

fully practised his religion, one who can be pointed to as a true light and glory of the Catholic Church? We reprint from the *Pittsburgh Observer* the latest contribution to this question. It appears in the shape of a letter from the Right Rev. Mgr. Joseph Guillot, of St. Paul, Minn., who says:

"Some years ago a letter was published from Detroit, and made the rounds of the press of the country, in which it was stated that Catholics had no claims on Pasteur, one of the greatest men of the last century, that his religion was mere Deism, and that he never was a practical member of Holy Church. At the time I sought authentic information in the matter. It is only of late, owing no doubt to the many cares of my correspondents, during the last dreadful few years, that I have received complete answers to my inquiries, and they may be summed up in these very striking facts written in a letter I have from the chancellor of the diocese of St. Claude. The territory of that diocese comprises the department of Jura, in which is situated the pretty little city of Arbois, where Louis Pasteur was born and raised, and where his remains are buried between those of his good Catholic father and mother. The chancellor writes: (1) Pasteur was always known here as a good Catholic. (2) Even in his busiest days he never failed to take at Paris a night train that would bring him to Arbois on the morning of Corpus Christi, so that he could join the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. And he came again every year at the end of September, to be present at what is called here the vintage feast, when the first ripe grapes gathered are brought by the most notable Catholics to the parish church, where they are blessed by the pastor. (3) A few years before his death, presiding at the commencement exercises of the College of Dole, in the same department, he pronounced before his young audience these beautiful words, which were then quoted and commented upon by the papers: 'When one has studied much, he comes back to the faith of a Breton peasant; as to me, had I studied more, I would have the faith of a Breton peasant woman.' (4) In April, 1895, the year in which he died, he insisted on going, with his worthy wife, to receive his Easter Communion in the parish church. (5) On Friday, September 25, the day of his death, he very piously received the last Sacraments from Father Richard, one of the assistant priests, and was able afterwards to have a lengthy conversation with Father Boulanger, a Dominican, who was the great man's confessor. I believe this will satisfy anyone as a proof that Pasteur was a faithful child of the Church, and his example is another confirmation of the words of Pascal that 'a little knowledge estranges from God, whilst great knowledge brings one nearer to God.'"

Here at least we have a series of definite statements on which reliance can doubtless be placed. The reader can form from them his own judgment.

Sacred Heart Girls' College, Lower Hutt

The following pupils of the Sisters of the Missions, of the above college, were successful at the November examinations:—

Public service entrance: Millie Young. Intermediate: Kathleen Sullivan, Isabel McRae, Eileen Thompson. Standard VI. Proficiency: Six pupils were presented, all obtaining proficiency certificates—Jean Swiggs, Molly Beckingsale, Winifred Chamberlain, Emma Rudolph, Moya Head, Eileen Meyrick. Pitman's Shorthand: Theoretical—Muriel Rooney, Agnes Sullivan, Eileen Reidy, Maggie Wall; elementary—Irene Maloney.

When the family circle is broken and scattered and we have but the memory of those whom we have 'loved and lost a while,' in the heart's silent times we can hear again the dear, familiar words as potent as the 'still small voice' at Horeb's cave. And the rarest treasure of the soul will be the sweet remembrance of this 'practice of the presence of God' at the family altar.

There is a marvellous future before New Zealand owing to the wonderful influence of "GOLDEN RULE" Soap, "GOLDEN RULE" School Rulers, "KEEP SMILING" Boot and Floor Polishes, and "THINKER" Note Books, etc.—Mercer & Mitchell Ltd., Wholesale Distributors.

A Littoral City

(By H. J. M., in *The Nation and the Athenaeum*.)

The correlations of animate with inanimate nature are so intricate that the least oscillation of the latter from the normal will often make a wilderness of a city or a city of a wilderness. Early this year (1922) the sea scored a march against its human foe on the tidal flats and shingle beaches of the east coast between Brancaster and Sheringham where the cliffs begin, and in an impetuous expense of its artillery hammered through a furlong of concrete wall. On one side of the turf bank running between road and beach the land became a shallow broad, scrawled over with multiform islands like the hieroglyphs on the yellow-hammer's egg, and on the other, water and vegetation came to a deadlock and camped their indiscriminate forces over the ground. Into this tangle of alleys, squares, and streets, where the sedges, reeds, and water plants made the houses, and the water the open spaces, poured a multitude of birds and founded a city-state in Grecian fashion, but that it was quilted of many nations. Long, crescentic lines of black-headed gulls, burnished by the sun, girdled the seaward frontier of the city, like Crusaders after the taking of Jerusalem, and when they rose and drifted out to sea in silver clouds, the city's glittering battlements seemed to have crumbled like Atlantis's that were. A cluster of immature greater black-headed gulls, the van of the hosts which migrate along the coast in the autumn as very symbols of the darkening days, broke in from the north, and in at another gate a troop of sanderling dived in a cascade of white breasts, followed by a single knot who twisted down in the angles of lightning. A throng of cosmopolite citizens ambled the streets and squares in their several national costumes—black and grey coats in their white shields, like the heraldic device of some order, a gallant one, judging by the number of duels; green-capped and rufous-belted sheld-duck in white cloaks slashed with black; stockish and massive-billed shovellers in green, white, chestnut, and blue, with yellow spectacles, like aldermen in a free-colored Morris State; a full-plumaged scaup drake and his white-faced mate (the rarest hyperborean visitor in June), like pochard with black torso for red, or tufted duck at a distance without the crest; mincing waterhens; lapwings, tourists to Venice from inland plains; herons, lank, primitive, and spectral, like shadows of their ancestors; swans like the figureheads, and hovering terns, the guardian angels of the city; linnets airy as their notes; bustling and hallooing redshank; a tall greenshank like a redshank grown up and lost its mercurial spirits; dunlin with the black breast-band of the nuptial season; little stint like its pigmy form, and the urchins of the sandpiper community and canty ringed plover. And as initial verses to this anthology sounded the skirl of the sedge-warbler, the wheeze of the reed-bunting, and the sweeter reed-music of the reed-warbler all along the rushes fringing the turf-bank.

The only unity governing the diversity was one of place, but the nurseries on the other side of the bank had an internal cohesion of common purpose. Two small islands almost flat with the water and shagged with tussocks of marram, other wiry grasses, and coarse turf, and patched with dry mud, held about 800 nests of Sandwich and common terns, black-headed gulls, ringed plover, and redshank. They were mingled helter-skelter, lined or unlined, slovenly or compact, many so close together as to be semi-detached (the nine Sandwich terns' nests were within an orbit of three yards), and with eggs so variously shaded and mottled as to make classification of size rather than pattern, coloration, or even shape the clue to identity of species. The terns' eggs and nests ran riot in idiosyncrasy, but those of the gulls were hardly less variable, spotted, zoned, and splashed with greys, blacks, and browns of every tone, on a ground of olive, green, buff, dark brown, or blue. Gulls are of a plover-like ancestry, and the black-head, diverging first to a sea-habit, then a land-habit, and here breeding almost within the spray of high-tide, was with his fancy-roaming eggs and nests consistent in plasticity. One of them was a monument, a palace, a foot high, built on the highest point of the island and broad based on a straddling foundation of interlacing sticks, thinning to the grassy apex of the pyramid on which reposed, like a single blossom

W. F. Short

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