

**MISSING PAGE**

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## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- August 5, Sunday.—Tenth Sunday after Pentecost.  
 „ 6, Monday.—Transfiguration of our Lord Jesus Christ.  
 „ 7, Tuesday.—St. Cajetan, Confessor.  
 „ 8, Wednesday.—SS. Cyriacus, Largus, and Smaragdus, Martyrs.  
 „ 9, Thursday.—Vigil of St. Lawrence.  
 „ 10, Friday.—St. Lawrence, Martyr.  
 „ 11, Saturday.—SS. Tiburtius and Susanna, Martyrs.

Transfiguration of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

The miraculous Transfiguration of our Blessed Lord, in the presence of the Apostles Peter, James, and John, is narrated by St. Matthew in that portion of his Gospel which is read at Mass on the second Sunday in Lent.

St. Cajetan, Confessor.

St. Cajetan, the son of wealthy parents in the north of Italy, was remarkable for his charity to the poor. On the death of his parents, he expended a great part of his patrimony in the establishment of hospitals and pious associations for the relief of the sick and indigent; the remainder he divided between the poor and those of his relations who were in straitened circumstances. In conjunction with Archbishop Caraffa, afterwards Pope Paul IV., he founded the religious congregation of the Theatines. He died in 1547, worn out by labors and austerities.

### GRAINS OF GOLD.

#### A WORD TO ME!

A word to me? A word for me apart,  
 No other ear to hearken, heart to heart?  
 A word Thy hidden pleasure to impart?  
 O Master, say it!

Is it a word of love entreating mine  
 Poor recompense indeed for love divine,  
 Yet precious to that human Heart of Thine?  
 Dear Master, say it!

A word to cast aside my craven fears,  
 To bravely bear my cross, these many years,  
 Dragged after Thee with protest and with tears?  
 O Master, say it!

Perchance a dreaded word, not once or twice,  
 But often suing for a gift of price:  
 Can I invite the call to sacrifice?  
 Yes, Master, say it!

One tender word to Thomas brought relief,  
 One pitying word, Thy Kingdom to the thief,  
 One only word would bring my soul relief.  
 O Master, say it!

Mother M. Loyola.

#### REFLECTIONS.

As a father hath compassion on his children, so hath the Lord compassion on them that fear him.—Psalm cii. 13.

No man can be a friend of Jesus Christ, who is not a friend to his neighbor.—Mgr. R. H. Benson.

Silence makes us great hearted and judging makes us little hearted.—Father Faber.

A chariot full of good works driven by pride is bound for hell, but driven by humanity it takes the road to heaven.—St. Gregory of Nyasa.

If we take all things as from God, and behold all things as in the light of the brightness of His coming, all shall be well.—Cardinal Manning.

Misunderstanding and neglect occasion more mischief in this world than even malice and wickedness.

## The Storyteller

### THE O'DONNELLS OF GLEN COTTAGE A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

(By D. P. CONYNGHAM, LL.D.)

#### CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED).

"And yet, Kate, our neighbors, the English, will not allow us the poor privilege of claiming the harp a national instrument."

"I always thought," said Frank, "that they left us this much of our nationality, at least; I should not wonder if the Scotch, as they have seized Ossian, took the harp also."

"Dr. Percy says," said Willy, "that 'the harp was the common musical instrument of the Anglo-Saxons'; but Dr. Beauford says, 'I cannot but think the *clarseach*, or Irish harp, one of the most ancient Irish instruments we have among us, and had, perhaps, its origin in remote periods of antiquity.'"

"The Irish tradition is, that we are indebted for this instrument to the first Milesian colony that settled in this country. The music of the harp was grand indeed, though inferior to the bagpipes, as soul-stirring, martial music in the field; it far surpassed it in sweetness and pensive grandeur. How gay and animating is the Irish jig, and what surpasses the *renecafadha*, or war dance, which corresponds to the festal dance of the Greeks. Previous to the innovation of foreign dances, all our balls or dancing parties concluded with the *renecafadha*, as they often do now with a country dance. The last time it had been danced in honor of a great national event, was to welcome James the Second on his arrival in Kinsale."

"You said something, Frank," said Kate, "about Ossian being a Scotchman: do the modern Scotch claim him as such?"

"Certainly, sister mine: what is it the English and Scotch don't claim? I shouldn't wonder if Carolan should become a Scotchman or an Englishman by and bye, and most likely, after a time Tom Moore too; but happily their claims to Ossian are now exploded. To Macpherson is undoubtedly due the merit of collecting the scattered Ossianic poems: but then he so changed names, or rather Scotchified them, as to give them something of a Scotch smack."

Night was fast setting in, so they prepared to leave for home.

"I tell you what," said Frank, as they left the grove, "winter is now setting in; as soon as the weather breaks we must leave our bower for the season. Now, I propose that we take a cold dinner here to-morrow; and to make it a banquet worthy of the gods, I will bring my clarinet, and you your flute, Willy. Now, who seconds the resolution?"

"I do," said Willy, "provided Kate will be our fair hostess, and Bessy our guest."

"Agreed, agreed!"

"Do you know, Frank, whom we had at dinner, and is to stay to-night with us?"

"No, whom, pray?"

"Your friend, Mr. Baker."

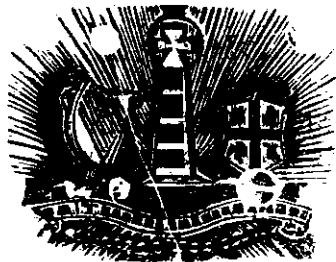
"Now, capital, by Jove! Tell me, has he many on his list of killed and wounded? any new victims?"

"Oh! I suppose he has; but then we did not wait to hear of all his bloody deeds, so we left himself and papa to settle about the killed and wounded over their punch, and strolled out here."

"Willy, my dear fellow," said Frank, "we must draw out old Baker; he is the oddest fish in the world, a regular Jack Falstaff; if you credit himself the county is trembling with the very dread of his name, while I must tell you there never breathed a more arrant coward."

Our party found the worthy couple enjoying their punch together, and Mrs. O'Donnell, seated on a settee near the fire, enjoying Mr. Baker's "hair-breadth escapes by flood and field."

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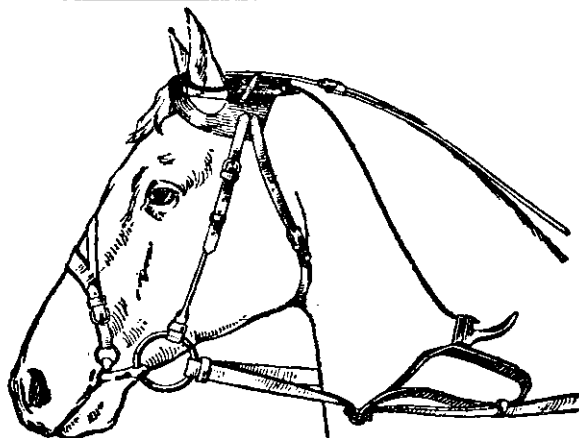
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"Ha! Frank—well, are ye come, ladies—is this you—where were you these seven weeks? Really well you rode the Fawn, my boy—give me the hand."

This was Mr. Baker's salute to Frank, the moment he made his appearance.

"Well, are you come, lad; I thought you weren't going to come home any more," said his father.

His mother kindly looked up, with his hand in hers, and gave it a kiss, and whispered:

"Welcome, my dear boy."

"That will do, now," said Mr. Baker; "leave your gun there; a nice day for shooting this, though I think your bag isn't very heavy; when I was like you, a young stripling, I often had two men loaded coming home. Ay, upon my soul, often three, often three!"

"You must have shot a sheep, or a dog, or, perhaps, a lot of turkeys then, to load so many?" said Frank.

This was a sly bit at Mr. Baker, for it was said that he wasn't very particular whether it were wild or tame fowl he met; in fact preferred the latter, as being in the best condition, and the more easily got at.

We will leave Mr. Baker for the present, and will now introduce some new acquaintances to our readers.

Mr. O'Donnell was a man about fifty years of age—perhaps something more. He was very handsome in his youth, and was still a fine portly man. His figure was erect, his large eye bright, and the ruddy glow of health was still upon his cheek. There was none of the sternness of age upon his brow, nor was the smile of love and friendship banished from his lips. He was warm-hearted and affectionate, and with merry laugh and song he joined the plays and pastimes of his children. His parental authority did not chide their innocent amusements, so he was to them the kind, loving father and playful friend. He was a man of wealth and respectability, too. He farmed large tracts of land, and had lately set up a discount bank in the village. His wife was a pale, tall woman. There was something subdued and melancholy in her appearance. This was owing to the death of most of her children, by that most insidious of all diseases, consumption. She was a woman of warm affections and deep love; and it is no wonder, when she saw her darling children droop and pine away one by one, that the rose fled her cheeks and the smile her lips. Even now she sighs as little Bessy sits beside her on the settee and nestles her head in her lap, for there is something in the fire that sparkles in the eye, and in the hectic flush that mantles on the cheek, and then leaves it deadly pale as before, that wrings the mother's heart with anguish for her pretty darling. So frail, so gentle and retiring was Bessy O'Donnell, that she seemed some ethereal being embodied in a frame of mortal mould. She was the only one of the family that possessed the golden hair and light blue eye of the mother. She was a frail, gentle, loving child, Bessy O'Donnell was. Though twelve winters had not passed over her head, yet she was tall—tall for her years—for the fire was burning within, and building its structure to consume it again. And Kate O'Donnell; she was in herself a wealth of love and beauty. Though she had imbibed from her mother a tinge of her chaste sadness, still she was sometimes cheerful as a child, with all the devotional nature of true piety.

Hers was that beautifully moulded character of intellectual taste, rare enjoyments, and good sense, seldom met with, but which is no ideal after all, dear reader. How many a Kate O'Donnell have we met with in life? But I must describe her more minutely to you. Her beauty was of the highest order; she was tall and stately, without a particle of pride or affectation. Her beautiful oval, but rather pale, face was enlivened by a slight blush, and encircled with long braids of raven hair. A broad forehead, white as alabaster, a nose of extreme delicacy, but rather *retroussé*, dark blue eyes, bordered with dark lashes—such was Kate O'Donnell.

There was an elegance of symmetry, a correctness

of form about her, that I have seldom seen surpassed in statuary. How often, dear reader, do we see a living Venus, with life and animation, with the rich blood circling through her veins, with animated and sparkling features? What is all your soulless statuary, your dry Venus de Medici, to her? Nothing; it is merely a beautifully chiselled ideal when compared to the real. Such was Kate O'Donnell, as she moved around that tastefully furnished parlor, that black velvet riband around her neck, contrasting so finely with the purity of her skin, and that rose-bud braided in her dark hair, looking out so wantonly from beneath the folds.

We know little, as yet, of Willy Shea, but that he was an orphan; Frank had met him at College. There was something so retiring and gloomy about that poor student, that he won on Frank's good nature to seek his society and fellowship.

Willy Shea seemed to avoid associating with any of the students. He was dressed in black, with crape on his hat; all the others knew about him was that he had lately buried his father, and was now left alone to battle against a rough world.

Frank, after a time, gained his friendship and his confidence, and when the fatal disease of his family—consumption,—threatened, and when recommended to go to the country, alas! he had no home, and Frank wrote to his father, and there came in reply a welcome invitation for the student to make his home of Mr. O'Donnell's house until his recovery. He hesitated, yet Frank pressed him, and said so much about the kindness of his dear mother and his fair sister, that at length he consented. For something said to him, "though death has left you without kith or kin, though you have no fond mother, or gentle sympathising sister—no one to love you, no one to feel for you, there is no use in feeling dismal and weary; go, there are loving hearts in the world that will love you," and something within him whispered, "go, there are loving hearts in the world that will love you,"—and he did go.

Willy Shea was then about twenty. He was rather tall and gracefully formed. His studious, pale-looking face, shaded with dark curls, possessed almost a womanly delicacy. There was a mine of thought in his dark dreamy eye. As I said, he had neither kith nor kin, and he tried to forget the past in deep reflective study. His thoughts and life were pure and unswayed; his aspirations noble and lofty.

At length the poor suffering student accompanied his new friend to his home in the country. Here every comfort surrounded him; the nicest attention was paid him, until his improved health testified that the change was indeed beneficial.

Mrs. O'Donnell thought of her own dear children and sighed, and was a mother to the suffering orphan. He was so exhausted from his delicate state and the fatigue of travelling, that he was confined to bed for several days. Kate was his principal nurse, and her low soft voice, her gentle step, and the cheerfulness of her presence, were a balm to his weary spirit. How he did wait and listen and long for her coming; what sweet emotions danced in his dreamy dark eyes, as she quietly glided into his room.

One day in a feverish sleep, as dreams of the past flitted across his mind, he exclaimed, "Oh, mother dear! oh, sister sweet! will you not come to me? but alas! I have neither mother nor sister—no one to love me."

He thought he felt a tear trickle on his brow; he looked up, and Kate was standing over him, her large eye dim with pity and compassion. "So you have neither mother nor sister, poor youth; I will be to you a sister."

"God bless you, God bless you, Miss O'Donnell, for these kind words, and he pressed his lips to her hand. She blushed and timidly withdrew her hand.

"Forgive me, Miss O'Donnell—"

"Kate, if you please, as we are to be brother and sister."

"Well, Kate—how dear a name—I am grateful

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for that sympathy which called forth your devotion to a stranger; I had a sister like you; her name was Kate, also."

"And she is dead?" said Kate.

"Yes, Kate, yes! that fatal disease of our family did its work: she was older than I by a few years; she was the playmate of my young days, and the guide of my boyhood. We loved one another dearly. At length, her laugh became less merry—her step less buoyant. She was declining; yes, she was, for that short dry cough, that hectic flush, and the tiny blue veins and wasting frame told us so. Doctors were called in: they watched her heavy breathing, felt her pulse, wisely shook their heads, took their fees, and left. They ordered her whatever she desired: ah, we knew what this meant. At length she became too weak to remain up. I constantly watched and attended her sick bed, and often watered it with my tears. I can never forget the day our poor infirm father came to take his parting leave. He had to be helped up stairs: he tottered to the bed; though weak, she raised herself up, clasped her tiny hands around his neck; his tears bedewed her face. His long grey hair floated around, mingling with her soft ringlets. There he lay in her embrace, breathing blessings on that good dutiful daughter, that never vexed him: that cheered and consoled him in his declining health. It was a mute scene of heartfelt grief. Memory recalled the love and kindness of past years. All the tenderness of the fond father and dutiful daughter was aroused in that awful moment, when they were about to separate for ever. With swollen eyes and throbbing heart I witnessed this scene. My poor sobbing mother buried her face in the bedcovering. The domestics wept, and at length bore him away from that child he dearly loved, but was never more to see on earth."

"And your father, too?" said Kate, as she rested her head on her hand, and the tears trickled between her fingers.

"Is dead! Oh! I can never forget my feelings, as I knelt beside his death-bed. With a heart bursting with grief I knelt to receive his final blessing."

"Ah! in that moment what feelings agitate a sensitive mind. Our past lives rise up in judgment against us: our faults and transgressions appear so heinous that we feel almost ashamed to crave a blessing. Alas! if we could recall that good father to life, how changed we would become. What a lesson is there in that separation. As I paid nature her tribute beside that death-bed, some one whispered—'You have one comfort, you were a dutiful son.' I might reply 'Alas, I thought so while he was alive; but now that he is dead, I think otherwise.' These tears, Kate, were not weakness: no, for they sprung from that fount, the holiest in my nature, that stirred up this mutiny of sobs and tears for that dear father whose wise counsels and protecting hand steered me through life."

"And so you are alone in the world?" sobbed Kate.

"Alone, Kate, without a domestic tie, one to love me, to fill up the yearnings of my loving heart, for my kind, gentle, loving mother soon followed them. Father, mother, and sister sleep in one grave. Oh, God! how soon shall I join them?"

"Hush, hush," sobbed Kate: "don't say that, brother, it is sorrowful. God is good; sure we will love you and comfort you."

"You love me Kate! Oh, did you say that?" and he leant up in the bed. "Oh, Kate, if one so good and pure as you would love me, I could almost forget the misery of the past in the happiness of the present."

Kate blushed and smiled, and said: "You forget that we are brother and sister already. Now try and sleep, for you are fatigued."

And did he sleep? No; he dozed away and visions of the past rose up before him. He was a child again, and played with his sister at his mother's knee; and now tired and wearied with play, they knelt beside her and nestled in her lap, and she kissed

them and hushed them to sleep; and his dear papa had come home, and walked in on tip-toes lest he would disturb his little darlings' rest. When they awoke, he had brought with him a horse for Willy and a doll for Kate; and how he laughed and raced with his horse, and Kate fondled her doll, and then when they retired to rest, how his mother pressed her good-night kiss upon their little lips. And then came up his schoolboy days, with crowds of happy children at play; their laughing faces full of smiles, and they lustily shouting in the exuberance of their mirth; and then came up the mournful faces of strange men crowding around their house: and some, he thought, were eating and drinking and laughing, whilst others were bearing away his dear sister in a coffin, and then came his father and next his mother. He wept and cried, but the heartless men put him aside, and bore away the coffins: and as he wept, an angel came to console him, and she wept with him, and then dried his tears with her wings; and he looked up, and the angel smiled and left her wings aside, and said: "I am Kate O'Donnell." The poor invalid awoke, his heart was full of a sweet sensation, and the brightness returned to his eyes, and the glow to his cheek, for the unerring penetration of the heart told him that Kate O'Donnell loved him. What wonder that these young hearts folded in their bosoms, like a morning flower dripping with dew, that sweetest and holiest of sentiments—first love—that sentiment that so gladdens and beautifies human life as to make a paradise of earth. Willy Shea grew strong day by day: Kate was his constant companion: they feared not the world's censure, for they had pledged their young love to one another, and their hearts were full of joy. The *Spectator* says that "solitude with the person beloved, even to a woman's mind, has a pleasure beyond all the pomp and splendor in the world." How the hearts of Willy and Kate responded to this sentiment as they built their fairy castles of hope in some retired place, with no other eye but those of God and the angels upon them.

When he took his leave, to follow his studies, for he was a medical student, he promised to return each vacation, and faithfully did he keep that promise, for there were fond smiles from all, and one loving heart to hail his welcome to Glen Cottage.

(To be continued.)

## PROFESSOR NOTLEY'S CLOUDED BROW

(By FATHER FITZGERALD, O.F.M., in the *Catholic Bulletin*.)

There is a look of repose on those who gather in an auction-room where a library is to be sold, which is not noticeable in any other assemblage. Literary habits or bookish tastes leave their impress on the countenance, and the apparel often proclaims sedentary habits. Contempt of mere externals, tonsorial and sartorial, connotes high pursuits in the realms of thought. These were some of the natural features of the gathering when McCleod's famous library was up for sale in O'Halloran's auction-rooms that day in spring. Such a gathering, strange to say, is usually not gregarious, as each of the units suspects his neighbor and moves furtively about examining rare works, surreptitiously marking crosses before books in the catalogue he or she is after. To do this in a non-chalant way and at the same time to keep a sharp eye on what other people are examining, is quite an art. Of course, the knowing ones, when they have dropped on something in their line, keep away as far as possible from that shelf lest they should furnish a clue.

In that sedate, leisured-looking, semi-frowsy, non-descript assemblage that gathered in O'Halloran's auction-rooms on this particular occasion there was one who was ill at ease, and wore a perturbed countenance. That countenance belonged to ex-Professor Notley. Indeed, he was quite a contrast to his charming daughter, who, radiant and comely, sat beside him on one of the long forms provided for bidders and purchasers. Not

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ley was not one of these. He was there to growl. He was there to protest. "Against what?" says somebody. Against the Bookworm Species, for Notley had a grievance. Being an ex-professor, possessing ample means by his late mother-in-law's will and having nothing to worry him and no cares, he naturally evolved a grievance. With others, easy circumstances produce nerves, for such people are never happy except they're miserable. Notley's was quite a cultured grievance, not a mere plebeian one against tradespeople and artisans, but—as has been remarked—against Bookworms. If you wish to reduce your grievances to this standard then lose no time but become a professor and provide yourself with a genial and wealthy mother-in-law with a weak heart and an ominous cough. Then such matters as food and rent will not trouble you and your mind will be free for a healthy crop of grievances.

The kind of bookworm Notley was out against was not the one that burrows little awl-hole tunnels through mouldy volumes, but rather the human specimen who often knows as little about the contents of his books as his tiny prototype.

As the intending purchasers came into the auction-room, towards noon the day of the sale, Notley now and then seemed to lose restraint of his feelings, which burst forth in such remarks as "Here's another of the tribe!" as some inoffensive individual sidled in and took his place—having examined the collection of books earlier in the day.

The auction went on as all such auctions do, the veteran bookworms—usually men of means—pouncing on rare volumes, first editions, and the like, to the chagrin of the professional second-hand booksellers, and of others who come in quest of books which they had long yearned to possess as sources of information, to peruse and consult as occasion might demand. As the bidding became brisk for some "treasure" and the coveted tome was knocked down to one of the above "collectors," Notley's rage mounted higher and higher in spite of the gentle remonstrances of his sweet-faced daughter, who, it was evident, exercised considerable restraint on his excitable temperament. That the indignant ex-professor's wrath was shared by many in the room was quite evident from the fiery glances that shot at the auctioneer when after the bidding had been keen and the price made prohibitive, he rapped his pencil on the rostrum and the book fell to one of the moneyed faddists.

It was on that particular day that various book-lovers and literary men, inspired by ex-Professor Notley, met after the auction and discussed the formation of the now famous anti-Bookworm Society. For McCleod's library was of the choicest and contained many volumes which were marked "rare" and "very rare" or "only fifty printed for presentation," and all these were snapped up by private collectors, to the bitter disappointment of many genuine men of letters who would have enriched the reading public with the lore which those "finds" contained. To be brief, a movement was originated that day which grew in momentum during the following weeks, and culminated in a public meeting which can only be described as an epoch-making event. Those interested in such matters should turn back to the newspaper files for an account of the interesting proceedings we recall and which are here barely summarised.

Ex-Professor Notley presided at the meeting, which was thoroughly representative of the world of letters. There was a large sprinkling of the fair sex amongst the audience, many of whom had passed the age of frivolity and romance and were devoted to literary culture and kindred pursuits. Savants—whose grave countenances suggested the Stone Age—sat on the platform, fixity of purpose sculptured on their features. There was no boisterousness whatever, no unseemly interruptions, none of that banter which one expects at political or municipal assemblies. That meeting was about to break new ground. As those who filled the body of the hall came in and took their places they nodded to right and left, for there is a freemasonry

among book-loving people which levels all social distinctions. Motors continued to buzz up to the door of the hall from which old gentlemen and ladies in furs and wraps alighted whom only a great cause could have drawn from their homes on such a night. Young gentlemen in evening dress piloted the arrivals to their places, with silent foot-fall and graceful gesture. At length a subdued air of expectancy settled on the gathering and ex-Professor Notley rose in his place and was greeted with prolonged applause, the audience standing.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I think that we may flatter ourselves that the purpose for which we are assembled here this evening is unique in the annals of any country at any period of its most chequered history. We are about to strike a blow for culture, for the dissemination of rare literature. We look with feelings of admiration on those who embody their thoughts in current literature and provide the masses with a mental pabulum which is at once educative and ennobling, or who by flashes of genius dispel the gloom that broods over multitudes of silent toilers whose paths lie amid the cypress-clad slopes of existence. But to-night we inaugurate a work which bids fair to eclipse the most prolific energy of modern writers, for our object is to rescue from oblivion the pearls of thought which lie locked up in books to which the public are debarred access, for they are in the possession of men who to put it gently—are careless of the common weal. Let us not mince matters, ladies and gentlemen, we declare war to-night on the Bookworm Tribe." (Enthusiastic applause, which lasted several minutes.) Have the great writers (continued the speaker) of the dim and distant past committed their thoughts to paper or to vellum that their intellectual parturitions might be buried in some library of a private collector who can neither appreciate their contents nor estimate the good which their publication would confer on society at large? A private collector, ladies and gentlemen, is justly called a Bookworm. I go farther. I stigmatise him as a dog-in-the-manger. (Murmurs of approval.) Hitherto the appellation of Bookworm has been a title of respect ambitioned by small-minded individuals who regard it as a claim to rank as litterateurs, and are credited by an unreflecting public as persons of worth, falsely presumed to be acquainted with the message of the volumes which they so graspingly retain in the recesses of their studios. We proclaim our conviction here-to-night, that rare volumes are the property of the nation at large, and we call upon the Government which asserts its rights to resume or if needs be, commandeer, whatever may promote the public welfare—we call on the Government, I repeat, to order an inspection of private libraries or collections with a view to compelling the owners of such—with reasonable compensation—to deliver over their precious spoils to competent custodians who will so allocate them as to be at the disposal of the general community.

Mr. Notley sat down amidst a storm of applause while his charming daughter helped him on with his fur-lined overcoat, lest he should catch a chill.

"May I make a few remarks?" shrilled a little old man from the left side of the hall, with ferret eyes. All heads were turned in his direction. Many recognised the distinguished Vivisectionist of European fame, Dr. Steinbach. "I rise," said he, "purely in the interest of public health. While admiring the intellectual aims of the promoters of this select gathering, may I be permitted to submit some reflections of a humanitarian kind?"

"Certainly, certainly," said the president of the meeting.

"Mr. President, ladies, and gentlemen, I feel it incumbent on me to sound a note of warning on this momentous occasion, lest your zeal for the enlightenment of our fellow beings should cloud your vision as to the exigencies of public health. I view the matter solely from a humanitarian standpoint. Have you sufficiently pondered on the risk to general health

which you run by compelling private collectors, commonly called Bookworms, to bring forth from their secret receptacles, stuffy libraries, and dusty presses, those dreadful old books and manuscripts which are nurseries and breeding-grounds of the most deadly microbes that menace the health of our common humanity? I would as soon open the cages marked dangerous in the Zoological Gardens and allow the ravenous beasts to range at will through the city. While those old parchments and worm-eaten tomes are securely kept under lock and key their virulent activities are restrained. They harm no one, not even their proprietors, who never read them, and if they do now and then handle them for purposes of vain display, they contract no disease because the class of persons called Bookworms are simply microbe-proof and impervious to contagion. Although they are invariably persons of means, they seldom tub or change their apparel, for disregard of every-day conventionalities is unfortunately regarded by them as one of the chief marks of literary genius. Pause, ladies and gentlemen: pause, I say, before you resurrect the dormant potentialities which have slumbered innocuously for ages in the covers and between the leaves of those volumes which I as a scientist would not, I solemnly aver, handle, except with a tongs."

It must be said that the speech of Dr. Steinbach chilled the ardor of the anti-Bookwormites. The distinguished speaker had certainly presented an aspect of the subject which was well worth serious reflection. His incisive, clear-cut sentences awakened in many a bosom the sense of self-preservation, for not a few of those present had attended lectures on hygiene, and avoided dust as they would sin, which is saying much. Mr. Notley and his supporters on the platform looked slightly apprehensive, and a subdued discussion had already begun in the audience when another speaker rose and absolutely claimed a right to be heard. He said:—

"Mr. President, ladies, and gentlemen, allow me to enter a protest and to say that those who are called by the opprobrious epithet of Bookworms are the most inoffensive members of society. Are they ever seen in riotous gatherings? Have they any predilections, political, religious, social? Are they not absorbed in the one noble passion of book-collecting? But I am not here to claim your attention, except to the social and domestic side of the subject. These gentlemen who are collectors of rare books are—let us confess it—overmastered by a hobby, or a fad, or, I will go further, by a craze. Granted. Is it not highly providential that they have such a safety valve for their superfluous energy? Deprive them of that and you throw them back on themselves without an object in life on which to concentrate their abilities. May they not have been counselled by their medical advisers to seek distraction in some congenial pursuit, lacking which, they are confronted with mental collapse or cerebral trituration, which comes to the same thing? Are not our places of public detention already overcrowded? The domestic point of view is not less appalling. The ordinary rare book collector is not by any means a clubbable *bon vivant*. He is never, never seen on a racecourse. He loathes whist-drives. Being a man of means and talent he naturally devotes himself to literature or art, in which pursuit he is warmly encouraged by his wife and daughters, who can enjoy that freedom when he is absent which his presence would inevitably mar. Indeed, it may be asserted without fear of contradiction that many young ladies fail to get suitably settled in life through having a thoroughly domestic and home-loving papa, who has an exaggerated idea of his parental duties. Does this meeting take sufficiently to heart the result of robbing a gentleman of his hobby and making him become a *bête noir*, a kill-fun, a bore to his once happy family?"

Several mammas and young ladies in the audience whose papas were often absent at literary circles seemed to feel the force of the last speaker's points.

A momentary silence—shall we term it hesitancy

—seemed to ensue, but it was broken by an intruder who felt that the proceedings were marked by an unhealthy serenity. In raucous tones he said: "As this meeting is called for the purpose of discussing books and book-buyers and sellers, may I ask for a list of those Unionist booksellers and stationers in this city and throughout Ireland who have netted small fortunes during the last twelve months by selling the books of insurgents and their photographs. Will any proceedings be taken against them by the proper authorities for thus propagating—"

The President ruled the question out of order, to the great comfort of the very cultured members of the audience. In an instant another objector, conscientious or otherwise, was on his feet. "I rise, sir," said he, in a voice like the tearing of calico, "to say that I am a private book collector. I am proud, sir, to be called a Bookworm."

A titter ran through the audience as all faces turned towards the speaker, who wore a topcoat and an anarchist's cap which partly shrouded his left eye, giving him a sinister look.

"I have listened," said he, with suppressed indignation, "to the slights that have been cast on my profession. Yes, sir, I call it a profession. You may scoff at it as a hobby or a craze. If I spent my money in horse-racing or in the gratification of convivial tastes or in elegant attire, I would be condoned. But because my predilections run in grooves unfamiliar except to the privileged few I am to be branded as a faddist. May I remark, sir, that I am an author?"

(It may be parenthetically recorded that this was true. He was guilty of a work entitled *Butterflies as Somaambulists*, 5s. The edition was partly consumed in a fire. Malicious gossip says that, on seeing a copy of his work for sale at a second-hand shop he interviewed the proprietor and brought off a remarkable coup by squaring him to mark the volume £2 10s. "very scarce." It made his name. Authors, please note.)

The indignation which swelled in the bosom of the last speaker choked his utterance, which dwindled into hoarse incoherent squeaks. A burly gentleman who had been trying to catch the president's eye several times, suddenly rose as if projected upwards by an electrified chair. "Are we not," thundered he, "trifling with the subject, merely toying with the fringe of it? Is this audience not aware that the class of persons styled Bookworms are one and all dominated in a greater or less degree by homicidal mania? They scan the 'Deaths' column of the daily papers with feverish expectancy every morning in the hope of seeing chronicled therein the demise of some literary man who has a choice library so that they may call as sympathisers and, if possible, strike a bargain for his rare books before the corpse is cold. They have been known to visit the apothecary with a view to finding out what malady some dear friend, alas! of their own is suffering from so that they may mature their plans for the acquisition of his literary heirlooms. Mr. President, ladies, and gentlemen, if I were the happy possessor of some priceless volume, I would never be so rash as to accompany a Bookworm on a lonely walk, nor would I, if even on the verge of starvation, accept food or drink from one of those dangerous members of society!" (Sensation.)

The speaker sat down and mopped his forehead, while those who sat near the little ferret-eyed man with the anarchist's cap edged away from his vicinity.

It looked bad for the Bookworms. They certainly had cause to wriggle. But ex-Professor Notley, as president of the meeting, completed their discomfiture and literally trod them under foot. He said: "Ladies and gentlemen. You have heard the engrossing subject of our deliberations threshed out in a spirit of sangfroid and fair-mindedness. This all important matter has been viewed from many standpoints—literary, social, domestic, hygienic, and homicidal. It remains for me to give the genesis of the Bookworm. This human specimen is born with the germ of acquisitiveness already highly developed. Have you ever noticed when in one of our city trams a baby in

arms holding out its tiny hand for disused tram-tickets. It cries and screams under the impulse of the passion of acquisitiveness until every disused ticket is picked from the floor by good-natured but non-reflecting passengers, and the little fist can hold no more. There you have the book-collector, the Bookworm in embryo." (The audience looked at each other in admiring amazement as each recalled having noticed the phenomenon.) "Pursue that baby through the dawning years of childhood. See him when he is ten. You will notice his pockets bulging. They are full to repletion with every sort of knick-knack, marbels, tops, pieces of cord, knives, brass buttons, in fact his pockets resemble a magpie's nest. There you have the unmistakable brand of the future Bookworm. In years to come he gives full scope, if his means allow, to this grasping, grinding spirit of acquisitiveness. Nor is their hobby, as one speaker too indulgently described it, limited to books. I know for a fact that several private book-collectors in this city possess rare treasures of antique jewellery and the choicest objects of vertu and bijouterie. Their wealth allows of it. It is they who have run up the prices of books so immeasurably, especially Irish books. The second-hand booksellers are not to blame. Eliminate, ladies and gentlemen, from the auction rooms those Bookworms, rather those human sharks, and the price-lists from being unduly inflated will resume their normal state. But let it be remembered, we contemplate no drastic measures at present. We merely intend to requisition the Government, as a preliminary step, to have an inspection made of the private collections of certain collectors in this city, that we may gauge precisely the literary wealth of the community. That initial stage we enter on this evening. Tables are provided at the door, books for signatories are ready for those who will append their names to be forwarded in due course to the proper authorities, who will, we are convinced, deal with this important matter in a high-spirited and statesmanlike manner."

The meeting closed with great enthusiasm. The tables were besieged by crowds desirous of signing the memorial which when completed presented an array of names distinguished in every branch of literature, science, and art. Ex-Professor Notley, accompanied by his charming and beaming daughter, was vociferously cheered as he regained his motor.

That the sought-for inspection obtained Government sanction is matter of history. The occasion furnished the man, in the person of the accomplished Professor Brookland, who forwarded his credentials and a resumé of his academic distinctions and degrees, honorary and otherwise of Continental Universities. Ex-Professor Notley felt that a complete stranger would perform the delicate duties allotted to him with strict impartiality. Brookland's urbanity, his polished manners, his cultured diction betokened the savant and the gentleman, while his presence could not fail to impress. Professor Notley and his daughter enjoyed his company immensely for a few days before he settled down to work.

Professor Brookland immediately mastered the details and the niceties of his rather arduous and indeed, unique task, which postulated accurate information of the realm of bookland and a refined sensitiveness not to offend the susceptibilities of the private collectors, *alias* Bookworms, whose sanctums he was about to invade. He was furnished with a list of the most noteworthy of these in the city and in one day he visited their respective homes.

The following day Brookland and Professor Notley's daughter disappeared simultaneously and took steamer for South America.

The same evening Wiskyonticative, a distinguished Hebrew book-collector whose studio had been inspected,

reported the loss of a rare case of jewellery valued at several thousand. Other Bookworms or private collectors whose libraries had been inspected by the great expert, Professor Brookland, examined their premises and reported extensive losses of priceless objects of vertu. As the day wore on other members of the Bookworm fraternity missed valuables which they averred could not be replaced. They clamored round ex-Professor Notley's residence. Indeed, it looked as if all the water in the Liffey could not wash him from participation in the crime. Needless to say that poor gentleman was at home to no one, for he was stunned and fairly prostrate with grief. The detective from Scotland Yard, which had been notified, duly arrived, obtained an interview with the Mr. Notley and showed him a photograph. "It is he! it is he!" moaned the broken-hearted gentleman. "It is Professor Brookland."

The detective laughed derisively. "Professor Brookland!" said he. "Why that is the most notorious swell cracksman in England. He can play any part, or adopt any disguise."

Poor ex-Professor Notley collapsed. "My honored name is shamed for ever," groaned he as a trim maid fluttered in with restoratives.

When ex-Professor Notley was next seen he had aged dreadfully. His once proud, erect form was stooped. We was obsessed with the idea that it was thought that he was a party in the plot, and originated the scheme for the robbery of the Bookworms' treasures.

He now walks only at night, never reads current literature nor consorts with any of his kind. Otherwise these circumstantial details could not be chronicled in cold print. His lugubrious figure may be seen on dark nights lurching along unfrequented streets, and in the neighborhood of lonely squares. It was on one of these nightly rounds that our correspondent collided with him near a street lamp. Professor Notley's hat fell off and our correspondent hastened to pick it up and adjust it on his head, but while he did so he caught a glimpse of what will be to him for ever a haunting vision, Professor Notley's clouded brow.

Shane Leslie is the son of an Irish Tory Protestant squire, who married an American (Miss Jerome, of New York). He himself is a Home Ruler, a convert to Catholicism, and his wife is an American (Miss Ide). He is a first cousin of Winston Churchill, and his sister-in-law is Mrs. Burke Cockran.

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## READINGS IN IRISH HISTORY

By "SHANACHIE."

### RESISTANCE OF THE IRISH TO THE ANGLO-NORMANS.

Henry II. left Ireland, April 17, 1172. Immediately after his departure the Irish chiefs took up arms to protect themselves from being plundered without mercy by the newcomers. O'Rorke, to whom three years before O'Connor, the High-King, had given Meath after the expulsion of MacLoughlin, was the first to oppose them. A conference took place between him and De Lacy at the Hill of Ward, both having agreed to come unattended and unarmed. During the progress of the negotiations a quarrel arose, blows were exchanged, one of De Lacy's attendants—his interpreter—was slain, and as O'Rorke was mounting his horse to escape from the danger that threatened him, an English horseman rode up and transfixed him with a spear. The Irish chroniclers maintain that the treachery was all on the English side; Giraldus, however, has no doubt whatever that it was on the Irish side, and speaks with bitterness of the treachery and treason of O'Rorke, "the one-eyed King of Meath." The body of O'Rorke was taken to Dublin, the head cut off and placed over the gate of the fortress, and the body gibbeted with the feet upwards, at the northern side of Dublin. The example of De Lacy in Meath was followed by Strongbow in Leinster. He had conquered only part of the province, and the grant of the whole province by the English king had not brought with it the peaceful submission of the native chiefs or the acquiescence of the people, and there were many of these Leinster chiefs who clung with tenacity and determination to their ancient freedom. Against one of these, O'Dempsey of Offaly, Strongbow marched with a thousand men. Unable to resist such an army, O'Dempsey fell back. Strongbow, after wasting and plundering a portion of Offaly, was returning to his headquarters at Kildare, when, at a narrow pass, his rear-guard, under his son-in-law, De Quincy, was attacked by O'Dempsey and driven into Kildare in confusion, with the loss of its leader and many others. Defeated, but not materially weakened, Strongbow was meditating a fresh expedition, when he was summoned by Henry II. to England. His aid was required in the French wars, and so well pleased was Henry with the services of the Earl, that he appointed him to guard the strong fortress of Gisors in Normandy (1173), and after a short time sent him back in the same year to Ireland, appointing him Viceroy in room of De Lacy.

The prospect before the new Viceroy was not encouraging. The native chiefs, no longer awed by the presence of Henry and the overwhelming forces at his command, showed a readiness to assert themselves, and the English chiefs began to quarrel. Strongbow's treasury was soon exhausted, the soldiers clamored for their pay, and not having it to get, they were ready and eager for plunder. The successor of De Quincy in the military command of Leinster was De Mountmaurice; and as he would not countenance plunder, the soldiers refused to serve under his command, and demanded that Raymond le Gros be appointed their leader. Necessity forced Strongbow to accede to their request, and Raymond was placed in supreme military command. His measures were energetic and decisive. He ravaged Offaly and plundered Lismore, defeated the Danes of Cork at sea and MacCarthy of Desmond on land, and safely arrived at Waterford with all his plunder. Then he demanded to be made Constable of Leinster, and he also demanded, and not for the first time, Basilea, Strongbow's sister, in marriage. Both requests were refused. He left Waterford in disgust and retired to his castle in Wales, while Mountmaurice resumed military command of the province.

O'Brien, King of Thomond, renounced his allegiance to the English. Mountmaurice advised Strongbow to lead an army against him. With a large force

they were soon on the march, but O'Brien, warned of their approach, came upon them in the early morning, near Thurles, and inflicted on them a crushing defeat, driving them back to Waterford, with the loss of 700 of their troops. Shut up in that city, surrounded by enemies, almost in a state of siege, and with disaffection within the walls itself, Strongbow's position was one of extreme danger. The daring and skilful Raymond was soon remembered, and Strongbow sent urgent messages to him to return with all the forces he could muster, and that all he had formerly asked and been refused would now be readily granted. Raymond soon landed at Waterford with nearly 500 troops, liberated Strongbow from the plight in which he was, and both proceeding to Wexford, Raymond was married to Basilea with great pomp, and appointed Constable of Leinster.

While Raymond le Gros was engaging in hostilities with O'Brien of Thomond at Limerick, he received a message from his wife Basilea, then in Dublin, that "her great tooth, which had long pained her so much, had at last fallen out." He understood her meaning, and set off in haste for Dublin. Strongbow had died of an ulcer in the foot, which had been brought about, the Irish writers alleged, "through the miracles of Brigid and Columbkille, whose churches he had destroyed." He was buried in Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, June, 1176, with great pomp, the Archbishop of Dublin being present. Giraldus Cambrensis describes the Earl as a man with a ruddy complexion, freckled skin, grey eyes, feminine features, a weak voice, a short neck, tall of stature, of great generosity and courtesy, ever ready to take advice, and rarely relying on his own judgment. He was neither driven to despair in adversity nor puffed up by success.

With the consent of the Royal Commissioners, Raymond assumed the government until the King's will should be known, and when it was, William Fitz-Adelm was appointed Viceroy and Raymond was deprived of all authority, civil and military. He retired to his estates in Wexford and died there (1182). Of all the English leaders he is the hero of Giraldus Cambrensis, who never fails to praise him. It must be remembered, however, that they were of the same family, and no man was more partial to his own family than Giraldus.

It is, indeed, remarkable that nearly all those who were leaders of the first Anglo-Norman invaders were related, being descendants of Nesta, daughter of Rhys Ap Tudor, Prince of South Wales. She was at first the mistress of Henry I., by whom she had a son, Henry, from whom are descended the FitzHenrys. Discarded by Henry, she married, firstly, Gerald de Windsor of Pembroke, from whom are descended the FitzGerald and the De Barris, among the former being Maurice and Raymond le Gros; among the latter were Robert and Philip De Barri and their brother Sylvester (Giraldus Cambrensis), also the De Cogans. Nesta married, secondly, Stephen, from whom are the FitzShephens. This relationship was extended by marriage in Ireland. Thus, what are to-day very common Irish surnames, are of Anglo-Norman origin, such as Barry, Burke, Power, Roache, De Larcy, Delahunty, Prendergast, etc.

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## Current Topics

### Mephitology

We thank several correspondents for calling our attention to the ghoulish performances of certain protagonists of the no-Popery campaign. Corpse-factories, and even cannibalism, are admirable institutions compared with burrowing among the graves of the dead, and by cowardly, low innuendo attacking the departed souls for whom even the most barbarous pagans retained respect. We have never read of such a contemptible proceeding in the annals of the greatest monsters of history. An Evolutionist observing such activities would be forced to dethrone the monkey in favor of the skunk.

### Equality

Messrs. Nosworthy, North, and Elliott have been making much pother about equality of treatment for Catholics and others, which according to them means that teachers who are not recognised when there is a question of payment for services rendered should be recognised when there is question of onus to be borne. Now occurs an opportunity for them to manifest their zeal for fair play all round. When Protestants in the Second Division go to the front their children will be educated by the State and their allowance will go intact to their wives; but in the case of Catholic reservists of the Second Division unless the State pays for the education of the children the wives will have to do so, and a small income will become smaller still. Surely such fair-minded Christian gentlemen as we have mentioned will raise their voices on behalf of children whose fathers are fighting for freedom. The State pays for the education of Protestant children in the schools acceptable to their parents; will it say to Catholic reservists, "Go and fight for us but we will not educate your children unless they act against their consciences."

### Ireland at the Point of the Bayonet

The words are not ours. They are used by *Current Opinion* to express the state of things in Ireland while Britain is fighting for the freedom of small nations. This American periodical calls attention to the fact that Americans are now allowed no reliable news about Irish affairs, and that letters to America are opened in the British post offices. But that is not all. It has become an offence against the law for an Irishman to quote the words uttered by Carson before the war. It is treason to say what Carson said; and Carson is in the inner sanctuary of the Government. Even in hell there must be roars of laughter at the spectacle John Bull is making of himself. Here is what Carson said what time he was trafficking with the Kaiser: "I advise my fellow-countrymen to resist to the end. . . . I advise my fellow-countrymen—even tho' it may not be necessary to use them—to use arms to beat back anyone who might try to filch from them the elementary rights of citizenship." As the *London News* observes, Sinn Feiners cannot quote these words which Carson was not prosecuted for uttering. The *London Post* says that at present the army engaged in keeping this small nation under the heel of her tyrants is 150,000 men. Recruiting has been killed by the cruelties of Maxwell, and all Nationalist Ireland has been in the words of the *News* stirred to "a passion of indignation." Why do the people of Great Britain allow a gang of hybrid autocrats to do all in their power to prevent the Allies from winning the war by this contradiction of the professed policy of all the Entente Powers? We note also that the organs of the Die-Hards are furious in their resentment at American interference in the Irish question. These people fortunately do not represent British justice and fair play though they manage to subvert them. The attitude they assume reminds us forcibly of the tone of our friend "Civis" and kindred fossils of the old ascendancy school of

wrong-headed bigots. All that they ask is to be allowed to sit in judgment on themselves; and it is a modest enough request for men of their way of hating—thinking is beyond them when Irish affairs are in question. All the world sees that a settlement of the Irish question in time would have meant another half a million of men on the side of the Allies. But after all Carson was a friend of the Kaiser's and Milner is a German by birth, so perhaps they have things as they want them to be.

### The Bishop of Ross on Ireland

Interviewed by an American pressman Dr. Kelly said that all Ireland demands is justice. There would be no Irish question to-day if justice had not been originally violated by the English invasion of Ireland. The hundreds of years that have passed since have witnessed acts of oppression, and inhumanity that have made English rule in Ireland a byword throughout the world. The time has passed for patchwork. A generation ago it might have been effective; now Ireland will have none of it. The Bishop of Ross expresses the sentiment of all Irish Nationalists to-day. Ireland wants justice. The English position in Ireland is as unwarranted as that of the Germans in Belgium. Time has not cured the evil: it has added to it a hundredfold by unspeakable persecution. Ireland asks no more from England than Belgium and Poland ask from their tyrants. In the Bishop's words she says, "Leave us alone to work out our own salvation in our own way. We want simple justice and nothing else. Our people can take care of themselves if they are allowed to lead their own lives." The solution is a simple one, but as it supposes justice on the part of England Ireland has asked for it in vain for centuries. "Can you not comprehend," says the Bishop, "that the Irish people are Celts? They are not Saxons. By nature they are poetical, not materialistic. The question here is not one of dollars and cents as all your questions seem to be; it is a question of racial rights. We are a race apart from England and we want to maintain our own identity. For hundreds of years we have fought and struggled against domination by outsiders—people that have nothing in common with us—and we shall not be happy until we are left to our own career." In the light of the Bishop's statement read these words from the Russian organ of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates—they are addressed to England:—"What about the historic injustices committed by yourselves, and your violent oppression of Ireland? . . . If you are so anxious for justice, then, gentlemen, begin with yourselves." And recently we read in a French paper sentiments almost equivalent to the reminder of the Russians that John Bull had better set his house in order forthwith.

### Views on the War

The military expert of the *Temps*, one of the greatest in Europe, disregards the British theory that Hindenburg will resume an offensive in the West. He argues that the aim of the German general at present is to fill his granaries before aught else. The question then is where he will turn to look for these provisions. Hunger, says the expert in question, will inspire the German strategy to fresh conquests. In this view he is supported by the best Italian opinion. Granting so much it follows that countries in which the harvest can be gathered after an invasion will be the objective of Hindenburg's plans. Kieff and Odessa would from this point of view be much more likely to be aimed at than Petrograd. But Russia is not the only country threatened if the theory of the *Temps* critic be sound. Two victories over Italy would bring the Germans to the banks of the Po and give them a line covering the fields of Mantua, Venetia, and Milan. Italy lies nearer, but Russia is an easier victim, as Cadorna is on his guard while the Russian armies are disorganised. In London the experts seem agreed that Hindenburg has suffered a great loss of prestige already. The *H'est-minster Gazette*, which at one time held a high opinion of the German staff, now thinks that the retreat of the



Germans is the prelude to a debacle. If the German armies have failed already surely it should be evident to the Kaiser and his advisers that with the coming in of America a prolonged struggle must be all in favor of the Allies. That looks clear from our point of view: the difficulty is that ours is not the German point of view, and censorship being the illumined institution it is our point of view is of necessity a one-sided affair.

### The Case of Monsignor Gerlach

The Roman police profess to have discovered a huge plot to detach Italy from the Entente, or failing in that, to promote a revolution. The censorship is so strict that only certain Orange papers pretend to a knowledge of the details. According to one of these scholarly sheets Mgr. Gerlach is at present hiding in the South of Ireland!—Among the Bandon Orangemen no doubt. That this prelate abused his position in order to promote the cause of the Central Powers appears certain. However, as the French papers, which although anti-Catholic differ from the Orange organs in being directed by reasonable human beings, warn us, we must make allowance for misrepresentation of Mgr. Gerlach in the absence of reliable information. The *Temps* says that the discovery of the treachery of this ecclesiastic overwhelmed the Pope with sorrow. According to *Current Opinion* "the particular business of Mgr. Gerlach was to spread throughout Rome and in the Italian press an impression of the might of military Germany and of the weakness of the western Powers. Facts, figures, confidential documents and State secrets were all set forth by Mgr. Gerlach, so convincingly too, that Roman society, Roman political circles, and Roman newspapers imbibed bit by bit the idea that the Central Powers were carrying all before them." The Paris journal, the *Debats*, says that but for the stupid censorship of London and Paris the matter could never have assumed much importance. Now in view of the campaign of lies against Catholics at present existing in this Dominion, we assure our readers that the Vatican was no more responsible for the treachery of this prelate than the twelve Apostles were for that of Judas, or, to come to later events, than it was for the fact that a few decades ago certain Englishmen abused their position in Rome to misrepresent Ireland and Irish affairs. Italian and French newspapers are agreed that the relations between the Vatican and the Quirinal have been in no way strained by the episode. The *Temps* and the *Debats* say that everything that was possible was done by the Cardinal Secretary of State to enlighten the Italian authorities on the case. We call attention to this because a correspondent has sent us a paper published in this Dominion full of lies and misrepresentations regarding the matter. We take no direct notice of the paper in question. Its best refutation is that it is in keeping with the nightmares of Howard Elliott and others of that ilk. It also publishes what professes to be a Jesuit oath. Such an oath never existed, but it is a fair summary of the atrocious deeds done in reality by the Orangemen in Wexford. From their own experience in crime they were able to attribute such enormities to the poor Jesuits.

### Peace Movements

In June the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates sent a long statement to the socialist parties and federations of trade unions of the world again appealing to all people to unite in resolute action in favor of peace. Its programme is "Peace without annexation or indemnities on the basis of the Rights of Nations to decide their own Destiny." It calls on all the workers of the world to unite their efforts in a stubborn fight against the universal slaughter, and declares that "the first important step in that direction is the summoning of an international conference, the main object of which should be to arrive at an agreement between the representatives of the Socialist proletariat in regard to the termination of the 'party

truce" with imperialistic Governments which makes nugatory the real struggle for peace, as well as to carry this endeavor into practical effect. An international agreement upon such a policy is the main preliminary condition for placing the struggle for peace upon a broad international footing. This road is indicated to the proletariat by all its international treaties." In his opening address to the *Reichsrat* the Emperor Charles of Austria declared that he was ready to welcome peace proposals based on mutual recognition that the positions on both sides have been gloriously defended. The *New York Sun* reports that more than 1500 delegates from Labor and Socialistic organisations met at Leeds on June 3 and passed resolutions in favor of peace without indemnity or annexation. The meeting also formed a council of workmen and soldiers similar to that of Russia. Robert Smillie, the chairman, said that the meeting wished to consult the will of the people all over the country regarding peace. "We believe," he said, "that if there is to be no peace until a knock-out blow is delivered the war may last forty years. A lasting peace can never be brought about by kings or by the military but by the common people." Mr. Snowden said: "For three years we have appealed to the Government to state its peace terms and none have been forthcoming. Let us tell the Government our peace terms—THAT ALL PEOPLES, INCLUDING IRELAND, EGYPT, AND INDIA, HAVE THE RIGHT TO DECIDE THEIR OWN DESTINY." Many speakers denounced the tyranny of the Government. One declared that seventy-four British subjects had been interned and never brought to trial.

At a mass meeting held in Madison Square Gardens twenty thousand Americans assembled to demand a statement of America's actual aims in the war and to insist that the President shall say in "terms that every man can understand what the nation is fighting for and upon what terms the United States will make peace." In a powerful speech Dr. Magnes said: "The President has said that we have gone to war because the world must be made safe for democracy. What particular part of the world then do we refer to, and what degree of safety do we require, and what degree of democracy will satisfy us? Does a world made safe for democracy refer to Germany alone, or does it refer to Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, with whom we are not yet at war? Does it also refer to some of our Allies—and to some of the possessions held or dominated by our Allies—IRELAND, INDIA, MOROCCO, OR PERSIA, for instance?" "A nation which can not account for its own actions," says an American paper, "is lost: it cannot expect to be listened to by others, much less pretend to be a leader in the Council to represent nations."

In all these countries we read evident signs of weariness of the slaughter. The people who have to fight now and pay afterwards, and who will never benefit by the war, are impatient. They want peace. And as long as the Allies refuse to state clearly their terms the impatience will grow. It is remarkable that coupled with the demand for peace, in Russia, in England, and in America there is also a taunt thrown at England for the mockery of its pleas for small nations in the light of the oppression of Ireland. If the Carsons and Lloyd Georges were less bent on exterminating a small nation there would be more respect for England in the councils of the world to-day. At present a plea from Britain on behalf of small nations only raises a smile of contempt for John Bull. Had Lloyd George done justice to Ireland instead of tearing up the scrap of paper it is very likely the war would now be over. England's own statesmen are her direst enemies.

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## Diocesan News

### ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

Jul 28.

The Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M., the popular rector of St. Anne's parish, Wellington South, is organising a bazaar which will take place in October. The proceeds will be devoted to liquidating the parish debt.

A "military barracks" was held at St. Patrick's College during the week when the students underwent a good course of training in the latest military curriculum under the able direction of Major Sleeman, Director of Military Training.

The last issue of the Government *Gazette* notifies the following appointments as chaplains to the Military Forces:—Rev. P. J. Minogue, chaplain to the Forces, 4th Class, Featherston; Rev. P. O'Flynn, Chaplain to the Forces, 4th Class, Trentham Camp.

The annual afternoon "gift tea" of the Sisters of the Home of Compassion will take place at the Home of Compassion, Island Bay, on the first Thursday of September, when all those desirous of assisting this worthy institution which is in dire need of assistance, can send gifts of either money, goods, children's clothes or material.

Lieut. Eric Reeves, M.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Reeves, of Wellington, is now on his way back to New Zealand. Lieut. Reeves is an ex-pupil of the Marist Brothers' School and St. Patrick's College, and prior to enlisting was on the staff of the Public Trustee. He has been twice wounded and was awarded the Military Cross for his conspicuous gallantry.

In the last Reinforcement Draft that left these shores no less than 338 members are Catholics and yet gentlemen of the Nosworthy type have the audacity to assert that Catholics are shirking and when challenged to either withdraw his cowardly statement or to prove his words he is not man enough to do either but shelters himself behind his privileges as a parliamentarian.

Rev. Father Dore, who has recently been discharged from the Expeditionary Force, after having been incapacitated for further service through wounds received at Gallipoli, has been visiting Palmerston. It is understood that he leaves shortly for Australia, where he will remain until after the winter. Father Dore is the holder of the Military Cross awarded for heroic conduct on the field.

The Marist O.B. Association third grade football team played a match with the Boys' Institute on Saturday, July 21. Neither side scored and thus the two teams remain on even terms for the championship. The two teams are now leading for the championship with 12 points; Karori being next with 8 points, and having a game to play. Owing to the wet condition of the ground the 4th grade team did not play. The 5th grade went to Porirua where the local team was met and defeated by 6 goals to nil.

The Dominion Executive of the Catholic Federation met last Wednesday evening. Mr. J. J. L. Burke presided, and there were present the Rev. Father Smyth, S.M., Adm., and Messrs. Hoskins, Halpin, Sievers, Walsh, Nolan, Reeves, and the secretary (Mr. Girling-Butcher). A large amount of correspondence for the

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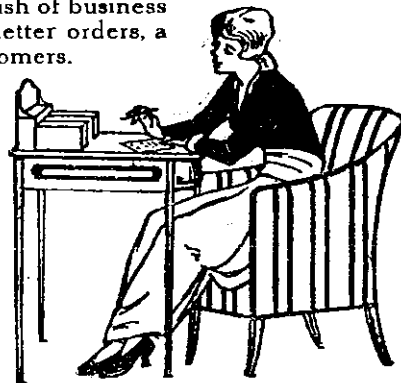
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Dominion conference which meets on the 22nd inst. were considered and, discussion postponed until next meeting. Mr. J. P. Kavanagh, parish secretary of Feilding, was present at the meeting and was accorded a hearty welcome. The statement of the Catholic Field Service Fund presented by the treasurer disclosed satisfactory results; although the sum of £1100 had been donated to the chaplains and much necessary work done to camp halls at Trentham, and Featherston, there still remained the very creditable balance of £670. A letter written by the late Chaplain-Major McMenamin acknowledging the last remittance of £300 was read.

The quarterly meeting of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul took place at St. Joseph's Hall, Buckle street, on last Sunday. Bro. J. E. Gamble presided, and there was a good attendance of delegates from the various branches of the circumscription. Among those present were the Rev. Fathers Hurley, S.M., Adm., and Dignan, S.M. The reports presented disclosed that much good work is being accomplished both spiritually and materially. The Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., Adm., gave an interesting and instructive address on the causes, and the remedy for the much discussed question of the leakage from the Church. He said that the experience of the clergy was that the greatest loss occurred after the school age and prior to attaining manhood, and he suggested that this was a work which required the vigilance of the members of the society, and one of the means to accomplish this work would be for the members to each take a number of boys under their own personal supervision. It was decided to bring this matter under the urgent notice of conferences for action. Father Hurley was thanked for his address on the motion of the president, which was carried by acclamation.

## DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

July 26.

An enjoyable social gathering was held on Wednesday evening, July 25, in St. Leo's Schoolroom, Devonport. The event was arranged to enable the parishioners to assemble for the purpose of entertaining the Rev. Father O'Brien, and of making a presentation to him prior to leaving the parish on transfer to Ponsonby. Mr. J. P. Wright presided, and expressed the parishioners' regret at Father O'Brien's severance from them. The speaker also referred to the much-appreciated services of Father O'Brien among the people of Devonport to whom he had become greatly endeared. After the Rev. Father O'Brien had appropriately replied, several musical numbers were contributed, and "Auld Lang Syne" was sung in conclusion.

Much merriment was occasioned in Auckland at the plight of that notorious Orange firebrand, Howard Elliott, over a recent happening. The residence of this individual had been, for some time, it appears, bombarded nightly with stones. Some of these were hurled through the windows with such violence that considerable damage was effected. A state of terror existed in the household. Another "Romish" outrage concluded this peace-disturber. Police protection was sought, and as a result representatives of the force secreted themselves in the vicinity of Elliott's home. Their vigil was soon rewarded. Three youths were secured red-handed, one of whom, the ringleader, was budding into manhood. Elliott was informed of the capture by the police, and, rubbing his hands in glee, exclaimed: "Thank you so much, officers. Who are they? What are they?" The unwelcome news conveyed by the minions of the law was: "They are the sons of your own parishioners, and two of them are sons of Orangemen." The face of King Billy's disciple was a study. His visions of pabulum for his public meeting in the Town Hall had vanished. Another "Romish outrage" was exploded. Worst of all, this "outrage" was ventilated in the Auckland Police Court, and the whole city was hilarious.

## DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

July 28.

The nett result of the social held under the auspices of the school committee recently was £75. A similar function to be held on September 12 at the Alexandra Hall is being promoted.

Permission has been given Very Rev. Dean Vandyk, Superior of the Mill Hill Fathers, to appeal to the Cathedral parishioners on behalf of the Maori missions, during the month of September.

Rev. Father Cooney is still in Lewisham Hospital, but his many friends will be pleased to know that he has very much improved. The Cathedral clergy are in the meantime attending to the Lyttelton parish.

The ordinary meeting of St. Matthew's (Ladies') branch, H.A.C.B. Society, was held in the Hibernian Hall on July 23, Sister Ethel Rodgers presiding. Three new members were initiated. The usual social held in conjunction with the branch meeting was thoroughly enjoyed. An entertaining programme was contributed to by a number of those present.

An enjoyable euchre and social was given under the auspices of St. Matthew's (ladies') branch H.A.C.B. Society, on last Thursday evening in the Hibernian Hall. Among those present were the Rev. Fathers Cronin, Long, and T. Hanrahan. Mrs. Ernie and Mr. M. J. Flannelly were the winners of the first prizes in euchre, and Miss Hanna and Mr. Bell the consolation prizes. Sister Miles' services as pianiste met with general appreciation.

At the ordinary meeting of St. Mary's branch, H.A.C.B. Society, held last week, there was a good attendance of members. Bro. P. Gunn presided. Two new members were initiated, and the meeting resolved itself into a social evening tendered to the Children of Mary, who had so ably assisted the Hibernian Society at the recent social held in the Art Gallery. The Rev. Father Roche, S.M. (chaplain) and Rev. Father Seymour, S.M., were present. A musical programme was contributed to by Misses Goggin and Cassin, Messrs. A. P. Delacour, L. Blake, and Rev. Father Seymour (songs), Misses Cosgrove and Gray (violin solos), and Miss Cosgrove (piano solo).

The ordinary meeting of St. Patrick's branch, No. 82, H.A.C.B. Society, was held on July 16, Bro. J. Jacques, B.P., presiding. There was a good attendance of members. Sick pay amounting to £14 16s 2d and accounts for £80 10s 2d were passed for payment. The balance sheet for the past quarter was read and adopted, as was also the very favorable report of the auditors, Bros. Garty and Walls. The sick and funeral fund showed an increase of £55 9s 5d, whilst the management fund also showed an increase of £7 11s 9d. The hall committee's balance sheet was submitted, and showed a credit balance of £13 5s 9d. One new member was elected, one accepted by clearance, and two candidates were nominated.

There was a large gathering at the Art Gallery last week on the occasion of the presentation of diplomas, medals, and certificates gained in the local examinations of the Trinity College of Music, London, in 1916. It is worthy of note that out of four instrumentalists selected to entertain the audience three were pupils of the Sisters of the Missions—Ida Bradford, Helena Keane, and Kitty Murphy (the latter being the youngest L.T.C.L. for 1916). The pupils of the Sisters of the Missions secured three diplomas, 29 honors certificates, and 29 pass certificates. The Sisters of Mercy (St. Mary's Convent, Colombo street) pupils secured one diploma, three higher local passes, three senior division, six intermediate, 12 junior, and six preparatory. Thirty-two honors certificates were obtained throughout. Sisters of Mercy, Darfield, secured two senior passes (one with honors), three intermediate, three junior (one with honors), two preparatory (one with honors).

The quarterly general meeting of the Conferences of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in the circumference of the Particular Council of Christchurch, was held in the episcopal residence on Monday evening, July 23. His Lordship the Bishop presided, and the Rev. Fathers T. Hanrahan and Seymour, S.M., were present. There was a good attendance representative of the Cathedral and St. Mary's Conferences and of the Diocesan Ladies of Charity (Cathedral and St. Mary's Confraternities). Bro. F. C. Delany (secretary of that body). Bro. T. H. Cape-Williamson (president St. Mary's Conference) and Bro. J. P. Noonan (on behalf of the Cathedral Conference) gave satisfactory reports of the work accomplished during the interval since the previous general meeting. Mrs. C. M. Green (Cathedral) and Miss Johnson (St. Mary's) furnished comprehensive reports regarding the activities of the Ladies of Charity. The Rev. Father Seymour said that the work of the society was to him a source of great consolation. He commended the zeal and devotedness of the members of the society, and of the Ladies of Charity in their work in discovering and relieving cases of hardship and poverty. The Rev. Father Hanrahan notified the meeting that he had in view an arrangement by which regular attendance would be secured at the Courts in the interests of unfortunate Catholic children and others. In other cases mentioned he trusted the co-operation of the clergy with the St. Vincent de Paul workers would effect still greater results. His Lordship the Bishop, after expressing his admiration of the good work accomplished, and pledging his support to the members' activities, emphasised the necessity of discretion and judgment as the two essentials in their treatment of cases. The members could rest assured that God would bless them and the work they were engaged in.

### ROLL OF HONOR

#### RIFLEMAN E. L. GRAY.

Mrs. J. Gray, of "Willow Farm," Dallington, Christchurch, has received word that her son, Rifleman E. L. Gray (Leo), was wounded on June 27. Rifleman Gray left with the 18th Reinforcements, and was in his nineteenth year when wounded. He was educated at St. Mary's Convent School, and later at St. Bede's College. He was a member of St. Mary's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society, and at the time of enlistment held the gold medal for the light-weight boxing championship of Canterbury. After leaving college he was employed at Adams' Motor Garage, Christchurch. Rifleman Gray has another brother in Egypt, Trooper R. J. Gray, who left with the 23rd Reinforcements.

#### PRIVATE JAMES MCGINLEY.

I regret to have to record (writes our Greymouth correspondent) the death of another promising young man belonging to the parish of Greymouth, word having been received last week that Private James McGinley, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. McGinley, of Boundary street, had been accidentally killed "somewhere in France." The late Private McGinley was only 22 years of age, and left New Zealand with the 21st Reinforce-

ments. He was educated at the Marist Brothers' School, and was one of the most brilliant scholars who had passed through the local school during recent years. After gaining a scholarship, he completed his studies at St. Patrick's College, where he passed Junior and Senior Civil Service. He then joined the Public Trust Department, and what promised to be a most successful career, has now been cut short. The sorrowing parents have the sincere sympathy of the whole of the parishioners in their great trial. Private McGinley is the fourth pupil of the local Brothers' School to make the supreme sacrifice within the last month.—R.I.P.

#### CORPORAL JOHN CROFSKEY.

Corporal John Crofskey, who was killed in action in France on June 23, was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Crofskey, of Pihama, Taranaki, who had three boys at



the war. Of these one is now killed, one wounded, and the third is in the trenches. The deceased infantryman was two years at the front, and prior to enlisting was well known in Taranaki, especially at Lepperton.—R.I.P.

#### TO RELATIVES OF MEN AT THE FRONT

Although we have stated repeatedly that our rule is, and has been, only to reproduce photographs in the *Tablet* Roll of Honor of those of our Catholic men who are KILLED in the discharge of their military duties, many photographs of wounded men are being constantly sent in to this office. This entails a needless expenditure in postage—both upon the senders and ourselves,—which can be avoided if our friends will understand and remember the position. We will at all times find space in our Roll of Honor column for brief biographical notes relating to those wounded.

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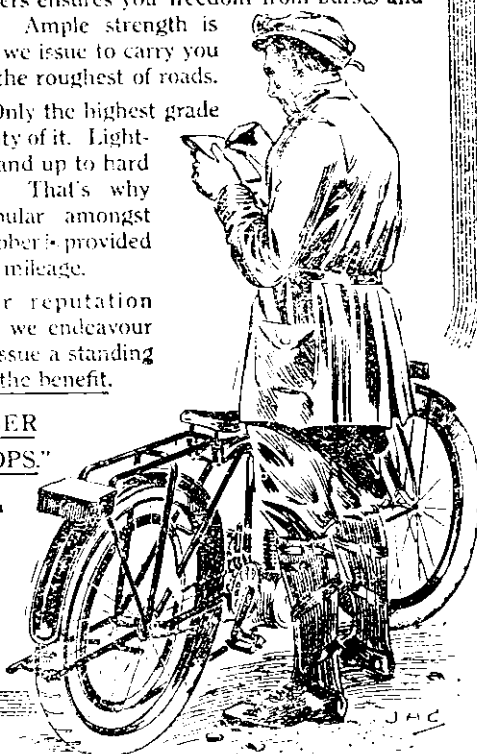
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## MAJOR REDMOND'S GRAVE

### BURIAL IN A CONVENT GARDEN.

Mrs. William Redmond and Mr. John Redmond have been supplied with further details from an official source regarding the death at the front of Major William Redmond. It appears that Major Redmond had a position in connection with the Staff, which in the ordinary way would have kept him at headquarters behind the firing line during the advance. He, however, urgently insisted that he should be allowed to go into action with his regiment, and finally the general reluctantly consented.

Major Redmond was leading his men when a shell exploded in his immediate vicinity and seriously wounded him. He was picked up shortly afterwards by an Ulster Division ambulance and was taken to an Ulster Division Field Hospital.

Mr. John Redmond has received a letter from the doctor in charge of this field hospital, in which he says that Major Redmond never recovered consciousness and died within a few hours.

Subsequently his body was removed to a little village some miles behind the fighting line, and it was buried there at the urgent request of the Belgian community and nuns in the village, in the private garden of the convent, at the foot of a statue and grotto erected in honor of our Lady of Lourdes.

The burial services were conducted by the chaplains of the two divisions, the Ulster and the Irish Division, and were attended by representatives of all the troops within reach. The grave was decorated with flowers by the children of the village, and a farewell volley was fired by a mixed body of men representing the Irish Division and the Ulster Division.

#### Sir W. Robertson's Tribute

General Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Staff, has written to Mr. John Redmond the following letter: "Dear Mr. Redmond, I have just returned from France, where I have been for the last few days. There is not a soldier of any rank in France, to say nothing of England, who is not deeply sorry at the death of your brother. He went over the top. General Plumer told me—with the men and fell a truly gallant soldier of the Empire. He has not died, let us hope, in vain for the sake of the cause he had at heart. I doubt if he would have wished to die otherwise than fighting with the two fine Irish divisions, which set such a fine example. If only people at home were animated by the same spirit which prevails between these divisions the Irish question would cease to exist.

#### The Queen and Mrs. Redmond.

The Queen has telegraphed to Mrs. Redmond, widow of Major Redmond: "Please accept my heartfelt sympathy in your great sorrow."

Messages of sympathy have been received from General Sir William Robertson, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord French, Lord Derby, the Protestant Primate of Ireland, Cardinal Logue, Cardinal Bourne, Sir Edward Carson, Colonel James Craig, and Mr. John Dillon.

#### Willie Redmond's Heroism.

In his personal tribute to Major Redmond, Mr. loyal and more steadfast friend. Both House of Par as "one of my best friends, and there never was a more loyal and more steadfast friend." Both Houses of Parliament have made a notable contribution to the sacrifices demanded by the war, and the House had lost many promising young members from whom it had reason to expect great services in the future. Among those noble examples of heroism the heroic sacrifice of Major Redmond stood apart. He had arrived at the age when by common consent a man could not be expected to endure the hardships of war, but he of his own free will sought its dangers and privations, and did it with that cheerful courage which always radiated from his personality. There was no man more convinced of the justice of the Allied cause.

But he was, above all, an Irish patriot. He felt that this was Ireland's greatest opportunity of winning liberty for herself and fighting side by side with Britain in this great world-struggle. It was for Ireland he gave his gallant life. In his last speech he told them:

"While English and Irish soldiers are suffering and dying side by side, must the eternal quarrel between the two nations go on? In the name of God, we here, who are perhaps about to die, ask you to do that which largely induced us to leave our homes, that which our fathers and mothers taught us to long for, that which is all we desire to make our country happy and contented, and will enable us to say when we meet Canadians, Australians, or New Zealanders, 'Our country, just as your country, has self-government within the Empire.'"

He was carried tenderly and reverently from the battlefield by Ulster's soldiers and in an Ulster ambulance, concluded Mr. Lloyd George. "The solemn speech which I have read comes to us now from an honored grave on the frontier of the land he gave his life to deliver."

Mr. Asquith associated himself with the tribute, and said the incorporation of all Ireland in the Empire by ties of mutual confidence, real, affecting and lasting good will be the best and most enduring monument to Major Redmond's memory.

Mr. Joseph Devlin voiced the grief of the Irish Party, at the same time taking the opportunity to ask that as a prelude to the Convention the Sinn Féin prisoners should be released.

Sir Edward Carson, too, spoke with great feeling of "my life-long opponent, Major Redmond," one with whom he had never had a bitter word. Major Redmond fell fighting by the side of Ulstermen, and he could not help recalling the fact that the first member of this House to make the supreme sacrifice was an Ulsterman. It was not necessary to dwell on these facts. They were eloquent of themselves. They could fight side by side in the trenches for the continuance of liberty, and he would like in his own time to see some solution of the long-continued Irish question which would meet the ideals of liberty of all parties in Ireland.

Mr. Wardle added the tribute of the Labor Party.

## COMMERCIAL

Messrs. Stronach, Morris, and Co., Ltd., report for week ended Tuesday, July 31, 1917, as follows:—

Rabbitskins. We held our usual fortnightly sale yesterday, when we submitted a large catalogue to the usual attendance of buyers. There was good competition, but prices showed a drop on late rates. As we mentioned in one of our previous reports the rabbitskin market is likely to be a fluctuating one owing to the difficulties of getting freight. The freight difficulty was solely responsible for the drop in prices yesterday. Quotations: Super winter does, to 65d; winter does, 60d to 63d; winter bucks, 42d to 45d; incoming, to 37d; light racks, to 16½d; racks, to 19½d; autumns, to 31½d; summer hawked, to 12d; winter hawked, to 17½d; second winter bucks and does, to 45½d; first black, to 63d; second winter black, to 57½; incoming black, to 46d; horsehair, to 16d per lb. Ferrets, from 6d to 1s each. Catskins, from 1d to 3d each.

Sheepskins.—The Government valuers are holding a valuation this week.

Oats.—There has been a slightly better inquiry of late and prices remain as last quoted.

Wheat. Fowl wheat is very short and a rise of 3d per bushel can now be obtained on late rates.

Potatoes.—Consignments continue to come to hand freely, and supplies on hand are far in excess of requirements. Quotations: Choice tables, £4 to £4 10s; medium to good, £3 5s to £3 15s per ton (sacks in).

Chaff.—There is a good demand for prime heavy oaten sheaf and this can be readily sold. Best oaten sheaf, £5 10s to £5 15s; medium, £4 10s to £5 per ton (sacks extra).

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## MARIST BROTHERS AND CONSCRIPTION

### STRIKING ADDRESS BY FATHER EDGE.

An address on "The Marist Brothers and Conscription" was given by the Rev. Father Edge, of Huntly, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Tuesday evening, July 24, to the men's branch of the confraternity. Although the notice given of the important subject to be dealt with was brief, there was a very large congregation. The members occupied the front rows of seats. At the outset the speaker said that to make mistakes is a property of human nature. That human nature retains this property in our time is lamentably evident from the catastrophe at Gallipoli, from the unfortunate Macedonian expedition, and from the uprising that made an Easter Monday memorable in the story of modern Ireland. Mistakes, too, may be enormously expensive. If you would know the cost of some ask it of the many crosses that adorn the land about Suvla Bay; ask it of that skeleton of an army that handed up its sword in Kut-el-amara, not really to the Turks, but to stark starvation.

Though we in New Zealand think a lot of ourselves, we have not yet concluded that we are supermen. Being merely human, we are capable of mistakes—even of costly mistakes. Personally, I think we have made one mistake in the conscription of the teachers of our schools—public and private, primary, secondary, and university,—all the schools in the Dominion. The reason why he (the speaker) was compelled to think a great mistake had been made was that it was evident to him that conscription of teachers inflicted a grave injury on the pupils. Merely amateur knowledge of teaching and the management of a school would enable them to grasp at once that the task was impossible where a school was not continuously working, or where the staff was frequently changed. He knew of schools that had been closed for periods of a few weeks to six months, the children being deprived of education during that time. In one school in his district, with a roll of 400, there had been 16 changes on the staff in 14 months. It was clear, under such circumstances, that discipline was out of the question, and efficiency impossible. If children were not being educated a grave injury was being inflicted upon them. Education was a means whereby they were going to earn their livelihood as the men and women of to-morrow. Ignorance was the biggest life long handicap that could be inflicted, yet it was being inflicted because teachers were being compelled to give up their work, and to go to the war. He contended that a man maimed in the war was no more handicapped than a child with a stunted mind. The schools in his district were in the midst of an industrial locality, most of the pupils being the children of coal miners. They were not born with silver spoons in their mouths, and the day would soon come when they would have to start earning their living. These children were being unduly handicapped by reason of this measure—the Conscription Act. The injustice of taking away their teachers was not confined to the children; it was a grave injustice to the whole country.

When the men who are in the field to day turn their swords into ploughshares (continued Father Edge), and their cannon into ornaments for the public parks, there will begin a war such as was never before known in the history of mankind—a struggle for industrial supremacy. If we are to entertain any hope of succeeding in that struggle we must take the greatest care in the education of our boys now at school. The impending struggle will be one not only of the hand but of the head, and our children's minds must therefore be cultivated. If, however, they are attending schools that are under-staffed, or where the staffs are constantly being changed, they cannot get sufficient education to enable them to take their part in this coming industrial war. Another thing that is perfectly evident regarding the future is that power, thank God, is going to pass into the hands of the masses. What

is happening in Russia to-day is only the forecast of what is to come elsewhere. It will be sad, however, for a country which is going to be ruled by the people if those people grow up ignorant. Their ignorance will be an evil, the magnitude of which we cannot possibly imagine, and that nation must fall back. If we are to avert the tragedy we must do it to-day by putting the teacher in the school; he is more wanted there than at the war. The difference his presence will make among the millions of troops on the western front will not be much, but the difference his absence from here will make is such that we shall not get over it for some generations. My conviction is that, even as things are now, ten years hence we shall be further back than we are at present in educational matters. The mistake has been made and should be remedied.

Father Edge proceeded to say that he did not disapprove of teachers voluntarily going to the war. That they should be compelled to go, however, he considered was a mistake. "We Catholics," he said, "have a perfect right to see that all the schools in the Dominion—primary, secondary, Catholic, and university colleges as well—are efficiently equipped, because we are helping to 'pay' for all of them. We are perfectly justified, therefore, in criticising what concerns all the schools. We are, however, more intensely interested in that body of teachers, the Marist Brothers, who are teaching in our own Catholic schools; and you may be asked who and what are the Marist Brothers? So that you may answer, let me tell you some facts concerning them. The Marist Brothers are members of a religious society which, although founded only 100 years ago, includes within its ranks men of every civilised nation in the world, including New Zealand and Australia. Applicants for admission to the society before being finally received into it, undergo a period of probation extending over at least five years. If, after that period, they are satisfied, and the society is satisfied that they are fit for the work, they voluntarily bind themselves to serve God and their fellow-man by devoting their time and talents to the education of boys, preferably the boys of the poorer class. To this end they renounce all material possessions and prospects, receiving no payment whatever beyond necessary food, clothes, and shelter. They solemnly undertake to work wherever the superior, democratically elected, may deem wise to send them. And they renounce for life the social and domestic ties that would interfere with their voluntary state of poverty and obedience. Of this and a kindred society of Irish origin there are 49 members in the Dominion, 14 of them being in the diocese of Auckland. Nine of the total number are over military age. Of the remaining two score I doubt if a dozen would pass the military medical test. Although a dozen would make no difference to the military department the removal of this number would totally destroy some of our Catholic boys' schools, for it would be impossible to replace these men now or in the near future. They are in New Zealand solely through zeal for the education of our boys; for, had they wished to do so their superiors could have withdrawn all of them before conscription became law. They are practicing a self-sacrifice unparalleled in New Zealand, outside the religious life of the Catholic Church. By virtue of their vows these men are really leading a life spiritually higher than the merely clerical state, and they are perfectly entitled to every right that has been conceded to members of the clerical community."

"Apart from their condition of life and religious state, their vows and their duties, I am sorry to say I have been compelled to conclude," proceeded Father Edge, "that the Marist Brothers are absolutely necessary to the Catholic community. As an illustration of what I mean, a lady teacher who was beginning to work at a primary school in my district, about a week ago, approached a class for the first time at the hour that was to be devoted to English history. The teacher asked the children what point they had reached in their study of English history, and the children replied, 'The Reformation, in the time of King Henry VIII.'

She asked them what they knew about King Henry VIII., whereupon they all put up their hands. She selected one child to answer, and he said: 'The Pope is a very, very wicked man. He shakes hands with people when he has a ring on his hand which pricks and poisons them and they die.' A second child answered: 'The Pope is very wicked. He gives people wine to drink and it poisons them.' Even if the Pope did these things—and he does not—that is not English history! It shows the inefficiency of the teaching at that school. We Catholics want efficient teachers. It is not merely the inefficiency of the teaching I find fault with, but teaching of that kind to pupils in Standards III. and IV. is an outrage on the feelings of Catholic children who in many cases have to attend the State primary schools. It is an outrage from which they should be immune. Happily there are not many teachers of that kind in New Zealand, for 50 years of free compulsory education has done something to destroy most of the ignorant bigotry which once existed, but which would not be tolerated now. But the teacher who taught the children what I have quoted is to-day teaching in a city school in Auckland, where there are probably some Catholic children. The only way of saving our children from such outrages is to have our own teachers imparting sufficient knowledge, and knowledge that is true. If the war is conducted much on the lines of the Gallipoli and Mesopotamian campaigns the Marist Brothers who go to the front may not come back again. Even without the repetition of the mistakes of those campaigns there is a very small possibility of us getting them back again. It is for us to see that they do not go. To send them is to call on us for a sacrifice which will not win the war, yet which will totally disorganise Catholic education in New Zealand.

"These are some of the reasons why it seems to me the Government will do a great wrong to take away our teachers," said Father Edge, "and is doing a great wrong in taking away any teachers so long as they are efficient. A mistake has been made, but it need not, and ought not to, be repeated, and I hope it will not be. This war is said to be a war of moral value, a war for the supremacy of right over might. There is no moral value if there is no God, and if there is a God—an universal ruler—we owe Him certain duties, and the first one is that we should not outrage His properties. It does not matter whether His property be a consecrated church or a consecrated man or woman. A soul consecrated to God is, in the opinion of Catholics, just as much consecrated as a building. Since the Marist Brothers are, with all the solemnity and perpetuity of the Catholic Church, irrevocably consecrated to God in the service of God, no one has the right to seize them and say: 'You shall become the property of Caesar.' We Catholics have fought long against the system of Prussianism, as you who are Irish know. We, and we only, are the people who never once, in 400 years, gave in to the system of Prussianism. I hope we will not give in to it now. We will do all we can to conserve the rights of God. The sacredness of our own lives is nothing compared with them. We will also cease not, as long as we live, to preserve the rights of those who have consecrated their services to God. Catholics first, then, do not approve of the denudation of teachers in any school, but are most anxious that every child in New Zealand, black or white, shall be saved from the terrible handicap of ignorance in the battle of life by saving their teachers. We are determined, secondly, to give our children the best education possible. To do so it is in your interest and mine," concluded Father Edge, "to see that the Marist Brothers are left in their places in the Catholic schools of the Dominion."

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#### THE LATE CHAPLAIN-MAJOR McMENAMIN

Writing on the death of Chaplain-Major McMEnamin to the Rev. Father Liston, Holy Cross College, under date June 11, Chaplain-Captain Skinner says:—

"What a loss we have all suffered in the death of Father McMEnamin! He met his death by shell-fire whilst burying the dead on Messines Ridge, June 9. He was killed instantaneously and several of the party were wounded. He was buried that same evening by Chaplain-Captain O'Neill (Dunedin) in a little cemetery at the back of Hill 63, a historic spot in this war. General Braithwaite attended the funeral.

"For a month before Father McMEnamin went to God, he and I were working together getting the men ready for the fray, and they were ready, I can assure you: every man had been to confession and Communion, some several times. Father Mac. was a saint and died a hero. May God be good to his soul."

Further details are given in the following letter from Chaplain-Captain Skinner to Mrs. McMEnamin, mother of the late Chaplain-Major McMEnamin, under date June 11:—

"You will long ago have been notified of the death of your brave son," writes Father Skinner. "I am sure you are resigned to the thought that your son was a model priest, and a brave, heroic chaplain, who spent his strength and gave his life in the interests of his men. He was the most loved and respected man I know, and personally I have lost my dearest friend. I sincerely sympathise with you all, and you especially; but bear in mind your son was a saint and a hero. For the past five weeks we had worked together, and I know his great zeal. I served his first Mass, and assisted him with his last. The night before the advance we talked late into the night, and went to confession to each other before we parted. We arranged to meet on Messines Ridge, but when I went up I could not find him; he had moved elsewhere. On Saturday, the 9th inst., he was out with a burying party, and while saying the prayers over a number of dead soldiers he was struck by a shell. Death was instantaneous. Several of the party were wounded. Father McMEnamin's body was brought back to the little military cemetery, where he was buried by Father O'Neill. General Braithwaite attended the funeral, as did also Colonel Chaytor. His own colonel (Stewart) had been previously wounded. The cure of the place is most anxious to have the body disinterred, and have it given all honor and buried in a vault reserved for priests here. This may be done, but in this crisis it is difficult to do anything. The cure was extremely fond of Father McMEnamin. All ranks who knew your priest son join me in tendering you their sincere sympathy. May God bless you and yours, and enable you to bear up in your great loss."

"As I read the history of the Orange Society," said the Rev. Dr. Rentoul, of Melbourne, writing in the *Argus*, "a sense of horror came over me. Killen (the Presbyterian historian), and Green (in his *History of the English People*) are quite enough to show that from the tragic day in 1795, on which 48 Catholics lay dead, and the first Orange Lodge was formed, the history of this institution, identified as it is with the worst features of the landlord system in Ireland, and with one rigid form of Protestant ascendancy, and (excepting a few instances) opposing every movement of reform, and becoming a means of civil strife and bloodshed, could be no longer even approved by me by my presence at any of its gatherings." "Of all institutions in the world," continues Fighting Larry, who in previous years had spoken freely at Orange gatherings, "the so-called Loyal Orange Institution—which had no more connection with William of Orange than it had with the Angel Gabriel—should be the last to assert its loyalty." These are scathing words from an able Presbyterian clergyman, who has no predilections for Catholics, whom he has time and again, even to the present day, attacked in the Melbourne newspapers.



J. M. J.

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ADVERTISEMENTS of 16 Words under the Headings Situations Vacant, Wanted, For Sale, To Let, Lost and Found, Miscellaneous Wants, etc., 2/- per insertion. Death Notices, etc., 2/6; verses, 4/- per inch extra. Strictly Cash in Advance. No booking for casual advertisements.

## DEATHS

LOCKHART.—On July 21, 1917, at 80 Highgate, Roslyn, Honora Katherine, dearly beloved wife of O. M. Lockhart, and third daughter of the late Wm. Moore, Ravensbourne, and Mrs. T. Fitzgibbons, Hampden.—R.I.P.

Farewell, dear, but not for ever,  
There will be a glorious dawn;  
We but part to meet for ever  
On the resurrection morn.  
Thou thy darling form lies sleeping  
In the cold and silent tomb,  
Thou shalt have a glorious waking  
When the Blessed Lord doth come.

McCLINTOCK. On July 17, 1917, at his residence, Bendigo Hotel, Alexandra, Robert James, dearly loved husband of Anne McClintock: aged 48 years. R.I.P.

## IN MEMORIAM

KANE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Margaret Kane, who departed this life on August 7, 1916, at Invercargill.  
Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.  
Inserted by her sorrowing family.

## WANTED

WANTED kind person to Adopt Healthy BABY GIRL (six weeks). Apply "Catholic Infant," N.Z. Tablet Office.

MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET.  
*Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiae causam promovere per ovis Veritatis et Pacis.*  
Die 4 Aprilis, 1909. LEO XIII., P.M.

TRANSLATION. Fortified by the Apostolic Blessing let the Directors and Writers of the New Zealand Tablet continue to promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.  
April 4, 1909. LEO XIII., Pope.



THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1917.

## SUPERSTITION



SOME weeks ago we called attention to the growth of superstitious practices during the war. In the large cities professional charlatans of various types, psychists, clairvoyantes, and common or garden fortune-tellers are reaping a golden harvest through the popular credulity. The craze is not confined to the ignorant and unsophisticated. Some years ago Mr. Stead, who was drowned with the Titanic, believed, on the authority of "letters from Julia," that he would be

kicked to death on the streets of Constantinople, and now Sir Oliver Lodge has lent the authority of his great name to Spiritism, telling us that he has had communications with the spirit of his son, Raymond, who was killed lately at the Front. It is worth while recalling to our readers the attitude of the Catholic Church in this connexion.

\*

Many people are convinced that all the phenomena have a natural explanation. We admit, as all who have studied the matter must admit, that ninety per cent. of the marvellous manifestations are the result of trickery. It is hardly too much to say that Spiritism, as far as it comes within the ken of the average man, is all trickery, and that the effects which astonish and terrify the credulous audiences are due to harmless white magic. So many wonders, seemingly inexplicable, have been explained away, and so many frauds exposed that it is natural enough to refuse to believe that there is not an explanation for all the phenomena without calling in spirits or devils. About six years ago we saw Mr. Maskelyne performing in St. George's Hall a "mystery" which drew down upon him the wrath of some grave clergymen. He used to stand on the middle of the stage with his left arm uplifted while the form of a girl was seen to appear slowly out of his side, and finally to walk about and talk. It was as wonderful as anything that Spiritists had achieved; but it was simplicity itself when Mr. Maskelyne explained how it was done, without the intervention of spirits, good, bad, or indifferent. Recently a gentleman who has devoted much time to the study of the phenomena told us that he attended a seance at which the medium was supposed to communicate with the spirit of Confucius. He addressed Confucius in Chinese. Confucius protested that during his astral perambulations he had forgotten his own language! At another seance the same gentleman had an opportunity of speaking with the spirit of Cardinal Newman. He told the eminent spirit that as he wished to converse about a subject which did not concern the audience he would speak in Latin. He began to recite the words so familiar to the Cardinal: "*Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.*" The spirit in reply thundered forth, "Rash mortal! Seek not to penetrate into the secrets of the Omnipotent." And no doubt the audience was duly impressed by this nonsense.

\*

There are also many who while admitting that charlatanism and trickery are at the bottom of most of the phenomena maintain that there are some manifestations which no natural means can explain. Let us point out that it is poor logic to attribute to the demon all effects which we can not account for. Inexplicable phenomena are not necessarily preternatural: what we cannot account for physically is not therefore to be straightway put down to the devil. To introduce the devil as the cause of every mysterious and unintelligible happening is not only puerile, but it holds religion up to ridicule. After countless experiences, Professor Meric, an authority of weight, sums up his conclusions as follows: 1. That the phenomena are as yet not sufficiently investigated to enable us to pronounce definitely on them. 2. For some of them no natural explanation has been found satisfactory. 3. In many cases the causes require further examination. 4. That most of the phenomena which occur with certainty depend on some natural *conditio sine qua non*, which leads to the supposition that their cause is occult, but natural. The finding of the London "Society for Psychic Research" was that beneath much error and imposture there lay a real influence which was to be accounted for, and which they explained on the theory of Suggestion.

\*

To explain the phenomena regarded as authentic three hypotheses are proposed. 1. The telepathic hypo-

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thesis, that through the disintegration of the subliminal consciousness minds at a distance may be impressed. 2. The hypothesis of psychical radiations in which the "Astral Body" of the dead communicates with the medium. 3. The Spiritistic hypothesis which contends that communications are received from disembodied spirits. For those who admit that the manifestations proceed from spirits other than that of the medium it remains to be explained whether the spirits are disembodied spirits of the dead or other beings. It is difficult to prove the identity of the spirits; and they manifest a curious tendency to pretend to be great personalities, often with very ridiculous results. That the intelligences such as they are are prone to teach materialistic doctrines and to deny revealed truths strengthens the conviction of those who attribute the phenomena to a demoniac origin. But as we have said before, many still cling to the idea that even where all seems inexplicable there may eventually be found an explanation without having recourse to the Spiritistic hypothesis.

\*

From a practical point of view we may consider the dangers of Spiritistic practices apart from theories. There are at least two grave dangers which must be weighed: recourse to Spiritism frequently produces hallucinations in weak-minded people, and even the normal-minded expose themselves to severe physical and mental strain, often attended with serious results; and experience has shown that moral perversion is not rarely the consequence of Spiritistic practices. As regards those who attend as spectators it may be said that they are either co-operating in a swindle, or assisting at a process of moral degeneration. A decree of the Holy Office, March 30, 1898, condemns Spiritistic practices, even though intercourse with the demon be excluded, and communication sought with good spirits only. The Church, however, distinguishes between legitimate scientific inquiry and superstitious abuses. The following is the latest decree on the subject:

In a plenary meeting of the Cardinals Inquisitors General in matters of faith and morals on April 24, 1917, to the question proposed: "Whether it is lawful to assist at any Spiritistic communications (*locationibus*) or manifestations whatsoever, through a medium, in common parlance, or without a medium, whether hypnotism be used or not, even when they present an appearance of respectability or piety, either in interrogating souls or spirits or listening to answers or simply looking on, even with tacit or expressed declaration of not wishing to have anything to do with evil spirits," the said most eminent and most reverend Fathers, on April 27, decreed to reply: "In the negative on all points." The Pope has approved the resolution.

## .. NOTES ..

### Mendacity?

Last week we made a statement concerning the history of an attack made on the *Tablet* by the *Christchurch Sun*. We need not point out to our readers that we had every reason to believe the truth of what we said. We still believe it. The editor of the *Sun* says that there is not a word of truth in our statement, and accuses us of mendacity. On a charge like that from such a quarter there is nothing to be said. We leave to our readers the privilege of judging between us and the editor of the *Sun*. The *Sun* invites us to disclose the source of our information. Even if we were inclined to go to so much trouble to defend ourselves against such an attack as the *Sun's* we are not at liberty to make public the source of our information. We leave it to our readers to decide where the mendacity comes in at present.

### "Encyclopedia Britannica"

A few years ago with a great blare of trumpets this work was foisted on a gullible public by a mer-

cenary press. A book has been written in criticism of the huge volumes with the significant title, *Misinforming a Nation*. It is proclaimed as a most dangerous and misleading work, distorting the truth and disseminating false ideas. If it deserves all the hard things said about its prejudiced views on history, art, science, and literature, it merits tenfold a castigation for its misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine. "It constitutes," says a critic, "one of the most subtle and malign dangers to our national development it has ever been our misfortune to possess."

### Shelley

The mention of the fact that some letters of Shelley's have been discovered affords us an excuse for refreshing the memories of our readers with that marvellous passage of English prose in which Francis Thompson has added a new glory to the memory of his brother poet: "The universe is his box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold dusty with tumbling among the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kennelled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out at the gate of heaven: its floor is littered with his broken fancies. He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun. He stands in the lap of nature, and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred wilful fashions, to see how she will look nicest in his song." There it is! And did Shelley himself ever write anything to surpass it for pure poetry?

### Vis Vivida Animae

John Morley tells us that but for the Latin and Celtic elements in English literature it would be a poor thing at its best. The Latin influence makes for gravity and dignity, and for the compactness of Tacitus or the verbosity of Cicero according to the natural bent of the writer. The Celtic spirit gives that nameless quality which is aptly described as *vis vivida animae*—the vivid fire of the soul. It is particularly to this quality that the best French prose owes its inimitable charm and grace, so elusive and so baffling. And it is noteworthy that when speaking of the excellence of French prose a first-class English critic can find among English classics none fit to compare with the French except the Irishman Burke. Here and there among Irish writers you will come upon stray passages drenched with the same unspeakable charm. Burke certainly abounds in such passages: so does Sheil. And it is a remarkable fact that the brightest writers on the London press have been Irishmen. Apart from this Celtic element, and from the almost negligible classical influence, English prose is as heavy as German.

### How our Classics are Forgotten

We have remarked ere now that reading Scott or Dickens has become a lost art as far as most of the young generation are concerned. *A propos* we quote the following conversation recorded in the *Publisher's Weekly*:

"Are you fond of literature?" he asked.

"Passionately," she replied.

"Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott," he exclaimed with sudden animation. "Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery?"

"It is perfectly lovely," she exclaimed, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's 'Marmion,'" he continued, "and 'Peveril of the Peak'?"

"I just dote on them," she replied.

"And Scott's 'Emulsion'?" he said, a faint suspicion dawning on him.

"I think," she interrupted rashly, "it is the most charming thing he ever wrote."

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## Essays

According to Doctor Johnson an essay is (1) an attempt, an endeavor; (2) a loose sally of the mind, irregular, indigested piece; (3) a trial, an experiment; (4) a taste of anything. The essay is an old and honorable form of literature for which there is less welcome nowadays than in the leisurely days of long ago. But those who love good literature and delight in the charm of perfect style will find both in the essays of the old writers. If you read Lamb, or Addison, or Steele, or Goldsmith carefully you will get a clearer and better notion of how to build a right English sentence than you can get from reading all the works of Dickens—not to speak of Hall Caine or any other of our moderns: and you will moreover enrich your mind with clean, beautiful thoughts that are positively refreshing. It used to be taken for granted that a volume of essays was included in the course of English studies prescribed in secondary and higher schools where in Mr. Hanan's establishments we find a digest of a Hunnish story with anti-Catholic tendencies, such as *Hereward the Wake*:—and with sound reason, for style is the essential of a good essay. The writing of essays is almost, but not quite a lost art. We have still in the person of Mr. Birrell one who can hold his own with the best: Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton have also strong claims to first rank: and we suppose there are some people still who retain the old reverence for Macaulay.

## Intimidation in Greymouth

As an instance of how bigotry can affect a man we ask our readers to peruse the following facts, for which we thank our Greymouth correspondent: That illustrious historian and cultured Christian gentleman, Howard Elliott, accused the Catholics of Greymouth of intimidating a jury and securing a miscarriage of justice. Needless to say the charge was made with the cowardly vagueness which characterises this biped's onslaughts. What did happen was this. A clerk of the Borough Council was charged with stealing £800. The Council decided that if the money were paid in they would not prosecute. It was refunded, but the Government Audit Department took action. The Grand Jury, composed of the leading business men of the town, were with one exception Protestants. In returning "No Bill" they kept the compact which the Council had made, being influenced too by the fact that the young man's father was then at the door of death. This is the awful history of "intimidation" which has given occasion to the recent nightmares of Elliott. We are informed that while this splendid specimen of Christian chivalry was launching his attack the young man in question was lying wounded in France. Will not the Government strike a special medal to distinguish people like Elliott from ordinary human beings?

## DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The annual meeting of the Roxburgh branch of the Catholic Federation was held on Sunday week, the acting parish priest, Rev. Father D. O'Neill, presiding. The following committee was elected:—Messrs. Mc Mullin, Laloli, T. Waigh, R. Woodhouse, J. Morrin, H. Brady, T. Whelan, Anderson, J. Murphy, and J. H. Waigh (secretary).

St. Joseph's Harriers ran on last Saturday as the guests of Mrs. Stone, Mornington. The pack went down the Kaikorai Valley, up the opposite hill, past the Reservoir, skirting the hills, and returning via the Mornington School and Elgin road. The members were afterwards entertained to tea by Mrs. Stone. Mr. F. P. Mullin on behalf of the harriers thanked the hostess most sincerely for the generous manner in which she had entertained them.

At the examinations conducted by the National Business College, Sydney, the following pupils of the commercial class, St. Dominic's College, were successful:—Junior Bookkeeping—Nora Flannery, 91; Meta

Coles, 89; Cecilia McLoughlin, 88; Cissie Dunne, 87; Stella McCleary, 87. Junior Shorthand—Cissie Dunne, 93; Cecilia McLoughlin, 92; Helen Ritchie, 79. Junior Typewriting—Kathleen Greenslade, 92; Cecilia McLoughlin, 90; Cissie Dunne, 89; Stella McCleary, 87; Helen Ritchie, 79.

Since last report the only match played by the Christian Brothers' pupils was against Technical School on last Wednesday. The Greens, as on the two previous occasions, were victorious. The result was 5 goals to nil. The scorers were: F. Dawson (2), G. Donnelly, T. O'Brien, and F. Sadler. On next Saturday the final match for the A grade takes place, when the Greens will meet Normal School, and a very even game is expected. The Greens are very keen on keeping up their fine record, and hope to secure the cup again by defeating Normal.

The congregation of St. Patrick's Church, Arrowtown, extended a welcome to the newly appointed pastor, the Rev. Father Corcoran, on Wednesday evening, July 18. There was a large assemblage in the schoolroom and a programme of music, elocution, and games was much enjoyed. Mr. E. Fitzgibbon, on behalf of the parishioners, presented Father Corcoran with an appropriately worded address of welcome, and at the same time wished him every success and happiness in his ministry among them. Father Corcoran expressed his sincere thanks to all for their very warm welcome and address, which, he said, would encourage him very much in his work.

There was a record attendance of members of St. Joseph's Guild at the guild room (St. Joseph's Hall) on Wednesday afternoon, July 2, the result being the completion of a large parcel of pyjamas and shirts for the Red Cross. Three hundred and sixty-three service bags were finished for the Patriotic Association. The president reported having visited the branch guild at St. Patrick's, South Dunedin, where a group of ladies was busily engaged on Red Cross work. The guild tenders its thanks to all those who so generously responded to "Bag Day" appeal, 91 bags and gifts being received; also to the splendid efforts of the ladies who assisted in the sale of the tickets.

The half-yearly meeting of SS. Peter and Paul branch of the H.A.C.B. Society was held on Thursday, July 12, in the Catholic schoolroom (writes a Gore correspondent. Bro. P. Kelly presided, and there was a very large attendance of members. The officers for the ensuing term are as follows: President, Bro. Very Rev. Father O'Donnell; vice-president, Bro. F. Hutton; secretary, Bro. M. O'Neill (re-elected); assistant secretary, Bro. Jas. Quirk; treasurer, Bro. R. Ferris; warden, Bro. C. Carmody; guardian, Bro. A. Smith; sick visitors, Bros. A. P. Hoffman and Thos. McGoldrick; auditors, Bros. M. Francis and Jas. Quirk; delegates to parish committee Catholic Federation, Bros. A. Smith and R. Ferris. Bro. P. Kelly as installing officer thanked all Bros. for the assistance given during his term as president. Bro. Very Rev. Father O'Donnell, in accepting the position of president, thanked the members for the honor they had conferred on him, and urged upon members the necessity of co-operating with the officers of the branch, and thus to assist them in the discharge of their duties and obligations.

## REPRESENTATIVES' MOVEMENTS

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## THE CHURCH IN NEW ZEALAND

### HISTORICAL NOTES.

In "Pulpit Pictures," published in 1874, Thomas Bracken (poet, politician, and journalist) thus describes the late revered Bishop Moran:—

"Like some venerable oak standing apart from its mates of the forest, and looking down with scorn on the bold young saplings that have encroached upon its domain, the Church of Rome stands proudly alone, nursing her traditions and clinging fondly to the memories of her former grandeur. The mighty culverins of modern thought war before her ancient gates and thunder against her olden walls, and the fierce bolts of infidelity rattle through her lofty battlements, but she moves not from her post. The shafts of scepticism sweep through her most penetrable portals, and the voice of progress calls on her to 'Advance with the times,' but she stirs not from her vantage ground. Encased in the armour of an immovable faith, she laughs at the wisdom of the world and hurls defiance at her opponents. It is not my intention to examine into the strength or weakness of the position she maintains. She has fearless foes and skilful defenders, and to these and those will I leave the controversial war. The insurgent forces arrayed against her are firm of heart and strong of hand, but she has able generals and faithful soldiers in her camp, who are ever ready to man her ramparts and defend her forts. This outlying position of hers, on the shores of the Pacific, is commanded by an unflinching captain who fights her battles with the zeal of a Montalembert and the chivalry of an Admirable Crichton. The Catholic Church has no more earnest champion or faithful son than the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Dunedin. . . . As a pulpit orator Bishop Moran occupies a respectable position. He is seldom eloquent, but always logical. Catholic preachers, as a rule, appeal more to the sympathies and feelings of their hearers than to their intellect. Catholics embrace the doctrines of the Church because they believe her to be the only witness of Christ upon earth, and therefore their pastors do not consider it necessary to enter upon argumentative theology. Dr. Moran, however, is an exception to the rule. With skilful and cunning logic, he endeavors to reconcile science with faith, and philosophy with religion. He is more of a lecturer than a preacher. He stirs up the intellect with subtle argument, but never allows it to wander from the groove of faith. He speaks in a cool, calm, and forcible style, and his authoritative manner carries great weight with it. In appearance he is every inch a bishop. He has a bold, fearless, intellectual face, and a strong, muscular frame, in every movement of which determination and firmness are combined. He is below the middle height, but when robed in his episcopal vestments his form seems to rise with the dignity of his office, and he appears taller than he really is."

In the old-time publication mentioned above, Thomas Bracken referred thus to Father Crowley, one of Dunedin's earliest pastors, who is no doubt well remembered by some of St. Joseph's old congregation: "The subject of my sketch," stated Bracken, "is a well-trained soldier of Rome. There is no wavering, no doubt, no hesitation about Father Crowley's utterances. Firm in the conviction of the truth of the Church, he proclaims her doctrines boldly, and advocates her cause fearlessly. He is a young man about the middle height, with a pale, well-formed face. Hard-working, zealous, and active, he is just such a man as the Church requires in a new community where the flock is scattered and her shepherds require to be always on the move. Nurtured carefully in the arms of Mother Church, he clings to her with affection and obeys her mandates with fidelity. Those who are acquainted with him know him to be a warm-hearted, generous gentleman who entertains a kindly feeling for his fellow-men of all creeds. He is

entitled to take a fair position as preacher. He is fluent but not eloquent."

### THE "PROTESTANT WOMAN'S" WAIL

The lady who edits the *Protestant Woman* is troubled in spirit (says the *Catholic Times*). Messages reach her telling of "the ever and rapidly increasing aggressions of Rome." One letter comes from a village where the vicar was a Ritualist and he has now gone over to Rome! Her correspondent, filled with indignation, declares that "the sword must be unsheathed." Another letter describes the progress Catholics are making in a provincial town. "Some of the best families," sadly confesses the *Protestant Woman*, "seem to have no compunction in allowing their daughters to marry Roman Catholics. In one such case, of very recent occurrence, the bride is already a pervert. To what conclusion can we come but that the senses of the people in this land of ours, including many Christians, as well as those who make no special profession of Christianity, are absolutely steeped in a fatal slumber?" That is really the trouble. Protestantism has sent them to sleep, made them careless and indifferent. Instead of attacking the Catholic Church, which is quite as much opposed to mixed marriages as she is, the *Protestant Woman* ought to strive to rouse them from sleep—to combat the indifference, unbelief, and paganism which, for many years before the war, had been robbing the Protestant Churches of worshippers and which even that cataclysm has done little to remove.

### ORANGEMEN AND THE CONVENTION

Though nobody who has anything like an accurate knowledge of the history of the division that has for so many years separated the Ulster Unionists from the Irish Catholics and Nationalists can be in doubt as to the difficulties to be faced at the Convention, there are, despite some *Belfast Press* utterances of the old kind, symptoms of a wholesome change even amongst the Orangemen, the vanguard of the Unionists in the province. The Monaghan Grand Lodge had before them at their half yearly meeting the Government's proposals for an Irish settlement, and passed a resolution which indicates that they are not inclined to play the part of obstructives. In the resolution they declared that, their attachment to the Union being understood, they were unwilling at this crisis to place any obstacle in the way of Irishmen of all creeds and classes meeting together to discuss the subject of the future government of Ireland, and that if, at such a meeting, any scheme could be suggested which would be acceptable to their Nationalist fellow countrymen, and would, at the same time, adequately protect the rights and liberties of the Irish Orangemen and their position as citizens of the British Empire, they were ready to consider it. Moreover, they protested against any partition of Ulster, falling quite into line with the Nationalists in regard to this aspect of the question.

Have a plan—then work for it.  
Few things are more foolish than hating.  
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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

**INQUIRER (Timaru):** The paragraph to which you refer was quoted from an exchange. We have not been able to locate the author so far.

**APIRI:—French Windows** cannot be had in New Zealand now. A fresh stock will arrive in a month or so. There is an edition of *San Celestino* published at 2s 6d.

**JUSTICE.**—It is stated that Nurse Cavell was not the only woman spy put to death. Nor were all the executions on one side. Naturally we are holding up our own virtues and the enemies' faults.

What you sow in the school you reap in the nation.  
Better to be occasionally deceived than to be always distrustful.

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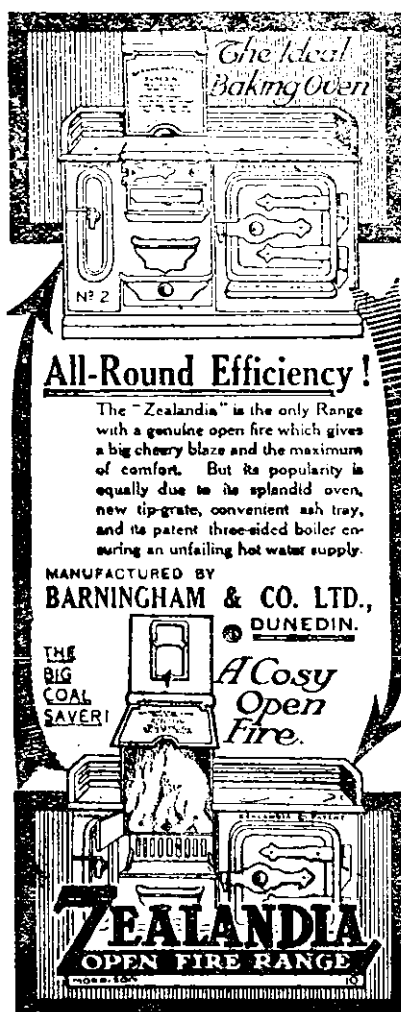
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### Greymouth

(From our own correspondent.)

July 23.

The West Coast was favored with a visit from his Lordship Bishop Brodie, who journeyed to Hokitika to attend the jubilee celebrations at St. Columbkille's Convent. His Lordship was the guest of the Very Rev. Dean Carew, S.M., on Friday last, and during the day he visited the parish schools at Runanga, Brunner, Cobden, and Greymouth. His Lordship left by Saturday morning's express for Christchurch.

The Rev. Father Menard, S.M., who has been transferred back to Ohakune, speaking at the send-off tendered him on Sunday last at the St. Columba Hall, referred to the excellent educational facilities which the parish of Greymouth possessed. He said, that as far as he knew, there was not another parish in New Zealand which possessed such excellent schools, and great credit was due to the Very Rev. Dean Carew for the splendid work he had accomplished in the parish.

#### VALEDICTORY.

At the conclusion of devotions at St. Patrick's Church on Sunday evening, July 22, the parishioners assembled at the St. Columba Hall to bid farewell to Rev. Father Menard, S.M., who is under orders to return to Ohakune, the parish in which he labored for several years.

The Very Rev. Dean Carew, who presided, said that he regretted very much losing the services of such a zealous priest as the Rev. Father Menard had proved himself to be during the very short time he had worked in the parish. He was pleased, however, that the Rev. Father was returning to Ohakune to complete the great work he had commenced in that parish. He (the speaker) felt sure that if he displayed the same zeal and energy as he had shown during his short stay in Greymouth his labors would be crowned with success.

Speaking on behalf of the parishioners, Mr. H. F. Doogan said that although Father Menard's stay in the parish had been very brief, still during the few months he had worked here he had succeeded in endearing himself to the whole of the parishioners. He had worked in a quiet, unassuming way, and, although his work here was appreciated, it was also appreciated in Ohakune, as his late parishioners did not rest content until they had secured his return. This was, he thought, the best evidence of the Rev. Father's zeal and devotedness, and he could assure him that the parishioners of Greymouth deeply regretted his early departure from their midst. Although it was the Rev. Father's ambition to leave here in the same quiet way as that in which he had carried out all his work, the parishioners thought otherwise, and on their behalf, he had great pleasure in asking Father Menard to accept a well-filled purse, which he hoped would be used by him to further the good works which he had had in hand at Ohakune.

The Rev. Father Peoples, S.M., also spoke in eulogy of the zeal and devotedness of the departing priest.

Master McSherry, on behalf of the altar boys, presented Father Menard with a parting gift.

The Rev. Father Menard, in response, spoke of the kind and generous treatment he had received from the Very Rev. Dean Carew and the people of Greymouth. He thanked them all for their generous gifts, which would be devoted to the cause next his heart—that was the education of the children. He would put the money towards the erection of a school at Ohakune, which parish did not enjoy any of the facilities Greymouth enjoyed, and he hoped to place the purse under the foundation stone at an early date. He sincerely thanked the parishioners, and he hoped to again be able to renew their acquaintance.

The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought a very pleasant and successful function to a close.

During the day the Rev. Father was the recipient of presentations from the Children of Mary, Altar Society, and the Brunner parishioners.

## THE HOME RULE CONVENTION

### SITTINGS OPENED.

The historic convention, summoned to draft a scheme for the future government of Ireland, assembled on Wednesday, July 25, in Trinity College, Dublin.

Long before the opening College Green was packed with spectators, who displayed but little enthusiasm. The proceedings will be private throughout.

The Government nominees include Lords Dunraven, Desart, Granard, and MacDonnell, Sir Horace Plunkett, Sir William Goulding, Sir Bertram Windle, Sir William Crawford, Sir James McCullough, Sir Michael Murphy, and Sir G. Russell.

Chairman and Secretary.

It is officially announced that the Irish Convention has appointed Sir Horace Plunkett as chairman, and Sir Francis Hopwood secretary.

The Right Hon. Sir Horace Curzon Plunkett, D.L., P.C. (Ireland), K.C.V.O., is the third son of 16th Baron Dunsany. He was educated at Oxford, engaged in cattle ranching 1879-89, and founded the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, 1894. He was M.P. for Dublin 1892-1900 and was Vice-President of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland 1899-1907. He is the author of a number of sociological publications.

The Right Hon. Sir Francis Hopwood, G.C.M.G., additional Civil Lord to the Admiralty, has been a member of many Royal Commissions. He has been Under-Secretary for the Colonies and permanent secretary to the Board of Trade. He was a member of the Commission to South Africa to advise on the Constitution for the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies. He is secretary of the Order of St. Michael and George.

The composition of the convention is as follows:—

1. The chairman of all county and borough councils.
2. Two members elected by urban district councils.
3. Four Catholic bishops: the Primate and the Archbishop of Dublin representing the Protestant religion in Ireland; and Dr. John Irwin, the Moderator of the Presbyterian Church.
4. The chairmen of the Chambers of Commerce of Dublin, Cork, and Belfast.
5. Five representatives of Irish Labor.
6. Five members nominated by Mr. Redmond.
7. Five nominated by Sir J. Lonsdale (for Ulster Unionists).
8. Two nominated by the Irish Peers.
9. Five from Southern Unionists.
10. Fifteen leading Irishmen nominated by the Government, so as to promote the object which all sober and loyal Irishmen have in view.

The names of representatives were published in the *Tablet* issue of July 19.

Later information is to the effect that at its second meeting the Irish Convention appointed a Preliminary Procedure Committee, and then adjourned until August 7 to enable the chairman and secretary to prepare and circulate material in connection with data.

Mr. Redmond has sent a message to the Dominions stating that the auspicious inauguration of the convention raises hopes that the deliberations may lead to an early realisation of an united self-governed Ireland.

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## OUR CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS

### FATHER McMENAMIN'S LAST LETTER.

Writing under date May 15 from "somewhere" in France, to his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, Chaplain-Major McMenamin gave the following interestingly vivid, and—in the light of subsequent sad happenings—pathetic facts relating to military movements and chaplains' doings at the front:—

When last I wrote to your Grace (stated Father McMenamin), my brigade was out for two weeks' training in preparation for the *Opus Magnum*. We were nearly forty miles away from the firing line, and the short respite from the almost unceasing roar of the guns was a treat for all of us. The weather was delightful, and as officers and men were cosily billeted the fortnight passed pleasantly. The men had, of course, to work hard, but the work being very much in the nature of a rehearsal, was interesting. The four battalions of my brigade were billeted in four different villages, but I was able to get two battalions into one church for Mass, and two into another. I had a four days' mission in each place, and was more than pleased with the result, though this would have been still better had the companies returned from training at the same time each day. A number of the men received Holy Communion at the 6 o'clock Mass each morning, and I think that every man who had an opportunity to attend the mission went to the Sacraments. In each church there was a harmonium in the sanctuary, and the soldiers sang the Benediction and a number of hymns splendidly. I was fortunate enough to get a Jesuit Father from a near-by large town on two evenings. He preached two excellent sermons suitable to the soldiers. I warned our men when out there that they should take advantage of that fine opportunity, as they would get but little chance of church services when they returned to the line. My words proved truer than I even thought. Since our return the men have been working night and day, week days and Sundays. No church parades are called, though we, of course, have Mass for the few who can attend. Half the men go out in the evening and work till daylight, and they must sleep nearly all day to get ready for another night's work. The other half goes out in the early morning. All this applies to the infantry only though their other units are working hard also only in different ways. We are all making a special canvass of the units, company by company, to at least get the confessions heard before the big fight. Unfortunately we are a priest short here. Father Richards has gone to England, and Father Skinner is here. As the Rifle Brigade had been many weeks without a chaplain, I had Father Skinner posted to them as soon as he arrived. Now the 1st Brigade is left without anyone. I applied to Headquarters six weeks ago for Father O'Neill to be sent over quickly. A few days later I received word that Father O'Neill's movement order had been applied for (this must come through the War Office), but since then I have heard nothing. Matters move with incredible slowness in chaplaincy matters. Fathers Doyle and Daly took about six weeks to get to England, where they were urgently needed. The journey can be easily done in 24 hours, but red tape held them up at our base camp in France, though they had nothing whatever to do there. Father Daly, I believe, has not reached England yet. I have complained to the Corps Headquarters, Divisional Headquarters, London headquarters, and finally to the Principal Chaplains' Department in France, as the Headquarters seems to lay the blame for all muddling on to the Principal Chaplains' Department. We are subject to this department, but why we should be so I cannot tell. Bishop Cleary is on the trail of the offenders, and he may do something to get chaplain transfers expedited. The fact remains that we are a man short at the front at this critical time. I am hoping that one may come any day. Fathers Barra and Skinner are very well, and both are showing plenty of energy. Father

Bartley is with the new 4th Brigade in England, and I have recommended that he be left with it and come to France with it. A new brigade, which may go into action immediately on arrival in France, needs a fresh and zealous priest to do the necessary work in the time. Father Bartley, I feel sure, will do it well. Summer has come in all at once. The trees and hedges have quickly put on their coats of green, and everything is lovely—except the war. The Germans have been very rude to us lately. No such shelling has been known in this sector within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. It is nothing short of miraculous how few men were killed, especially eight days ago, when the Huns sent over heavy shells almost without ceasing from 9 p.m. till daylight. I was the only one of our chaplains within the shell area, and I will not soon forget the experience.

I was glad (wrote Father McMenamin) to read the speech of your Grace on the conscription of priests question. Our Catholic soldiers treated the matter lightly at first, but now our boys are most indignant at the fact that our priests have to beg for exemption.

Father McMenamin concluded by extending kindest regards to Archbishop Redwood, Archbishop O'Shea, and to all the priests.

### Hamilton

(From our own correspondent.)

A very pleasant and successful social evening, under the auspices of the Catholic Men's Club, was held on Tuesday, July 17, in St. Mary's Hall, to wish farewell and make a presentation to Mr. C. D. Hopkins (late secretary of the club), prior to his entry into camp. The Very Rev. Dean Darby and Rev. Father Duffy were present, and there was an attendance of about 120 members and friends. The hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion. A musical programme was contributed to by Messrs. Fox and Lafferty (songs), and F. Edmond (musical monologue). The Very Rev. Dean Darby, in making a presentation consisting of a gold illuminated-face wristlet watch, suitably inscribed, and a safety razor outfit, referred in appreciative terms to the good work done by Mr. Hopkins as secretary of the club, and to the respect in which he was regarded as a citizen. The Very Rev. Dean wished Mr. Hopkins all good fortune in his future undertakings, and a safe return. Mr. W. J. Waters (secretary of the club) expressed on behalf of the members appreciation of the services rendered by Mr. Hopkins in the club, and in Catholic movements generally. He (the speaker), too, wished their departing fellow-clubman every success in his hazardous undertakings, and a safe and speedy return. Mr. Hopkins returned sincere thanks for the gifts, and for the expressions of good-will towards him. He had (he said) deemed it a pleasure, as well as a duty to help on the club, and as a Catholic to do what little he was able in the interests of the Church. He extended his best wishes for the progress and prosperity of the club. Cheers were then given for Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins. Supper was served by the members of the ladies' club, who were very cordially thanked by Mr. Grogan for their thoughtfulness and generosity.

### Westport

The Sisters of Mercy of St. Joseph's Convent, Westport (writes a correspondent) are in receipt of the following list of successful results of a midwinter examination in commercial subjects, held in connection with the National Business College, Sydney:—

Elementary Bookkeeping.—Mona Bright, 92; Eileen O'Malley, 89; Grace Donaldson, 83; Kathleen Gray, 90; Aileen Jones, 89; Ronald Clarke, 90; Richard Bright, 87; Frank McGreevy, 90.

Speed Typewriting.—Veronica Bell, 33 words per minute (pass).

Junior Typewriting.—Nellie Sullivan, 87; Grace Donaldson, 90.

Intermediate Bookkeeping.—Eileen Costelloe, 84; Veronica Bell, 92; Ada Pain, 86.

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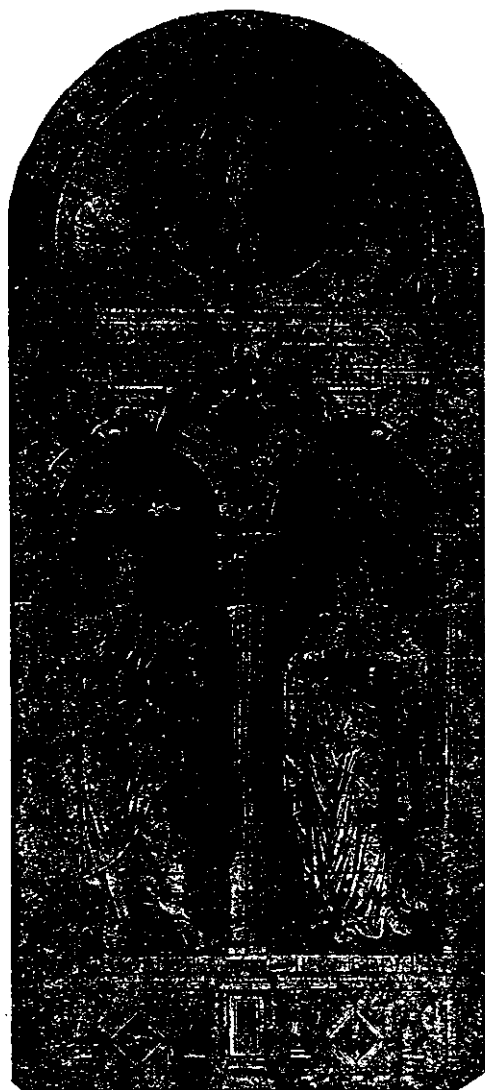
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## THE GREAT IRISH CRISIS

(By SHANE LESLIE, in America.)

In the midst of an Irish symposium ably conducted in the columns of *America* comes word of an Irish Convention in Dublin's fair city. The Irish in this country do not seem to have realised what a remarkable step towards "what Ireland wants" has been taken. The principles of autonomy, of Ireland for the Irish, of non-interference by English statesmen in Ireland, and of Dublin as a capital are all conceded.

Once a body of representative Irishmen meets in Dublin no power in the world can weaken the moral effect or the practical result. Irish nationality has come out of the catacombs and taken lodgings in Dublin preparatory to reoccupying the noble mansion which was built as the country's symbol.

In my humble opinion a constitutional issue will be evolved and, if ratified by anything approaching a clear majority in session, ought to be endorsed by Irish-Americans whose influence will have helped to bring it about. It would be a pity to condemn the Convention before it begins or ends, because it does not fit into an extreme democratisation, which is not even granted in America. America was not allowed a referendum on peace or war. I do not believe it would be any wiser to give Ireland a referendum as to whether she wishes to be a republic or not. The reason in each case must be the same, it would produce political confusion. From a comparative coercion Ireland's best friends do not wish to see her leap into anything approaching the Russian chaos. If every sect and party in Ireland is given due representation a popular vote is not necessary to endorse the findings. At least such is the principle of modern democracy, provided each sect or party is agreed that it is represented.

Such a convention is a great step, greater than the meeting of the Volunteers at Dungannon or the Confederation of Kilkenny, for it is not Protestant like the former or Catholic like the latter. Religious specialisation at least has been cleared away.

Neither the Irish Party nor the Sinn Feiners can claim the credit of the Convention or its promise of result. In 1914 John Redmond was within an ace of taking the trick which, in 1916, had a settlement ensued, would have been duly accredited to the Sinn Fein. The present Convention is directly and indirectly due to both, and both must aspire and conspire to its ultimate success. I may add that John Redmond would be the last to attempt to machinate it for the sake of a party whose leadership he has gallantly offered to resign rather than allow any past words of his to be an obstacle to a united Ireland.

Should the Convention decide on a form of republican Government, it would be nothing against the Divine law. It would be binding on both Constitutionalists and on England. I believe it would be a master stroke on England's part to accept an Irish republic, for the first business of an Irish republic would be to effect a defensive alliance with England against the occupation of Ireland by any foreign foe. A German coaling-station, for instance, would be excluded from Ireland out of friendship for the United States, as well as from the practical consideration that it is not to Ireland's advantage for England to be conquered by Germany. To be frank, it is undeniable that England's losses and difficulties during the war have led her to take a more serious view of Irish claims. But her total defeat would prevent any view being taken at all favorable or unfavorable, for Ireland would be engulfed in her collapse. The reduction of England from the position of "Premier Power" to an equality with France and America in the world's democracy is good for both Ireland and England herself. But a conquest of England or the payment of indemnity to Germany would fall as unpleasantly on Ireland as on the United States. Miserable as it is to think of an English army of occupation in Ireland to-day, a German army of invasion would be far worse. Nobody has been shot in Ireland for a year, "to give the devil his due."

In his remarkable article replying to mine, Judge Cohalan, whose extreme devotion to Ireland Dublin Castle has certainly tried to justify, gives the impression that his mind tends toward the Apocalyptic view, common to all the Messianic nations, in regard to all Power Imperial. Just as the broken Jews and the persecuted Christians ever harped on the coming overthrow of Babylon and Rome, much of Irish mystico-political writing foreshadows the destruction of England. However, this has been postponed by the action of the United States, and it is well to consider the more practical necessities of the situation.

Judge Cohalan recalls the interesting fact that the submarine which has all but imperilled England to-day, was reduced to a practical form by Holland, an Irishman. Possibly its original aim was that which it has only just, and I think happily, failed to accomplish. It is equally curious that Lord Acton, when occupying as a Catholic the history chair of Cambridge, was once asked to name the moment of England's greatest peril and answered with one of those brilliant impromptus of which his learning was capable: The day that Fulton offered his steamboat to the French Government. It was refused by the latter, but the moral lies in the fact that Fulton's father was born in Kilkenny.

The moral of to-day is that the submarine jeopardises Ireland just as much as England. The rightful solution of the Irish problem is as vital to England to-day as to Ireland. Both are anxious to see Ireland, in the words of the Judge, "freed from the misgovernment of England," while his corollary of "peace for the neighbors of Ireland in Europe" shows a breadth of foresight that we infer would include a peace with a just England.

Neither of these ideas would be excluded from the results of a colonial system! In fact they would both be essential to it. Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington has answered that "colonial Home Rule" is not what Ireland wants. However, she mentions the name of Gavan Duffy, who though an unsuccessful revolutionist at home, became a wonderfully successful colonial premier in Australia. I have not the slightest doubt he would at any moment have accepted the colonial solution at home.

Irishmen must feel a chivalrous difficulty in cross-pens with Mrs. Skeffington at this moment. It is, therefore, with a profound sense of her tragedy that I offer any comment on her remarks. I distinguish the Balfour regime in the past from the present militaristic condition. My criticism of the Balfourian policy of "killing Home Rule by kindness" is that it recognised the material needs and not the idealistic yearnings of the Irish people, whose national ambitions required other carriage than his famous "light railways." The Irish do prefer freedom and sentiment to bread or butter, as the interest in this idealistic Convention shows.

All that Mrs. Skeffington says is logical and, except in the matter of separation, practical. But I postulate that if Ireland cannot be a nation within the Empire, then the Empire cannot go on being an empire. In fact, it would split into Wilsonian republics. From my present information I believe the British Empire will continue nominally, but practically as a confederation of which Ireland will be one unit. The only excuse for the empires of the future will be that they foster and protect small nationalities. No compulsory system will be tolerated. Therefore, when Mrs. Skeffington writes of Ireland continuing as a pawn, exploited for imperial ambitions, the victim of secret diplomacy, etc., she does not realise that since her trip west the action of Russia and the United States has completely changed the face and future of the world. There will be one ideal of democracy, and President Wilson is already its prophet. Peace and war are now in the hands of Russia and of America, as their gigantic resources are alone capable of exerting war power or peace conditions among exhausted combatants.

In the near era there will be no pawns on the chessboard, no Dublin castles, very few kings. No more than Mrs. Skeffington, do we expect the lion to

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lie down with the lamb, to use her metaphors for England and Ireland, but we think it possible under a colonial system for them to occupy different, though adjoining, paddocks, each with its own tariff lock and employing the same keeper, army and navy, in whatever form future armaments will be permitted to exist.

Ireland will not sell her birthright for colonial Home Rule, says Mrs. Skeffington in a telling phrase. This is idealistic. Ireland is not asked to sell her birthright. It is her deathright, the right that the Sinn Feiners took to die for her, that men of goodwill in all parties are now trying to barter—I use the word in its best sense—for a greater measure of autonomy than would have been possible to obtain, had

it not been for the events during, and especially subsequent, to Easter Week. We do not want a year of tragedy to go for naught.

It is only due to the Sinn Feiners that those who took the constitutional position should admit the present position. But the Sinn Fein had one great asset on its side from the point of view of moral effect, which wrecked constitutionalism and made "Sinn Fein glorious," Dublin Castle.

As a back number politically and a survivor of a passed generation I have no more to say. The Irish party has done its work, so has the Sinn Fein. Let John McNeill lead the latter into the Convention and help us to extract a parliament. If the Convention demands Canadian Home Rule let it be taken as a

# NEW TRUST COMPANY

## THE DOMINION TRUST

### SAFETY AND PERMANENCY

Attention having been called to the issue of a prospectus by the Dominion Trust Company of New Zealand, the registered office of which is in Christchurch, a representative of this journal saw the broker, who gave the following information regarding the company and its objects:—

It has been the bitter experience of many in the past that the appointment of private persons as trustees is fraught with considerable risk. Many instances can be recalled of great hardship and loss befalling widows and orphans as the result of maladministration, and in some cases the fraudulent misappropriation of trust funds by private trustees. In addition, the uncertainty of life and other causes make it a matter of some difficulty to secure the services of suitable persons to act as executors, trustees, liquidators, guardians, and to fill other similar offices. The promoters of the Dominion Trust Company of New Zealand, Limited, believe that owing to the growth of population, there is room for a local company to take up the business of executors and trustees, and financial advisers.

The prospectus of the corporation, which has been registered with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, has accordingly been issued.

At the outset, it is noteworthy that no fully, or partly-paid, shares are to be allotted, and no cash is to be paid to any of the promoters of this company by way of remuneration for the promotion thereof. In fact, all shareholders stand on the same basis exactly.

Moreover, one important provision in the articles of association is that the qualification of a director shall be that he is registered as the holder of not less than 500 shares. The provisional directorate consists of the following gentlemen, who are well known in Christchurch and indeed throughout Canterbury:

GEORGE THOMAS BOOTH, Manufacturer, Christchurch.  
WILLIAM HENRY CLARK, Director of Kaiapoi Woollen Company.

WILLIAM JOHN COTTERILL, Company Manager, Timaru.

JAMES COW, Director of the New Zealand Farmers' Co-operative Association, Ashburton.

WALTER HILL, Woolbroker, Christchurch, and  
EDGAR FRASER STEAD, Electrical Engineer, Christchurch.

The Company's Solicitor is MR. CHARLES S. THOMAS, a son of the late Mr. David Thomas, of Ashburton, and MR. JOHN OWEN JAMESON has been appointed as Broker on the Stock Exchange.

Further, it may be added that the Dominion Trust Company was first mooted by the late Mr. D. D. Macfarlane, of Lyndon, Amuri, and would have been launched in 1914 but for the outbreak of the great European war. The objects of the company are to provide a safe and

permanent body, having perpetual succession, to act as attorney, factor, and generally as agent; executor, and trustee under a will, either alone, or jointly; as trustee under marriage, or other settlements; as trustee in lieu of other trustees who may desire to be relieved and discharged from their trusts; and as liquidator, receiver, guardian, committee of the estates of lunatics, or as assignee, or supervisor in bankrupt estates. In brief, the company proposes to discharge all the duties imposed upon trustees of every nature whatsoever, and will give special attention to administration and management of the estates of widows, spinsters, orphans, and of men called up in the Second Division of the Expeditionary Force, including the management of the properties of farmers and others, called up under the Military Service Act. The advantages of a company acting as agent or as trustee are generally admitted to be numerous. A company is a permanent institution, and, unlike an individual, neither dies nor leaves the country, nor becomes incapacitated by sickness, or other causes, from transacting the business entrusted to it; a company's position and financial condition is easily ascertained, and it has a fixed scale of charges. Furthermore, a company is subject to audit and to supervision of the Supreme Court, and a continuous audit of all trust and other accounts is made by auditors appointed by the shareholders in the company.

The capital of the Dominion Trust Company is £50,000, divided into 100,000 shares of 10/- each, and 25,000 shares are now offered to the public, one shilling per share on application, the same amount on allotment, and the balance, if required, in calls of sixpence per share at intervals of three months or longer. Two similar companies doing business in Dunedin are both paying dividends of 15 per cent., and recent Stock Exchange quotations indicate that the demand for their shares is keen. The prospectus further points out that as very little actual working capital is required to successfully carry on the business of a Trust Company, it is not anticipated that more than 2/- per share will be called up. The fact that industrial troubles are most unlikely to affect a Trust Company is also an attractive feature to those seeking an investment.

It is claimed that the expense of carrying on the business for which the company is being formed will be small, and as the confidence of investors is secured the revenue should soon become sufficiently large to ensure returns to shareholders.

Applications for shares, together with the amount payable on application, may be sent to the office of the Interim Secretary, 152 Hereford Street, Christchurch, or to any branch of the Bank of New Zealand, or of the National Bank.

settlement during our lifetime. We can only prepare and make the way for an Irish parliament in which we hope the sons of Michael Davitt and John Dillon and Sheehy-Skeffington will sit to guide and rule a united and autonomous Ireland!

## JUBILEE OF SISTERS OF MERCY

### CELEBRATION AT HOKITIKA.

An event that had been eagerly looked forward to and one that occasioned much interest was the celebration at Hokitika on Wednesday, July 18, of the silver jubilee as religious of the Order of Our Lady of Mercy of Mother Mary Vincent (Möller) and Mother Mary Elizabeth (Bourke), of St. Columkille's Convent. Solemn High Mass was celebrated in St. Mary's Church by the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., in the presence in the sanctuary of his Lordship Bishop Brodie, who had come over from Christchurch specially for the ceremony. The Rev. Father J. Hanrahan (Ahaura) was deacon, the Rev. Father Reardon (Ross) sub-deacon, and the Rev. Father Clancy, S.M., master of ceremonies. Others of the clergy present were the Very Rev. Deans Carew, S.M. (Greymouth), and Hyland (Rangiora), Rev. Fathers Creed (Kumara), Eccleton, S.M. (Reefton), and Peoples, S.M. (Greymouth).

His Lordship the Bishop gave a very impressive discourse on the life and good work for the Church of the two Sisters who were celebrating their jubilee. The congregation was a crowded and representative one. The music of the Mass was most efficiently rendered by the choir, which was present in full strength.

St. Mary's Schoolroom was crowded to overflowing in the evening, when an entertainment was given in honor of the jubilarians by the ex-pupils of the Sisters. His Lordship the Bishop and all the clergy participating in the morning's solemnity were present, also the members of the local community of the Order of Our Lady of Mercy. Mr. D. Bourke, father of one of the jubilarians, occupied one of the seats of honor. An excellent programme of a varied nature was contributed to in a most efficient manner. The efforts of all were crowned with complete success and the event was greatly enjoyed. The National Anthem was sung in conclusion. The accompanists were Mrs. Malfroy, Misses Daly, Stopforth, and Ward. Miss Ward (secretary of the celebration committee), accompanied by Mrs. Toomey and Miss Millner, read an appropriately worded address to Rev. Mothers Vincent and Elizabeth, and presented each with a purse of sovereigns, representing a substantial sum. The address was signed by Nellie Toomey, Margaret Dale, and Evelyn Millner. Miss Bourke, accompanied by Miss K. Foster, then read and presented on behalf of the Sodality of the Children of Mary, a congratulatory address signed by Kathleen Forster (president) and Johanna O'Connor (secretary).

The Rev. Father Clancy, in returning thanks on behalf of the jubilarians, said he first of all desired to thank those present for the very numerous attendance that evening. It was evident that the rain of the West Coast could not damp the good feelings of the whole of the people of the West Coast towards the good Sisters. He had also to thank the Bishop for his attendance. In spite of the limited time at his disposal he had come a great distance and at some inconvenience to show his good feelings towards the Sisters. He also thanked the Deans and the priests who had come to assist at the day's functions. On behalf of the recipients, he had to thank the donors for the beautiful addresses and substantial souvenirs, also the members of the committee and the performers who had pleased them all beyond measure. The speaker again referred to the feelings of gratitude towards the Sisters, one

of whom hailed from Hokitika and one from Greymouth. Both Sisters could look back with feelings of pleasure to the days when their vocation dawned on them.

His Lordship Dr. Brodie, in the course of an eloquent address, thanked the assemblage for the kindly welcome extended to him. No words of thanks were due. It was his simple duty as their Bishop to be present on the unique occasion it undoubtedly was in the history of any religious community. First they had the pioneer Sisters of Hokitika here still, rejoicing in the jubilee of two Sisters who have devoted their lives to the good work, and further, the addition by the reception on the previous day of a young Sister to the religious life. These were features that would be seldom found in a similar celebration. There was another feature that was most gratifying. The programme that evening was excellent, both in its rendition and taste, and each item was a gem, while there was also the gem of gratitude of the ex-pupils and people of Hokitika, who had gathered together to show their appreciation of the services of the good Sisters. He wished to compliment and thank the ex-pupils for the mark of honor they had shown the Sisters, and their gratitude for their services in the past. Hokitika may have seen its best days, but they had not seen the best of the talent it possessed. The day had been a pleasant and happy one. He had seen many evidences of the generosity of the people. He desired to thank all for the way they had honored the Sisters that day, for by their actions they were also honoring the cause of Catholic education. (Loud applause.)

Hearty cheers were given for the Bishop at the conclusion.

### A STUDY OF IRELAND

"After studying Ireland for many years, the main feeling left in my mind (spoke Mr. Augustine Birrell, I.L.D.), is how, after all the fighting and revolution and confiscation and menace, after all the Penal Laws and Famine and Coercion Acts, after the destruction of native industries and the yearly drain on the population by emigration, there are still in Ireland 4,500,000 people, and that the majority of them still adhere to their old religion. Such tenacity of faith is, I believe, almost unexampled in the history of the whole world. From the time of Elizabeth, almost down to the time of Victoria, to be a Catholic in Ireland was to be an outcast. Catholics were robbed of their land; they were given their choice between 'Hell and Connaught'; they were ousted from portions of Ulster in favor of Scotchmen, and they were killed or banished whenever opportunity offered. But they were neither annihilated nor converted; and yet, from the time of Elizabeth downward to our own day, they enjoyed all the blessings of the Protestant Establishment. They had four Protestant Archbishops, between 20 and 30 Bishops, I do not know how many deans, and a parochial clergy, all supported by tithes wrung out of wretched tenants, none of whom ever entered the place of worship to which they were compelled to contribute."

When wild winter winds are wailing,  
In a weird, wan, woeful way,  
And the chill, grey daylight failing,  
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Dainty summer clothes adjure;  
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## A CHILD'S VOICE DIRECTS THE WAY TO ROME

"I was an Anglican clergyman—a member of an Anglican religious Order which prided itself on its 'Catholicity,'" writes Rev. E. R. Grimes in the *London Universe*. "Being in temporary charge of the London house, I could get in and out without asking leave. There was a weight on my mind. I was in grave doubt whether, after all, I was a Catholic. I had read most of Newman's books, but there was one which I was afraid of reading, lest it might unsettle me, so I had resolutely let it alone. Now, however, all of a sudden, the opportunity seemed to stare me in the face. Why could I not walk over to the library of the British Museum and read that book? I could, and I would. So I set out that early summer morning clad in cassock and girdle and long priestly cloak. It seemed like a dangerous adventure, so accustomed were we to judge adversely any internal voice which called us on towards Rome.

"But stifling the sense of danger as far as I could, I ascended the narrow street, turned the corner, and came up against the stream of workers setting out for the business of the day. I nearly ran into one of them.

"It was a little child of nine with a satchel on his back, and he was leading his younger brother to school. I had stopped him unintentionally, and as he stopped he looked up and surveyed me with wondering eyes.

"Are you a Catholic?" he asked. "We are Catholics."

"That was all. It was one of those utterances which come spontaneously from the lips of a child, but it touched the spot as nothing else could have done. It was so sudden that I could say nothing; I could only smile and pass on. But the voice of that little child was with me all day long. Immediately it sent a thrill of encouragement into my wavering mind, and I never hesitated again. The strong, simple certainty of that small schoolboy that he and his brother were Catholics made me long to solve the doubts of my aching soul, and to gain, if possible, the faith of a little child.

### On the Way to Rome.

"So I hurried my steps, went through the turnstile of the museum, passed into the library, sat down in a quiet corner, and wrote upon the slip of paper, 'Development of Christian Doctrine, by Cardinal Newman.'

"Often before I had felt that mysterious attraction to Rome which we used to call 'Roman fever.' And many times I had thrown it off with the thought that, after all, the Christianity of Rome, with its exact definition of doctrine, its elaborate ceremonial, and its amazing organisation, was a different thing from the Christianity of the early ages; and, notably, the assertion of St. Peter's authority and that of his immediate successors did not in any way compare with the claims of the Pope to-day. Newman, I had been told, had actually invented a new doctrine, in order to bridge over the gulf and to justify his secession—the doctrine

of the 'Development of Doctrine'—and had embodied it in his book.

"The book lay before me on the table, and I was reading it. It took me several days, but I plodded along, encouraged at every chapter by the voice of the child; and when I had finished, my doubts were finished. After all, this 'new' doctrine was as old as the hills. All the creeds of Christendom by their history, structure, and contents, proclaimed it—the Apostles, the Nicene, the Athanasian, bore witness to it quite as certainly as the Creed of Pope Pius IV. It was enshrined in the very words of Christ: 'I have yet many things to say to you, but you cannot hear them now. But when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will teach you all truth.' The Kingdom of Heaven is as a grain of mustard seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds; and when it is sown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches, so that the birds of the air may dwell under the shadow thereof.' The seed and the tree—so different in appearance, yet always the same. So simple the seed, so complex the tree, yet complete in their unity. The seed so new, the tree so old, yet never a break in continuity.

"A month later I was received into the Catholic Church, and ever since then I have known what it is to share the certain conviction of that little Catholic schoolboy, who was not ashamed to bear witness to his faith to a grown-up stranger in a London street. We are not strangers now."

"The world's selfish voice proclaims: 'Everyone for himself.' But Christ has written on the banner of Christian charity the adage of His law: 'God for all, and all for God, and all for one another.' Stand firm beneath Christ's noble standard.

Do not make the mistake of supposing that occasional quarrels and subsequent reconciliations make a friendship all the sweeter. Constant quarrels make love a poor, battered thing, and a reconciliation, however sincere, cannot wipe out the tears.

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## Tallest Building.

The recently completed Woolworth building in New York can claim the distinction of being the tallest, heaviest, and most costly single office building in the world. It towers 785 feet above the pavement, and boasts of some 57 stories. It took two and a-half years to erect, and cost, with its furnishings, £2,400,000. The building contains no less than 27 acres of floor space, yet it only covers a plot measuring 155 feet by 200 feet. Over 20,000 tons of steel were used in its erection, as well as 17,000,000 common bricks. There are no fewer than 34 elevators in this single building. They are divided into "locals," which stop at every floor, and "expresses," which stop at certain stories. Under the dome is a powerful searchlight, the rays of which can be seen 50 miles away, while from its upper windows one has a view right out to sea.

## A Priest's Wireless.

Rev. Joseph Murgas, Rector of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Slovak Church, Wilkes-Barre, U.S.A., the inventor of a system of wireless telegraphy, which he has covered and protected by twelve patents, is now at work experimenting with a tower twenty-two feet in height, from which he expects to get greater results than is now secured at the Government station at Arlington, near Washington, which is five hundred feet in height. In this connection it may be stated that Father Murgas is not actuated by any selfish motive. After being patented, his ideas become the property of Philadelphia capitalists, and from the sale of these patents Father Murgas erected a church for his congregation at a cost of 60,000 dollars. This simple Slovak priest is also a sincere patriot, for he has publicly declared that should the United States require his wireless station or the benefit of his knowledge they are at the Government's service.

## Jesuit Meteorologists.

Rev. Walter Drum, S.J., of Woodstock College, Maryland, has been giving the true facts regarding meteorological hurricane warnings, in reply to a recent report of the Chief of the United States Weather Bureau, which stated that the people were hitherto unaccustomed to such monitions. Father Drum proves that this report was most unfair to the Jesuit Observatory of Belen, Havana; for Father Vines, of its staff, was the first to discover the laws by which cyclones move, the very first to locate a cyclone before its approach. He taught the world how to track the dreadful trajectory of the storm, and to be forewarned against its approach. From 1870 to 1875 this painstaking meteorologist took his observations on the declinometer, bifilar, thermometer, and barometer, and noted the various meteorological elements of the atmosphere and the clouds. And, at last, after six years of hard work, he gave to the world its first scientific knowledge about hurricanes. From 1875 till 1893 Father Vines warned the people of Cuba in time to save hundreds of ships and thousands of lives that might otherwise have been lost in the down swoop of the cyclone. The successor of Father Vines, Father Gangoiti, located the Galveston storm eight days before its destructive work of September 8, 1900, tracked its trajectory, located the cyclone day after day. If the United States Weather Bureau had given heed to Father Gangoiti's warnings, and not to the absurdities of its own observers in Havana—who reported that the

cyclone was moving N.N.E. of Cuba, and would spend itself in the Atlantic,—the people of Galveston might have escaped their loss of life and all.

## "FREEMAN" LIBELS ON A BISHOP

SCATHING EXPOSURE BY MOST REV. DR. O'DWYER.

The following letter from the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer appeared in the *Cork Examiner* recently.

"Sir,—It is hardly worth one's while to contradict anything that may be published in the *Freeman's Journal*. That newspaper has established its own reputation so thoroughly that there is, *prima facie*, a strong presumption that any statement which it makes about a political opponent is a falsehood. In its issue of the 25th inst. it states roundly that I met Mr. Balfour at Lord Emly's residence at Tervoe, and there discussed Irish politics with him, and then goes on to enumerate a number of crimes committed by Mr. Balfour and his Government, suggesting that in some way or other I was responsible for them.

## "Betrayal of Ireland.

"1. No need to inform the people of Limerick that that statement is a falsehood, and I believe that it is a lie. I never met Mr. Balfour in all my life, either at Tervoe or anywhere else. But that makes no difference to the *Freeman's Journal*. It thinks it necessary in support of its own and the Irish Party's betrayal of Ireland to defame one who expresses his contempt and loathing for them, and does not stick at inventing a falsehood for this honorable purpose.

## "Throwing Dirt.

"2. This reputable journal says that I began my career as a 'Whig curate.' That is another falsehood, and, as I believe, a deliberate lie.

"I began my career in 1870, as a supporter of Isaac Butt, and as an illustration of the recklessness of the *Freeman's* libeller, I may mention that I was the only priest in the diocese of Limerick to stand on the hustings when the standard of Home Rule was raised by Isaac Butt, and, furthermore, that I was honored by the friendship of that great man up to his death.

"But all that makes no difference to the *Freeman*. It thinks that by throwing dirt it can injure a man's character and destroy his influence. But it is mistaken. A lie, with a start of twenty-four hours, has an advantage, but, like the swindlers of the world, it is generally run to ground.

## "Drivelling Bottle-Holder.

"3. It makes it an accusation against me that I opposed the Plan of Campaign and boycotting. So I did. But I was in good company. Leo XIII., by a formal decision of the Holy Office, confirmed my judgment on these methods, and although the *Freeman's Journal's* master, Mr. John Dillon, was not ashamed to denounce that great and illustrious Pontiff to the English House of Commons as a corrupt and dishonest Pope (God forgive me for writing it!). I think history will know how to judge between one of the greatest of the successors of the Fisherman and this poor drivelling bottle-holder of the English Liberals."

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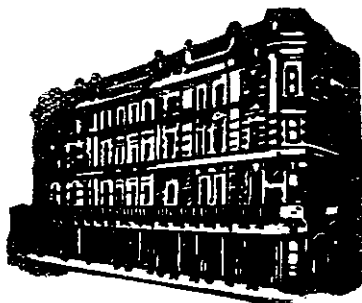
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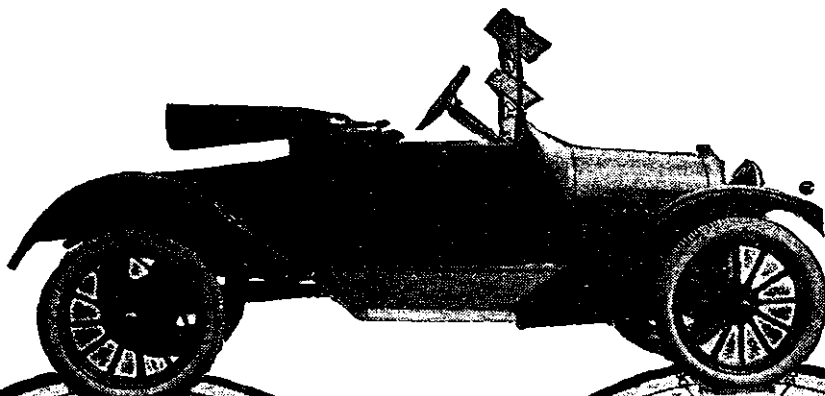
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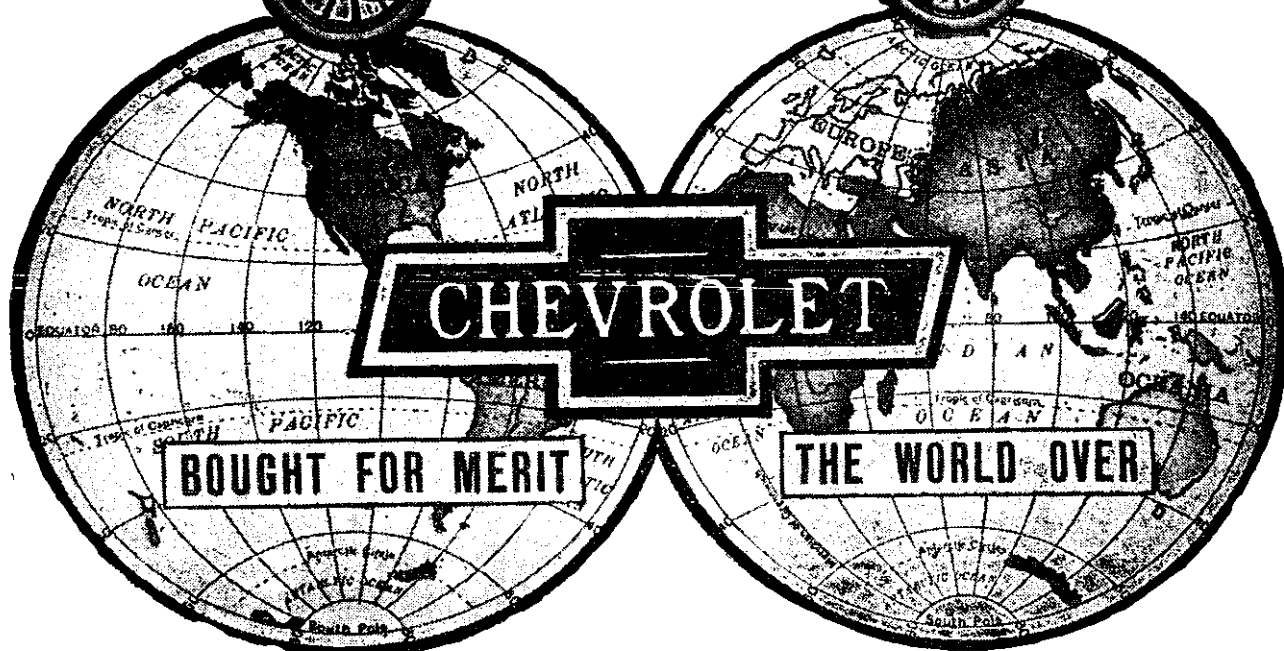
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## IRISH NEWS

## GENERAL.

In the House of Commons Mr. Bonar Law stated that 95 acceptances had been received to the invitation to attend the Irish Convention. The Labor representatives had been increased from five to seven.

The *Irish Weekly* (Belfast) says: "Sir George Reid's ponderous hostility to the Irish cause in the British House of Commons precludes the possibility of his figuring as a representative of Australian opinion during the remainder of his career."

Mr. Will Thorne, says "Clubman" in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, tells me that not only in Petrograd and in Moscow, but everywhere in his long journey on the battle front, he was asked what England was going to do with Ireland. Even in Russia, it appears, Home Rule has become a test question.

Under the heading "The Pope may Work for Irish Freedom," an American paper has the following: "Pope Benedict may throw the weight of his influence in the Irish situation, according to information from high Vatican authorities. Official expression was unobtainable, but it was reiterated that the Holy Father 'emphatically endorses the rights of small nations.' This expression gained significance as applying to Ireland from the announcement of the impending selection of Monsignor Cerretti, long a student of Irish and American affairs, as Papal Secretary of State for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical affairs."

Speaking at Skibberene recently, the Right Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Ross, said the decision which Irishmen would come to at the Convention would be a momentous one, for on it would depend for generations to come the happiness of the Irish race in Ireland and beyond the seas, and not improbably the course of civilisation itself among the white races. There were some who would prefer to postpone or prevent settlement, but surely the universal spirit of shedding worn-out shibboleths, and the readjusting one's point of view with the changes brought by the world war, would affect them also, and they would be drawn into the great current of sane, thoughtful, and patriotic Irishmen.

## CARSON'S FAILURE.

Commenting on Carsonism, and the feelings of the nation in regard to the ineptitude of politicians in a rational settlement of Irish affairs, the *Daily News* says:—

"It is tired of that elderly lawyer, Sir Edward Carson, who has been made the 'Ruler of the King's Navy' by a monstrous concatenation of ironic ineptitudes. His ruling of the navy has not delivered us from the submarines or from the fear of famine. But for the sake of his beautiful eyes and his blank refusal to settle the Irish question, we are to be asked to stop our work and fight for each other at the polls. No, Sir Edward Carson, you are not worth it. They say you have got eighty votes. Very well. If you won't let Ireland get out of her misery, we invite the House of Commons to defy you and your eighty votes. What have you done for the British Empire that we should burn it down to roast your pigs?"

## THE ULSTER SITUATION.

Lord MacDonnell, who was a former Under-Secretary for Ireland, commenting in the London *Sunday Times* on the comparatively narrow issue to which the question has now been reduced, says:—

"In these circumstances, the claim to exclusion was narrowed down until it was put forward only in behalf of the six counties in the North-East of Ireland. But even of these six counties two have large Nationalist majorities. Lord MacDonnell puts the facts briefly and clearly in these words: 'The position, then, is this:

If the six counties are excluded, a thoroughly unwelcome system of government will be imposed on 430,161 Catholics and Nationalists, while if only the four truly Unionist and Orange counties are excluded, an unwelcome system of Government will be imposed on only 179,113 Unionists and Orangemen. Will any impartial man hold that it is more consistent with British constitutional maxims or with any canon of fairplay to impose an unwelcome system of government upon the majority rather than on the minority?"

## THE HUNS AND THE IRISH FISHERMEN.

The sinking of a number of fishing boats on the Irish coast and the threat that all the Irish fishing craft would be at the bottom of the sea before a month, and that villages on the Irish coast would soon be shelled are not exceptional signs of Teutonic brutality. To indulge in such cruelty is nothing new in the case of the Germans. It is horrible to really civilised people, but apparently they delight in it. They have thus aroused the anger of the whole world. Even the patient people of Spain are calling on their Government to show by active measures that they resent the outrages the Germans are inflicting on them. Apparently the Teutons, instead of being ashamed of their barbarism and inhumanity, are rather proud of them. When one of the Irish fishermen said that he thought the Germans professed friendliness towards the Irish, the reply of the commander of the submarine was, "My dear fellow, you do not know the Germans yet." The Germans have doubtless been much disappointed on finding that the Irish in the United States are loyally supporting their Government. But they will not improve matters in their own interest by sinking Irish fishing boats. The indignation to which expression has been given by the Baltimore skipper who has called the Germans the worst savages on earth will be felt by the Irish in every part of the United States.

## FRANCE AND IRELAND.

At this crisis in Ireland's fortunes writers in the French press have not forgotten the historic ties between their country and the Green Isle. They have given expression to their warm sympathy with the Irish people and their gratification at the wisdom of Great Britain in at last endeavoring to satisfy their claim for autonomy. In the *Paris Eclair*, M. Judet, the editor, a brilliant journalist, rejoices at the prospect in Ireland, and says: "Centuries of individual services rendered to our country by Irish sympathy and valor have consecrated our faithful friendship. The war has dominated the ardor and the interest we continue to feel in friends who have proved themselves doubly ours in the great conflict of 1914, but we do not forget that three hundred thousand of Erin's sons have fought by our side on the battlefields of Belgium, Flanders, and Picardie, and their heroism has more than once saved the Allied armies from an irreparable defeat, and that the blood we have shed together adds to our gratitude as well as to our desire to know that they are free and happy in their own country. England," adds M. Judet, "knows how to take occasion by the hand and has now opportunely yielded to the pressure of circumstances. For Ireland this is a triumph without precedent, and for England it is one of the cleverest exhibitions of her statesmanship, especially if the act be not done too late or with restrictions that will deprive it of its merit and efficacy." If Ireland secures her national rights, congratulations will pour into this country from all her allies, great and small.

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### NOTES ON HEALTH

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## DOMESTIC

### Vegetable and Rice Soup.

One small turnip, 1 carrot, 1 breakfastcupful of milk, 10 breakfastcupfuls of water, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, 3 potatoes, salt, pepper, 2 onions, 1 teacupful of rice, 1 teaspoonful of butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful carbonate of soda. Put the water on to boil, add the vegetables prepared and cut into small pieces, then the dripping, sugar, and soda. Let all boil for one hour, then add the potatoes pared and cut in small pieces, and the rice well washed, boil for another hour, add the milk, pepper and salt to season, and serve.

### Butter Cakes.

Mix together one quart of sifted flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one teaspoonful of salt; then rub in with the finger tips three table-spoonfuls of butter. Mix to a soft dough with cold milk, roll out on the bread board into a sheet one-quarter of an inch thick and cut into round cakes. Lay on a moderately hot, greased griddle, and when nicely browned turn and brown on the other side. Tear open, butter liberally and send immediately to the table covered with a napkin.

### Macaroni.

In preparing macaroni for a meal, place it in boiling salted water and cook ten or twelve minutes. When done, pour off at once and then blanch with cold water. This will restore the original shape. When boiling, genuine macaroni does not become pasty and adhesive, nor does it lose its tubular form. The hot water which has been drained off may be used in soups and sauces and the macaroni may be combined with other foods in various ways.

### Household Hints.

If an article has been scorched in ironing, wet in cold water and lay where the bright sunshine will fall directly on it. This will take the mark entirely out.

When washing sateen, or any cotton fabric with a satin finish, put a little borax in the last rinsing water. This will cause the material to look glossy when ironed.

Potatoes can easily be scraped all the year round if boiling water is poured over them. When cool enough to handle they scrape without any trouble, and no waste, as there is with peeling.

If the boiler immediately after use, and while still warm, is rubbed all over with good household soap, it will prevent rust, and will help to make the suds when the boiler is filled for the next washing day.

On a cold day sprinkle a little curry-powder into any brown soup, and then just boil it up before serving; or, if this is not liked, add some of the thick yellow sauce from a bottle of piccalilli. This gives a very piquant flavor.

When you make a plain suet pudding put it into a well-greased ordinary straight jam jar, and cover with a saucer. Stand this in the saucepan of boiling water, and steam until done. You will find it more satisfactory than when cooked in a cloth.

To dry-clean a hair brush, take a teacupful of oatmeal or cornmeal and fill the brush, rubbing gently with the hand. As the meal absorbs the grease and dirt, shake it out and use fresh meal, and repeat the process till the brush is thoroughly clean, holding the latter all the time over a sheet of newspaper. By this dry-cleaning method the mount of the brush is saved the risk of injury from the use of hot water and soda.

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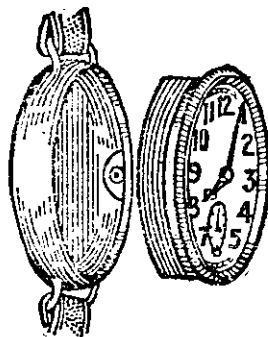
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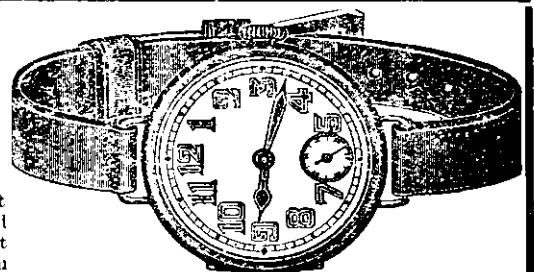
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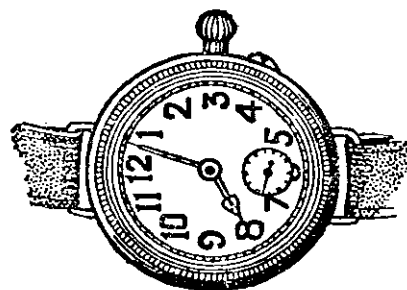
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HAUNES

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## Van Houten's, Sir!

# VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

## PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT

A writer in the *National News* gives a pen-portrait of Father Bernard Vaughan—a "clean-shaven man," who, "though a Jesuit of the Jesuits, is, nevertheless, singularly wide-minded, broad-visioned, and entirely sympathetic and understanding." The writer recalls a scene aboard a P. and O. boat homeward bound from India. "At the pressing invitation of the whole of the passengers, he (Father Vaughan) consented to give us an address upon the Being of God. And there upon the wide, blue ocean, with only the canopy of heaven above him, clad in cassock and biretta, and in the presence of a congregation which included all sorts and conditions and classes of men and women, the most enthusiastic and admiring of them all being a Congregational and a Baptist minister, who had purposely foregone their own service that they might hear the famous Jesuit preacher, he spoke, without note or book, and with the most winning persuasiveness. . . . He made an impression that day upon his hearers which did not soon pass away."

Widespread regret will be expressed at the news of the sudden death of Dr. M. U. O'Sullivan, which occurred at his residence, Eildon, Grey street, St. Kilda, on Sunday morning, June 24. Dr. O'Sullivan had not been in good health for some time, and had a few days ago returned from a trip to the north of the State. He had a sharp attack of angina pectoris early on Monday morning, and his eldest son, Major R. F. O'Sullivan (Staff Officer to the Director-General of Medical Services), who lived with his father, attended him. The attack seemed to have passed off, and Dr. O'Sullivan was talking to his son when he suddenly died. Dr. O'Sullivan, who was born in County Kerry, Ireland, 64 years ago, qualified at Edinburgh University (L.R.C.P. and L.R.C.S., Edinburgh) in 1877, and, after gaining hospital experience, came out to Australia in 1881. He bought a practice at Numurkah, and stayed there till 1885, when he came to Melbourne, and had practised in Collins street ever since. He specialised in gynaecology, and was regarded as one of the leading authorities in the world on this subject. For 26 years he was surgeon at the Women's Hospital, and for about 10 years was chairman of the staff. He was also on the staff of St. Vincent's Hospital for many years. He retired from hospital practice three or four years ago. In 1905 Dr. O'Sullivan took a trip round the world, and during his visit to Ireland was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons. Dr. O'Sullivan was a valiant son of the Catholic Church. On his visit to Italy in 1905 he had audience with the Pope, and was created K.C.S.G. Dr. O'Sullivan leaves a widow and three sons.

There are several families in Ireland who have had political history for generations past, and the old Wexford family of Redmond is one of them (states the *Hobart Daily Post*). The late Major was a son of the late W. A. Redmond, M.P., and was born in 1861. He was educated at Clongowes College, County Kildare, and adopted the profession of the law. He married in 1886 a daughter of Mr. James Dalton, of Orange, N.S.W.—an extremely fascinating and accomplished lady. His father was a distinguished member of the Irish party in the days of Isaac Butt and other leaders. When quite a young man the late Major Redmond visited Australia with his brother John (now leader of the Irish party) on behalf of the Irish cause, and was scarcely granted a hall in which to advocate the claims of Ireland. He was met with determined

social hostility everywhere. Times have now changed, and if the late Major had visited Australia during the past year no mortal man would have got a warmer welcome from all classes of the community. He was a man of great natural ability, and although a less polished orator than his brother, the present leader of the Irish party (who might be said to be quite Ciceronian in his style) was none the less a master of language and phraseology. During the Parnell regime in Ireland the late Major Redmond was a little more inclined to allow his feelings to influence him in statement than his brother, who, though a man of profound convictions and strong feeling, is temperamentally more deliberate, and therefore more fitted for Parliamentary leadership. Major Redmond fully accepted the pacification between England and Ireland involved in the conversion of Gladstone to Home Rule, though at the time of the split in the Irish party he was a supporter of Mr. Parnell in a policy which protested against too great a reliance on the Liberal alliance. Almost the moment the war broke out the late Major announced his intention of assisting the Empire on the field of battle. That intention was put into practice, and after a military career which had added lustre to a name already revered as that of a patriot he made the supreme sacrifice. The late Major Redmond was a great admirer of Australia, and was the author of two books, *A Shooting Trip in the Australian Bush*, and *Through the New Commonwealth*, in which he extolled the virtues of this country. He was member for Clare when he died, but in the 'eighties and 'nineties he represented his native County of Wexford.

## THE CODE OF CANON LAW

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Binding No. 1, English cloth, gold lettering. Binding No. 2, half leather, gold lettering, pages uncut. Binding No. 3, handsomely bound in half parchment, gold lettering, pages uncut.

This gives all information necessary for purchasers. It is worth adding that Bishops and Generals of religious Orders who order a fair number of copies will receive from the Vatican a substantial discount.

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### TELL HER SO.

Amid the cares of married life,  
In spite of toil and business strife,  
If you value still your wife,  
Tell her so!

Prove to her you don't forget,  
The bond to which your seal is set;  
She's of life the sweetest yet—  
Tell her so!

When the days are dark and deeply blue,  
She has troubles, same as you;  
Show her that your love is true—  
Tell her so!

In former days you praised her style,  
And spent much time to win her smile;  
'Tis just as well now worth your while—  
Tell her so!

Don't act as if she'd passed her prime,  
As though to please her were a crime—  
If ever you loved her, now's the time:  
Tell her so!

She'll return for each caress  
A hundredfold of tenderness!  
Hearts like hers are made to bless  
Tell her so!

She is worth her weight in gold;  
Richer beauties will unfold:  
Never let her heart grow cold—  
Tell her so!

Well you know she is your own;  
Don't wait to carve it on a stone,  
You are hers, and hers alone—  
Tell her so!

### GOD BLESS YOU!

God bless you! with His grace and love divine,  
God bless you! if your heart with pain repine.  
God bless you! when the sky of hope is clear,  
God bless you! when the pulse is still with fear.  
God bless you! in the early days of life,  
God bless you! in the midst of bitter strife.  
God bless you! when dark sorrows crowd around,  
God bless you! when not one true friend is found.  
God bless you! when doubt your mind assails,  
God bless you! when your sinking courage fails.  
God bless you! when the future all seems dark,  
God bless you! when of joy appears no spark.  
God bless you! when to you the world is blind,  
God bless you! when not one on earth is kind.  
God bless you! when your sight and hearing fail,  
God bless you! when your strength does naught avail.  
God bless you! when no certain path seems clear,  
God bless you! when the night of life is near.  
God bless you! when the end of all is nigh,  
God bless you! when He brings you home on high.

### GOD BLESS YOU!

J. F. X. O'Connor, S.J.

### A FRIEND INDEED.

Brown and Green are bosom friends, always ready to give each other a helping hand. The other day the Greens called at the home of the Browns. Brown, not expecting the call, was absent from the domestic camp.

"Oh, Mr. Green," remarked Mrs. Brown, during the conversation, "I want to ask you something. I was looking through my husband's desk this afternoon, when I found some of the queerest tickets I ever saw. One was marked, 'Mud-horse, 8 to 1'; another was

marked, 'Getaway, 10 to 1,' and so on, like that. Whatever do you suppose they refer to?"

"That's an easy one, Mrs. Brown," was the smooth rejoinder of Green. "Your husband is probably making a study of archæology."

"Archæology!" was the wondering rejoinder of Mrs. Brown. Do you really think so? How very interesting!"

"Yes," responded Brother Green, "those queer-looking tickets you found are undoubtedly relics of a lost race!"

Brother Green is indeed a friend worth having.

### HE'D HEAR ABOUT IT.

Little Johnny was carrying home the empty bowl that contained his father's dinner when suddenly there loomed in front of him the massive figure of Tommy Snooks, the bully.

"Uho, Johnny," he exclaimed, "d'you mind if I kick that bowl?"

"Not a bit," replied the boy.

"D'you mean," persisted Tommy, who saw himself likely to be disappointed in his hopes of hurting somebody, "that you don't mind if I kick that bowl?"

"No," said little Johnny; "in fact, I should like to see you kick it very much."

"Oh, would you?" retorted the exasperated bully. "Then watch me!"

A moment later he had smashed the bowl.

"Now do you mind?" he asked.

"Not a bit," reiterated Johnny. "You see, my mother borrowed that bowl from your mother this morning. Perhaps you'll hear about it when you get home!"

### SMILE-RAISERS.

"Mistress says you must tell your mother the washing isn't well done this week."

"Muvver's away."

"Well, who does the washing when your mother's away?"

"Farver and nuver gentleman."

Teacher: "What happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can go?"

Pupil: "He has cold feet, ma'am."

"Doctor," said Mr. Blues, "my insomnia is much worse now than it ever was before."

"Indeed," replied the M.D.

"Yes, sir, it is. Why, I can't even sleep when it's time to get up!"

Mother: "Why don't you yawn when he stays too long? He'll take the hint and go."

Daughter: "I did, and he told me what beautiful teeth I had."

"Fancy old Bill, of all people, going into the gun-powder shed with a lighted candle!" remarked the proprietor of an explosive factory to his foreman. "I should have thought that would be the last thing he'd do."

"Which, properly speakin', it were, sir!" responded the foreman.

At a cricket match a young fellow had the misfortune to get several of his teeth broken whilst playing against a fast bowler. In the return fixture the young man was again facing the bowler: but ere the ball was delivered he shouted across the wicket:

"Hey, mate, I hope you're not after my teeth again."

"No, lad," came the quick reply; "it's your stumps I'm after this time."

It is cheering to see so many thrifty families paying spot cash for seven weeks' supply of NO RUBBING LAUNDRY HELP—total amount, 1/-.

## ON THE LAND

## GENERAL.

A private company has been formed in Nelson, to acquire and plant a large area of land with pinus insignis, Oregon pine, and Californian redwood. The idea is to sell the timber for fruit cases, joinery, and other purposes. The company has started work and hopes to have 100 acres planted this season.

There are only 1386 acres of Crown lands open for selection in July, but there will be 16,282 acres available in August. Most of this land is situated in the Auckland district, and comprises chiefly grazing land in areas of 22 acres to 704 acres. There are also a number of sections in the Wellington district, ranging from 100 acres to 200 acres. The principal selections available in the South Island are two grazing runs on Mount Burke, Lake Wanaka, Otago, and a section on the Tripp Settlement, South Canterbury.

A resourceful farmer, says the *Scientific American*, has found a new way to use dynamite that saved a nearly matured crop of potatoes in a badly flooded field. Unusually heavy rains filled all the neighboring drains and ditches, so there was no relief for the flooded field; and in this emergency the owner put down a number of holes 8ft to 12ft deep with a post auger, and exploded a charge of dynamite in the bottom of each. This opened up passages into the sandy subsoil, through which the water drained rapidly, and the crop was saved, although many near-by crops were ruined by the excess of water standing in the fields.

Burnside market reports last week:—Fat Cattle.—There was a medium yarding, 149 being penned. The quality, taken all round, was better, and a good sale resulted. Best bullocks, £21 to £25 15s; medium, £19 to £20; light and unfinished, £15 to £18 10s; others, £12 upwards; best cows, £16 to £19 10s; medium, £13 to £14 10s; others, £10 upwards. Sheep.—2170 penned; a smaller yarding than the previous week. Competition was good throughout, and prices were better than previous week for all well-finished lines. Best wethers, 50s to 53s 9d; good, 46s to 50s; medium, 44s to 46s; good useful wethers, 37s to 41s; light and unfinished, 29s 6d upwards; best ewes, 40s to 42s 9d; medium, 36s 6d to 38s 6d.

At Addington market the offerings of fat stock were the smallest for some time. The fat lamb season is now over, and there were only half a dozen races of fat sheep. Store sheep, which were mostly ewes, sold well, and there was a good demand for well-grown hoggets. Prime fat cattle of good weight met with a keen sale at advanced rates, but light and unfinished sorts showed little improvement. The prices were above the export level. Fat sheep showed an advance of 1s 6d to 2s per head on account of the shortage. There was again a fair demand for store cattle, and pigs of all classes sold exceptionally well, porkers being dearer. Fat Sheep.—Extra prime wethers, to 56s 6d; prime, 38s to 46s 6d; lighter, 33s 3d to 37s 6d; merino, 30s to 36s; extra prime ewes, to 45s 6d; prime, 36s 6d to 40s 9d; medium, 31s 6d to 36s; lighter, 28s to 31s; hoggets, 24s to 29s 3d. Fat Cattle.—Extra prime steers, to £24 5s; prime, £13 15s to £20; ordinary, £9 15s to £13 10s; extra prime heifers, to £18; prime, £10 5s to £14; ordinary, £7 17s 6d to £10; extra prime cows, to £17 12s 6d; prime, £10 15s to £14; ordinary, £8 17s 6d to £10 10s. Pigs.—Choppers, £5 to £8 10s; baconers, £4 to £5 10s—equal to 8d to 8½d per lb; porkers, 50s to 74s—equal to 10d to 10½d per lb; medium stores, 45s to 50s 6d; smaller, 25s to 35s; weaners, 17s to 22s.

## SPRAYING HINTS.

Do not use too strong a spray mixture.  
When using a poison alone, use lead arsenate.

Spraying enormously increases the quantity of marketable apples.

Spraying increases the value of apples by probably 70 per cent.

Measure your spray tank. Too many people think they have a 100-gallon spray tank, when it holds only 80 imperial gallons.

Spraying causes the foliage to remain healthy, and the leaves to be retained late in the autumn. The blossom of the following year depends largely on the tree retaining its leaves until well into May.

## TO FATTEN PIGS.

A good, cheap food to use with boiled potatoes for the fattening of bacon pigs is a mixture of one of wheat, one of barley, and one-half of white peas. The latter improves the quality of the bacon immensely, rendering it less likely to waste in the pot by boiling out. Mix the grains and have them ground finely. Feed at a temperature of not less than 60deg. Keep the styes clean and avoid all underground drains. Douche the yards daily with cold water, and sweep out with a hard brush. With regard to the forcing of the young pigs, nothing is better than new milk. At this time of the year it may not be an economical food, but if increase of growth and meat alone is considered there is nothing to beat it. If the object is to force them economically, then take the cream off the milk and supply the deficiency of fat by the addition of food containing a high percentage of oil, or, better still, add a small quantity of cod liver oil to the food. For three or four weeks after the pigs are weaned at seven or eight weeks' old, skim milk is fed with solid food mixed with it at the rate of about 12lb to 15lb of milk to 1lb of grain. This mixture fed sweet and warm provides a moderate change from the sow's milk, and, being palatable, nourishing, and easily digested, produces thrift and highly profitable gains. As judgment dictates, the grain portion of the ration should be increased until the pigs are about three months old and thriving well, when a cheaper ration, such as pasture or green fodder in summer and roots in winter, may be gradually substituted for a part of the milk and the grain.

## THE VALUE OF SKIMMED MILK.

Many poultry rearers do not realise the value of skim milk as a food stuff. Its rich bone and flesh-forming properties make it an excellent food for chickens, and it can either be mixed with the soft food or given them to drink with good results. Skim milk can be generally bought from farmers at a small cost, and therefore makes a cheap and most valuable food for either chickens or ducklings.

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