been left unsaid.

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