

feud. I have remarked on the reality of the politics of the family in Ireland; and the feud is the crooked shadow of the family. Belfast, to do it justice, goes in very much for political personalities; and it knows there is no realism about the personality without realism about the family. Much of the Unionist press of the North East corner reads like the publications of a printing press permitted as a toy in a lunatic asylum; but every now and then there is a touch of historic significance not to be found elsewhere. For instance, most of us remember that Carson put into the Government some legal friend of his named Campbell; and few of us thought anything of the matter except that it was stupid to give positions to Carsonites at the most delicate crisis of the cause in Ireland. Since then, as most of us know, Campbell has shown himself what Carson would probably be only too glad to show himself—a sensible fellow, or in other words a practical Home Ruler. While I was in Ireland there were furious tirades against him in the Orange papers, as might have been expected, but no more indignant or ignorant or sentimental than might have appeared in the *Morning Post* or many English papers. What could not have occurred in any English paper was this very remarkable sentence, which was read to me from one of the Belfast papers: "There never was treason yet but a Campbell was at the bottom of it." Attempt to imagine for a moment an English leading article saying "How like a Robinson!" or "What can you expect of an Atkins?" In that sheer impossibility you will measure what is really meant by a national tradition and a diverse development; and you will guess that Belfast also is part of something, whether Irish or Scottish or merely isolated or insane, which the English will never rule.

MAGDALENE.

He did not turn His face aside
When she came down the street,
With roses wreathed in her hair,
On little dancing feet.
He did not shun the wanton eye
That boldly sought His face:
It was not that He did not know
This "sinner of the place".
And there were surely many men
Who thought it wise to frown
Upon Him when they saw Him smile
On a woman of the town.

Because He did not turn aside
As she came down the street,
A later day she gave her hair
To wipe His bloodstained feet:
Because He did not frown upon
That wanton woman's face,
When others fled she followed Him
Unto His dying place:
And gave her heart and soul to Him
Who did not turn aside—
This woman who was one of those
For whom He lived and died.

And do we do, as He would do,
When day by day we meet
Poor sinners whom the Pharisees
Will turn from in the street?
Aye, in the street for men to see
Who cannot see the soul,
Nor ever come to understand
How love can make us whole.
If we are strong and others weak,
Some day we too may fall:
Then may we love as Mary loved
The Christ Who loves us all.

—J. K.

(Reprinted at the request of an esteemed correspondent.)

Narrow minds think nothing right that is above
their own capacity.—*Rocheffoucauld*.

ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD'S MEMORIES

On the occasion, recently, of the consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Nicolas, S.M., as Coadjutor-Bishop of Fiji, his Grace Archbishop Redwood, S.M., was among the speakers.

The remarks of Archbishop Redwood were particularly interesting (says the *Tribune*), and the fine vigor with which the address was delivered was a source of much gratification to those who remembered that the Archbishop will be eighty years of age in April next. Archbishop Redwood said:—

I deem it a great honor and happiness to have taken a prominent part in this consecration of Bishop Nicolas, S.M., Coadjutor, not to say successor, of Bishop Vidal, S.M., now sinking under the weight of years and labors and infirmities, after an heroic and most successful career for half a century in Samoa and Fiji groups. I congratulate the new Bishop most heartily upon the fact of his elevation and consecration to the eminent dignity and authority of the episcopate, where he now ranks as a successor to the Apostles: as one of the rulers appointed by the Holy Ghost to govern the Church of God, which Christ, the First Pastor of our souls, purchased with His precious blood—the Church which He loves above all created things; His spotless bride—nay, His own spotless body, for whose interests He governs the world. To use another simile, it is indeed a great thing to be a leading officer in the great army of which Jesus Christ is the generalissimo and the faithful throughout the world are the rank and file. By the episcopate he excels the lower clergy in dignity and authority, and he is thus bound to be conspicuous among them for his superior virtue and holiness.

An Exceptional Privilege.

Again, I congratulate him on this exceptional privilege, that he has received the power and graces of the episcopate at the venerable hands of the Apostolic Delegate, the direct representative of his Holiness Pope Benedict XV. It was the nearest approach to his being consecrated by the Pope himself, and it will greatly tighten the close existing bonds of loyalty and affection between the Society of Mary and the Vicar of Christ. But I congratulate him still more on being made a bishop of the Society of Mary, a Marist bishop, because he thereby joins a band of heroes and saints who, in the space of over half a century, have been the life and glory of the wide expanse of Oceania, and have there written with their lives, in indelible letters of gold, one of the brightest pages of Church history. Glory to them, and glory to you who now join their ranks, to emulate their virtues and achievements and to share their immortal crown. I am by age and experience specially entitled to speak of them and praise their deeds. I have known the Society of Mary—now so illustrious through the length and breadth of the South Pacific Islands. I have known it for over half a century. I knew its venerable founder, John-Claudius Colin, now on the high road to Beatification, and I often served his Mass. I often got his blessing and benefited by his prayers. I remember—and it is one of the sweetest memories of my life—how, after my consecration at the hands of Archbishop Manning on St. Patrick's Day in 1874, I hastened to the solitude where the man of God was spending the last years of his saintly life, in immediate preparation for his holy death, to receive his especial blessing before I took my departure for my See of Wellington, New Zealand. I also remember how I prized that blessing, and also the kind and affectionate letter which he wrote to me on the occasion of my appointment.

Bishop Bataillon.

I knew the first Vicar-Apostolic of Central Oceania, Bishop Bataillon, S.M.—*clarum et venerabile nomen*,—the Apostle of Wallis, and the instrument in God's hands to reap with his fellow missionaries in Futuna the harvest of Christians which sprang miraculously from the blood of the proto-martyr of Oceania, Blessed Peter Aloysius Mary Chanel, S.M.; I mean the conver-

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