

'Germany charges that the Lusitania was a British auxiliary cruiser.

'United States holds the Lusitania was a British passenger ship, not engaged in the service of the British Government at the time she was sunk, but operating only in her normal capacity of merchant service between New York and Liverpool.

'Germany charges that England ordered British merchantmen to attack German submarines.

'United States holds that only evidence that the Lusitania did attack a submarine would make this contention admissible.

'Germany declares herself unable to regard British ships undefended British territory.

'United States holds that the laws of humanity and nations forbid attacks on neutrals and merchant vessels on the high seas.

'Germany charges that the United States law was violated by the presence of explosives on the passenger ship Lusitania.

'United States holds that the American law regarding explosives on passenger ships never applied to rifle cartridges.

'Germany invites the United States to end submarine operations by obtaining a change in British trade policy.

'United States holds it cannot bargain in American lives or the rights of humanity.'

The swift and ruthless destruction of innocent human life in this great ocean tragedy must have been a horrible business; and English exchanges describe many moving and pathetic incidents. The following, for example, is told by the Cork correspondent of the *Sunday Herald*: 'One mother lost all her three young children, one six years, one aged four, and the third a babe in arms, six months old. She herself lives, and held up the three of them in the water, all the time shrieking for help. When rescued by a boat party the two eldest were dead. Their room was required on the boat, and the mother was brave enough to realise it. "Give them to me," she cried. "Give them to me, my bonnie wee things. I will bury them. They are mine to bury as they were mine to keep." With her hair streaming down her back and her form shaking with sorrow, she took hold of each little one from the rescuers and reverently placed it into the water again, and the people in the boat wept with her as she murmured a little sobbing prayer to the great God above. But her cup of sorrow was not yet completed, for just as they were landing her third and only child died in her arms.' The following from the *London Times* is typical of what must have been an all too frequent experience of the friends and relatives on shore. Describing the scene at Liverpool of the landing of the survivors, the *Times* correspondent says: 'I saw one elderly woman, with her shawl hanging from her shoulders and her gray hair in disarray, advancing slowly through the crowd, calling out, "Is Dan Daly among ye? Dan Daly the fireman?" She was a mother seeking distractedly her son. Clutching by the arm each member of the crew she encountered, she would moaningly ask whether he did not know Dan Daly the fireman, but none of them knew him. At last she came upon a fireman who did know, and I heard the decisive answer which shattered her hopes. "Dan is gone, ma'am. He was down below at the time." Throwing up her hands with a gesture of despair, the mother turned aside to lean over a packing case for support while she wailed and wailed in sorrow.'

Courage, calmness, and unselfish devotion to duty in time of danger have become so traditional with the Catholic priesthood that it is in no way matter of surprise to find that Father Maturin, the distinguished convert and eminent preacher and writer, crowned a deeply useful and spiritual life by a hero's death. The *London Tablet* gives the full particulars. 'In Dublin is a lady survivor who owes her life to his self-sacrifice. He put her into one of the boats and then stood back upon the deck, perfectly calm and collected. Just as

the boat was pulling away he caught sight of a baby child. There was just time to pick her up and throw her into the lady's arms, with the words, "Try and find her mother." And to her joy she was able to fulfil that last injunction of the dying priest, for on the quay at Queenstown was the baby's mother, landed from another boat. As long as there were boats to be launched and life-belts to be served out, Father Maturin worked hard for others. And when no more boats could be got away he was seen standing quietly on the deck, white as a sheet, but as calm as if he were in his study at Oxford. To the last he was giving absolution to his dying fellow-passengers and doing all he could to keep them calm. By nature he was exceptionally nervous—before sailing he wrote to a friend in London saying how anxious he felt about the coming voyage—but when face to face with actual death he was one of the calmest men aboard the ship. A week after the catastrophe his body was washed up at Crookhaven. His face was perfectly peaceful. He had made no attempt to divest himself of any of his clothing, and he wore no life-belt. Evidently he realised that there was no possible chance of being saved. His body was taken in a tug to Queenstown, where it was robed in Mass vestments and carried in procession to the church amid the fervent piety of a Catholic people.'

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, LYTTELTON

GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS.

(From our Christchurch correspondent.)

An event, probably unique in connection with the Church in New Zealand, the celebration of the golden jubilee of a church that remains to-day practically the same in every particular as it did when half a century ago it left the builder's hands, was celebrated in Lyttelton last week. The privilege of observing such a rare and important event having fallen to the happy lot of the present popular pastor and his devoted flock, right worthily did they rise to the occasion, as the series of religious and social functions, so successfully carried out, show.

The Early Days.

Rev. Father P. J. Cooney, who has collected much interesting data concerning the early days of the Church in Lyttelton, gave the following particulars to a *Lyttelton Times* reporter: 'In the early days of August, 1860, the question of establishing a Catholic church in Lyttelton was considered seriously, and on that occasion Bishop Viard sent from Wellington the Rev. Father Seon, S.M., as Superior, and the Rev. Father Chataigner, S.M., as assistant, to conduct a Catholic mission. These were the only two priests in the South Island. Upon their arrival it was found that the Catholic community in Lyttelton consisted only of three women and two men, and consequently the priests contemplated removing to Christchurch. On August 22, 1860, however, the ship William Millar arrived in port from Home, and amongst the passengers were forty-four members of the Catholic faith, it being considered at that time that it was the largest body that had arrived in one ship in Canterbury. Owing to bad weather in the port the passengers were compelled to remain on board for several days, but on Saturday, August 26, the weather cleared, and, according to the narrative of Mr. P. Henley, of Lincoln, a passenger, one of the first sights seen on disembarkation was a funeral service conducted by the Rev. Father Chataigner. The newcomers saw the priest and lost little time in making his acquaintance. When he heard of the likely number of adherents to the church he postponed his visit to Christchurch that day, and on the following Sunday celebrated Mass at the house of a Mr. Carroll, in Exeter street. The members of the church gradually became organised, and a little later the Rev. Father Chataigner was appointed parish priest of Lyttelton and Christchurch. At that time Father Chataigner was recog-

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