

recalled from Belgium, to which country they were expelled when the religious Orders were dissolved, and are working as hospital nurses with a devotion that is beautiful. It is quite impossible that the heroic work of both nuns and monks should be lost on a public which is ever quick to recognise devotion to duty when there is no axe to grind.'

Practical Piety

The practical nature of their piety is viewed with admiration on all sides now. Dr. Martin, in the *British Medical Journal*, bears witness to the devotion and ability of the nuns of his nursing staff in the following:—

'It is presided over by Sister Ferdinand, a trained nurse, with rigid antiseptic and aseptic principles. The nursing at this hospital was performed by Sisters of Mercy, all trained and skilful nurses, and the gentlest and most helpful people one could meet. The Rev. Mother was matron of the hospital, and was also a trained anaesthetist, being able to administer chloroform or open ether.'

From Nancy comes this splendid appreciation from the pen of the correspondent of the *Times* newspaper:—

'The hospital is another wonderfully well-equipped and well-officer institution, with the same spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice for the good of the nation running through it, and the same high level of surgical and scientific attainment among the members of the staff. The nurses here are largely Sisters of religious Orders, and the affectionate care with which they attend and mother the poor, wounded men is unspeakably touching. I saw one day some of the nuns kneeling in a little chapel in the hospital grounds. The choir was singing a *Gloria*, the burden of which was "Sauvez la France," repeated over and over again. The cannon were booming outside, and each time that those words of the prayer rang out through the open door they were followed without a moment's pause by the roar of the heavy shells. And of the two of the cannon that had shattered their limbs, or the kneeling women who soothed and tended them, there was not, I think, much doubt in the minds of the wounded men as to which was the finer force, and the stronger.'

Who dare speak to-day of the 'wasted lives' of our nuns, whose every day is filled with 'uplift' work? Yesterday in the quiet convent unheeded, to-day on the battlefield, before an astonished adoring world, ever and always they have but one thought, 'souls, souls, souls, and more souls,' to save for Christ, their loved Leader. To gain these Death itself is laughed at.

Nuns on Roof.

Look at those nuns on the roof of their convent at Namur, while the town is being burnt, fighting the flames, to save the hundred wounded sheltered by their walls.

It would be difficult to surpass the cool bravery of the following answer of a Sister of Charity. The commandant of a fort asked for a nun to tend his wounded, and she volunteered. On asking permission to go, the Superior said to her: 'What if the commandant blows the fort up sooner than surrender?'

'Why, then,' coolly answered the Sister, 'we shall all go up together, and the Bon Dieu will receive us, since it would have been for Him and for France.'

No wonder an English officer exclaimed, 'The convents are grand, and the nuns are splendid!'

Patriotic Scotch Nun.

Listen to this letter from a nun in a Belgian convent. She was one who, at the call of the Master, had left her loved Scotland, even though it tore her heartstrings. She writes thus to her people:—

'For two days we nuns have been rolling bandages. . . . Every day our nuns hear from their homes that their brothers are leaving as volunteers. Tell father I am cheery, and feel sometimes far too warlike for a nun. That's my Scotch blood. I hope to goodness the Highlanders, if they come, will march down

another street on their way to the barracks, or I shall forget that I must not look out of the window.'

The writer of a book called *The Transformation of Aunt Sarah* has noted with sympathetic insight the above letter. One of his characters writes as follows to her fiancé, an English officer in the trenches:—

'Don't be cross, for mine, I think, are happy tears. This is what happened. Nina lent me her *Tablet* containing a letter from a Highland girl who is now a nun in Ghent. The Gordon Highlanders were hourly expected, she said, and then she hoped they would not come down the convent street, for if they did, how could she help breaking the rule not to look out of the window?'

'Don't wonder if a fellow-woman wept. All the self-denial of years of home-sickness, all the discipline of obedience expressed in that little speech! Emotion with self-sacrifice, the two together, that's what moves me. Most of us get our emotions so on the cheap. The big feeling reined by the little rule, that's what's so touching about the Highland nun, and so humiliating to me. Would you be angry if I said it makes me feel like trying to be a nun? Do they take Protestants in Roman Catholic convents? Anyhow, if you go to Ghent, as I hope you will, I want you to find out this unknown Sister of mine, and say to her that, if it doesn't smash all rules utterly, you want to kiss her hand. You have your own nun's leave, sir! And more. If the Gordons did go down that street, and the Reverend Mother pushed the Highland nun's nose against the window pane, as I pray she did, just give that reverend lady, rule or no rule, a salutation on the cheek.'

(To be concluded.)

THE CHURCH OF ADAM AND EVE

It is matter of pretty common knowledge, says the *Sacred Heart Review*, that there is in Dublin a church generally known as the church of 'Adam and Eve.' References to it are often met with in current publications, and we recall having more than once seen some explanation as to the origin of the name as thus applied. These, however, were more or less legendary and fanciful. In James Collins' recently published *Life in Old Dublin*, the matter is gone into fully and the history therein given is no doubt the true one. Recast and somewhat abbreviated, it is as follows:

It may be said at once that the church is not, as its popular appellation would indicate, dedicated to our first parents, but to St. Francis of Assisi. In 1615, when the penal laws were actively in force, the Franciscans rented a small house in the rear of an old tavern on Cook street, then known as 'The Adam and Eve.' The entrance to the Franciscan house was through a long narrow passage from Cook street, which also served as a side entrance to the inn. The law at the time prohibited Catholic places of worship except under stringent regulations, though these were neither so harrowing as they had been or later were again to become.

To evade the restrictions under which they suffered the friars said their Sunday Masses in this house at unusual hours, and stationed a watchman at the entrance, who would allow no one to pass into the chapel except those whom he knew to be Catholics. As an additional precaution all such persons before being admitted had as a countersign to say, 'I am going to Adam and Eve.'

Moving pictures tell a story,

Life's sad incidents are shown,

Joy and sorrow, laughter, sadness,

Gladness, madness, grief, and moan.

But the 'movie' that upset me

Was the cough that made me poor,

Faded from the screen for ever,

Chased by Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Place your next order for Pictures, Picture Frames, and Artists' Materials with

McCORMICK & PUGH, 681 Colombo Street, CHRISTCHURCH

ART DEALERS. PRINTSELLERS, &c.

Telephone 973.

Factory: Tuam St.