

MISSING PAGE

MISSING PAGE

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

February 23, Sunday.—Sexagesima Sunday.
 „ 24, Monday.—St. Matthias, Apostle.
 „ 25, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 26, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 27, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 28, Friday.—Of the Feria.
 March 1, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. Matthias, Apostle.

After the Ascension of our Lord St. Matthias was chosen by lot to fill the place which the treachery and suicide of Judas had left vacant. Tradition assigns as the place of his labors and martyrdom Cappadocia and the countries bordering on the Black and Caspian Seas.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

LACHRYMAE CHRISTI.

Tears of Christ, Oh, tears Divine!
 Flow upon this soul of mine—
 Sanctify and make it pure,
 Teach it truly to endure;
 Wash away its every stain—
 Only let God's love remain.

Tears of Christ, Oh, tears most blest!
 Flow upon my aching breast:
 And the cross which presseth there
 Shall be wreathed in pearls so fair,
 That for aye my soul shall cling
 To this trophy of her king.

Tears of Christ, Oh, tears most dear!
 When mine agony draws near,
 Flow upon each sinful hand,
 Thou, my God, wilt understand
 How in pity—as I died,
 Jesus, watching by my side,
 Gave me of His tears so sweet,
 To lay before Thy mercy-seat.

OUR DESTINY.

We are not sent into this world for nothing; we are not born at random; we are not here to sin when we have a mind, and reform when we are tired of sinning. God sees every one of us; He creates every soul; He lodges it in the body one by one for a purpose. He needs—He deigns to need—every one of us. He has an end for each of us; we are all equal in His sight, and we are placed in our different ranks and stations, not to get what we can out of them for ourselves, but to labor in them for Him. As Christ has His work, we, too, have ours; as He rejoiced to do His work, we must rejoice in ours also. The end of the things is the test.

It was our Lord's rejoicing in His last solemn hour that He had done the work for which He was sent. "I have glorified Thee on earth." He says in His prayer; "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do." It was St. Paul's consolation also: "I have fought the good fight; I have finished the course; I have kept the faith."

We were created that we might serve God; if we have His gifts, it is that we may glorify Him; if we have a conscience, it is that we may obey it; if we have the prospect of heaven, it is that we may keep it before us; if we have light, that we may follow it; if we have grace, that we may save ourselves by means of it. Alas! alas! for those who die without fulfilling their mission; who were called to be holy, and lived in sin; who were called to worship Christ and who plunged into this giddy and unbelieving world; who were called to fight, and who remained idle.

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

(By arrangement with Messrs. Burns and Oates, London.)

CHAPTER IX.—FAN AMONG THE GIPSIES.

On the outskirts of an English village, under trees just fringed with autumnal gold, the gipsies were encamped, and in a recess of the tents Fanchea was being dressed for a performance. Naomi, the sad-faced gipsy, plaited her long hair, laced her scarlet bodice, and arranged her tinsel skirts. A necklace of gaudy beads glittered on her neck; round her waist was clasped a belt of imitation jewels, and tawdry ornament was heaped on her till she looked like some bird of strangely brilliant plumage from which no song could be expected.

Outside, in the sunshine, a crowd was expecting the appearance of a little dancing and singing girl, the greatest attraction of the show, and among the villagers and country people stood a group of ladies and gentlemen who had ridden from a neighboring watering-place, and passing the encampment had dismounted from curiosity to see what was going on.

Fanchea bounded out of the tent into the sunny open, and, rattling her castanets, had already begun her dance. At first the little figure dazzled the eyes with its glowing colors, flying draperies, and glittering tinsels, but soon the graceful motion of the slim, brown limbs became noticeable, and gave an artistic value to sandals and bangles, to streaming scarves of scarlet, and purple and gold. Thistleton Honeywood, one of the riders who had dismounted to look on, was captivated by the brilliant little apparition even before the beauty of the child's countenance was discerned by him.

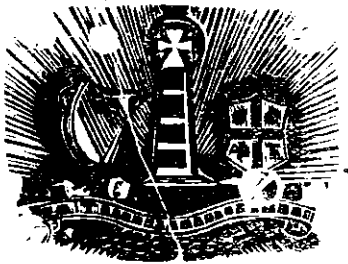
"It is the poetry of dancing," he said, "as only a child can render it. Exuberant life and joy in every movement, unconscious grace in every attitude!"

He pressed through the crowd, and drew nearer to the dancer. Fanchea's little oval face, glowing like a pomegranate, was turned towards him. The dark eyes burned with excitement; lips and cheeks were rippled over with a smile of glee. She looked at no one, but seemed laughing at the moving clouds above the heads of the people as if she descried her own fitting counterparts among their bright and fantastic shapes. She looked the very ideal of picturesque joy and mirth: and her looks carried no deceit. Marks of blows lay under her garments, for little Fan had had a beating since she left Killeevy Mountain, yet her delight in her dancing was as real as her life. The free movements in the open air gave her liberty for the moment, the clashing of bizarre music exhilarated, the breezy scudding of the autumnal clouds overhead inspired her. Her dance under the sky was the short-lived rapture of a too-often miserable day.

The dance came suddenly to an end, and Mr. Honeywood was startled to see how quickly the look of joy vanished from her face, the buoyant expression of the limbs disappeared, and as the little dancer fell into an artless, childlike attitude of waiting, he noticed how heavily the mouth and eyelids drooped.

"Poor little thing!" mused he, "her face is too good for her fortunes. Only a child could endure such a life, and in a year or two more she will be too old for it. What is this? She is going to sing!"

A gipsy had brought her a guitar, and she was all animation once more. Seating herself on the grass against a background of waving, sombre-hued trees, this bird of glowing plumage began to pour out a song that startled the hearts of her hearers. It was a wild, stirring gipsy ditty, full of dramatic surprises and strange refrains, mirthful and impassioned by turns; and the



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"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
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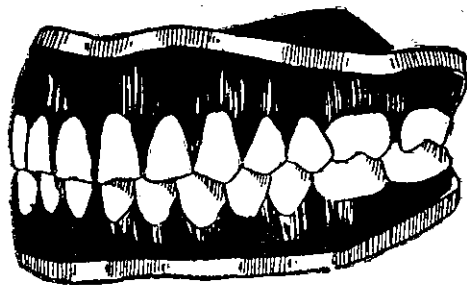
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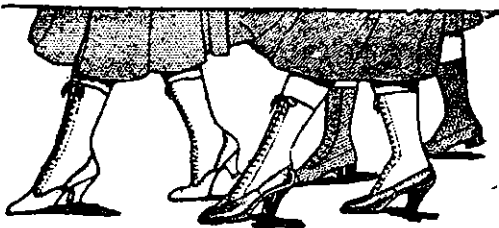
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little songstress sent it forth with head well thrown back (as of old she had held herself vieing with the thrush), eyebrows elevated in drollery or disdain, foot and shoulders helping to give fierceness to the wrath, or humor to the gaiety of the theme. Mr. Honeywood listened attentively, with his face leaned forward, a keen light in his eye, and an unusual color in his cheek.

"Brava! brava!" he murmured quickly under his breath.

"Poor little thing!" he said, pityingly, as his eyes rested on her where she sat drooping as before with the guitar on her knees.

"Ask her to sing again," he called to the gipsy near him, holding up a piece of gold as he spoke, and observing with interest how quickly energy waked up again in the sorrowful face.

Fanchea considered for a moment, and then there rose suddenly from her lips a sacred strain, curiously in contrast with her former song, sweet, solemn, and thrilling, a hymn that alternated between triumph and supplication. It was the hymn to the Virgin Triumphant, sung in every cabin on Killeevy Mountain; the words were in Irish and incomprehensible to her listeners.

"The music is as delightful as the voice," said Honeywood, when she had finished. "Of what language are the words of the song?" he asked of the gipsy.

"Romany; our own language," said the gipsy.

"A lie," said Honeywood to himself, and then glancing at Fanchea again he was struck by the paleness that had crept over her face. She sat with her small hands clasped on her knee, white and weary, and looking lonely and forlorn in the crowd. Her eyes were looking at Killeevy Mountain, and it taxed all her young strength to hold back the tears which were threatening to fall.

"Where did you get your little girl?" asked Honeywood, of the gipsy mother who was now hovering about him and noting all his movements. "She does not appear to be one of you."

"She is a gipsy. That is her mother who is taking her into the tent."

"Falsehood number two," said Honeywood aside.

"She has a very remarkable voice."

"It goes in the blood. Her mother had the same voice," said the gipsy.

"My dear fellow," said a friend, "my wife sent me a quarter of an hour ago to hurry you away. If we do not come we shall hear of it."

Thistleton Honeywood turned on his heel and accompanied his friend, mentally resolving to return to the spot next morning and make such discoveries as he could concerning the charming little creature that had interested him so much, and the party remounted and rode home.

The performance over, Fan was despoiled of her finery, and, habited in an old woollen garment, was soon busy among the gipsy children. It was her duty to nurse and amuse all the infants of the camp, by turn or in flocks, being well watched herself the while by many a vigilant eye. As evening advanced the little swarthy babies were, one after another, sung by her to sleep, outside the tents, away from the clatter of their scolding mothers' tongues. Even here she was closely watched, and yet she did not want to run away. She had tried it once, indeed; but now she would wait patiently for Kevin to come for her. All the children were asleep except one, who persisted in keeping his black eyes open till the trees hid their gold under mists of grey, and finally became a solemn dark mass against the sky. The high road glimmered in the distance, and Fan watched it while she sang, pouring out her heart in a monotonous chant that served for a lullaby, while the Irish words betrayed none of her secrets, no more to the men and women who passed her to and fro than to the child into the wrinkles of whose chubby neck she shed her secret tears between the stanzas. Her broken and fitful song, half complaint, half lullaby, ran something like this:

"Are you coming along the road, Kevin? The world is bigger than we thought it was, and I am always afraid you will pass us by in the dark. But they are lighting the great fire now outside the tent, and you will see it as we saw it at Killeevy. Hush, baby, sleep. Avourneen, avourneen!"

"Kevin, don't think I am dead. I wakened in a vessel, and we were far away at sea. The sea was beautiful, but I cried the whole day. And they did not put me in a bighthouse! The trees here are lovely, and the fields are sweet, and if I were walking by your hand we would be glad to see the world. Sleep! acushla, sleep!"

"Sometimes I am happy when we are travelling through the trees, and sometimes I am merry when I am dancing in the wind. But when I stop quite still, oh, then I am so lonely! Once I ran away and they gave me a beating; not Naomi at all, but the big cruel gipsy herself. I can't bear it again, and so I will stay with them, and be good till you come."

"Aroon, come quickly, for they quarrel, and I am frightened. Hush, little darling! Sleep!"

"I try to see Killeevy Mountain, but the gipsies' faces get between. Sometimes I am afraid there is no Killeevy any more. Has the sea washed it out, and is there now only England? Oh, Kevin, are you there, are you anywhere? Is there Killeevy, is there Kevin any more?"

Ending thus in a burst of grief, Fan buried her face in the baby's fat shoulder.

"Don't you see the child is asleep?" said its mother, shaking her.

Fan delivered up her charge, and being called to eat her supper, joined the gipsy circle round the fire. She sat full in the light of the blaze, thinking "Kevin will be able to see me if he comes by." After supper she lay on the grass, half hidden in Naomi's gown, trying with all her might to "see Killeevy." But it was not to be seen. The firelight flashing over swarthy faces, and backed by the inky masses of the trees, extinguished the mellow landscape that she struggled to descry. Neither could her fancy catch murmurs from her home because of noisy oaths and shouts of laughter. Her last thought was a fear that the fire was getting low, and that Kevin might pass by in the dark without seeing them. And then she fell asleep.

Out of her sleep she was roused by the order to march. The camp was on the move. The gipsy mother had no desire to be questioned next morning by the gentleman who had taken an interest in her little singing girl. Her shrewdness suspected that he would return to have his curiosity gratified. So the tents were folded and the horses were yoked, and after much noise and clamor the caravan moved away into the stillness of the night.

During the early night hours Fan was kept under cover for the sake of her voice, but by daybreak she was released from her moving prison and allowed to trudge along the road by Naomi's side. How sweet to see the grey mists part on the brow of the hill, disclosing the brown fallow, the dim hedges dashed with red, the russet grove, and the empurpled dale! Autumn was far advanced; a faint, sweet smell that hinted of decay hung with the mists upon the morning air; the throstle sang his last song upon a branch bare, but for a few gay tassels of foliage that, even as he piped, kept fluttering one by one to the earth. Fan was glad and hopeful moving through the invigorating air, and her heart beat high with expectation as she pressed forward between the berried hedgerows.

CHAPTER X.—SHE RUNS AWAY.

But Kevin never appeared upon the road, and Fanchea's heart began to fail. Could it be possible that he thought she was dead, and would never come to look for her at all? If this were so, how unhappy he must be, and how dreadful for her to live for ever with the gipsies! But a bright idea came to her. Why could she not write him a letter? She wondered she had not thought of it before.

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It seemed impossible to carry out such a scheme. Materials were beyond her reach and she had no means of communicating with the post; yet Fanchea kept her purpose in mind.

It chanced one day that some school children visited the gipsies, and Fan made overtures of friendship to a bright-eyed boy.

"Oh, but it's nice to be a gipsy!" said the boy, gazing admiringly at Fan. "Your frock is splendid. Tell me what they have in their cooking pot."

In an instant Fan saw her way. "Everything good," she said, smacking her lips. "Would you like to have a taste?"

"Aye!" said the little gourmand, with sparkling eyes.

"Well, then," said Fan, "will you bring me a clean piece of paper and a pencil to-morrow, and I will keep you a share of my dinner? But you must not be seen giving it to me, nor taking anything from me, because—because—"

"Why?" asked the boy, lowering his voice as Fan's eyes grew wide and mysterious.

"The gipsies might burn your father's house."

This was a daring stroke on Fan's part, but having been beaten herself, she thought the gipsies capable of almost any vengeance.

"Laws!" said the boy, "we must mind what we are about," but he did not think of relinquishing the enterprise.

Fan got what she wanted, and the lad was rewarded with the succulent and savoury leg of a fowl that had probably come out of his father's farmyard.

"Now," said Fan, "you shall have more to-morrow if you will bring me an envelope and a postage stamp."

"I'll do it," said the young glutton; and was as good as his word.

Fan's letter was scrawled in trepidation and secrecy.

"DEAR KEVIN,—I am not dead. I know you will be looking for me as if I was the princess. I am not in a lighthouse. I am in England. The gipsies took me and we are always going about. If you keep walking on the road you will be sure to meet us. —FAN."

The envelope being addressed as well as she was able to do it, the letter was delivered with great care to her friend; and Fan returned to her dancing with glee. The sequel of her little adventure was unknown to her. As the boy gnawed his bone under a hedge in the fields on his way home he was overtaken and interrupted by a gipsy who took possession of the letter. The child fled home, crying that his father's house would be burned. The father, hearing that such a threat had been uttered by a girl among the gipsies immediately communicated with the police. But when the police arrived the next morning on the spot, the common was deserted, the gipsies were gone.

After this Fan's hopes ran high; but as weeks passed on and the berries vanished from the hedges, the pleasant excitement began to ebb away. Even perpetual wandering and movement could no longer amuse her into forgetfulness; and the poor little heart grew chill as the wintry wind grew keen. The novelty of the life was gone, the weather was getting severe, the frost gave pain to limbs that were accustomed to protection of walls by night. Every morning found her eyes heavier and more hopeless, gazing along the road by which Kevin never came.

A bitter foreboding that she was hopelessly lost in the wide world began to prey on her, and all the bright efforts of her adventurous temperament could not entirely shake it off. Stified by patience on one side, the spirit of adventure began to work within her towards another outlet. The fear of a second beating quitted her gradually, and the thought of running away from her companions became daily and vividly present to her mind. Yet she behaved with prudence. Nothing is more catching for a child than distrust, and though candid by nature, Fan was in a fair way to pick up the cleverness of cunning.

As the days grew shorter the quarrelling of the gipsy women increased. Even the slight confinement

between canvas boundaries made necessary by the hours of darkness disagreed with their liberty-loving tempers, and loud voices rang fiercely from tent to tent from twilight until far in the night. Wild scenes sometimes took place around the fire in the open air, and on these occasions Fan was almost driven out of her senses with fright.

They were now encamped near a thick wood, and even the presence of this wood was a trouble to Fan. It surrounded them on every side but one, and it loomed upon them in the darkness after nightfall, making a fitting background for unholy firelit warfare. Fan's fairy lore supplied her imagination with troops of wolves that had their lairs among those dense and threatening trees, making horrible the starry silence which else would have been soothing after clamorous and terrifying hours. Naomi's occasional words of kindness could no longer tranquillise her excited nerves.

On wet days the tents were intolerable; children cried and mothers scolded. Dancing in open air was impossible; there were no spectators to be amused; and Fan's brilliant rags were huddled into a corner out of sight. The last vestige of poetry was gone from her life, and her frightened face provoked many a rough word, with an occasional blow. She choked over her songs, and her mournful Irish appeals to Kevin, if they rose from her heart, were silenced in her throat. She was turning into a pale, scared, quiet little ghost of herself, when suddenly out of her despair arose her deliverance.

One evening, after the contents of the caldron had been consumed, and while the gipsies lay about around the fire, a quarrel of extraordinary fierceness broke out among them. Oaths and yells of fury filled the air with confusion; blows were given; the firelight flared over figures whose frantic movements gave them the appearance of imps, and faces whose swarthy lineaments were made hideous by ungoverned rage. Fan retreated to a distance, and the horror of the scene painted as it was on that background of inky forest overwhelmed her imagination and almost took away her breath. She lay quite still, crouched upon the earth; and when all was over she crept as usual to her sleeping place in the tent.

But as she lay and tried in vain to sleep, a reckless desperation came over her. "If they catch me I can only be killed," she kept thinking. "And I would rather be killed, I would rather be killed!"

The gipsies were sleeping soundly after their more than usual exertions. Fan edged herself gradually towards a division in the canvas wall of the tent, and slid her slender body through the narrow opening; then making for the high road, sped like a deer across the common. Lone, bare, and dark it lay, under a sky without a star, and she could only make out the track she ought to follow by keeping her course away from the blackness of the forest. Once upon the high road, she stopped to take breath, and then fled on for a mile without any pause.

After that she sat down for a few minutes on a stone and looked around her. The intense darkness of the night had passed away a little, though it yet wanted some hours of the dawn. A few stars had crept out, and her eyes had grown used to the obscurity. She was in an open country, behind which the woods lay now like an inky fringe—a country seamed with roads and paths, and faintly dotted with scattered homesteads. On before her the road seemed to grow dark again, overhung with trees. She shuddered a little at this, though she knew the shadows were her safety; but having regained her breath and her courage, she plunged once more into the dreaded darkness, darting along almost blindly, seeing no further than a yard before her feet.

Once, when she heard the voices of men coming to meet her, she crouched behind the trunk of a tree till they went past; and when a cart came rumbling by she lay close against the bank till the danger was over. Not that she imagined the people would harm her, but she was determined they should not be able to tell the next morning that they had met a little runaway girl on the road.

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Altogether Fan's fleet limbs and hardy rearing did her a good service on that never-forgotten night. They carried her mile after mile with unflagging energy, and when the gipsies wakened and missed her she was a long way ahead of their pursuit.

The dawn broke at last and discovered a pale, scared little face and panting figure; flying and halting, looking back and darting forward again; then slackening speed and limping; a dejected, terrified, pathetic expression hanging about the creature from the crown of her little head with its dew-damp locks to the soles of her weary feet.

For some time she was the only living thing discovered by the dawn about the neighborhood, but at last another figure turned out of a by-path, and proceeded in advance of her on the road.

Fan stopped short and scrutinised this apparition. It was the figure of a woman, comfortably dressed and walking at a good smart pace. She did not think she need be afraid of this person, seeing that they were going in the same direction; unless, indeed, the stranger should prove to be a gipsy in disguise.

Deciding on what was the safest course, Fan summoned all her remaining strength and shot past the woman, who noticed and wondered at her headlong speed; but when the child had skimmed over about a hundred yards in advance of the other traveller, a stone suddenly pierced her ill-shod foot and obliged her to lean against the bank.

The woman came up with her, and was struck by her forlorn and exhausted look, and the gesture of outstretched hands by which Fan silently appealed to her.

"Serve you right, you little goose! Nobody but a bird has any business to fly over the country at such a rate as you've been doing."

Fan opened her lips to speak, but closed them again and looked up and down the road.

"What are you afraid of?" asked the woman. "You aint a coward: leastwise you don't look like one."

Fan's large eyes were gazing at her wistfully but bravely from under a cloud of dark ruffled hair, and out of a face which, though pinched and pale, was full of energy and determination.

"Are you a gipsy?" asked the child in a voice of desperation.

"Laws! no, dear. Whatever put such a fancy in your head?"

"I am running away from the gipsies," said Fan, re-assured. "I don't belong to them, though they said I did. I want to get away where they will never find me."

"I'm sure I hope you may, poor thing, though it's hard to know what's to become of you. There, I'll miss my train, gossiping on the road. If I wasn't in such a hurry, little girl, I'd try and do something for you."

She walked on, driven by the thought of her train and her business waiting for her at home; but she felt a certain satisfaction in observing that the little girl was following pretty closely on her heels.

After walking another half-mile they reached a railway station. An early train was about to start, and the woman got her ticket and took her seat. To her surprise Fan followed her into the carriage and seated herself on the bench by her side.

The woman said nothing, but watched her with some wonder and amusement.

"Tickets, please!" said the ticket collector, looking in at the carriage door.

"I haven't got anything. What is a ticket?" said Fan, opening her empty hands as the man addressed her.

"Here's a go!" said the official. "Come out of this, young 'un, and run home and ask your mother what a ticket is!"

"Oh, let me stay!" cried Fan, imploringly, holding by the seat; "I want to get away from the gipsies."

"Poor thing! that's her cry," said the woman.

"There's something, I'll be bound. Couldn't you let her go, mister?"

"Couldn't be done!" said the official, decidedly. "Don't be afraid, my girl; we'll stow you away somewhere. Time's up; look sharp, and come out."

But Fan stood firm, with her hands locked in entreaty.

"Let me go!" she said, "and indeed I'll pay you back. I can sing and earn money—I can."

"Here, let her go, and I'll pay for her," said the woman, suddenly, opening her purse; though I'm sure I don't know what's come on me to be so soft like."

The carriage door banged, the whistle sounded, and the train was off for London.

(To be continued.)

THE CALL OF ERIN.

(For the *N.Z. Tablet*.)

I have not seen thy shore, O hapless Isle!
Where strong men weep, and children fear to smile;
But I have heard my mother's songs,
And listened to my father's wrongs,
And I am sad awhile.

My mother's songs are plaintive melodies—
Sweet voices of her dear land o'er the seas;
She wanders where the saints have trod—
And calls the shamrock from the sod
Of trustful memories.

My father's tales are of a proud free race—
Their noble deeds, and undisputed place—
The ancient glory of his land,
Ere tyrants forged with iron hand
The fetters of disgrace.

And I am pensive when my mother sings—
And from my father's words a challenge springs!
And freedom like a burning flood
Consumes my soul—and in my blood
The call of Erin rings!

—“CYLAS.”

Christchurch.

From day to day it becomes more evident how needful it is that the principles of Christian wisdom should ever be borne in mind, and that the life, the morals, and the institutions of nations should be wholly conformed to them.—Leo XIII.

To fall in love with a good book is one of the greatest events that can befall us. It is to have a new influence pouring itself into our life, a new teacher to inspire and refine us, a new friend to be by our side always, who, when life grows narrow and weary, will take us into his wider and calmer and higher world.

Church of Our Lady Queen of Peace, Roxburgh

TO THE CATHOLIC PEOPLE OF NEW ZEALAND.

Every Catholic heart these days beats with gratitude to God, the Giver of all good gifts, for His blessing of Peace, which we, in common with the great Catholic soldier, Marshal Foch, believe has come in answer to prayer. Catholic faith and instinct urge us to show our heartfelt gratitude in some act of piety. May I suggest as a most suitable thanksgiving an offering towards the building of the Church of Our Lady Queen of Peace? This church is now being built.

REV. D. O'NEILL,
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THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

XVII.—THE TREASON OF DIARMID McMURROGH.

About the year 1152, in the course of the interminable civil war desolating Ireland, a feud of peculiar bitterness arose between Tiernan O'Ruarc, prince of Brefni, and Diarmid McMurrough, prince of Leinster. While one of the Ard-Righana favorable to the latter was for the moment uppermost, O'Ruarc had been dispossessed of his territory, its lordship being handed over to McMurrough. To this was added a wrong still more dire. Devorgilla, the wife of O'Ruarc, eloped with McMurrough, already her husband's most bitter rival and foe! Her father and her husband both appealed to Torlogh O'Connor for justice upon the guilty prince of Leinster. O'Connor, although McMurrough had been one of his supporters, at once acceded to this request. McMurrough soon found his territory surrounded, and Devorgilla was restored to her husband. She did not, however, return to domestic life. Recent researches amongst the ancient *Manuscript Materials for Irish History*, by O'Curry and O'Donovan, throw much light upon this episode, and considerably alter the long prevailing popular impressions in reference thereto. Whatever the measure of Devorgilla's fault in eloping with McMurrough—and the researches alluded to bring to light many circumstances invoking for her more of commiseration than of angry scorn—her whole life subsequently to this sad event, and she lived for forty years afterwards, was one prolonged act of contrition and of penitential reparation for the scandal she had given. As I have already said, she did not return to the home she had abandoned. She entered a religious retreat; and thenceforth, while living a life of practical piety, penance, and mortification, devoted the immense dower which she possessed in her own right to works of charity, relieving the poor, building hospitals, asylums, convents, and churches.

Thirteen years after this event, Roderick O'Connor, son and successor of the king who had forced McMurrough to yield up the unhappy Devorgilla, claimed the throne of the kingdom. Roderick was a devoted friend of O'Ruarc, and entertained no very warm feelings toward McMurrough. The king claimant marched on his "circuit," claiming "hostages" from the local princes as recognition of sovereignty. McMurrough, who hated Roderick with intense violence, burned his city of Ferns, and retired to his Wicklow fastnesses, rather than yield allegiance to him. Roderick could not just then delay on his circuit to follow him up, but passed on southward, took up his hostages there, and then returned to settle accounts with McMurrough. But by this time O'Ruarc, apparently only too glad to have such a pretext and opportunity for a stroke at his mortal foe, had assembled a powerful army and marched upon McMurrough from the north, while Roderick approached him from the south. Diarmid, thus surrounded, and deserted by most of his own people, outwitted and overmatched on all sides, saw that he was a ruined man. He abandoned the few followers yet remaining to him, fled to the nearest seaport, and, with a heart bursting with the most deadly passions, sailed for England (A.D. 1168), vowing vengeance, black, bitter, and terrible, on all that he left behind!

"A solemn sentence of banishment was publicly pronounced against him by the assembled princes, and Morrogh, his cousin—commonly called 'Morrogh na Gael,' (or 'of the Irish'), to distinguish him from 'Morrogh na Gall' (or 'of the Foreigners')—was inaugurated in his stead."—McGee.

Straightway he sought out the English king, who was just then in Aquitaine quelling a revolt of the nobles in that portion of his possessions. McMurrough laid before Henry a most piteous recital of his wrongs and grievances, appealed to him for justice and for

aid, inviting him to enter Ireland, which he was sure most easily to reduce to his sway, and finally offering to become his most submissive vassal if his majesty would but aid him in recovering the possessions from which he had been expelled. "Henry," as one of our historians justly remarks, "must have been forcibly struck by such an invitation to carry out a project which he had long entertained, and for which he had been making grave preparations long before." He was too busy himself, however, just then to enter upon the project; but he gave McMurrough a royal letter or proclamation authorising such of his subjects as might so desire to aid the views of the Irish fugitive. Diarmid hurried back to England, and had all publicity given to this proclamation in his favor; but though he made the most alluring offers of reward and booty, he was a long time before he found anyone to espouse his cause. At length Robert Fitzstephen, a Norman relative of the prince of North Wales, just then held in prison by his Cambrian kinsman, was released or brought out of prison by McMurrough, on condition of undertaking his service. Through Fitzstephen there came into the enterprise several other knights, Maurice Fitzgerald, Meyler Fitzhenry, and others—all of them men of supreme daring, but of needy circumstances. Eventually there joined one who was destined to take command of them all, Richard de Clare, earl of Pembroke, commonly called "Strongbow": a man of ruined fortune, needy, greedy, unscrupulous, and ready for any desperate adventure, possessing unquestionable military skill and reckless daring, and having a tolerably strong following of like adventurous spirits amongst the knights of the Welsh marches—in fine, just the man for Diarmid's purpose. The terms were soon settled. Strongbow and his companions undertook to raise a force of adventurers, proceed to Ireland with McMurrough, and reinstate him in his principality. McMurrough was to bestow on Strongbow (then a widower between fifty and sixty years of age) his daughter Eva in marriage, with succession to the throne of Leinster. Large grants of land also were to be distributed amongst the adventurers.

Now, Diarmid knew that "succession to the throne" was not a matter which any king in Ireland, whether provincial or national, at any time could bestow; the monarchy being elective out of the members of the reigning family. Even if he was himself at the time in full legal possession of "the throne of Leinster," he could not promise, secure, or bequeath it, as of right, even to his own son.

In the next place, Diarmid knew that his offers of "grants of land" struck directly and utterly at the existing land system, the basis of all society in Ireland. For, according to the Irish Constitution and laws for a thousand years, the fee-simple or ownership of the soil was vested in the sept, tribe, or clan; its use or occupancy (by the individual members of the sept or others) being only regulated on behalf of and in the interest of the whole sept, by the elected king for the time being. "Tribe land" could not be alienated unless by the king, with the sanction of the sept. The users and occupiers were, so to speak, a co-operative society of agriculturists, who, as a body or a community, owned the soil they tilled, while individually renting it from that body or community under its administrative official—the king.

While Strongbow and his confederates were completing their arrangements in Chester, McMurrough crossed over to his native Wexford privately to prepare the way there for their reception. It would seem that no whisper had reached Ireland of his movements, designs, proclamations, and preparations on the other side of the Channel. The wolf assumed the sheep's clothing. McMurrough feigned great humility and contrition, and pretended to aspire only to the recovery, by grace and favor, of his immediate patrimony of Hy-Kinsella. Amongst his own immediate clansmen, no doubt, he found a friendly meeting and a ready following, and, more generally, a feeling somewhat of commiseration for one deemed to be now so fallen, so helpless, so humiliated. This secured him from very close

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observation, and greatly favored the preparations he was stealthily making to meet the Norman expedition with stout help on the shore.

(To be continued.)

IRELAND'S CLAIM TO SELF-DETERMINATION

CARDINAL O'CONNELL'S POWERFUL ADVOCACY.

His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, U.S.A., gave the following address at Madison Square Garden, on Tuesday night, wherein he emphasised the fact that "Justice to Ireland will prove that the war's aims were won," says the *New York American* of December 15:—

In finally yielding to the repeated urgent invitations of your committee to be present here at this significant meeting to-night, I have listened to the advice of duty alone.

As the case was presented to me it became clear to my mind that to stay away would be tantamount to the evasion of a grave obligation to my faith, my country, and my race. When the voice of that sacred trinity of motives calls, no man with a Christian conscience can refuse to rise and follow it, no matter what the cost or the sacrifice. I had to choose between convenience, conventionality, and duty. I have made my choice, and here I stand.

The Irish people through all the painful vicissitudes of their history have been faithful, as no other people in all the world, to the Christian faith. The most Christian country in the world to-day, according to the testimony, even of her enemies, is Ireland. When her children, fleeing from an intolerable condition of servitude under a foreign domination of all freemen, came in pitiable exile to these shores of free America, they brought with them the noblest virtues of Christian souls. Where even to-day would the Church in America be—for that matter in the whole English-speaking world, England included—but for the fidelity, the great-heartedness, the unquenchable devotion of the children of Erin?

Is it possible that any of us bishops or priests of America could ever be guilty of forgetting that to the heroic generosity of the Irish we owe such glorious monuments to faith as the superbly beautiful Cathedral of this wonderful city, dedicated to Ireland's patron saint and erected by the sacrifices of his faithful sons and daughters? What is true of this noblest Christian shrine in America's greatest city is equally true of thousands and thousands of humbler fanes in humbler communities all over the land.

Can any of us among the Church's leaders ever remain silent and inactive when there is at stake the welfare of the people to whom we owe our very daily bread and the roof that shelters us? There is no legitimate length, no limit within Christian law, to which I and every prelate and priest of America should not be glad and happy to go when the cry of the long-suffering children of the Gael comes to us, and when as now, before the tribunal of the whole world, the sacred cause of justice to every nation and every people is to be given a public hearing.

It is because the people of Ireland have solemnly kept their sacred word, given to their great Apostle, to be faithful to Peter's successor as they would be faithful to Christ, that they have felt the heel of a foreign despot mercilessly grinding them down into the very dust of humiliation. Yes, let us say it frankly and openly, for it is the truth—it is the fidelity of Ireland to all she holds most sacred which has been the chief cause of her offending.

Are we whose lives are dedicated to the eternal principle for which Ireland has become a martyr among the nations so bitten by mere worldly interests as to be mute in this day when all the world of brutal might is summoned into court? God forbid!

In God's name let us now speak out fearlessly for God's cause, for the cause of justice to all weak and strong, small and great, or let us be forever silent.

If we look back upon what has happened during the last four years, we shall see that conditions, hitherto accepted as permanent and absolutely unchangeable, have been so completely and entirely transformed that almost nothing remains of them to remind us of what once stood as firm as Gibraltar. It is as if the elemental forces had suddenly asserted themselves and had completely overrun the earth. The kaleidoscope of the world has been shaken and the bits of colored glass in the child's toy have rushed into new combinations which puzzle the eyes of our brain. One after another thrones have been overturned and empires have fallen. Disorder has broken loose upon the earth, and unless some power greater than the forces of anarchy prevails, all Europe—all the world—will be shaken to the foundations of civilisation.

The great war is over now, but he who fancies that because the great war is over universal peace will appear on scheduled time has a great disillusion ahead of him. No, unless now that the war is over, justice begins her rightful reign over the whole earth, there may be a momentary lull, but enduring peace will not be attained. It was for justice that humanity fought, and humanity will still be ready to go on with even fiercer wars until justice holds full sway.

Be not deceived by false prophets. Diplomacy which failed so utterly to preserve the peace of the world will not succeed alone in bringing it back.

Underneath the smooth and cool phrases and barren formulas of a diplomacy which has forgotten its own purposes, we can even now hear the mysterious stirring of elemental forces striving urgently to burst through the cryptic formularies of a decadent system, striving to get into articulate speech what suffering humanity wants to say, striving with the impatience of agonising multitudes to stop the babble of bribed officialdom that honest men may be heard, striving to articulate in all the dialects of the world the word, which heeded, will help the staggering earth to recover itself; unheeded, will plunge the whole tottering world into universal anarchy.

America is far away from the real theatre of mighty changes. But even America will not easily escape a movement so universal as now is visible on every horizon. What is that movement? It is the pent up longing in the hearts of a dozen nations for the right to rule themselves.

The doom of autocracy has already sounded. The silent millions of Russia, patient for centuries, have rushed madly into the vortex of revolution. Even in Germany, which seemed so content with itself, a new force is pushing out the older forms.

Obviously, therefore, we are at the end of a period, and a new one is beginning. It is strange that when Poland and Serbia and Czechs and the Slovaks and the Serbs and the Ukrainians are clamoring for national rights and national recognition that Ireland, for full seven centuries dominated by a foreign rule acquired only by force, and even to-day exercised by force, should now more than ever call upon the world, but most of all upon America, as the bountiful mother of true freedom, to help her regain the treasure stolen from her, and reinstate her in full possession of her complete liberty. If in the blaze which the great war enkindled, various tribes and families of the human race beheld as with a new light their claim to separate consideration, is it any wonder that the people of Ireland, too, had even a clearer and a stronger vision of their age-long inheritance?

Ireland's position as a nation is nothing new which the war has just succeeded in creating. Never since the day her crown was stolen has she ceased to claim it back. In every century for 700 years by protest, by appeal, by Parliament, by arms, when other means seemed futile, but in any event, by one means or another as she found it in her power to use them, Ireland has never failed to keep alive her own sense of distinct nationhood, and impress it as palpably as

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conditions would allow, upon a listening world. As a profoundly Christian nation, she has clung to the law of God in all these demonstrations of her loyalty to herself. Rarely, very rarely, indeed, has she permitted even cruelty to goad her into forgetting it.

But ever and always every method she adopted, every leader who spoke her cause, every victory won, every defeat suffered, every weapon used, every strategy designed, ever and ever and ever, the same ultimate purpose is clearly visible, and that purpose is the vindication of Ireland's right to government only by consent of the governed.

That is the principle which ultimately won America's freedom; and it is because America understands that principle that Ireland to-day relies upon America to echo it throughout the world for Ireland's liberty. Is it the Bolsheviki only who are to be acknowledged as free? Is it because, being Catholic, the Irish people repudiate Bolshevism that they are now to be repudiated and their just claim forgotten and neglected?

Let them beware in time who encourage by their actions and words to-day before the court of the world such dangerous conclusions as these. Is it really true that the blood of millions has been shed that right alone should rule the world, and that the monster of brute force, might, which in many places besides Germany has dominated the fate of millions of human beings should be deposed for ever? Is that really true?

Is the law of justice to be honestly applied to all, or is it to be still merely a cloak to hide indefensible, selfish purposes and to be dispensed *ad libitum* as governments feel inclined and to observe or ignore it as they like?

Was the great war a conflict for true freedom under right for all alike, or was it a grim hoax played upon the ingenuous by the shrewd manipulators of clever phrases? These are all questions which any man in the streets who has ears can hear to-day. The world of honest, trustful men is waiting for the answer, and woe to the world if that answer be not honest, frank, and true.

Surely since the peace of the world depends upon the answer it is the solemn duty of all of us, especially of those of us whose duty it is to hold up before all alike the great principles of Christian morality by which alone mankind can live, to speak out fearlessly and clearly, lest being found faithless in such a world crisis we forfeit forever our right to be listened to by honest men.

If faith is to survive this hour of universal groping and striving, the men of faith must speak. If they are silent now, then whose the blame if all faith perishes from the earth? Is that, then, the real meaning of Malachy's dread prophecy—*religio depopulata*?

The deepest purpose of this meeting is that faith may prevail—faith in governments, faith in rulers and congresses, and all that set of divine principles and influences and human agencies by which the world is held in order. This war, we were told again and again by all those responsible for the conduct of the war, was for justice to all, for the inviolable rights of small nations, for the inalienable right, inherent in every nation, of self-determination.

The purpose of this meeting to-night is very specific. The war can be justified only by the universal application of those principles. Let that application begin with Ireland. Ireland is the oldest nation and the longest sufferer. If these principles are not applied in her case, no matter what else may be done there will be no complete justice, no genuine sincerity believable, and the war not bringing justice will not bring peace.

Who was it who by the enunciation of these great principles united the peoples of the whole suffering earth? It was our own President—once Wilson of America, now Wilson of the world. To-morrow he lands at Brest—Brest, the very port out from which Count Arthur Dillon sailed with his three thousand Irish troops to aid America to obtain from England the very principle of self-determination which to-day

Ireland demands, and which we of America, in accordance with the principles enunciated by our President, to-day also are determined by every legitimate and lawful Christian means to aid Ireland to obtain. For Ireland equally with America fought in this conflict for right.

America has fought in this war not for selfish aims. She has given her best blood, her hardest toil, and her enormous wealth, and in return gets not one foot of soil, not a single material gain. She has a right to demand that for which alone she made such tremendous sacrifices—justice to all.

Let the test of sincerity be Ireland. Then we will be convinced that truth still lives.

Ireland must be allowed to tell the world freely what she wants, how she wishes to be governed. Speak up, Ireland; make the world hear you! Wake up, England; for the world is watching you!

May God grant that the voice of Ireland be heard, and that at last peace, entering Europe through Ireland's freedom, bring even to England its blessings and its fruits.

I firmly believe that the day that England honestly faces her full duty to Ireland and fulfils it faithfully God will bless her as she has not known His blessing for many centuries. For as with the individual soul, so with the soul of a nation, a clear conscience is the only door to happiness.

A PRAYER HYMN FOR A LASTING PEACE.

I.

We kneel in tears, Lord God; Oh, hear our prayer!
Our sad hearts faint amid the shrieking storm;
So black with godless hatred everywhere,
That from our sight recedes Thy Jesu's form.
Return, return! Oh, bid the tumult cease;
We need Thy Spirit, gentle Prince of Peace!

II.

Jesus, Who mak'st our Christmas bells out chime
With harmony the message of good-will;
From out the fulness of Thy love sublime,
Return, and save us, breathing "Peace, be still!"
Return, return! Oh, bid the tumult cease;
We sorely need Thee here, fond Prince of Peace!

III.

By, oh, so few Thy pleading voice is heard,
Above th' increasing clamor of the strife;
Alas! heaven's scene by angels' tear is blurred—
Oh, save us from a very death in life!
Return, return! Oh, bid the tumult cease;
We need Thee more each hour, sweet Prince of Peace!

IV.

We sink with shame to hear the angry war;
Poor souls drift helpless on an ebbing tide.
Jesus, forgive; we see Thee as of yore—
Faint, bruised, and bleeding, cruelly crucified!
Return—Oh, bless us; bid the tumult cease;
We need Thee so, beloved Prince of Peace!

V.

"Father, forgive them!" moan the weeping years;
Look, look! the sacred Pity-Heart lies dead!
"Father, forgive them!" rings thro' all the spheres;
Jesus, be now Thy blessing on us shed.
Return, return! Oh, bid the tumult cease;
Jesus! Redeemer! Come, sweet Prince of Peace!

—GEORGE EVATT.

Wellington, February, 1919.

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Current Topics

Irish Items

A cable the other day announced that it was now certain that the Sinn Fein prisoners had been released. In the following paragraph we read that the Government had no intention of releasing the Sinn Fein prisoners. We take it that the Harmsworth ring believes that any old nonsense is good enough for the readers of our "Daylies." Not far wrong in that! With reference to the cables about the escape of de Valera let us remark that we have reason to think the news is very stale. We saw a paper three weeks ago in which it was stated that letters sent to de Valera in gaol had been returned with the notice: "Present address unknown." The comment naturally was that the Sinn Fein leaders had escaped. The paper in question was an "orthodox" Irish journal, printed early in December. We have ceased to wonder at the shameless effrontery of the Welsh schemer in keeping innocent men and women in prison. We know that there is nothing he would stop at in the pursuit of his own selfish ends; and we know that one day his punishment will be in keeping with his guilt. But we wonder that there are not Englishmen left with enough respect for the good name of their country to save England from the disgrace which the lawlessness and treachery of the renegade have brought on it. Think for a moment for what England stands under Lloyd George government, and reflect if Ireland is not already avenged? Lloyd George declared a few years ago that the hands of the Tory lords were dripping with the "fat of sacrilege." Now he has put himself into these hands, and one day they will break him mercilessly and completely. Whither will he turn when the Tories hunt him from his office? He has betrayed the Liberals; he has betrayed the Irish; he has betrayed the British Democracy.

The Sinn Fein Flag

In reply to a correspondent who asks why the Sinn Feiners have adopted a green, white, and orange tricolor as the National Standard, the following notes may be of interest to our readers. The deliberate policy of the English has been to keep the various sections of the Irish people in opposition to one another and prevent a union of Irish forces for the common cause. Internal divisions, fostered by the English misgovernment, have done more than anything else to retard self-government for Ireland; and but for the malignant interference of British politicians there is little doubt that all Irish parties would long since have made common cause against the common foe of their land. The majority of the Irish people have always remained Catholic, but though the Catholics were the worst treated and the victims of the cruellest tyranny, still there have always been noble-minded Protestants who hated the oppressor of their country and who yearned for liberty just as much as the Catholics. One has only to mention the names of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Henry Joy McCracken, Jemmy Hope, John Mitchel, and Thomas Davis to make this quite clear. The leaders in almost every movement for Irish freedom have been Protestants; and the names of those heroes are household words in Catholic Ireland. Nationality is not and never was a matter of religion, and Protestants have always been found in Ireland ready to resent any insinuation as to their loyalty and devotion to their own country. Indeed, from our own experience of the friendly relations between Catholics and Protestants in the southern provinces of Leinster and Munster, we are prepared to stand by the assertion that the sole cause of sectarian trouble in Ireland is the Orange secret society, backed by unprincipled politicians whose sole object is to keep the Irish divided at any cost. As far back as 1791, Wolfe Tone aimed at uniting all Irish classes and creeds into one grand national party whose sole object should be to secure Irish freedom. Tone was a Pro-

testant, and none knew better than he that the religious strife among his countrymen was working all the time against Irish interests and for those of England. He embraced the wrongs of his Catholic fellow-countrymen, calling on all those of his creed to imitate him; for Ireland's sake, and under his guidance was formed the United Irishmen's Society which, as all Irishmen know, had a very numerous Protestant membership, and was Protestant in its origin. The men of "Forty-Eight" were inspired by Tone's principles, and they too advocated a party for all Ireland, irrespective of religious differences. It was then a national flag was chosen, in three colors, green, white, and orange. The green was chosen by the Catholic provinces, the orange by Ulster, and the white was the emblem of that unity which the party aimed at attaining. So that as far back as seventy years ago, Irishmen were banded together, pledged to fight for freedom, under a banner of green, white, and orange. In the *Irish Felon*, which succeeded the *United Irishman* after the arrest of John Mitchel, the following poem appeared on July 22, 1848:—

Gaily our banner is over us streaming—

GREEN as our hills is its emerald light;

WHITE, snowy, pure as our noble cause gleaming;

ORANGE, that waves as a harvest field, bright—

Calling to mind by its tricolor blending—

On as we dash with defiant hurrah—

Never forget it, our war-cry unending—

Freedom, the Felons, and Eire-go-Bragh.

Come—you from iron cliffs hanging o'er ocean;

Come—you from valleys that sleep in their green;

Come, like your own rushing torrents in motion;

Come, as the lightning-flash, felt when 'tis seen.

Marching like brothers still, hand in hand grasping,

Discord fling down and with gallant hurrah,

Back let the echoes ring, till we're laid gasping in:

Freedom, the Felons, and Eire-go-Bragh.

Sein Fein

We may take it for granted now that there is no Irishman in New Zealand who does not understand what Sinn Fein means and why it has captured the whole nation, as was so gloriously proved by the overwhelming victory of the Sinn Fein candidates at the elections. Sinn Fein is now the Nationalist Party in Ireland; and, indeed, as we shall see in a moment, the Nationalist Party, until it "stained the green flag red"—to quote the Bishop of Killaloe—was in substance, if not in name, Sinn Fein. The basis of Sinn Fein demands is very clear and very simple—so clear and so simple that not even the millions of Harmsworth and his army of liars who control the Jingo press have been able to obscure the issue. Those who wanted to believe lies believed them, but men of common sense and honesty were not deceived. The free press in New Zealand never had any part in the campaign of lies; when that campaign was raging bitterest the cheers that greeted the toast of "Sinn Fein" at a banquet of Railway Delegates from all parts of Australia shook the roof. Only for men as foolish or as malignant as the editors of the "Daylies" was it possible to advocate frank and unabashed Prussianism while they were condemning the same thing in other columns of their papers, and the shame of our press is so great that all the waters of the ocean can never wash it clean as long as it is controlled by the same people. The elementary principles of the whole matter are:

(1) Ireland is ruled by England in virtue of a fraud and by an administration maintained by brute force;

(2) The Irish people have rebelled in every generation against the tyranny of that unjust rule;

(3) The greatest English statesmen have admitted, time and again, that there is no bloodier and more shameful page in human history than the story of English barbarism and English treachery in Ireland;

(4) In accord with the very principles for which England says she is fighting, Sinn Fein asks that the

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pledge once given to the Irish people, that they should be governed only by their own laws, be kept.

That is Sinn Féin; that is the sedition, the rebellion, the murder denounced by every pressman in New Zealand whom Harmsworth's gold could buy. That is the cause which has been calumniated and misrepresented in our daily papers from Auckland to the Bluff. That is the cause which has won now, and which England can no more defeat than she can kill the nation which she has tried in vain to kill for seven centuries. And that is no new cause: it is the old cause, though too many of the old warriors became degenerate and turned their backs on the flag. Hear the words of those who represented Ireland a few decades ago and judge if they, too, were not then Sinn Féiners:—

"Ireland, marked out as she is from the very first by the finger of Omnipotence as a separate and distinct nation, had all the attributes of a nation long before the Norman invasion; and from the date of the Norman invasion to this moment there has been age after age one long and continuous struggle between this national sentiment and overwhelming odds. Why, it may be asked, are we on occasions such as this asked to toast 'Ireland a Nation'? Well, it seems to my mind there is one very cogent reason. It is well for us at this time of the day to reassert before the world what it is that this national movement means. What is the truth underlying this movement? I beg leave to say that this movement to-day is the same in all its essentials as every movement which in the past history of Ireland has sought by one weapon or another to achieve the national rights of this land. The truth underlying this movement to-day is precisely the same principle as that for which other generations have fought and died. It is the principle that the sons of Ireland, and they alone, have the right to rule the destinies of Ireland."—John Redmond in the Mansion House, Dublin, April 23, 1889.

"The principle embodied in the Irish movement is just the same principle which Owen Roe O'Neill vindicated at Benburb; which animated Tone and Fitzgerald, and for which Emmet sacrificed his life. The Irish leader who would propose to compromise the national claims of Ireland, who would even incline to accept as a settlement of our demand any concession short of the unquestioned recognition of that nationality which has come down to us sanctified by the blood and tears of centuries, would be false to Ireland's history, and would forfeit all claim to your confidence and support. Such a contingency can never arise, for the man who would be traitor enough to propose such a course would find himself no longer a leader. No man can barter away the honor of a nation."—John Redmond at Chicago, 1886.

"I say to you, men of Tipperary, that we would be untrue to our country and untrue to those who begot us, if we rested content until every vestige of English rule was swept from the fair face of Ireland."—John Dillon, 1888.

And if you think the Sinn Féin policy of remaining away from Westminster is anything new consider the following opinions of those who ought to know:—

Gladstone: "Whenever the people of England think one way in the proportion of two to one they can outvote in Parliament the united forces of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland."

Parnell: "The air of Westminster would demoralise anyone, no matter how imperceptibly. As the air of London would eat away the stone walls of the House of Commons, so would the atmosphere of the House eat away the honor and honesty of the Irish members."—(Dublin, 1878). "I feel convinced that, sooner or later, the influence which every English Government has at its command will sap the best party you can return to the House of Commons."—(Limerick, 1880.)

Davitt: "I have for four years tried to appeal to the sense of justice in this House of Commons on behalf of Ireland. I leave convinced that no just cause, no cause of right, will ever find support in this House of Commons unless it is backed up by force."—(1899.)

Dillon: "Our position in this House is made futile. We are never listened to."—(Commons, December 3, 1917.)

Devlin: "I do not often come to this House, because I do not believe it worth coming to."—(Commons, December 4, 1917.) "I know perfectly that anything we say is unheeded here, at any rate in the ultimate adjustment and determination. . . . It takes a rebellion and things of that sort to bring home the grim realities of the Irish situation to these gentlemen."—(Commons, April 15, 1918.)

IRISH PETITION IN U.S. SENATE

Last week (says the *Brooklyn Tablet* of January 4) Senator Phelan, of California, introduced a joint resolution in the Senate, requesting the commissioners plenipotentiary of the United States of America to the International Peace Conference to present to the said conference the right of Ireland to freedom, independence, and self-determination, predicated upon the principle laid down by the President in his plea for an international league that "all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Senator Phelan also had inserted in the Congressional Record, a petition for self-determination for Ireland signed by numerous American citizens, and an address to the President of the United States from the people of Ireland, which read in part as follows:

"It was John Mitchel who said that England won her greatest victory over Ireland when she got control of the ear of the world. She has control of the ear of the world still, and, now as always, pours into it whatever poison she can against the Irish people, whom she evidently proposes to destroy. She is constantly ringing the changes upon the atrocities committed against other small nations while very careful to cover up the worse atrocities committed by herself against the small nation that lies at her door. Whatever happens to Ireland will, if England can possibly help it, remain a sealed book, and unless the Irish people everywhere do their duty, the real facts relating to Ireland will not be made known.

"When it was sought to have a delegation representative of every phase of Irish life come to Washington to present the address adopted by the Mansion House conference to President Wilson, England stepped in and prevented the delegation from coming. The address then had to be presented through the American Ambassador at London. The Associated Press and the United Press were careful not to publish this vitally important document, though they printed in full the appeal sent to President Wilson by Sir Edward Carson and his Orange confreres.

"Referring to this address from the people of Ireland the *London Nation* said: 'No such bitter indictment of British policy has been framed for over a hundred years, and no British Minister since Castlereagh has come nearer than Mr. George to deserving it.'

The country which stands for an independent Bohemia governs Ireland by military law.'

"The address, which is printed in full in the *Record*, covers every phase of the Irish question, and closes as follows:—

Hope in President Wilson.

"In every generation the Irish nation is challenged to plead to a new indictment, and to the present summons answer is made before no narrow forum, but to the tribunal of the world. So answering, we commit our cause, as did America, to 'the virtuous and humane,' and also more humbly to the Providence of God.

"Well assured are we that you, Mr. President, whose exhortations have inspired the small nations of the world with fortitude to defend to the last their liberties against oppressors, will not be found among those who would condemn Ireland for a determination which is irrevocable, to continue steadfastly in the course mapped out for her, no matter what the odds, by an unexampled unity of national judgment and national right."

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THE SACRED HEART AND VICTORY

A REMARKABLE EVENT.

The following article is taken from *La Semaine Religieuse d'Autun*:—

Our readers will remember the extraordinary fervor displayed by the pious faithful on the 7th of June last, and also two days later, on the feast of the Sacred Heart. At that time a new attack by the enemy threatened France at Compiègne, but General Mangin was successful in repulsing it, and made the assailants understand that they could go no further. However, for some days the result appeared doubtful. Then came the great day of sacerdotal supplication, the 29th of June, and the day of national prayer on the 4th of August. In addition there was the unforgettable and private prayer on the 18th of July, which was to settle the destiny of the war.

For some time it had been known, at least amongst Catholics, that a remarkable religious event took place in France on that day, but those who were acquainted with the fact did not speak of it, and we, therefore, did not dare to refer to it. To-day what occurred is no longer a secret, since on the 17th of July Father Perroy spoke from the pulpit in the Cathedral of St. Vincent at Chalons of what had taken place on the preceding 18th of July. The reverend preacher then revealed to the congregation that the Allied armies were consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus by their Generalissimo in the little church of the General Headquarters. Father Perroy said: "Marshal Foch, kneeling, consecrated the armies of which he had charge to the Sacred Heart, and petitioned at the same time, first, for a speedy and definite victory, and, secondly, for a peace glorious for France. It would appear that the Sacred Heart did not await anything further than this act of piety to permit victory to pass to France and her Allies. Is it necessary to recall the miraculous beginning of our triumphs precisely from that date, the 18th of July, and to add that mere chance could not have produced these coincidences?"

"Three days previously the enemy were on both sides of Rheims, spread over an extent of 100 kilometres, on the way to Paris. The blow was formidable, the struggle gigantic. On the 15th of July, by a clever manœuvre, General Gouraud made a fierce attack on the foe, and on the dawn of the 18th of July General Mangin's army penetrated the enemy's lines. From that moment success came to the French troops, and in such a manner that the hand of God was visible. In a few weeks Paris and Rheims were saved."

The French writer then refers to the other Allied successes at Cambrai, St. Quentin, Douai, Lille, Valenciennes, and other places. The Germans sought peace

from President Wilson and General Foch. It was in the East as in the West—the same disintegration of the enemy forces and universal defeat. The Bulgarians, Austrians, and Turks came in succession, humbly recognising their defeat, to ask for mercy. It was, indeed, the victory, the prompt, decisive victory, that Foch had asked from God. It was the victory of the Sacred Heart.

That this might be more visible, Providence permitted that amongst all these days of triumph the 17th of October should be specially brilliant. The following day the secular journals—the writer we cite does not quote from the Catholic press—stated that the date of the 17th of October, 1918, should not be forgotten by the French people. A magnificent record remains for that day alone—Lille reconquered, and, with Lille, Douai and other towns belonging to French Flanders—that is, nearly 600,000 of the French people liberated, and, at the same time, Ostend retaken, and with Ostend, the entire coast of Belgium restored, after four years, to the Belgians. It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that the 17th of October is the feast of the Confidant and Messenger of the Sacred Heart, the day on which at Paray, Montmartre, and other places, pious souls addressed more fervent and special supplications asking the intercession of Blessed Margaret Mary. It has been arranged that the consecration of the National Basilica of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre will take place on this date next year.

On the evening of the 17th of October all the bells, silent from the commencement of the war, rang out a joyous peal—a prelude to the "Te Deum" that, a month later, would be chanted throughout France.

On the 17th of October his Eminence Cardinal Mercier addressed a letter to his flock, in which he wrote:—"You see, dear brethren, how near God is to us. Your ardent prayers to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to our Lady of the Rosary, Mary Mediatrix, have been heard. Remain calm and dignified. The hour of liberation comes near. Courage and confidence. Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my trust in Thee."

In reference to the above facts a nun in Dublin has received a letter from a relative in France in which it is stated: "Marshal Foch consecrated all the troops to the Sacred Heart in July." In another letter, written later, the words occur with reference to the badge of the Sacred Heart: "The Sacred Heart is everywhere at the front, and in the rear also. It is not, therefore, surprising that our successes approach the miraculous."

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IRELAND'S RECORD IN THE WAR

Ireland's record in the war has been, from the point of view of the Allies, magnificent (says a writer in the *New Statesman*). The magnificence of the Irish contribution to the cause of freedom has been only less amazing than the flood of calumny and belittlement that has been consistently poured on it ever since August, 1914. Ireland has made a greater voluntary contribution of men to the Allied forces than any other unfree nation in the world. That is the leading fact of the situation. Sir Charles Russell, speaking at a Red Cross meeting at Dublin a few weeks ago, declared that Ireland had given 250,000 men to the British army and navy; and this leaves altogether out of account the equally large number of Irishmen who have taken part in the war in the Australian, Canadian, and American armies. If these are added in we need not hesitate to accept Mr. John Redmond's estimate that 500,000 Irishmen have fought in the ranks of the Allies for the liberty of the world. At the same time, as was shown in the *New Statesman* some time ago, Ireland has been second only to America itself in the supplies of food she has sent to England during the perilous years of the war. Had it not been for the assistance rendered by Ireland, both in men and foodstuffs, it is doubtful whether the Allies would yet have been able to force Germany to submission. This is not to claim that Ireland has done more than any other country. It is to claim merely that she was a necessary link in the great chain of the Allied success. He would be a knave and a fool who would attempt to disparage the sacrifices of France and England, of tortured Belgium and tortured Serbia. He would be equally a knave and fool, however, who, having accepted the services of half a million Irish soldiers and sailors, would pretend that Ireland has not made an immense and foreseeable contribution to the victory of the Allies, and who would reward the Irish dead with a weak sneer about the abundance of butter in Ireland in war time.

It may be asked why, these things being so, has the average Englishman been allowed to get the idea that Ireland has stood aside and sulked during the war? Some people think that the insurrection of 1916 is chiefly to blame. Well, there were not enough Irishmen in the Dublin insurrection of 1916 to make up even one battalion of the Irish Guards. One was told at the time that the Dublin insurgents numbered about a thousand. One has learned since then that they were hardly more than six hundred. Clearly, if Ireland's freedom is to depend upon whether her services to the Allies have outweighed her disservices, she has earned her freedom about a thousand times over. For every Irishman who shouldered a rifle on the insurgent side a thousand Irishmen have borne weapons on the side of the Allies. I doubt if one Englishman in a hundred thousand realises this. If they did, they would insist on seeing that their Irish allies had a free Parliament restored to them before the Peace Conference sits. Never was the need of a national government proved more completely. Had Ireland possessed a national Government during the war she would have had an organ for making known her services to the civilised world. Canada, Australia, and South Africa have but to speak of what they have done, and all the world listens. The *Times*, and the press in general, pay deference to them as free nations that command respect. South Africa has not contributed nearly so many men to the Allied armies as Ireland has done, but, luckily for herself, South Africa is free; and even her most malignant enemy of the old days dares not criticise her gift. She too, like Ireland, had a small insurrection; but even after this she escaped calumny. She, too, has been divided in opinion as to the war—far more so, indeed, than Ireland was before the mal-evoence of the anti-Irish authorities had had time to destroy the people's enthusiasm for Belgium. "It is an unfortunate fact," said Mr. Merriman in the early part of the present year, "that we in South Africa are for our sins riven into two factions of almost equal

strength. Almost one-half of the European population is coldly neutral towards the issue which we look upon as vital, if, indeed, they are not positively hostile to the cause of the Allies." And yet South Africa is free. If there is any coldness towards the Allies it is on account of past wrongs. In Ireland, on the other hand, if there is any coldness towards the Allies it is on account of present wrongs. Some months ago, when a dinner was given in honor of Mr. Burton, the Minister of Mines in South Africa, Mr. Asquith in a speech mentioned the numbers of the South African forces who had served in the war. The *Times*, for some reason or other, omitted the figures in its report. I wondered at the time whether it was because they made Ireland's contribution seem so immense by comparison. The *Times* was content to give the report of the dinner some general appreciative heading, such as "Loyal South Africa." It is more exigent in regard to Ireland. English statesmen, it is clear, have also one standard for South Africa and another for Ireland. Mr. Burton, we are told, related to the assembled guests the story of a wounded Boer soldier who said that he wished to get to France in order to repay the gift of free institutions to his country. He went on to say that the soldier's eye brightened as he added: "I would not have raised one single hand for the Empire if the Empire had refused to establish in my country that freedom which South Africa now enjoys." It is said that Mr. Austen Chamberlain and other representative statesmen who were present cheered this remarkable saying of the Boer soldier. By what fatality is it that they are unable to see that Irishmen are human beings, with the same passions as Boers? General Botha wrote to Mr. Redmond to say that he agreed with him that South Africa's services to the Allies were simply the fruit of the concession of national freedom. Yet even without national freedom, and as a pure act of faith, Ireland poured her sons into the trenches in the most critical days of the war and helped to hold the line at its weakest for the world's freedom.

Let me say again that I do not make these comparisons in order to belittle the services of any other nation, but only to show up Ireland's services in the war in a true light. Most of the free nations have published a list of their dead and wounded soldiers during the last week or two. Let us have a full list of the dead and wounded Irish soldiers, so that we may judge how great have been the sacrifices made by Ireland. Has Japan contributed as many dead as Ireland? She has not. Yet Japan is praised. Has New Zealand contributed as many? She has not. Yet New Zealand is praised. Has South Africa? Has Canada? Canada has a greater population than Ireland. Yet, if figures were to be had, I am confident it could be shown that far fewer Canadian-born men than Irish-born men have fallen in the war. Captain Esmonde, M.P., said in the House of Commons the other day: "I have seen myself, buried in one grave, 400 Nationalist soldiers killed in one fight"—two-thirds as many as the total number of the Dublin insurgents of Easter week. And that mournful spectacle has been repeated not after one fight, but after fifty during the war. In the most desperate days of the war—at Mons and at the Marne—Irishmen were present at the thickest of the fighting, and battalion after battalion gave itself up to the slaughter, singing "The Bold Fenian Men," "A Nation Once Again," and other songs of the kind that the police nowadays suppress with baton charges in Ireland. At the beginning of the war a battalion of the Irish Guards mutinied. It was because it had been rumored that they were not being sent to the Front! The Irish Guards, it will be remembered, had been reprimanded at the time of the Buckingham Palace Conference for cheering Mr. Redmond on his way down Birdcage Walk. I knew a soldier in the Irish Guards—now dead—who declared that his battalion called themselves "Redmond's Own." Well, they are dead, and so are the Redmonds, and Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Bonar Law have made the glorious sacrifice of surviving to perpetuate the subjection of Ireland. One is not sur-

prised to hear of the Nationalist soldier back from the Front who said to Mr. Dillon: "Mr. Dillon, the worst of it is I know now that we are not fighting for liberty, for England is going to betray us." England, please God, with the help of Labor, is going to do nothing of the sort; but Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Shortt, so far as they are able, have already made the great betrayal. Anti-Irish influences have for the moment triumphed, and Ireland is held up to contempt as a sullen shirker to all the free nations of Europe.

Mr. Lloyd George admitted, in the days following the insurrection, the malignity of the anti-Irish influences that had been at work among the English official classes in the early days of the war. This malignity has been shown by nothing more clearly than by the nature of the anti-Irish propaganda carried on by propagandists in the United States. The misrepresentation of Ireland to the United States could not have been more vehement if Ireland had been fighting for the Germans instead of for the Allies. If an American soldier, going ashore in Ireland, got into a drunken row that ended in a fight, the incident was telegraphed to America as if it were an unprovoked assault on the American flag by Irish Nationalists. And what can be said of the egregious statements about Ireland made in Mr. "Tan Hay's" propaganda book published in America and exposed by Mr. Devlin in the House of Commons? Irishmen ask themselves whether an English Government that meant to deal honestly by Ireland would actually pay for the spread of anti-Irish feeling in America. It seemed to me at the beginning of the war that England was now about to take the attitude before the world: "Well, we have done wrong in the past; but we are now going to liberate the small nations of the world—Ireland among them." Instead of that, English propaganda, so far as it has related to Ireland, has largely been occupied with an attempt to show, not that England has at last admitted the justice of the cause of Ireland, but that, comparatively speaking, England's attitude to Ireland is satisfactory and just. Every other Allied country except Ireland has been glorified in pamphlet after pamphlet. Ireland alone has been maligned. One egregious pamphlet has been published to show that the English do not behave as badly in Ireland as the Germans in Poland. On grounds of this kind nearly any country might be denied its freedom. One can usually find some other country which, in some respect or other, has suffered still worse.

Here, then, is the plain truth about Ireland. Some powerful influences, which have always hated the thought of Irish freedom, have devoted themselves resolutely to the abnegation of Ireland since the beginning of the war. Why, the story of the heroic deeds of the Irish regiment at Gallipoli were suppressed until Mr. Redmond raised a storm about them, after the troops of every other nation had been given full credit. And to-day people who are praising the Czecho-Slovaks and the Poles—both of whom fought (under compulsion) against the Allies by the fifty thousand—are to be found denouncing the Irish, who contributed an immense and vitally necessary army to the cause of the Allies. I thank God for the freedom that is coming to the Poles and the Bohemians. But Ireland, too, has some little claim on the attention of the statesmen of these years of liberation. As she thinks of her dead, lying in a world of graves in Flanders, Gallipoli, and Mesopotamia, she may well (adapting lines of Mr. Kipling's) cry out, in the agony of her soul:

"If blood be the price of nationality,
Good God, we ha' paid in full."

In this hour of the triumph of justice, let not the great deeds of this little nation be forgotten.

Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning; and these last three have never converted anyone, unless they were kind also.—*Faber.*

REQUIEM FOR FATHERS KINKEAD, CRONIN, AND LEWIS

On Wednesday, February 12, a solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the souls of the three Wellington priests who died during the recent epidemic was held at St. Joseph's Church, Buckle Street. The celebrant was the Right Rev. Mgr. McKenna, V.G.; deacon, Rev. J. O'Ferral, S.M.; subdeacon, Rev. James Bowe (Dannevirke); master of ceremonies, Rev. D. Hurley, S.M. His Grace Archbishop O'Shea presided, and the following clergy were in the choir:—Archdeacon Devoy, Very Rev. Deans Binsfeld, Power, Lane, Holley, James McKenna, and T. McKenna, the Rev. Fathers Mailard, J. Kelly, V. Kelly, W. Tymons, McLoughlin, Bowden, A. Cullen, J. Power, Saunderson, Whelan, C.S.S.R., Phelan, O'Reilly, Sukra, Herring, Eccleton, O'Connor, M. Devoy, Mangan, Dwyer, Hoare, McDonnell, Arkwright, Forrestal Cashman, Duffy, Harnett, Outtrim, J. Cullen, Ryan, W. Buckley, Gilbert, Quealy, Mahony, Schaeffer, Goudringer, Dignan, Kimbell, Campbell, Langley, Hickson, Fitzgibbon, and Kelly. The Mass was beautifully rendered by St. Patrick's students' choir, assisted by Fathers Mahony, Fitzgibbon, Outtrim, and Ryan, while Father Schaeffer presided at the organ. A large congregation, among whom were many of the parishioners of the deceased priests, was present. After the Mass, his Grace the Coadjutor Archbishop from the text, "The souls of the just are in the hands of God, and the torment of death shall not touch them. . . . And though in the sight of men they suffered torments, their hope is full of immortality." (Wisdom iii. 1-4.) delivered the following panegyric:—

We have been living through stirring times during the last few years. A great war—the greatest in history—has been waged, and it brought the whole civilised world within its influence. But though it went on for four and a-half years, and brought sorrow and mourning into innumerable homes, yet if we except the few countries that were actually the scene of fighting, men went their ways much as usual. Pleasure and material interest were uppermost in their thoughts. Death might be taking its heavy toll, but that was far away from most of the world's great centres of life and business, and men were not impressed by it. Business had to go on—profits had to be made and pleasures to be indulged in. Then suddenly, when we were congratulating ourselves on the end of the war and the cessation of slaughter, death appeared in another and even more terrible form, and stood at our very doors, thousands of miles from the battle-front. God wanted to teach us the lesson that the war with all its horrors had apparently failed to teach, and to remind us of the end of things. The world was taken completely by surprise, though we could have learnt from past history and from the warnings of Holy Writ, that war is always associated with pestilence and famine, and that they almost always follow in its train. And, as in the other places when the pestilence reached us, it found us unprepared, and to a great extent also panic-stricken. Then it was that the courage and heroism of certain souls showed forth in a most remarkable manner.

Now, amongst the first to face the situation as it should be faced, were our priests. Without the slightest hesitation or fear they went amongst the sick and dying—giving spiritual consolation, administering the Last Sacraments, and performing the corporal works of mercy as well. And as no class of persons was exempt from infection, many of the priests were themselves struck down, and to-day we are singing a Solemn Requiem for the repose of the souls of three belonging to this archdiocese, who gave their lives in the discharge of their priestly duties. Within the space of a single week we had to mourn the loss of Fathers Thomas Kinkead, Daniel Cronin, and Michael Lewis.

All three were young men. They were but three out of the number who worked amongst the plague-

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stricken or were stricken down themselves. God might have called others to Himself, but in His wisdom He chose Fathers Kinkead, Cronin, and Lewis to receive their reward the soonest. I think that there is a special heroism in the priests who worked so nobly and who laid down their lives in the recent epidemic. This diocese had already sent several priests to the front as chaplains. All did well, and we have had to mourn the death in action or from wounds of two splendid men—Fathers McMenamin and Dore. But the chaplain at the front who ministers amid shot and shell to the soldiers under his care is surrounded even in the eyes of the world with a certain halo. The applause of men, the gratitude of his boys, and of the relatives of those whom he may have attended in their last moments, all this brings comfort to his soul and is a reward even here below. And if he falls, as our priests have fallen, he is already acclaimed by the world not only a hero but a martyr.

But the priest at home, following his daily routine of duties, earns no such applause, though his work may be hard and monotonous, and though he may be ready when the occasion comes to face dangers more insidious than those of the battlefields, and lay down his life as these noble priests whom we honor to-day have done. These men worked as all good priests work, not for this world nor for its applause, but for a Master Who sees all things, even their secret motives, and Who will reward with rewards far beyond the wildest dreams of imagination. Fathers Cronin, Kinkead, and Lewis were typical specimens of the priests of the Catholic Church whom so many in the world misunderstand and misrepresent. They are the kind of men who are so often accused of standing between the soul and its Creator, and of preventing its free intercourse with God. Those who say these things, whether they be ignorant or dishonest, ignore the fact that Christ made His priests an essential part of His Church, which He established for the salvation of souls. They ignore the fact that the Sacraments, especially at the hour of death, are the Catholics' most priceless and longed-for treasures, and that you cannot have the Sacraments without priests. All these things they forget or ignore, and they look upon the priest merely as an intriguer or an organiser of men for their own profit or for the injury of other sections of the community. They praise, or rather they fear, the Church's wonderful organisation, which, they assert, extends even to the political field and to the world of business. Little do they know that the Church's chief strength and its unity of action, in certain occasions especially, comes not from organisation as the world understands it, but from the Catholic faith and the Catholic intuition, which instinctively, and without any direction from the clergy at all, knows for certain what course to take in every great crisis. It comes from the ever-abiding presence of the Holy Ghost, Who is with the laity as well as with the clergy, guiding them and directing them as a body to fulfil God's purposes in everything.

This is, then, the secret of that wonderful union which exists between Catholics and their priests all the world over. This is why Catholics, even those who have been careless for years, cry out for the priest and his ministrations whenever there is danger. And this is the reason, also, why the Catholic priest will go anywhere for his people, and will face death itself without the slightest hesitation in order to minister to them. This is why the priest gives up home and cuts himself loose from all ties of family or kindred, that he may be able to devote himself entirely to the service of his people. This is why he has to go through a long and severe training to fit him for the life of constant sacrifice and self-denial that will be his after his ordination. And though the good priest may have his consolations and encouragements they are not such as the world gives, or such as the man of the world looks for, and perhaps requires. No doubt there is human solace in the esteem and gratitude of his people, who know his worth and his work, but even this is too often withheld from the life of the priest. God,

however, sees his life and his work and will reward him as He alone knows how.

Now, as I have said, the three priests whose loss we mourn to-day, were typical specimens of the ordinary priest of God. Two of them had labored for eight years in different positions in the archdiocese; one had just recently been ordained. They did their work, wherever they were placed, quietly and conscientiously. They made no stir in the great world around them. Their names were scarcely ever before the public in the daily prints. They never sought cheap advertisement nor the passing praise of men. They attended to their spiritual work and to their priestly duties. They said their Mass, they baptised, they absolved, they dispensed the Bread of Life, they preached and instructed their people and the little ones in the saving truths of Christ. All these things may seem ordinary and commonplace to the world, but in the sight of God how far from commonplace they were. Just try and imagine the number of graces that must have flowed into souls through their ministry during the short years that they exercised it. Think of the numbers to whom the merits of the Precious Blood were applied. Think of the sins washed away and of the souls made resplendent with sanctifying grace and objects of beauty in the sight of God and His angels. Can you imagine anything more sublime than these things? Yet such were the things these men were constantly doing while they ministered as priests of God. And if to help towards the salvation of even *one* soul is worth more than all human achievement; estimate, if you can, what Fathers Kinkead, Cronin, and Lewis must have accomplished during their lives as priests. And when the occasion came, they who had always done their work quietly, rose nobly to it and displayed a heroism and an utter disregard of death that is characteristic of every true priest. They worked amongst their stricken people until they themselves went down, and it pleased God to call them to Himself.

And so they died, and in this archdiocese another bright page has been added to the long record of noble heroism on the part of the Catholic priesthood. Their deaths, within one short week of each other, have been a severe loss to the archdiocese, especially at the present time, but their heroic self-sacrifice will bring down many a blessing upon all. The people among whom they labored and for whom they gave their lives will bless their memory and remember their souls before the Throne of God. And, while you thank God that He has vouchsafed to give the Church in this young Dominion such noble priests, be more than ever resolved that you will always profit by their teaching and example. Pray for your dead priests, that they may all the sooner enter into the fulness of their reward. Pray for your living priests, that they may obtain from the Most High every grace to enable them to emulate the deeds of their devoted confreres who have passed hence, and every grace to discharge wisely as well as fearlessly the duties of their sublime office, and thus be the means of bringing salvation to countless souls. And, as the hope of these good priests was "full of immortality," so, also, may ours be, when God calls us to go before Him. "Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them."

The devotion—or worship, as we say in our Old English speech—to the Blessed Virgin which the Catholic Church teaches to her children, may be best defined in these words: it is the love and veneration which was paid to her by her Diving Son and His disciples, and such as we should have borne to her if we had been on earth with them; and it is also the love and veneration we shall bear to her next after her Divine Son when, through grace, we see Him in His kingdom.—*Cardinal Manning.*

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Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

February 15.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Reichel returned to Wellington by the Moeraki last evening, after a seven months' health tour in Queensland. Friends of Mr. Reichel will regret to learn that he has returned without being benefited in health.

Captain R. L. Evatt, of Wellington, will return to Wellington by the Ruapehu next week. Prior to leaving with the 15th Reinforcements, Captain Evatt was an officer in the 5th Wellington Regiment, and he was also actively associated with the Divisional Rifle Association. He is a member of the congregation of St. Francis' Church, Island Bay.

The executive of the Thomas Moore Celebrations Committee met on last Wednesday, when the syllabus for 1919 was completed. Mrs. Ward, of Auckland, has very generously donated a handsome cup for the girls' elocutionary section. The cup was accepted with thanks and it was decided to name it the Ward Challenge Cup. The Town Hall has been booked for May 28 (Moore's anniversary), and arrangements will be made forthwith to prepare the various selections for the concert. Messrs. F. J. Oakes, E. J. Healy, and E. B. L. Reade, conductors of St. Gerard's, St. Mary's, and St. Anne's Choirs respectively, with the Rev. Brothers Eusebius and Fidelis, have been appointed to draw up the programme, which will consist solely of Moore items.

In the junior championship cricket contest Marist Brothers' Old Boys, playing on Saturday last, defeated North by four wickets and 7 runs. North made 140 and declared second innings when 191 runs for seven wickets (W. Wilson scoring 103 not out, Ward 30, and Mason 22). Marists compiled 177, and having a lead of 37 on first innings, the required number (154) was obtained for six wickets, H. Carruthers winning the game, scoring 65 and 58 not out, O'Donovan 30, and Waller 29. O'Donovan (four for 50) and Carruthers (two for 56) bowled best for Marists, as did Ward (three for 62) and Luckie (two for 16) for North.

In the third class grade the Marist Brothers' Old Boys lost to Banks College by 81 runs. College scored 199 runs for five wickets and Marists replied with 118 for nine wickets (Costelloe 29, Reid 28 not out, Watson 25, and Geary 18). Costelloe (three wickets) and Geary (two) did the bowling for Marists.

The St. Patrick's Day Celebration Committee met last Thursday evening at St. Patrick's Hall. Mr. J. P. McGowan presided, and among those present were Fathers Hurley, S.M., Adm., and S. Mahony, S.M., and the Rev. Brother Eusebius. Good reports were received from the various sub-committees. Miss Teresa McEnroe, Miss Annie Sullivan, Signor Caesaroni, Mr. Farquhar Young (Christchurch), and Mr. Kevin Dillon have been engaged for the concert. A feature of the day celebrations will be the drill and figure display representing the shamrock, by 1000 school children.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

February 14.

Many will regret the fact that at present no less than five members of the Marist Brothers of this city are hospital inmates.

At the last meeting of the Holy Family Confraternity, held at St. Patrick's Cathedral on Tuesday evening, Father O'Byrne delivered a most interesting address on the subject of "The Duties of a Layman

Towards the Church." The speaker referred to O'Connell, Windthorst, and Ozanam.

The chapel at the Mater Misericordiae Hospital has just been rearranged. A handsome new altar has been installed and the chapel furnished with new pews. The walls have been repainted with artistic taste by the Sisters of Mercy, and the whole interior now presents a very fine appearance.

A meeting of those interested in St. Patrick's Day celebrations was held in the Hibernian Hall on Monday evening last, when there was a representative gathering from the various city and suburban parishes. Mr. M. J. Sheahan presided, and explained that the object of the meeting was to elect a committee to conduct this year's celebrations. The following officers were elected: Patron, His Lordship the Bishop; president, Mr. P. J. Nerheny; vice-president, Mr. M. J. Sheahan; secretary, Mr. J. Rodgers; treasurer, Mr. F. G. J. Temm; sports secretary, Mr. G. Tooman. It was decided to hold the sports portion of the programme in the Domain on Saturday, March 15, and the national concert in the Town Hall on Monday evening, March 17. At the unanimous request of the committee his Lordship the Bishop gave his approval to the diversion of the net proceeds of the celebrations this year to the requirements of the Marist Brothers.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

February 17.

A well-attended meeting of those interested in the welfare of Nazareth House was held at that institution on Sunday afternoon. His Lordship Bishop Brodie presided, and referred to the growing needs of the Sisters of Nazareth, to the increasing cost of maintenance, and to the lessening of their resources owing to the war and its many calls on the charity of the public. A special appeal was therefore found to be necessary, and it was proposed that this should be in the form of a garden fete. It was decided to hold a fete on March 22 in the grounds of Nazareth House, and Mr. T. Cahill was appointed secretary. The various stalls were allotted and a proposed schools' display was left in the hands of the Marist Brothers to arrange.

An executive meeting of the M.B.O.B. Association was held in the Brothers' school on Sunday morning. Rev. Brother Justin presiding. The principal business transacted was the fixing of the annual meeting for March 5, and for which a circular was drawn up.

After devotions at St. Mary's Church, Manchester Street, on last Sunday evening the members of the Sodality of the Children of Mary assembled in their meeting room to bid adieu to Miss Eileen Gray, one of their most devoted and enthusiastic members, prior to her wedding. In presenting Miss Gray, on behalf of her fellow-members of the sodality, with a beautiful statue of the Immaculate Conception, the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., paid a tribute to the good qualities of the recipient, and accompanied the gift with a nice prayer book from himself, conveying at the same time the sincere good wishes of all for her future happiness.

The fifteenth anniversary of the dedication of the Cathedral was observed with special solemnity on Sunday. There was Pontifical High Mass, commencing at 11 o'clock. His Lordship the Bishop was celebrant; Very Rev. C. Graham, S.M., assistant priest; Fathers Buckley and Burger, deacons of honor at the throne; Fathers Morkane and Collins, deacon and subdeacon respectively of the Mass; and Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., master of ceremonies. The occasional sermon was preached by his Lordship Bishop Brodie, in the course of which he paid a feeling tribute to the memory of his revered predecessor, reminding the congregation of the great progress the Church had made in the diocese under the wise supervision and administration of Bishop

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Grimes. His Lordship exhorted the faithful to continue to show the same generosity and devotion towards the works still to be carried out, particularly those in the interests of Catholic education. In the evening the Bishop presided at Solemn Vespers, and Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., preached appropriately of the day's observance. The choir, conducted by Mr. P. F. Hiscocks, with Mr. Harry Hiscocks at the organ, gave a fine rendering of Turner's Mass in the morning, and at Vespers the choir and children's choir combined sang most effectively. In rendering the "Te Deum" the verses were sung by the two choirs alternately.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The first concert of St. Joseph's Glee Club is to be given on next Tuesday evening (February 25) in St. Joseph's Hall. An excellent programme has been arranged, and as the members of the club have for many months been practising most assiduously the concert promises to be an enjoyable musical event. It is hoped a crowded audience will greet the initial effort of this young organisation.

The annual meeting of St. Patrick's Basilica Choir was held in St. Patrick's Hall, South Dunedin, on February 9, when there was a fine attendance. The report for the year showed that the attendance and enthusiasm of members had been well maintained during the trying times of the year and that good progress had been made. The services rendered by Mr. Atwill (conductor), Miss Hannon (organist), and Mr. J. Swanson, who acted as conductor in the early part of the year, received special mention. During the evening Miss K. Hannon was the recipient of a presentation from the choir members. The president (Father Delany), in making the presentation, referred to the loss sustained by the congregation and choir of the valued services of Miss Hannon, who had, owing to a professional engagement, found it necessary to relinquish the position. Father Delany voiced the good wishes of members for Miss Hannon's future success. The following office-bearers were appointed for the ensuing year: President, Rev. J. Delany; conductor, Mr. William Atwill; organist, Miss Mary Kane; hon. secretary and treasurer, Mr. William L. McEvoy; committee—Mrs. A. Davis, Misses N. Rodden, M. Kehoe, and J. Ahearn, Messrs. E. Cahill and J. Rodden.

Master John N. Smith, North-East Valley, Dunedin, and Master Oliver R. Marlow, of Musselburgh, Dunedin, were successful in winning senior national scholarships in the recent examinations. Both are students of the Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin. Master Smith received his early education from the Dominican Nuns, North-East Valley, and Master Marlow from the Sisters of Mercy, South Dunedin. These two candidates were placed first and fifth respectively among the successful candidates of Otago.

N.Z. CATHOLIC FEDERATION

This organisation will, on March 4, 5, and 6, hold various meetings and functions in Dunedin. The Dunedin Diocesan Council will assemble in St. Joseph's Hall on Tuesday evening, March 4, when Otago and Southland branch representatives will discuss local affairs at their half-yearly meeting. On Wednesday morning, March 5, diocesan and Dominion Council delegates from Auckland, Wellington, and Christchurch will attend Mass in St. Joseph's Cathedral at 9 o'clock. The occasional sermon will be preached by the Very Rev. J. Liston, Rector of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel. At 11 o'clock the N.Z. Catholic Federation Dominion Council will meet in St. Joseph's Hall for the first time here in the history of the Federation, and the whole day and evening are set apart for the transaction of the business. On Thursday the visitors will inspect Catholic enterprises in the city and surrounding dis-

tricts, interspersed with sight-seeing. His Majesty's Theatre has been engaged for Thursday evening, March 6, for holding a public meeting. The local executive have decided that the Catholic position and attitude on burning questions shall be put before the Dunedin public clearly, and Catholics and non-Catholics are cordially invited. Experienced public speakers from Wanganui, Invercargill, Gore, and Dunedin will deliver addresses on various aspects of the Catholic Federation's activities, and will endeavor to explain to all present the ideals of the Catholic Church upon that most important question of all New Zealanders—true education. Complete details of the meeting will be advertised in our next week's issue.

CHRISTCHURCH DIOCESAN COUNCIL.

The monthly meeting of the diocesan executive was held on February 11, Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., presiding over a good attendance of members. An apology was received from Mr. W. Hallins, and at his request he was granted leave of absence for the remainder of the term. The secretary was instructed to convey to Mr. Hallins the appreciation of the executive for the enthusiastic assistance he had at all times rendered to the Federation, and best wishes for his future success. The council's representative on the Dominion Executive gave an interesting report of the recent meeting. The report was discussed and satisfaction expressed with the subjects dealt with, and a vote of thanks was accorded to the secretary for his attendance at the meeting.

In view of an education policy being considered at the Dunedin conference, a lengthy and interesting discussion took place on the subject, various suggestions being advanced for the information of the delegates. Arrangements were made to visit several parishes during the month.

ST. MARY'S ORPHANAGE, NELSON.

With the payment of a cheque for £500 to the Mother Prioress of St. Mary's the effort in aid of St. Mary's Orphanage has closed. In another column of the *Tablet* thanks are returned to all those who contributed to the success of the work. The result is very gratifying in view of the many war-time demands made on public charity. Great credit is due to Mr. V. J. Crequer for his untiring interest and to his energetic committee. Chief among the workers were Messrs. McBride and Barry, Mesdames Clarry, Berndston, Weldon, Fitzpatrick, and Snodgrass, and Misses D'Arcy, Frank (4), Fitzpatrick (3), Clark (3), Clarry, Finnigan (3), and Young. Very effective work was also rendered by the orchestra and performers at the grand dance carnival. The orphanage farm has now been considerably improved, and under Mr. J. Larmer's capable direction promises well for the future of St. Mary's.

HEROIC CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN.

General Pershing, in the name of President Wilson, has awarded the Distinguished Service Cross to Father Francis A. Kelly, chaplain of the 104th Machine Gun Battalion, for acts of extraordinary heroism on the battlefield. The following description of Father Kelly's gallantry is given in the official report published by the U.S. War Department:

"Chaplain Francis A. Kelly, 104th Machine Gun Battalion. For repeated acts of extraordinary heroism in action near Ronsoy, between September 26 and 30, and east of Le Selle River, between October 13 and 20. During the operations of his regiment against the Hindenburg line, and later east of the Le Selle River, he was constantly at the front, caring for the wounded and supervising the burial of the dead, often under heavy shell and machine gun fire. His fearless conduct afforded an inspiring example to the combatant troops."

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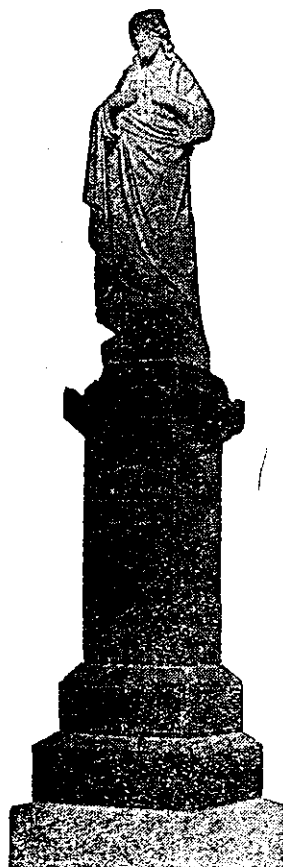
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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Faithful Unto Death, p. 25. Topics—Irish Items; The Sinn Fein Flag; Sinn Fein—pp. 14-15. Notes—George Eliot; Her Vogue; John Ayscough's Opinion; Moira O'Neill—pp. 26-27. Ireland's Claim to Self-Determination, p. 11. The Sacred Heart and Victory, p. 17. Ireland's Record in the War, p. 18. Requiem for Fathers Kinkead, Cronin, and Lewis, p. 19. Foch in the Hour of Victory, p. 37.

MARRIAGES

HEFFERNAN—McCABE.—On January 22, 1919, at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, by Rev. Father Kavanagh, Palmerston South, Stephen Edward Heffernan, Rock and Pillar, Otago Central, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. William Heffernan, Moonlight, to Ellen (Nellie), third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McCabe, Palmerston South. Nuptial Mass.

TOZER—ANDERSON.—On January 22, 1919, at the Sacred Heart Church, Timaru, by the Very Rev. Dean Tubman, Arthur, fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Tozer, sen., Levels, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Anderson, Lyalldale, St. Andrews.

DEATHS

AUSTIN.—On Thursday, February 13, at the residence of her sister (Mrs. J. J. Wilson, 13 Duke Street, Dunedin), Mary Letitia, widow of the late John Austin, of 26 Bishop Street, St. Albans, Christchurch. Interred in Linwood Cemetery.—R.I.P.

HENNELLY.—On November 23, 1918, at Auckland, Mary, widow of John Hennelly, and beloved mother of Ernest and May A. Hennelly, of Tole Street, Ponsonby; aged 66 years.—R.I.P.

O'CONNOR.—On January 28, 1919, at Dunedin, John, beloved husband of Margaret O'Connor, late of Temuka; aged 78 years.—R.I.P.

SHAW.—On November 23, 1918, at Dannevirke, Matthew James, dearly beloved husband of Mary Shaw, and son of John and Mary Shaw, Tumut, New South Wales; aged 43 years.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

SULLIVAN.—On January 11, 1919, Ellen Sullivan, dearly beloved wife of Jeremiah Sullivan, High Street, Waimate; aged 63 years.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

SMALL.—Of your charity pray for the happy repose of the soul of John Small, who died at Ohangai on February 23, 1918.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

WARD.—In fond and loving memory of my dear husband, John Ward, who departed this life at Oamaru in February, 1918.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loving wife and child, Margaret and John Ward.

WANTEDS

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ST. MARY'S ORPHANAGE, NELSON

The Committee of St. Mary's Orphanage Fund and the Sisters and Children of St. Mary's extend their heartfelt thanks to all kind friends who assisted in the raising of £500 in aid of the Orphanage.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

ADVERTISEMENTS of 16 Words under the Heading Situations Vacant, Wanted, For Sale, To Let, Lost and Found, Miscellaneous Wants, &c. 2s per insertion; Death Notices, &c., 2s 6d: verses, 4s per inch extra. Strictly Cash in Advance. No booking for casual Advertisements.

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 vias Veritatis et Pacis.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

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, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope.



THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1919.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH



WHEN a young man kneels before the altar, robed in white, *candidatus*, petitioning Holy Church to accept him as a Levite and to permit him to bind himself to the service of the Lamb by irrefragable vows of chastity and obedience, a solemn warning is spoken by the bishop, who, in the measured words of the ordination service, reminds the suppliant that they are still free to turn back, and that if they go forward now they will be bound to Christ in an especial way, for life here and for life hereafter. They who hear the ritual warning read have long pondered on its full meaning, and when they arise to go towards the altar instead of turning from it, they recognise that henceforth they belong sacramentally to Christ and to the people who form His mystic Body, that His wish is tenfold more to them now than before, that they have given up the world that has spoken to them for the last time, and the pleasures and the purely selfish interests it might have in store for them in future, and that, now and for ever, it will be not so much a sacrifice as the mere fulfilment of a duty for them to give even life itself when Christ calls for it in His service. Because of the deep conviction that it is their duty, and that they have already made their election deliberately and gladly, priests find it a wonderfully easy thing to respond to the hardest summons when it comes; they spring naturally to action with a spontaneous *Adsum* on their lips the moment a call comes. They never weigh the danger to themselves, or if they do weigh it there is never a thought of hesitating because of it. Sacrifice is duty, and duty is sweet, and they have learned even to welcome as a supreme bless-

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ing from God death that comes by way of the fulfilment of duty. So there is the secret spring of a heroism which is among the wonderful things of life, a heroism which will carry men through perils of all kinds, with nothing to gain from a worldly point of view, in calm and cool deliberate performance of the same sacred ministry which is their everyday occupation. In battle and in pestilence, in earthquake and in shipwreck, the marvellous readiness of priests to affront the worst perils is, after all, a state of mind for which their vocation has prepared them and taught them to regard as a matter of plain duty, for the highest of motives. Thus it is that

While all about them rise,
The crashing discords of a world's dismay,

the clergy of the Catholic Church make the gesture of heroes with perfect simplicity and naturalness.

*

On Wednesday, February 12, a numerous body of prelates, priests, and laics gathered together in St. Joseph's Church, Wellington, to assist at the Holy Sacrifice offered to God for the good estate of the souls of Fathers Kinkead, Cronin, and Lewis, who had died in the performance of their duty during the recent epidemic. These three young Irishmen met death in the way in which any priest may at any time be called upon to meet it; and as, we trust and believe, through the grace of our Lord, any priest would meet it. They did a heroic thing, which to them was, after all, but a natural thing, for the reasons upon which we have briefly dwelt. They had, a few years before, left all things to follow Christ, and in leaving also the dear land of their birth, which all three loved with the deathless love of Irish patriots for their country, they had relinquished more than every priest is called upon to leave. Two of them for about eight years, the third for hardly so many months, devoted themselves to the care of the people to whom the will of their ecclesiastical superiors sent them: they had received a mission, or a sending, and the plague that swept over New Zealand found them doing their work as Catholic priests, faithfully, silently, patiently, just as their fellow-priests were doing theirs. Others who had labored long and borne the heat of the day were as ready as they, but it was the young priests, one of them but bending to the harvest, the other two as yet in the morning hours, whom the Master called away to receive their reward, for whom in His mysterious ways He prepared the crowns of martyr-priests. And so they arose and left behind this earthly life, as they had left behind the promise of the world a few years earlier when they knelt at the feet of the ordaining bishop and solemnly gave themselves to Christ and His people. For Christ and His mystical Body they died; and we, who are members of that Body too, have a title to share in their glory and a right to feel the legitimate pride which springs from the contemplation of hardships and duties nobly endured and performed; as also through that organic union we still remain their friends as we were during their mortal days, and have the obligations of friendship to compel us to remember them before the altar, praying that God may give them refreshment, light, and peace unending. They were His disciples; He gave Himself into their keeping as familiarly as He did in the days when other disciples were privileged to touch His wounds and when He took from their hands broiled fish and wild honeycomb by the side of the lake: He called them suddenly and they were ready—ready to prove by dying for their friends that they had the great love which makes men most like unto Him. "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching. Amen, I say to you, that He will gird Himself and make them sit down to meat, and passing will minister unto them."

*

The archdiocese of Wellington has felt the loss of these three young priests sorely. The good Catholic people among whom they lived and for whom they

died will mourn long for them. We, whom the bonds of intimate friendship united to the two seniors, offer to all their friends, here in New Zealand, and to those others who will mourn most, beside the Shannon, under the shadow of the Kerry hills, and by the rivers of Leinster, our deepest sympathy; and hardly less are we impelled to offer them our congratulations, for the brave deaths of the three and the sure reward they have won are things to be thankful to God for. And here, with the words of the great Catholic poet, we say our *Ave atque Vale* and leave them, not forgotten, in their last earthly sleep:

*Love made the bed; they'll take no harm;
Let them sleep: let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
Till the eternal morning dawn;
Till the curtain will be drawn
And they wake into the light,
Whose Day shall never die in Night.*

IN MEMORIAM

Seldom was it our lot to assist at a more moving ceremony than the Requiem held at St. Joseph's, Wellington, for the dead priests. From all parts of the archdiocese the clergy came to pay this last tribute of respect and esteem to their deceased brethren, recognising the quiet heroism which inspired them, and eager to bear witness to it in this solemn manner. Forty-eight priests and the Archbishop were present. We were reminded by the sight of so many clerics, in soutanes and surplices, of the assemblies, held in the same church when all met together in synod, and of retreats in the same place, before the same altar, which we formerly attended in the company of two of the young priests for whom we came now to pray. And old scenes and old memories would come, recalling the friends whom we shall see not again on earth, and whom we hope to meet in heaven one day. It would be presumption on our part to allude to the exquisite taste of the sermon delivered by Archbishop O'Shea, who was visibly affected when he told us of the silent, devoted lives of the three whom the cruel trial of the epidemic found pure gold. Theirs, as his Grace said, was not the glamor of facing danger in the battlefield, where so many of their brother-priests so bravely faced it; the danger these men had to encounter was no less grave and even more likely to cause terror in the hearts of those who would pause to think of it at all. But Fathers Kinkead, Cronin, and Lewis did not weigh it nor think of it when the call came for them. The archdiocese feels their loss deeply; but we cannot help emphasising the Archbishop's thought that great as the loss was the gain was still greater. The example of these three must infallibly have a powerful effect on us all—on priests and people; and their sacrifice will surely bring untold blessings on their brethren in the ministry and on their flocks. Wellington, from a human point of view, was sorely stricken by the loss of the five priests who died recently; but was it not also greatly honored and largely blessed. God, with Whom are now the souls of His just, ordains all things to final good, and we who feel the loss of dear friends now bless His Holy Will.

NOTES

George Eliot

We were very glad to find a warm word of praise for George Eliot in a paper by so distinguished a Catholic writer as John Ayscough; for it has been the fashion among some Catholics to attribute to her writings the failing of her philosophy and her creed. It has been said that she knew her failings, and that she pleaded that her books would help to undo much of the harm due to her example; and it is no new thing to find a writer's personal convictions about religion or

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the want of it shut out from the public. At any rate we have always thought that some of our people were unfair to the great novelist, and have never wavered in our early allegiance to her as the first of modern English writers of fiction. We still hold, as we did when we read them when our mind was more plastic and our imagination fresher than now, that *The Mill on the Floss*, *Adam Bede*, and *Romola* are in the very highest rank of European novels, and it is not likely that we shall ever again read any novels that will delight us as they did and move us as they moved us.

Her Vogue

Her vogue was at its highest towards the end of her life; and after her death it began to pass. Among the young readers of to-day admirers of George Eliot are not too common, but it is doubtful if that is not rather by way of a tribute to her worth. Considering what the youth nowadays read there was wisdom in Mr. Dooley's policy of erecting the Bible and Shakespeare on his desk in front of him, "while Hall Caine and Mary Corelli raged outside." At the beginning of the "eighties" public suffrage would have certainly put George Eliot in the same class as Scott and Dickens; and though the public has changed, the best critics are still on her side. "There has been no greater novelist since the death of Dickens," was Andrew Lang's verdict. "No woman," said Oscar Browning, "has attained so high a place among the writers of our country. . . . No English novels have aimed at higher ends, have presented more complex characters, or attempted more difficult problems." Edmund Scherer, a distinguished French critic, held that for George Eliot was reserved "the honor of writing the most perfect novels yet known." Lord Acton's praise was high indeed: "In problems of life and thought which baffled Shakespeare disgracefully, her touch was unerring. No writer ever lived who had anything like her power of manifold sympathy. If Sophocles or Cervantes had lived in the light of our culture, if Dante had prospered like Manzoni, George Eliot would have had a rival. . . . George Eliot seemed to me not only capable of reading the diverse hearts of men, but of creeping into their skin, watching the world through their eyes, feeling their latent background of conviction, discerning theory and habit, influence of thought and knowledge, of life and descent, and having obtained this experience, recovering her independence, stripping off the borrowed shell, and exposing scientifically and indifferently the soul of a Vesta, a Crusader, an Anabaptist, an Inquisitor, a Dervish, a Nihilist, or a Cavalier without attraction, preference, or caricature. And each of them would say she had displayed him in his strength, that she gave rational form to motives he had imperfectly analysed, that she laid bare features in his character he had never realised."

John Ayscough's Opinion

As it is certain that many of our readers will not agree with us we hasten to support our broader view by appealing to John Ayscough, who is better qualified to judge than most of us. Here is what he has to say on the point: "That George Eliot was an agnostic all the world believed that it knew, and that a considerable portion of the world that is by no means agnostic proceeded to read agnostic teaching (*sic*) into her novels. For my part I can never see it: on the contrary, I am rootedly convinced that if no one had ever known by whom her books were written, no one would ever have discovered them to be the work of an agnostic. . . . That George Eliot's Christians were often innocently pagan is only a proof that she could regard "Christian" England with very clear eyes, and was much better aware than many Christians of what Christianity really is. . . . Who can doubt the serene happiness, in the midst of a life often saddened by the sins and sorrows of others, of Dinah Morris? How dull must a reader be who cannot see that Maggie Tulliver was never so near happiness as while endeavoring to submit herself to the teaching of *The Imitation of Christ*? I would venture to say that

George Eliot's novels are far from providing proofs of the fact of her agnosticism, far from illustrating it: and that they seem to me to prove that she saw that in belief, and in conduct corresponding to belief, lay the best hope of happiness."

Moira O'Neill

Of sweet singers surely the New Ireland has plenty, and of a variety to please each song-lover's taste. Who is greatest and who is best let critics decide; we take them all to our heart and thank God for them. For it is something to be thankful for that no dark days and lean years have been able to hush the little singing-birds of old Eire. Many a man or woman who admires the grandeur of the broad ocean, or the majesty of the Alps loves better some quiet little back-water sheltered by the hanging woods over an Irish river, or a little hillside patched with little fields which have Irish names that come down from father to son and are sweet on the tongue and musical to the ear. So, many a one who recognises the beauty of Yeats and the power of Synge will yet love far more the sweet, artless songs that spring from the hearts of singers like Moira O'Neill or Ethna Carbery. Here is a melody from the *Songs of the Glens of Antrim*, by the former:

*Sure this is blessed Eran an' this same glen,
The gold is on the whin-bush, the wather sings again,
The fairy thorn's in flower, - an' what ails my heart
then?*

*Flower o' the may,
Flower o' the may,
What about the may time, an' he far away!*

*Summer loves the green glen, the white bird loves the
sed,
An' the wind must kiss the heather, too, an' the red
bell hodes a bee:
As the bee is dear to the honey-flower, so one is dear
to me.*

*Flower o' the rose,
Flower o' the rose,
A thorn pricked me one day, but nobody knows.*

*The bracken up the braeside has rusted in the air,
Three branches lean together, so silver-limbed and fair,
Och! golden leaves are flyin' fast, but the scarlet roan
is rare.*

*Berry o' the roan,
Berry o' the roan,
The wind sighs among the trees, but I sigh alone.*

*I knyt beside the turf-fire, I spin upon the wheel,
W'inter nights for thinkin' long, round runs the reel . . .
But he never knows, he never knows that here for him
I'd kneel.*

*Sparkle o' the fire,
Sparkle o' the fire,
Mother Mary keep my love, an' send me my desire!*

That is a song that pierces to the heart of the child of the Gael, at home or abroad; and when a singer can make a song do that he or she is a poet. Moore and Burns were never more poets than when they wrote such lyrics as *The Coulin* and *Ye Banks and Braes*. We could quote Moira O'Neill for many a page without wearying our readers. But instead of doing that we recommend them to get hold of her songs for themselves. As "Corrymeela" is commonly said to be her best we will print one stanza:

*Over here in England I'm helping with the hay,
An' I wish I was in Ireland the livelong day:
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.*

*There's a dumb river flowin' by beyond the heavy trees,
This livin' air is mothered w' the hummin' o' the bees;
I wish I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through
the peat
Past Corrymeela, w' the blue sky over it.*

LENTEN REGULATIONS, DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

1. According to the discipline of the new code of Canon Law:—(1) The Law of Abstinence regulates the kind of food which may be taken on certain days. It forbids the use of meat and of meat soup; it does not, however, forbid the use of eggs, milk, butter, or cheese, on any day of the year, not even on Ash Wednesday or Good Friday. Nor does the Law of Abstinence forbid the use of lard or dripping on any day of the year, provided they are used merely as a condiment or seasoning. (2) The Law of Fasting restricts the quantity of food which may be taken on certain days. It allows but one full meal in the day, with two light refectations. At these two light refectations, one may take those kinds of food only which local custom has approved for such meals on fast days. The full meal is to be taken at or after noon. It is usually the midday meal, but it may be interchanged with the evening meal. (3) There are, according to the present discipline, days of—(a) abstinence only, (b) fast only, (c) fast and abstinence. (4) The Law of Abstinence binds those only who have completed their seventh year. (5) The Law of Fasting binds those only who have completed their twenty-first year, but have not entered upon their sixtieth year. (6) Those who are ill and those who are habitually engaged in any exhausting occupation are excused from the Law of Fasting. (7) Those who are exempt from the Law of Fasting and bound only by the Law of Abstinence, are allowed to take without restriction as often as they wish on a fast day whatever is allowed at the principal meal on that day to those who are bound to fast. (8) There is neither fast nor abstinence on Sundays, nor outside of Lent, on holidays of obligation. There is no obligation to anticipate the fast or abstinence, which may happen to fall on a Sunday or holiday. (9) (a) All the Fridays of the year are days of abstinence, unless Friday happens to be a holiday of obligation. (b) The Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays of Quarter Tense, Ash Wednesday, the Fridays and Saturdays of Lent, and the Vigils of Pentecost, the Assumption, the Feast of All Saints, and Christmas are days of fast and abstinence. (c) The Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays of Lent are days of fast, but (except Ash Wednesday and the Wednesdays of Quarter Tense) they are not days of abstinence. On these days, therefore, meat is allowed at the principal meal to those who are fasting; it is allowed without restriction to those who are not bound to fast. (10) Fish and flesh are not forbidden at the same meal. (11) The fast and abstinence cease a noon on Holy Saturday, the Vigil of Easter Sunday. (12) The ordinary and the parish priest (even the *quasi*-parish priest) can, in particular cases and for just cause, dispense their own people, even outside the diocese or parish, from fast or abstinence, or both. They can likewise dispense externs who happen to be in the diocese or parish respectively for the time being. (13) In exceptional cases, when, for example, there is an epidemic, or much sickness, or, when it is desirable to provide for the needs of some large assemblage, the ordinary can give a general dispensation for the whole or part of the diocese.

2. Special Regulations for Australasia.—(1) In virtue of special faculties granted by the Holy See, the faithful of Australasia are dispensed from the fast on the day on which the Feast of St. Patrick is celebrated, that is, the 17th March, or the day to which the ecclesiastical feast is transferred; they are also dispensed from abstinence, unless the feast be celebrated on Friday or on an Ember Day. (2) The abstinence is removed from the second of two successive days of abstinence. (3) Local custom in Australasia allows those who are bound to fast to take, in addition to their full meal, two light refectations, one of about eight ounces, the other of a few ounces. At the latter refectation a little butter is allowed; at the former, butter, cheese, eggs, or fish may be taken, but in small quantity, as part of the eight ounces. (4) In individual cases, where there is a reasonable cause, any

confessor may, within his own diocese, and even outside of confession, give further relaxations in the Law of Fast or Abstinence, and that even to those not belonging to the diocese.

3. The chief points to remember are:—(1) Children.—Children who have not completed their seventh year are not bound by either fast or abstinence. (2) Those Bound to Abstain.—The following are bound to abstain, but are not bound to fast—(a) Those over seven, but not yet twenty-one years complete; (b) those who have entered upon their sixtieth year; (c) those who are ill, or who are in delicate health; (d) those who are habitually engaged in any exhausting occupation; (e) those who are lawfully dispensed from the fast. Such persons are, therefore, bound to abstain from meat and meat soup (but not from eggs, butter, etc.) on the Fridays of the year (except Friday be a holiday), on Ash Wednesday, on the Wednesdays of Quarter Tense, on the Vigils of the Assumption, All Saints, and Christmas. (3) Those Bound to Fast and Abstain.—Those who have completed their twenty-first year and have not yet entered upon their sixtieth year are bound both by fast and abstinence, unless they be excused by ill-health, by exhausting work, by the impossibility of getting Lenten fare, or by a dispensation. Such persons are allowed but one full meal, with two light refectations, on the Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays of Quarter Tense; on the Vigils of Pentecost, the Assumption, All Saints, and Christmas; on the week-days of Lent (except the Feast of St. Patrick). They are bound to abstain from meat and meat soup on the Fridays of the year (unless Friday be a holiday); on the Wednesdays of Quarter Tense, and on the Vigils of the Assumption, All Saints, and Christmas.

4. Meat is allowed at the principal meal, on every day during Lent, except Fridays and Ash Wednesday and the Wednesday of Quarter Tense (this year 12th March), to those who are fasting, and it is allowed at every meal to those who are not bound to fast.

5. We hereby authorise priests having care of souls, and confessors, to grant to the faithful such further dispensations as may be deemed necessary according to the circumstance of each case. Owing to the special circumstances of Australasia, the time for complying with the Paschal precept of Communion extends from Ash Wednesday to the Octave of the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul.

According to the present discipline of the Church, Marriage may be celebrated at any time of the year. The solemn celebration of Marriage with Nuptial Mass is, however, forbidden during Advent or Lent—i.e., from the first Sunday of Advent to Christmas Day, both inclusive, and from Ash Wednesday to Easter Sunday, both inclusive.

A collection for the seminary fund shall be made on the second Sunday in Lent in every church where a priest officiates, and in all other churches on some Sunday during Lent. The faithful are earnestly solicited to contribute generously to this fund. The collection for the Pope shall be made in each church on some Sunday before the end of September next, and for the aborigines on some Sunday before the end of November.

JAMES COFFEY,

Administrator of the Diocese.

Dunedin, February 17, 1919.

I have learned to distrust all evidence of personal evil. The most searching tone of our Lord's utterances, and one that grows every day in its significance upon me, is "Judge not, and you shall not be judged"; and not on grounds of charity, but truth. It is impossible to judge of another: we do not even understand ourselves.—*Paschal Germain*.

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FRANCE AND CHRISTIANITY.

The Catholics of France have had a very large share in the great work of winning the victory that has ended the war. They have proved in the fiery furnace in which they have been tried that they are free from dross. Other sections of the population have produced men who have been convicted of traitorism, but the fidelity of the Catholics to their country is undisfigured, entire. They have therefore displayed whole-hearted joy in the triumph of the Allies. But at present they are in an anxious mood (says the *Catholic Times*). Though the British and American forces have had much intercourse with the French troops, and both Great Britain and the United States have publicly acknowledged the debt of gratitude they owe to God for success in the war, the French Government has not officially recognised that duty, and now the Catholics of France are afraid that, with its approval, the old attacks on the faith and the crusade for the secularisation of education will be resumed. The remedy—and no other remedy seems possible—is to organise the electoral forces and make sure that they are on their side. The date of the general election cannot be far off, and the impression created by the self-sacrifices of the Catholic clergy and laity during the past four years ought to render hopeful the prospect of inducing the voters to choose representatives favorable to the Catholic creed.

CLEMENCEAU IN CHURCH PULPIT.

The Paris *Gaulois* is responsible for the statement that at a thanksgiving service held in Lille, after its restoration to freedom, the French Premier, M. Clemenceau, made an appearance in a Catholic church. On the previous day the Premier had personally thanked the priest of the town for his heroic conduct, and the latter had sought, as his "only reward," that the Premier should attend the "Te Deum" of thanksgiving. M. Clemenceau apparently not only did this, but at the end of the "Te Deum" he mounted the pulpit and addressed a few words to the congregation, who startled themselves and their cure by breaking out into cheers.

M. Clemenceau asked the congregation to transfer their tribute to "that great citizen (Marshal Foch) who had never lost faith in the country." Which the London *Universe* thinks he might have amplified by adding "nor in his God." The French Premier continued his short discourse by saying "I know it is not customary for a member of the congregation to speak in church, and I have never done so before, but I could not restrain my emotion." It is said that this is M. Clemenceau's first appearance in any church, which would account for part of his concluding remarks. There are many in France who hope that this may not be his last appearance in a Christian church.

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COMMONWEALTH NOTES

NEW SOUTH WALES.

The consecration of his Lordship Dr. C. J. Nicolas, S.M., as Coadjutor to the Right Rev. Dr. Vidal, S.M., Vicar-Apostolic of Fiji, took place at Villa Maria, Hunter's Hill, on Sunday morning, February 2. The ceremony was a private one, confined to the officiating prelates and a few guests. His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate performed the consecration, being attended by his Grace Archbishop Redwood, S.M. (Wellington, N.Z.) and his Lordship Bishop Carroll (Lismore). His Grace Archbishop Kelly, assisted by the Very Rev. Dr. Hayden and Very Rev. Father Chevreuil, S.M., was also present. Rev. Father Courtais was M.C., and Rev. Father Mulsant, S.M. (New Caledonia), assisted the new bishop. Father Herring, S.M., assisted Archbishop Redwood, and Father Laurent, S.M., assisted Bishop Carroll. Others in attendance were Very Rev. Father Moussy, S.M. (Superior of Villa Maria), Rev. Fathers Rigard, Goggan, Ainsworth, Rausch, Monaghan, and Flaus, S.M. The students of the Marist Brothers' Juniorate, Hunter's Hill, served at the altar. As there was no congregation, no sermon was delivered at the ceremony. At the subsequent banquet, however, his Grace Archbishop Redwood delivered a special address. The Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Kelly, and Bishop Carroll also spoke, Bishop Nicolas responding to the congratulations.

The decision of the State Government to prohibit the attendance of Catholics at Mass, owing to the influenza, even in the open air under approved conditions, has occasioned considerable surprise and resentment (says the *Freeman's Journal*). It was hoped, and not by Catholics only, that this extreme and panic-stricken action might have been hastily arrived at, and that an attitude which is regarded as altogether unreasonable would be modified after more mature consideration. As a matter of fact, the Catholics were the first to express their willingness to help the authorities in their efforts to stamp out the disease. But the Cabinet goes altogether too far when it applies to the churches extreme measures which, if carried to their logical conclusion, would mean nothing less than the total abandonment of all social and business intercourse. The risk of infection attending a properly regulated open-air church ceremony is certainly no greater, if as great, as that attending a passage along crowded thoroughfares, travelling in crowded trains, trams, and boats, or the conduct of ordinary business in shops and commercial houses. This point of view was placed before the authorities. The offer was also made by our Church to hold open-air Masses lasting only about twenty minutes, to allow no crowding of congregations, and to forbid the attendance of any person not properly masked. But the response was strangely unsympathetic from the Minister of Health.

In view of the uncertainty amongst the priests and people with regard to the situation, Rev. Father J. O'Gorman, Administrator of St. Mary's Cathedral, approached his Grace the Archbishop for instructions, and from the Palace, Manly, Archbishop Kelly wrote a letter to the Administrator in which he said:—

"We shall, as promised, conform to public order. The people, it appears from letters posted to us, would be encouraged by the Mass, and on the contrary, will be saddened by any hindrance to their assisting at it. The priests will continue to offer the Holy Sacrifice in propitiation for our social evils and in supplication for Divine clemency."

So far, then, the Government is treating the Churches, and particularly the Catholic Church, to whose members the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass means so much, with the usual pagan contempt for religion. Catholics are to be deprived of the Mass at a time when they stand most in need of the consolation of religion. How long this state of affairs will continue, and what further efforts will be made to secure some more sympathetic and Christian treatment on the part of the authorities, we cannot say.

VICTORIA.

To combat the influenza menace the regulations issued by the State Cabinet required that masks be worn at the churches on Sunday, February 2. Scots Church, Collins Street, got over the difficulty by putting up the shutters, others by holding services in the open air. The sharp line of demarcation between the Catholic and non-Catholic churches was recognised by the Cabinet. Ministers admitted that the Catholic section of the people regarded it as an obligation to go to church (Mass) on Sundays, and met them sympathetically. The Very Rev. the Administrator of St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Rev. Father John Barry, in the absence of his Grace the Archbishop on vacation, issued the following note: "In order to co-operate with the Public Health authority in preventing the spread of influenza, Catholics, when attending Mass on Sunday next, are requested to wear masks, as ordered by the State Cabinet."

A visit to various parishes throughout Victoria is to be made by Rev. Fathers P. Parker, P.P., and T. Power, whose mission is to raise an endowment fund of £40,000 this year in connection with Newman College. They have already met with a liberal response.

His Grace, Archbishop Mannix, who spent the vacation at Koroit, with the Bishop of Ballarat (Dr. Foley), has returned to Melbourne.

At the opening of the Convent of the Sisters of the Good Samaritan on a recent Sunday at Gorooke (Colac parish), the whole countryside turned out in honor of the great Churchman, democrat, and Irish-Australian, the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Province of Melbourne (says an exchange). His Lordship the Bishop of Ballarat (the Right Rev. Dr. Foley) was also present. Replying to an address of welcome, Dr. Mannix said that every Australian should put Australia first. (Applause.) He was an Irishman first, but he was an Australian by adoption, and put Australia as close as possible to Ireland. (Applause.) Those who had read the papers would have seen that Mr. Hughes had become a complete convert to the theory of putting Australia first. (Laughter and applause.) Mr. Hughes, speaking in England, had said: "We have a right to govern ourselves in our own way. I have been much criticised by my friends in Australia because I put Australia first. When I return to Australia I shall not be slow to tell those who, behind my back, attacked this doctrine, that they are grievously injuring Australia." His Grace said he hoped that Mr. Hughes would talk to those critics, and after he had done so he would apologise to him (his Grace). (Loud laughter and applause.)

It will be remembered that Mr. Hughes more than once attacked his Grace for advocating the policy of putting Australia first. This shows the inconsistency of the gentleman who represents only the so-called "National" party (sic) in Australia, who says one thing one day and eats his words the next. President Wilson asked this pertinent question of Mr. Hughes: "Do you represent all the people of Australia?"

The *Melbourne Age*, referring to the reported early departure of his Grace Archbishop Mannix, on a visit to Rome, says: "The Archbishop will return to Melbourne early in May, and will, at the invitation of Bishop Shiel, visit Rockhampton for the purpose of taking part in a function at that place. Dr. Mannix has entered into engagements lasting well into May next, and there is no prospect of his paying a visit to Rome this year, though it is possible he may do so next year."

No man ever knew, or can know, what will be the ultimate result, to himself or to others, of any given line of conduct. But every man may know, and most of us do know, what is a just and an unjust act. And all of us may know also that the consequences of justice will be ultimately the best possible, both to others and to ourselves; though we can neither say what is best nor how it is likely to come to pass.—*Ruskin.*

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IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, is said to have voted in the last election, this being the first vote he cast since he became Archbishop of Dublin over 30 years ago. His Grace is understood to have voted Sinn Fein.

One of the Irish Sinn Fein deportees, Mr. Richard Coleman, of Dublin, died recently in Usk Prison, where he was interned. Pneumonia following influenza was the cause of death. Seven other prisoners in Usk are down with the same disease. Mr. Coleman was interned without trial or accusation.

Dr. D. J. Coffey, Vice-Chancellor, presided in Dublin at a meeting of the Senate of the National University, at which Canon MacCaffrey, D.D., was co-opted a member of the Senate. He was also appointed pro-Vice-Chancellor, along with Sir Bertram Windle and Mr. Alex. Anderson. A resolution was passed taking powers by statute to establish in the University the additional degree Ph.D., common to all Faculties, to be obtainable by graduates of foreign universities as well as their own graduates.

"I see," said the Lord Mayor of Dublin at a meeting of the Corporation the other day, "that the Chief Secretary for Ireland, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he was angling for the Irish vote, has told his audience that the interned men were not only receiving 'German gold' but 'American gold' also; and as time goes on it will be, I suppose, called an 'American plot,' and, now that America has saved Paris from being destroyed and London from being sacked, we will hear, perhaps, that the American President is in collusion with interned Sinn Feiners to establish the independence of our country."

The death was announced from Wexford, Ireland, in the last week of December of the Rev. P. F. Kavanagh, O.F.M., an Irish Franciscan, who was regarded as a special authority on the history of the 1798 insurrection. Father Kavanagh was a grand-nephew of Father Michael Murphy, a Wexford priest who was killed in the insurrection, and much of what he wrote was derived from personal communication with participants in the struggle. His death was sudden and tragic. In the morning he was found dead in his room in a kneeling posture, as if he had passed away at prayer. His last public act was to vote for the Sinn Fein candidate in South Wexford.

December 22 was Wilson Day in Ireland. Meetings were held in more than fifty towns, and resolutions drafted by the Sinn Feiners inviting President Wilson to visit Ireland and pledging him Ireland's support were adopted. At most of the meetings Constitutional Nationalists joined with the Sinn Feiners. The attitude of the Unionists is that the President will not interfere in the domestic politics of Ireland, but that he would be welcomed to Ireland to examine into real conditions and problems. The meeting at Dublin was presided over by the Lord Mayor. The city Trades Council co-operated. At the meetings held under Sinn Fein auspices the majority of the speeches appealed to President Wilson not to overlook Ireland's case at the Peace Conference.

Mr. Winston Churchill is now of opinion that Great Britain "could not compel the N.E. corner of Ireland" to accept enacted law, and he declares that the Coalition Government "has no intention of coercing these people to come into the Government of Dublin" (says the *Glasgow Observer*). It was Winston's father, Lord Randolph, who invented the "loyal" cry "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right." And Winnie himself, although against coercing Ireland now, had a slight taste himself of what coercion in Ulster means, and had it at the hands of the Unionists. When he visited Belfast, being then First Lord of the Admiralty, the Belfast Harbor Commissioners refused him any reception, and the Belfast Tories refused him the use of the Ulster Hall (the Belfast equivalent of the St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow), obliging him to take refuge in a canvas erec-

tion put up for his accommodation on the field of Belfast Celtic. Winston should go back to Belfast now. He will no doubt be welcomed by the Harbor Commissioners, and perhaps in the Ulster Hall.

The solemn consecration of Right Rev. Thomas Broderick, Titular Bishop of Pednelissus, and first Vicar Apostolic of Western Nigeria, took place on Sunday, December 8, in the Cathedral, Killarney, his Lordship Most Rev. Dr. O'Sullivan, Bishop of Kerry, being the consecrating prelate, and Most Rev. Dr. Cohalan, Bishop of Cork, and Most Rev. Dr. Hallinan, Bishop of Limerick, assistant consecrating prelates. Most Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cloyne, was also present. Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Ross, was unavoidably absent. There was a large gathering of clergy in the choir. The new Bishop was born at Killflyn, County Kerry, on December 23, 1882, and was educated at Wiltan College, Cork, and the Lyons Seminary of the Society of African Missions. He was ordained priest in 1906, and has had much experience as a missionary on the Gold Coast and elsewhere. He was appointed to a post at the Seminary, Blackrock Road, Cork, on its opening in September, 1902, became Superior of the institution in 1911, and last month was nominated to his episcopal charge in Nigeria.

It was estimated that 850,000 young soldiers of Irish birth or lineage crossed the Atlantic in American uniform (says the Armagh correspondent of the *Irish Weekly*). A very large proportion of these gallant fighting men have friends and relatives in Ireland, and it is certain that 90 per cent. of them would have rejoiced at an opportunity of visiting the country of their forefathers. But it is certain that not 500 Irish-American soldiers have been allowed to travel to Ireland. Why? The American military authorities could not have had any objection to the necessary "leave"—if they were not "influenced" by the British War Office. One can see Irish-Americans Irish-Australians, and Irish-New Zealanders by the hundred in the streets of Belfast, Dublin, and Cork: there is not an Irish village in which their uniforms have not become familiar. But the Irish-American soldiers have been debarred from visiting Ireland—and there are scores of thousands of Irish homes in which the disappointment to which our Armagh correspondent gives expression is keenly felt. It is a cruel and cowardly proceeding altogether—quite worthy of Lord Milner and Mr. Lloyd George.

ARE THEY SINN FEINERS?

By *they* we mean the Government, and when we ask the question we do not hesitate to say that the evidence in favor of an affirmative answer is exceedingly strong (remarks the *Catholic Times*). Our Ministers have done and are doing everything possible to help the Sinn Feiners to confirm their contention that the case of Ireland is an international problem, and to make the condition of the country at this crisis such that it is bound to receive attention from President Wilson and the whole world. We feel quite sure that if the secret sentiments of the Irish Sinn-Feiners were known it would be found they feel that they owe a vote of thanks to them and their agents, Lord French and Mr. Shortt, who are and have been so hostile to them. The Irish gaols have been filled with political prisoners. That was not enough. A plot was invented. On the strength of it about a hundred leaders of the people were deported. No trial is held. No charge is made. Though election days are supposed to be days of freedom, they remain untried and incarcerated. They are not even accused of whistling derisively whilst a policeman is passing. What other methods of government could promote Sinn Fein doctrine so effectively? Who can wonder that his Eminence Cardinal Logue and his Grace Archbishop Walsh and almost the whole of Nationalist Ireland have voted for Sinn Fein candidates, and are persuaded that Ireland's cry against injustice and for the recognition of her national rights must be listened to by President Wilson and the Peace Conference? Who can deny that by their undemocratic policy the Government have helped to make Ireland Sinn Fein?

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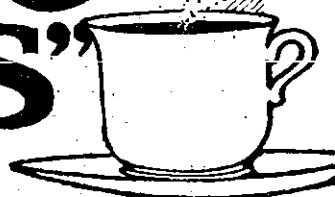
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THE CATHOLIC VOTE IN THE BRITISH ELECTIONS

One of the results of the war will be to bind nations more closely together (says a writer in an exchange of recent date). The conflict has proved to what a large extent the interests of humanity are interwoven. No one can consider the different phases and the conclusion of the struggle without realising how powerful has been the influence exercised on the situation by the President and people of the United States. They have swiftly brought to an end an international fight which involved a heavy loss of life daily, and have largely been the instruments—President Wilson in particular—of giving vitality to those democratic aspirations which are revolutionising Europe. Not for the present alone is America a great factor in decisions as to international relations. Its influence in that respect has come to stay, and I cannot imagine any British elector casting his vote without calling to mind the necessity of cultivating, in view of the possibilities of the future, the good will of America. Now, there is one question—the Irish question—which is a constant menace to the existence of good relations between Great Britain and the American people. It caused serious trouble during the war. The Irish in the United States, who take the lead in marshalling the nation's political forces, and multitudes of Americans who sympathise with them, were distrustful of the British Government because of the treatment of Ireland. This feeling was, however, overcome. The German outrages were a peremptory challenge to action, and, moreover, representatives of Great Britain assured the people that this country was anxious to solve the Irish problem on democratic lines, and would do so as soon as opportunity offered. For instance, the Right Rev. Dr. Gore, Anglican Bishop of Oxford, declared in Boston that the English people were determined that the Irish should get the government they wanted for themselves, and that the Protestants of Ulster would no longer be allowed to block the way. Relying on such promises, the Irish in America resolved to wait and see, and meanwhile co-operated heartily with this country. The Right Rev. Dr. Keating, Bishop of Northampton, who, with Mgr. Barnes and Mr. Shane Leslie, formed the English delegation at the celebration of the jubilee of Cardinal Gibbons, speaking for England, and especially for the Catholics of this country, gave at a meeting in the Catholic University, Washington, a pledge similar to that of the Right Rev. Dr. Gore. According to reports in the American Catholic press, addressing the audience, which included eminent American Churchmen and statesmen, Dr. Keating said: "Strange as it sounds, it is the Church of St. Patrick that has been the foremost evangelist in the English tongue, and that has planted or replanted the faith in every land where that tongue is spoken. In every age the eyes of the greatest leaders in the English Church have been turned in longing expectation towards the Church of St. Patrick, from Milner to Manning and Wiseman, and especially Newman in the imperishable lectures delivered to the Irish Catholic University. English Catholics to-day are no less warm in their affection or less eager for co-operation. The English Hierarchy have nothing to do with party politics anywhere, but this I can say: Ulster cannot be allowed to wreck any more statutes. Ascendancy must end in Ireland, as it must end in Prussia and elsewhere. No British party

—certainly no British Government—will ever again be willing to play Ulster's hand or seek to perpetuate the intolerable situation which has wrought misery to so many generations. To the new Ireland our eyes are turned in hope, for when the Irish problem is solved then the problem of co-operation among English-speaking Catholics will be solved with it, to the enormous advantage both of the Church and of human society. For the world of English thought and speech is waiting for its soul. Even moulded in material clay, it is a thing of beauty, with its fine natural organism, its love of democratic government, its sense of justice and honor, its loathing of falsehood, double-dealing, selfish ambition, and all the other vices of the super-man." The speech from which this eloquent passage is taken was delivered on October 24. The Bishop of Northampton was received on the same day by President Wilson.

On November 5, with the other members of the English delegation and also the French delegates, as well as many prominent American Churchmen and laymen, Dr. Keating was entertained to luncheon in the Hotel Somerset, Boston, by Cardinal O'Connell, a prelate of no slight influence in American public life. His Eminence, in welcoming his guests, referred to the promises made by the two Bishops, quoting them verbally, and said: "We thank Bishop Gore for the preamble and Bishop Keating for the text of a great international document which soon will be verified in deed as well as in word. England has a glorious chance. She must not fail us. She will not fail. The Gael and the Puritan will then say together: 'Let us forget the wrongs and sorrows of the past in the joy and happiness, the peace and contentment, of the present and the glorious hopes of the future.'" How did the two Bishops feel when they found that the policy of the British Government as announced by the Prime Minister and Mr. Bonar Law is essentially the policy of Sir Edward Carson and the Ulster Protestant Ascendancy Party?

Their feelings I shall not attempt to analyse, but I venture to hope that the Catholics of Great Britain—not only the Irish Catholics, but also the English and Scottish and Welsh Catholics—will help to redeem the Bishop of Northampton's promise by voting for the Labor Party, who will undoubtedly see that it is fulfilled. By doing so they will show that sense of justice and honor to which the Bishop paid such a fine tribute at Washington, and at the same time will render invaluable service to the interests of religion.

THE LARK.

(For the *N.Z. Tablet*.)

They tell me in the days before the dark
That god of grass and sun, dear Angus Og,
From silence called you to his golden hands,
Cupping within your slender wine of song,
Before he flung you forth who would not go,
But sang about his head of wind and furze.
Then came the dark, and Angus, grown austere,
Drove out his little birds to wing the world,
And so I find you here above the rata boughs,
Where Tane, child of Io, gives you grace.
But, ah! above the birch and rata boughs,
Do you not miss the brightness of his hands?
Do you not hear the deep word of his mouth?

—E. D.

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THE CATHOLIC WORLD

GENERAL.

Cardinal Gibbons has been awarded the Grand Knighthood of the Order of the Crown of Italy by King Victor Emmanuel.

A resolution has been introduced in Congress by Representative Sinnott, of Oregon, U.S.A., to appropriate 100,000 dollars to erect in Washington a statue of Marshal Ferdinand Foch, the General-in-Chief of the Allies.

A count has been made of the Catholic communities in the principal cities of the United States. This has revealed that Chicago easily leads with 233 Catholic churches, New York follows with 169, Philadelphia 111, St. Louis 96, and Boston 64.

The Holy Father has nominated the Very Rev. Arthur Wermersch, S.J., a Consultor of the Sacred Congregation of the Sacraments. Father Wermersch recently arrived from Belgium (where he once filled the position of private tutor to King Albert) to take the chair of Moral Theology in the Gregorian University, which the death of the celebrated Father Buceroni, S.J., left vacant.

Through Cardinal von Hartmann the Prussian Bishops protested against the Prussian Ministerial project for the separation of Church and State. The Government has replied that the question has only been considered in a general way by the Ministry for Science, Art, and Popular Education. Should the matter assume a more definite form it would be taken in hand by the Prussian Government.

Serajevo, which gained world-wide notoriety as the scene of the events that were at least nominally the cause of the war, has lost its Archbishop, Mgr. Joseph Stadler, who died on December 8. The late Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria formed the ecclesiastical province of Serejevo and, with the consent of the Holy See, appointed as Archbishop Mgr. Stadler, who was then a professor of theology at Agram. The archdiocese of Serajevo has a Catholic population of 180,000.

By reason of the recent changes made by Pope Benedict in highest positions of trust and dignity in the Vatican palace, their arrangement returns to the order that obtained in the days of Leo XIII. The Cardinal Secretary of State is no longer Prefect of the Apostolic palaces. This dignity returns to the possession of the Major Domo. And the post of Vice Prefect of the Apostolic palaces is abolished. Then the posts of Maestro di Camera and Major Domo are filled by different prelates, as arranged by Pope Benedict two years ago. The former is filled by Mgr. De Samper; the latter by Archbishop Tacci.

An announcement has been made in America, says a New York message, of the organisation of the National Committee in the United States for the restoration of the University of Louvain, ruthlessly destroyed by the German invaders. The committee includes fifty of the leading public men of the United States, heads of American universities, financiers, educators, publicists, and diplomats. It will co-operate with other national committees, which, it is declared, are being organised in all the leading nations, to make Louvain a perpetual monument of the world's condemnation of the German attempt to obliterate this ancient centre of learning.

Owing to the death of the Portuguese President, Sidonio Paes, the Church has reason to apprehend a

return of the persecution which followed the revolution of 1910. The men who came to the front at that time in Portugal—chiefly Freemasons—had no conception of the rights of peoples. Bitter enemies of Christianity, and even of belief in God, they sought to stifle the claims of conscience, and devised for the purpose an oppressive, intolerable system of ecclesiastical regulations. Cardinal Tonti, who was then Nuncio at Lisbon and whose death was recently announced, found it necessary to leave for Rome. Bishops were banished. Priests were so restricted in the discharge of their duties as to be rendered almost powerless. They were forbidden to criticise the Government, but were encouraged to disobey the Bishops, and the laity were spurred on to disloyalty towards the clergy. It is from rascality of this kind that Sidonio Paes relieved Portugal. Let us hope that the little nation will be saved from having to endure such an evil again, and that the people will choose for their rulers men who are true democrats.

THE MARISTS IN JAPAN.

Amongst the religious congregations engaged in the evangelisation of Japan the Marist Order holds a high place. An appreciable number of their pupils have, at the termination of their school days, received Baptism, and this with the full consent of their parents. Many of these young men practise their religion with a real fervor, and they have recently formed an association as an aid to spiritual advancement and the spread of the true faith. The Marist Fathers in the Vice-Province of Japan number 81 religious, of whom 28 are Japanese. The Marist College in Tokio is frequented by adults anxious to acquire a knowledge of French and English. The Japanese Government looks with favor on the colleges of this society. The most absolute loyalty to the person of the Japanese sovereign is taught there, and the students are trained in fidelity and devotedness to the authorities. The house at Orakami, founded in 1907, is an apostolic centre for the training of catechists, and also the novitiate where the Japanese who desire to embrace the religious life are trained.

CATHOLIC PRESS CONGRESS.

Late American files tell of an interesting Congress of the Good Press held in Paris by the French journal *La Croix* and its sixty-five "offshoots," which under the same name raised the standard of the Cross in as many different parts of France despite the great difficulties of the past four years. Representatives of the 9874 committees for the support of the Catholic press were present and great emotion was caused by the presence of M. Paul Feron Vrou, editor of *La Croix*, who after four years of captivity, first in Lille and then in Germany, is now once more at the head of the paper. During the principal session in the Bon Theatre over which his Eminence Cardinal Amette presided the news of the deliverance of Lille was received and his Eminence congratulated M. Vrou on the fact that he would now once more be able to see his wife and return to his beloved city. The Cardinal, in thanking the *Croix* group for all they had done for religion, particularly for the soldier-priests, said he hoped to be able to consecrate the Basilica of the National Vow—that of the Sacred Heart, Montmartre,—in October, 1919, a ceremony which would have set the crown on the work in October, 1914, had it not been for the war.



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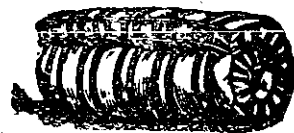
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PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT

A message from Budapest states that the Rev. John Hock, a Catholic priest, who has succeeded Count Karolyi as president of the National Council in Hungary, will play a big part in the regeneration of the nation.

Alfred E. Smith, who has been elected Governor of New York, is the first Catholic ever elected to that position. Governor Dongan, the Colonial Governor, was an Irish Catholic, but since the establishment of the United States no Catholic has been elected Governor of New York, although there were several Catholic candidates. A writer in a weekly paper says that Al. Smith's father was a Fenian. Governor Smith is a practical Catholic and is a Knight of Columbus. He recently took part in an entertainment in support of St. James' Catholic Church, New York.

Cardinal Mercier is going to the United States and Canada to thank the people for the succor given to Belgium (says an exchange). His stay will be brief, as he has made it emphatic that he feels he is urgently needed in helping to restore Belgium. The Cardinal will be entertained at the home of Thomas F. Ryan, Fifth Avenue, New York. Mr. Ryan has also put at the disposal of the prelate his residence in Washington, D.C. Cardinal Mercier will make his headquarters in New York, and will go to Washington and Montreal. It may be that he will go to two or three other large American cities. In Washington he will be received by the President if Mr. Wilson has returned from Europe. Just when the Cardinal will arrive is not known. It is expected that it will be late in the winter or early next spring.

The two men who stood on the bridge of Admiral Beatty's flagship to receive the surrender of the German navy are worthy of note. Admiral Beatty himself is a Wexford man, and has covered himself with glory since the day of his first encounter, when he acknowledged John Redmond's congratulations on the result. The other personality, Sir John Lavery, the artist, is a Belfast boy, educated in the Christian Brothers' schools in that city, with a world reputation as being the greatest painter of his time; and despite all his honors, is prouder of the fact that his name is associated with the traditions of the Royal Hibernian Academy of Dublin than that he is of all the honor that was given him in the years when he was unknown either in Great Britain or Ireland, his reputation having been made outside this area. That two Irishmen occupied the place of honor, as the German flag was ordered to be taken down, is of import in these days. It is also important to state that the last picture painted, or being painted, by Lavery was the trial of Sir Roger Casement, and we can fancy the feelings of some Imperialists who will perhaps find that under the same roof, handing down to posterity the defeat of the German navy, Ireland's claim for justice will be staring at them from the other side of the artist's studio.

Mr. Cecil Edward Chesterton died on December 6 in a military hospital at Boulogne, from illness conse-

quent upon exposure in the trenches (says the *Liverpool Catholic Times*). A brilliant champion both by pen and speech of Catholic ideals, he was a man whom the Church in this country could ill spare at the present time. He was the declared foe of all shams and insincerities, and shared with his brother, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, a freshness of outlook and a sure literary touch that gave originality to all his work. Mr. Chesterton joined the colors in 1916, and served as a private in the Highland Light Infantry. It was at his own wish that he was placed in a combatant unit, though he might have had less arduous service. He was in his thirty-eighth year. He was received into the Church in 1912. At that time he was associated with Mr. Belloc in the conduct of the *Eye Witness*, and he founded and became editor of the *New Witness* in the same year. Mr. Chesterton had published several books, including *Gladstonian Ghosts*, in 1905; *The People's Drink*, 1909; *Party and People*, 1910; *Nell Gwynne*, 1911; *The Prussian Hath Said in His Heart*, 1914; and *The Perils of Peace*, 1916. He also in collaboration with Mr. Belloc, published *The Party System*, in 1911. Mrs. Chesterton, whom he married last year, is also interested in literature, and writes in the pen name of "John K. Prothero."

When (writes a Roman correspondent) Cardinal Tonti, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Religious, passed away, after suffering for ten days from influenza, on December 11, an exceptionally active career in the diplomatic world closed. In 1879 he was sent to Paris as Auditor to the Papal Nuncio. In 1883 he went to Lisbon also as Auditor. In 1892 he was consecrated Titular Bishop of Samos and appointed Apostolic Delegate to Venezuela, San Domingo, and Haiti. His first care on reaching the Republic of Haiti was to try and allay the dissension that then existed between the Government and the clergy, and for this purpose he allowed himself to be appointed Administrator of the archdiocese of Porto Principe. Two years later he became its Archbishop, filling at the same time the position of Apostolic Delegate to the three Republics. He soon had the satisfaction of seeing good relations between the Government and clergy at Haiti. Later on the Republic of Venezuela confided to Archbishop Tonti the mission of re-establishing diplomatic relations between England and Venezuela. His next success was that of persuading the Republics of Haiti and San Domingo to submit their dispute as to the frontiers to the arbitration of Leo XIII. In 1902 Archbishop Tonti went to Brazil as Nuncio, and in 1906 as Nuncio to Lisbon, whence he was recalled to Rome at the outbreak of the revolution. Pope Benedict XV. created this zealous servant a Cardinal, and only a few months ago Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Religious. Cardinal Tonti was 74 years of age.

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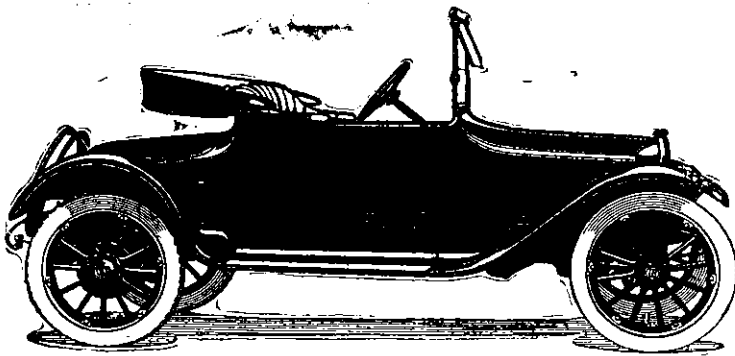
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FOCH IN THE HOUR OF VICTORY

Some months ago at least half the world gave Marshal Foch, by acclamation and common consent, the title of "the man of the hour" (says *America*). It was a tragic title, for it was fearful with awful responsibilities; it was a stupendously honorable title, for it meant that out of the hundreds of millions of men of the many nations arrayed against the Central Powers he had been judged the one man best fitted to save Europe and humanity. The hour has passed and with it much of the glamor of the title. Hereafter he will probably be designated as the man of history. For no man in all history ever faced so colossal a task, commanded so many troops, represented so many great Governments. He rose to the occasion, he fulfilled his trust, he defeated the enemy, he brought back peace. If ever a man deserved an undying place in history, that man is Ferdinand Foch.

On every side we are hearing of his military genius, his force of character, his steadfastness in defeat, his moderation in victory, his tireless activity, his calmness in personal loss, his attachment to his soldiers, his simplicity of life, and all those other qualities which his friend, Marcel Knecht, has described so graphically in a recent number of the *Independent*. But perhaps in all his great moments, and there have been many such, he never rose so high as when his spirit of Christian humility led him to deprecate any personal praise for his share in the final success, and to say that he deserved no thanks, because in the accomplishment of great things he has been merely an instrument in the hands of God.

This last trait in his character appeals especially to Catholics, who yield to none in their appreciation of his many claims to admiration, for it is another proof that Marshal Foch, like the majority of the great French generals, is still, as he has ever been, a fervent son of the faith. As he turned in his time of anguish, during the dark days of the battle of the Yser, to the little chapel near his headquarters, there to find light and strength in meditation and prayer, so in the moment of supreme victory he made his way to another church, again near his headquarters, there to give thanks to the God of Hosts.

Cardinal Amette has put this fact on record in a very striking way, for in the course of his address in the Cathedral of Notre Dame during the "Te Deum" celebration on Alsace Day, he interrupted his discourse to read a letter which he had just received from the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies:

"What a satisfaction it would be for me to join with you in chanting the 'Te Deum' of thanksgiving in our old national basilica. I shall chant the 'Te Deum' where I am at present, in the church near my headquarters, thus fulfilling in one and the same act my duty to God and my duty to my country."

Duty to his country kept him in the field; duty to God led him to the altar.

As M. Marcel Knecht exults with laudable pride, that Marshal Foch grew up as a youth in his "beloved city of Metz on the banks of the picturesque Moselle," and that he "has always remained a Lorrainer in heart, if not by birth"; so the Society of Jesus will be pardoned if it also, with similar pride, points to the fact that this incomparable man of history received his educational training in the Jesuit College of St.

Clement-les-Metz, and that like so many other heroes of the war, he is, in the common sense of the word, gloriously but none the less truly, a "Jesuit boy."

BREEHID, THE DAUGHTER OF PATRICK.

(From the Irish.)

There's never a High King's son
But, seeing this queenly one,
Would raise her to his throne,
Above all womenkind:
Her two eyes, dewy bright
As morning after night,
Her laughter, murmuring light,
As the green leaves in the wind!

What wonder Erin's men
Are stricken with love's pain—
I gaze, and gaze again,
And her radiance makes me fear!
Her throat, that shames the swan,
Her slender shape, fine-drawn
With pencils of the dawn,
Wound as a wounding spear!

To the High Rath should you go
And behold her, soft as snow,
Her amber curls ablow—
From Death his power you wrest!
White the boughs when cuckoos call,
White the honey-showers that fall
On the hill, but whiter than all
Is the Pearl of the Snowy Breast!

O, maid of the fingers fine,
Beyond daughters of Eve divine,
Nor name nor fame is mine
But what your hand shall save!
An hundred men of the South
You make weak as with hunger and drouth,
But the word and the kiss of your mouth
Would bring me back from the grave!

The man who measured the deep,
Where the silver planets sweep,
And the midnight lightnings leap,
He saw the Kingdoms Seven:
Here and there he sought
Among jewel-maids fine-wrought,
But to match her beauty was naught
Under the roof of heaven!

—ALICE FURLONG.

A stream cannot rise higher than its source. A great success must have a great source in expectation, in self-confidence, and in persistent effort to attain it. The noblest building made with hands for spiritual ends must lack the perfection of grace and beauty, unless the light from the lamp of sacrifice has shone upon it.—*Ruskin*.

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CARDINAL BOURNE ON THE ENDING OF THE WAR

PROBLEMS OF THE COMING PEACE.

Avenging justice is an integral part of charity—the charity which, in the hour of victory, we owe to our enemies. Cardinal Mercier stated that fact nearly two years ago when the power to deal justly with their enemies was still far from the hands of the Allies. His words were quoted and insisted upon in a statement which the London *Observer* was privileged to obtain from the Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Bourne, before the close of the war. His Eminence said:

"The terrible strain of war is now at last approaching its end. Only a few months ago it seemed as if it might be indefinitely prolonged. The sudden peril at the end of March and the beginning of April roused the whole nation and Empire to a sense, never before felt to the same degree, of imminent and present danger. The unity of command under the supreme leadership of a soldier of outstanding genius and deep religious conviction which was the immediate outcome of that black fortnight has resulted in a change in the battle area, east and west, so stupendous as to be termed by some miraculous. This at least is certain: prayers of a public and national character have during the last few months been poured forth to the Throne of God with a fervor and frequency not reached in the earlier stages of the war. Those who believe are conscious that the Almighty has not failed to give ear to their supplications.

"Every week brings us nearer to the day when the final issues must be decided, not in the field of combat, but at the council table. Those who have shown themselves staunch and brave and much-enduring in the often clouded seasons of the past four years will have to show forth truth and justice and self-restraint as the bright sun of the summer of victory begins to dawn upon them. God's help and guidance, invoked by constant prayer, are needed now as much as, if not more than, in the past.

The Immediate Need.

"The immediate need is that there be no relaxation of the self-imposed discipline which has hitherto prevailed. Food and fuel must be sparsely used even when peace has come, and due economy in their use is till then a condition of complete victory. The years that have passed in war have been so scarred by sadness and tragedy, so many in our midst have hearts sorrow-laden by their personal bereavements, that there is small fear that our rejoicing when peace is definitely proclaimed will lack the soberness and restraint that must mark all true and humble thanksgiving which is worthy of being offered to God. Let there be none of the light-hearted and unworthy manifestations which some years ago marked our victory in a very different struggle.

The Christian's Duty.

"What is to be our bearing when, conscious of God's help in the day of our direst need, we are entitled to hold ourselves as victors and are in the presence of a conquered foe? No one has set forth more clearly than the great Archbishop of Malines, Cardinal Mercier, the precise nature of Christian duty in such circumstances. In his letter of January, 1917, his Eminence traces with masterly hand the place which anger and passion and the spirit of just vengeance, as opposed to the vice of hatred, have in the virtue of charity.

"We are entitled to full and adequate reparation for the injuries and wrongs so wantonly, so unjustly, so unnecessarily inflicted upon us and our Allies by those who, for their own ends, provoked this awful struggle. We are entitled—nay, it is our duty—to take all lawful means to render remote and impossible the renewal of such unjust provocation. It will be seen how far these principles carry us from the foolish cry inspired by subversive elements in Russia some months ago of 'no indemnities and no annexations.'

"The task before the Allied nations is to mingle justice rightly with charity. As Cardinal Mercier says, 'There is no Christian justice without charity, and no charity without justice. And as avenging justice is a part of the virtue of justice, there is no charity without avenging justice. To desire to close our eyes to injustice, under the pretext of heroism in charity, and to allow the enemy to commit crimes with impunity because he is the enemy, is to fail to recognise the sovereign and necessary sway of charity in the organisation of the moral, individual, and social life of Christianised humanity.'

"No Place for Undying Hatreds."

"But when punishment has been inflicted, when reparation has been made, when there is solid evidence that the wrong done is acknowledged and that there is no desire to repeat it in the future, when there are real signs of sorrow and atonement—then we must be prepared to give the place in the world's development even to our enemies which their natural abilities and their legitimate achievements may justly claim for them. There should be no place for undying hatreds.

"This is the strenuous work to which the statesmen of the world will soon be called. It is hoped that it is already engaging their fullest attention. If the work be well done we may look forward to a stable and enduring peace, perhaps even to the realisation of the dream of a permanent League of Nations. If the work be done too hastily and without sufficient care, if a settlement be accepted which leaves even one international problem unsolved, those who come after us in the second or third generation may have to face again the same and greater horrors of international warfare in their day.

"May God be with us and guide those who have the handling of such weighty matters to a prudent, wise, just, and truly Christian conclusion. May all the Allied nations uphold those who are called to guide their destinies by striving to tread the true, straight course of mingled charity and justice."

Christianity and Labor.

In conclusion, Cardinal Bourne spoke of those social developments and reforms which in this, as in all countries, must be the great business of the coming days of peace. "There are millions of people," he said, "for whom the necessary conditions of life are never realised. All their lives they are forced to be content with dwellings that are badly built and equipped, unfit for a growing family, and wanting in ordinary conveniences. They are tied by the exigencies of their daily toil to a particular locality, and must perforce put up with the accommodation that they can find. Their weekly income will never rise beyond a miserable pittance; before their eyes is ever the spectre of the possibility of unemployment.

"But there is nothing in the nature of things to render such a condition in any way necessary. It cannot be urged that the goods of this world are insufficient for the maintenance of all those who dwell therein. On every side there are evidences of wealth and plenty. Money is acquired and heaped up in the ownership of individuals to such an extent that it must be quite impossible for the possessor adequately to control either its acquisition or its outlay.

"Such conditions are clearly unnatural and abnormal. The poor man is forced to struggle for his living wage obtained too often at the cost of strikes which paralyse industry. The rich are led to think that the accumulation of wealth is the main object of life, and the strike is fought by the lock-out. In both cases the sanctification and salvation of souls created for an eternal destiny are exposed to needless jeopardy. Meanwhile there is wealth in plenty to satisfy both worker and capitalist.

"The problem to be solved is to find a way of distributing the surplus wealth so that the poor man, manual laborer, or inferior clerk may have the additional remuneration that he so urgently needs; and the rich man no longer receive the heaped-up increment which he in no sense requires and cannot efficiently control.

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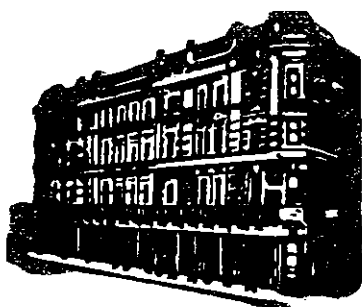
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DOMESTIC

(By MAUREEN.)

To Make Soap.

A great many people at present are making their own soap, and fat has been one of the war-savings which is found to be satisfactory. A correspondent supplies a Wellington paper with the following recipe, which she has proved to be of particular excellence:—4lb of fat (clarified and free of salt), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of resin, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of caustic soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of powdered borax, 10 pints of cold water. Boil together one hour. Take off and add the borax. Stir well when cooling, till as thick as honey. Pour into a box lined with damp calico. A candle box and old flour bag are suitable. This amount can be boiled in a kerosene or benzine tin, but more should not be put in, as it boils quite up to the top. It makes about eight bars of soap, and is ready for use in a month.

Cleaning Aluminium Articles.

Aluminium is coming more and more into favor for kitchen ware, and is worth protecting against injurious washing. Soda and powders containing soda should never be used for washing this material. Experiments have proved that they cause such severe corrosion that the article is soon ruined. Furthermore, dirt and grease will adhere to the corroded surface, making thorough cleansing impossible. Soap alone is not always sufficient; a more effective dissolvent is needed. Borax has no bad effect on the surface of aluminium, and it can be relied on to deal with the grease effectively.

To Clean Panama Hats.

When your panama hat becomes yellow and soiled you may clean it easily with magnesia. From a lump of magnesia scrape about a tablespoonful into a saucer, and moisten with enough alcohol to make a soft paste. Apply to the hat with a brush or cloth, rubbing it in thoroughly, especially on the soiled or stained spots.

Then set the hat aside to dry, being careful to shape the wet brim as you wish it to remain. When perfectly dry brush off the surplus magnesia with a stiff brush. The hat will be as beautifully white and fresh as if it had been cleaned by a professional cleaner.

Mustard Poultice.

Take 2oz of mustard and mix with the white of an egg, which will prevent the poultice smarting. Add a little water if the white is not sufficient to mix. If making it for a child use half flour and half mustard. Pour some boiling water over a piece of butter-cloth, then double it and spread the mixture on. It is always safer to pour boiling water over any cloth you intend using for a poultice. After the use of a mustard poultice on any part of the body rub that part with camphorated oil to avoid the possibility of taking cold.

Lavender Water.

Lavender water of the purest quality is a disinfectant. A drop or two put in a basin of cold water forms a refreshing and stimulating wash. Some medical men use it on their handkerchiefs as a disinfectant. It is certainly a very pleasant way of disinfecting.

Household Hints.

China plates, cups, and saucers must never be piled up when hot, as the heat causes the glaze to crack.

To prevent milk or foods cooked in milk from scorching rinse the stewpan out with cold water and rub over with a little fresh butter or lard.

If a tablespoonful of paraffin be added to a pail of hot water when scrubbing tiles it will both cleanse and show up their colors to perfection.

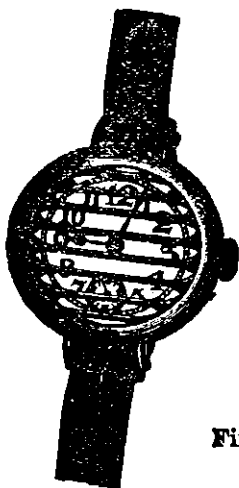
Before using new tinware grease it well with lard and bake in the oven for a few minutes to prevent rust. New china and glass goods should be placed in cold water and brought slowly to the boil, and then allowed to get cool again before use.

Starch is not liable to lump if the starch mixed to the consistency of cream is stirred into the boiling water instead of *vice versa*.

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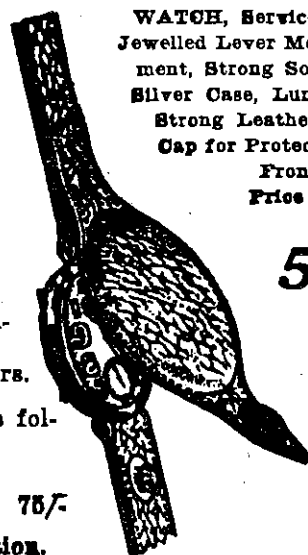
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FATHER GUINANE, Ohakune.

Alas! for those who have gifts and talents, and have not used, or have misused, or abused them; who have had wealth, and have spent it on themselves; who have had abilities, and have advocated what was sinful, or ridiculed what was true. Alas! for those who never have attempted to cleanse their hearts or to live in God's sight.—Cardinal Newman.

THE MOST OBSTINATE

Corn must quickly yield to BAXTER'S RUBY CORN CURE. Once this remedy is applied there is no escape for the corn—it must give in. Price, 1/-, post free, from Baxter's Pharmacy, Theatre Buildings, Timaru.

A RECENT EPIDEMIC

HAIR-FALLING.

The following, which appeared in the *Dominion*, Wellington, of January 21, will be of interest to our readers:—

Many people are quite naturally alarmed at the rapid falling-out of hair after influenza. After fever this trouble often appears, but since the late epidemic it has taken a more serious form than usual. Ordinary methods fail to have any effect.

It will be a relief to those afflicted to hear that Mrs. Rolleston has secured from London, at considerable cost, the formula of a specific which has been used with great success throughout Britain, where it is acknowledged as the standard remedy.

The special value of this lotion lies largely in the method of application, and full instructions are supplied. It is important to follow these carefully if immediate results are to be secured.

The preparation is sent to all parts of the North Island on application to Mrs. Rolleston, Lambton Quay, Wellington; and in the South Island from her branch at Cathedral Square, Christchurch; on receipt of 7s 6d, postage free. Mrs. Rolleston, who is one of New Zealand's leading Hair Specialists, qualified in London, Paris, and America, has made a special study of diseases of the hair and scalp. Already the very satisfactory results obtained by those who have used this preparation prove its efficacy, and it is with difficulty she is able to cope with the demand.

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ON THE LAND

BEEKEEPING.

Strong evidence of the wide interest in beekeeping amongst residents of Christchurch and surrounding districts is given by the growth of the Christchurch Amateur Beekeepers' Club. It was stated at the field day held at Halswell the other week, that the club was established about two years ago with a membership of 44, and had now on its list of financial members 76. Mr. E. E. Patten, the secretary of the club, remarked that he had learned more from his expenditure of half-a-crown a year—his subscription as a member of the club—than he had from scientific instruction costing many guineas. A feature of the club's activities is the monthly field days, held during the honey season, at which practical demonstrations are given, and addresses of a practical nature are given; and also the meetings held during the winter months, when subjects of interest to beekeepers are discussed. A noteworthy feature of the last field day was the presence of a large number of lady members of the club. They showed great keenness and plied the Government experts who were present with many questions relating to the practical side of beekeeping. As further evidence of the importance of the honey industry it is stated that some Christchurch people who have taken up apple orchards in the Nelson district are also taking up beekeeping as a valuable adjunct to fruitgrowing.

SOIL-FERTILITY QUESTIONS.

If you can give me any information on the following I shall be obliged (writes a correspondent to the *N.Z. Agricultural Journal*):—Take two farms, with similar soil originally—No. 1 has been well looked after, top-dressed, etc., and is in really good heart; No. 2 has been neglected and is in poor condition. If both get the same good treatment henceforth, how long, approximately, would it take No. 2 to overhaul No. 1? Or will No. 2 always be the inferior farm unless it gets better treatment than No. 1? People speak of a farm as always having been "done well," implying that the manure sown nine or ten years ago is giving results even now; but there must be some limit to the beneficial effects of even bonedust.

The Fields Division gives the following information in reply:—The condition of soils known as "fertility" is a very complex matter indeed. When a soil is really run down this has generally been brought about by taking off successive white crops or hay, and the reduced fertility may be due to lack of readily available plant-food material in the surface soil, or to lack of lime, or lack of humus. Probably it is the lack of humus which gives rise to the most pronounced run-down condition of soils, and this is a lack which does not arise under a grazing system of utilising land. Comparative unfertility due to reduction of the humus-content of a soil can be restored only by degrees, and with difficulty, whereas a simple lack of mineral ingredients can be rapidly overcome by the application of suitable manures. There is another aspect of the matter which must not be lost sight of. When land remains in pasture for a number of years there is a gradual accumulation of humus on the surface. What

is necessary, then, is to get it mixed up with the soil by ploughing and cultivation, converting it from a more or less sour inactive condition to an active agent in promoting fertility. With this very brief explanation as a basis we would say that if farm No. 2 is ploughed and green-cropped, using small dressings of lime and ordinary dressings of phosphatic fertilisers, and is then laid down, it will within a year or two equal in production farm No. 1. A further question may be anticipated here—namely, as to whether the act of top-dressing without renewal by cultivation might not bring farm No. 2 to the condition of farm No. 1. This is more than doubtful. Whereas good-class clovers and grasses may be retained in a pasture by top-dressing, it is practically impossible to bring them back by such means after they have been replaced by couches and weeds.

VARIETIES OF MANGELS.

One cannot be too careful in these days with regard to the selection of seeds, and more especially the variety or type (says a writer in *Farm, Field, and Fireside*). Much depends on the strain of any particular seed, and it is no use thinking that the cheapest seeds are just as good as the most expensive. The larger the bulk of food, whether it be for animals or human beings, we can produce from a given area the better. For a general crop there are few varieties of mangels to equal a good strain of Yellow Globe. I have tried all varieties at one time and another, but for a good yielding crop for general utility the Yellow Globe is difficult to beat, provided the seed is from a reliable strain. I may say that I also grow a few Mammoth Long Red, but whether these be grown or not depends very much upon the nature of the soil. They always do best in a deep, friable, but fairly retentive loam. Long Reds are always useful for late keeping, as, on the whole, they keep sounder for a longer period than do the Globe varieties. The Orange Globes are undoubtedly more nutritious than the yellows, but one can never get the same weight per acre, and the increase in nutritive properties certainly does not compensate one for the shortage in yield. Long Reds are always more expensive to raise, as they cannot be so quickly pulled up as the Globe varieties. In fact, when grown on soils overlying a clay subsoil they resemble sugar beet, inasmuch as the roots become very forked, and on being removed much of the clayey subsoil is found adhering to the fang-like roots. Mangels are often left too late before pulling, and this is a great mistake, as the labor bill is very much less if they are lifted when the ground is dry; while, apart from this, they require less cleaning. It is all very well to allow them to finish their growth and for the bulbs to swell up to their maximum, but too often any slight increase in size does not compensate for the extra cost of living during bad weather; and, besides, wheat-sowing is often sadly delayed in consequence.

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—WATCH FOR PARTICULARS IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF THIS PAPER.—

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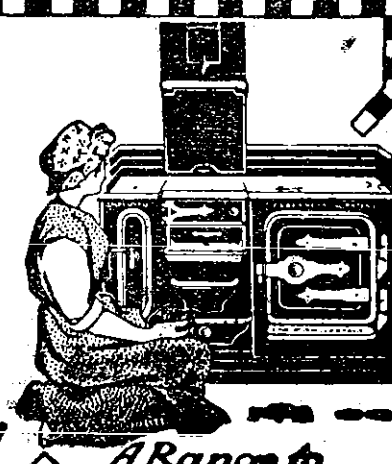
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The Family Circle

THE HOMING ANZACS.

Many yesterdays have gone
 Since the Anzacs sailed away,
 Many moons and suns have shone
 Day and night and night and day
 Since we cheered them to the ships,
 Each to play his hero-part,
 With a farewell on our lips
 And a "God-speed" in each heart.

When, undaunted and sublime,
 Making history, they strove,
 We were with them all the time
 By the magic of our love;
 By that love's transcending power,
 Though betwixt us surged the sea,
 We were with them in that hour
 When they scaled Gallipoli.

Though the task they had to do
 Was a giant's task indeed,
 Yet we knew them through and through—
 Knew their fibre, knew their breed—
 And when, glorious in their youth,
 They proved victorious in the field,
 Though we honored them, in truth,
 Yet we knew they could not yield!

Though for some the alien winds
 Sound a mournful requiem,
 While the tear that scalds and blinds
 Falls, and still shall fall, for them,
 Though they won but death's cold kiss,
 As they greatly did and dared,
 Yet (and God be thanked for this!)
 There are some that He has spared.

Over ways that surge and foam,
 Over waves that gleam and glance,
 They are coming, coming home,
 From the crimson fields of France;
 From that hell of strife and hate,
 They are hieing home again—
 Is there any love too great
 For these tried and proven men?
 —RODERIC QUINN, in the *Sydney Mail*.

A BISHOP'S CHARITY.

A certain French Bishop was once led, in spite of himself, to prove the truth of the proverb, "Charity begins at home." Monsignor d'Avian, one of the bravest defenders of the rights of the Church under the First Empire, was constantly meeting poor men, who he fancied were in greater need than himself of good shirts and warm underclothing, until finally the one who had charge of his mending found nothing to mend—all had been given away. His housekeeper knew better than to ask his Lordship for money to buy anything for himself; so she went to him one day and told him of a poor man—a gentleman—who had a certain position to maintain, but who was in absolute want of proper clothing.

"What does the poor gentleman need most?" said the Bishop.

"Indeed, it would be hard to tell what he does *not* need; for he has actually no underlinen, and his outer clothing is almost shabby. The case is really pitiful."

"But this must not be!" exclaimed the kind-hearted prelate. And, slipping the necessary money into her hand, he continued: "Buy him all that he needs in the way of clothing, to begin with. Be sure not to tell him that it comes from me."

"Certainly not, my Lord. I promise to conceal your kindness as best I can."

Then, touched by the ill-concealed joy on the face of his housekeeper, and naturally attributing it to her happiness in being able to relieve the wants of the

poor man, he called her back, and, adding something more to the sum he had already given her, said: "See that the shirts are made of good, fine linen. A man in his position should have something better than the ordinary quality."

"Very true," replied the other, quite seriously. And great was her rejoicing over the cutting out and making of the fine linen shirts ordered by the Bishop for—"the poor gentleman."

The following Sunday Monsignor d'Avian began to wonder if he could find a fresh shirt, he had given away so much clothing during the week. Upon opening his wardrobe, what was his astonishment to find quite a supply of those articles, which were not only new, but of superior quality.

"What does this mean?" And, sending for his housekeeper, he asked her if she could explain the mystery.

Trying to look very innocent, she answered: "The person who had them put there, your Lordship, gave special directions that his name should not be mentioned."

"They must be returned at once," began the good Bishop. But, happening just then to glance at his servant, the smile on her face, which she was trying in vain to conceal, made him at once suspect who "the poor man" was whose scanty wardrobe he had been so easily induced to replenish.

"Well, I forgive you; but never do such a thing again."

The good housekeeper could well afford to laugh, too happy over her present success to take much thought for the future. And the Bishop had to admit that this time, at least, his charity had literally begun at home.
 —*Ave Maria*.

NOT TO BE CAUGHT.

A science master, famous for repartee, used to take a youthful class at a small private school. He encouraged the youngsters to catch all kinds of insects and bring them to him at the commencement of each lesson. He then gave them the life-haunts and peculiarities of the insect. One youth had a great idea. He caught a "Daddy-long-legs," cut off its head, wings, and legs, and after five days' really delicate work managed to put on a wasp's head, moth's wings, and spider's legs. The result was a unique specimen.

The master did not move a single muscle in his face, but dryly remarked: "This is a very common species!" Then he asked: "Did it hum much when you caught it?"

"Yes, sir," the lad replied.

"Indeed," continued the master, "this is one of the best specimens of the Humbug I have seen!"

HIS FIRST LESSON.

Mr. Quibbles had engaged a new office-boy. He was a raw-looking youth; but Mr. Quibbles prefers them that way; they aren't such an anxiety as the smart brand.

One of Maddocks's first tasks was to copy a letter, and, as is the custom in lawyers' offices, the letter and copy were read over together.

"Dear Sir," read Maddocks, "I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 17th ult.—"

"Maddocks," interrupted Mr. Quibbles, "what does 'ult.' mean?"

For a moment an expression that was absolutely blank overspread the features of the new youth; then it cleared, and a smile of conscious knowledge took its place.

"Please, sir," he said, "it's what they say to the soldiers when they want 'em to stop!"

HER IMPRESSION.

A brewer's dray had collided with a heavily-laden milk cart and sent can after can splashing into the street. Of course, the world assembled to watch the great event. A small man, coming up late, had to stand on tip-toe and keep dodging his head from side

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to side in order to see past an enormously stout washer-woman who was just in front of him.

"What is it? What is it?" he kept on asking.

At last he caught a glimpse—the shattered cart and the fresh, white milk streaming through the street.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed. "What an awful waste!"

The stout woman turned and stared at him.

"Mind your own business!" she snapped.

SANDY'S STRATEGY.

The following incident occurred in a public works, where a locomotive is kept for shunting. The engine-cleaner being off duty one night, the old scavenger was sent to clean the engine and get steam up ready for the engineman in the morning. Whilst cleaning he had accidentally turned on the whistle, the result being that when the steam began to rise the whistle began to blow. This alarmed the old man, so he picked up a pole and put it between the wheels, saying—

"Ye can whussel awa' noo, but ye'll no get oot o' here till six o'clock."

CARRYING OUT ORDERS.

The German soldier does exactly what he is told, and no more.

An officer was drilling recruits, and had just given them the order "Quick march!" when he noticed his sweetheart coming across the barrack-square.

Forgetting all about the recruits, he entered into conversation with the girl, and went off with her.

Six days later the same officer was walking down the main street of the same town when he saw some tattered and tired soldiers approaching him. One of the soldiers, recognising the officer, went up to him and, saluting, said:

"Please, sir, what about a halt?"

SMILE RAISERS.

The Angler: "Is this public water, my man?"

The Inhabitant: "Aye."

The Angler: "Then it won't be a crime if I land a fish?"

The Inhabitant: "No, it will be a miracle."

Merchant: "Are you a man who watches the clock?"

Applicant: "No, sir; I watch the stenographer. As soon as she begins powdering her nose I put up the books."

Piper Mac.: "The verra best music I ever heard whateffer was doon at Jamie Maclauchlan's. There was fifteen o' us pipers in the wee back parlor, all playing different chunes. I thoct I was floatin' about in heaven!"

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Ingredients of Soap.

White soaps are usually made of olive oil, cotton-seed oil, or other fine vegetable oils and carbonate of soda. Common household soaps are usually made of soda and tallow, and yellow soap is generally composed of tallow, resin, and soda, to which palm oil is added in some cases. Marine soap, or "sea soap," which will lather and dissolve in sea water, as well as in fresh water, is usually made of coconut oil, soda, and water. Soft soaps are made with potash instead of soda and with whale oil, seal oil, or the oils of linseed, rape seed, hemp seed, or cotton seed with the addition of a little tallow.

The Speaking Voice.

Of all the guides that lead to the soul perhaps the surest and most delicate, for the thoughtful observer, is the voice (comments a writer in *Farm, Field, and Fireside*). To be sure, it is an elusive guide and a misleading; its indications have to be watched with care and interpreted with discretion; but so treated, they are less likely to be misleading than any others. Men and women can too easily deceive us by the words they use, as by their smiles and by their gestures. Long practice makes it possible to convey by the expression of the face something very different from what is intended by the heart. But the significance of the voice, the subtle suggestion of its tones and shadings, is hard to alter and hard to conceal. It is curious how little scientific investigation has been made of this fascinating subject. Students like Darwin and Mantegazza and their followers have analysed facial expression most elaborately in its causes and development. They have traced the bearing of laughter and tears upon the deeper movements and forces of life. Also, the voice has been minutely analysed in its physical organisation. All its modulations and inflections in the formation of speech sounds have been tabulated, and the science of phonetics has assumed an important part in the study and the acquisition of languages. But the subtle shifts and variations of tone and emphasis, the exquisite, fine shadings of utterance that differ so widely with nations and climates and localities and individuals, the infinite possibilities of suggesting different feelings in speaking the very same words—those things have hardly been studied so carefully as they might be, because the study of them is so exceedingly difficult. Even the great novelists, who are the keenest observers in all such matters, succeed but imperfectly in rendering the fine shades we refer to. Yet a common ear will detect them without any analysis, and a common heart will be stirred by them to the profoundest emotion. We have said that it is hard to alter the significance of the voice. So it is on special occasions and for an immediate purpose. But although it be hard, it is not impossible to cultivate our voices for the purposes and the habits of common speech. We can subdue their harshness, increase their variety, enrich them, chasten them, purify them. If we observe those whose voices we admire, live with them, notice what it is we admire in them, we shall be able to catch something of their grace and sweetness in our own utterance. But, after all, the wonder of voices is that the voice and the soul are so closely connected. And if we wish our speech to be charming, the best way to accomplish it is to strive to have something charming in our souls.

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