

Correspondence.

[We are not responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.]

'98.

TO THE EDITOR N.Z. TABLET.

SIR,—I agree with Mr. O'Connor that to call a public meeting is the proper course to adopt. I can assure that gentleman there was nothing further from my thoughts than the idea of giving the commemoration a religious aspect. Any attempt in this direction would be highly impolitic, as well as historically wrong. The '98 struggle was no religious uprising—it was the noble effort of Catholic and Protestant alike to throw off the yoke that for centuries had entailed degradation and misery upon their country. My object in approaching the Hibernian Society was not to confer honour on that body—I have none to confer—but simply to suggest to it the desirability of arranging in good time for a public meeting to be held, not necessarily under its auspices. Active patriotism and enthusiastic resolve are auxiliaries indispensable to the inception and success of a movement of this kind, and where, on the present occasion, can we hope to find in their entirety these two excellent qualities if not in the ranks of the Hibernians? However, I gather from the tone of Mr. O'Connor's letter that there is no danger of the centenary passing over in Dunedin without fitting recognition, and as this is the end and aim of my interest and ambition in the matter I am perfectly satisfied.—I am, etc..

South Dunedin.

P. E. NOLAN.

TO THE HON. J. G. WARD.

I KNOW thee not, perchance will never know,
But wronged, maligned, and strictured as thou art,
I give thee greeting from my inmost heart,
Friend of the people and their cause. Although
Designing knaves have aimed the coward blow
And hurled at thee their hate's envenomed dart.
Not theirs to filch the honour of thy part
Or work thy rising glory's overthrow.
To-day before the world, absolved and free,
Thou standest forth without reproach or blame,
The Nemesis of those who fain would see
Their own dishonour honoured in thy shame,
While Demos holds the strong right hand to thee,
And outraged Justice vindicates thy name.

South Dunedin.

P. E. NOLAN.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Orange Society. By Rev. H. W. Cleary. Melbourne: Bernard King and Sons.

The best proof of the excellence of this work is the phenomenal success which has attended its publication. Though only issued in March last, it has already run through nine editions, and this extraordinary demand for the work continues unabated. The exceptional merits of Father Cleary's work amply justify its success. Perhaps the most striking feature of the volume is its wonderful completeness. It is a veritable cyclopaedia of information on the subject with which it deals. The origin and history of the Society, the "enlightened" principles on which it is based, the Inner Circle and its ways, how the Brethren "make their influence felt," the various exposures which the organisation has received at the hands of Royal Commission and Parliamentary Committees, right up to the latest development of the movement in the colony of Victoria, are all most fully and faithfully described. There is not a single point that could be of any possible interest in connection with the movement, with which the author does not thoroughly and exhaustively deal. The work is written in a very trenchant and vigorous style, but the author never descends to mere abuse, and every charge he makes (and he certainly does not mince matters in his indictment of the Society) is proved to the hilt, either from the reports of Parliamentary Committees and Royal Commissions, or from the works of eminent Protestant writers, or from the utterances of the Orange Press and platform and the official documents of the Society itself. We wish we had space to give the mere headings of the various chapters, which are themselves sufficient to show the intensely interesting character of the work. We can only recommend our readers to get the book for themselves and they will find themselves possessed of a work that is as interesting as any novel, and that at the same time supplies a perfect mine of information on a subject of the most practical interest to every Catholic. We should add that Father Cleary gives, in an appendix, the ritual of introduction to the Orange degree, together with the rules of the Loyal Orange Institution of Victoria. There is also added an index of authorities and a very copious and valuable general index. The work, which contains over four hundred pages of reading matter, is published, in paper cover, at the phenomenally low price of one shilling, and the address of the publishers is Bernard King and Sons, 300 Lonsdale street, Melbourne.

The German Electric Appliance Agency, Sydney, announce that they supply the only genuine electric belts. Full particulars will be found in our advertising columns.

S.M.S.—IN MEMORIAM.

[The following poem was written in memory of Sister Mary Stanislaus, known as a writer under the *nom de plume* of S.M.S. She was the daughter of Denis Florence McCarthy, and by her recent death at Dublin the Dominican Order was robbed of one of its brightest ornaments. The last poem written by S.M.S. was "Roses: White Crimson and Gold."]

Gather ye roses, white, crimson and gold,
Weave and entwine them to deck a dear brow
Whiter than marble—as lifeless and cold;
Love can effect no more loving work now!

"White roses of joy"—yea, joyous our tears!
For the innocent life and the virginal years
Passed in the cloister, serving our Lord
In prayer, and in thought, in work, and in word.
So humble, so thoughtful, so simple, so kind!
Such large-hearted goodness, such greatness of mind!

"Crimson roses of sorrow," ah! deep is our grief,
For death hath appeared in the night, like a thief;
Our treasure was taken when all seemed secure—
A mist dims our eyes, and our light is obscure,
Sorrow hath bound us, our hearts are oppress;
Thy will, Lord, be done, Thou knowest what's best.

"Golden roses of glory." No vain-gloried pride,
But the glory surrounding the life of Christ's bride.
Of intellect brilliant, and quick to impart
To others true glory of head and of heart.
"Sweetest of singers thy song shall remain
To add to the glory that circles thy name." *

Gather ye roses, white, crimson, and gold,
Bind ye this wreath, and encircle and fold
Each memory of glory, and sorrow, and joy,
With love which admits of no selfish alloy.
Such love is all earnest, all powerful in prayer,
And succours the dead left by God in our care!

Daughter of Dominic! We place on thy brow
This rosary love-gift, all sanctified now
By prayer and in indulgence; and trust God has given
To thee ere we ask it, thy bright crown in heaven.
Pray that we too when the battle is done
May find as thou foundest—the victory won.

C. OWEN ELLIS in the *Irish Rosary*.

Cork, August 12th, 1897.

* D. F. McCarthy.

FATHER ZEGLEN'S JACKET.

We take the following from the *New York Herald* of September 12.—

Father Casimir Zeglen, the Redemptorist priest who recently acted as a target for a bullet-proof cloth of his own invention, arrived in this city yesterday, accompanied by several priests of his Order. He is now on his way to Europe at the invitation of representatives of foreign Governments.

England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Russia and Spain, it is said, have made overtures to the inventor, and he has agreed to give exhibitions before the rulers of those countries.

Father Zeglen and his companions have arranged to give the United States military and naval officials a test of the priest's invention at Governor's Island during the present week. General Merritt will have charge of the exhibition, and many prominent men will be present. After the exhibition at Governor's Island the priest will be shot at in private at the British embassy at Washington.

At the Governor's Island test the bodies of live animals will first be used for targets. The regulation army rifle is to be used, and after a series of experiments on the animals Father Zeglen will stand up to be shot at by one of Uncle Sam's crack marksmen. Bullet after bullet will be fired direct at the heart of the priest until ten rounds have been exhausted. Father Zeglen will stand within fifty feet of the marksmen.

Father Zeglen is a dark featured, retiring man. His solution of a problem that has been studied from ancient times by soldiers and humanitarians was brought about through the death by assassination of Mayor Carter H. Harrison in Chicago four years ago, when he set his mind to work upon the problem of a bullet-proof jacket.

"I made the silk and web in my invention by hand," said Father Zeglen. "I then subjected it to a secret chemical process to make it impervious to the most severe and most powerful bullet."

Lady Marjorie Gordon, daughter of Lord Aberdeen, is the editor of *Wre Willow Winkles*, a juvenile magazine, and has just received from Mr. Kipling the following skit for her publication:—

There was once a small boy of Quebec,
Who was buried in snow to the neck.
When asked: "Are you friz?"
He replied: "Y'es, I is,
But we don't call this cold in Quebec."

From which it would appear that the outcry in Canada concerning "Our Lady of the Snows" has no effect on Mr. Kipling.