

MISSING PAGE

MISSING PAGE

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- March 16, Sunday.—Second Sunday in Lent.
 „ 17, Monday.—St. Patrick, Bishop and Confessor. No fast or abstinence.
 „ 18, Tuesday.—St. Cyril, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 19, Wednesday.—St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 20, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 21, Friday.—St. Benedict, Abbot.
 „ 22, Saturday.—Of the Feria.

St. Patrick, Bishop and Confessor.

The nationality of St. Patrick is much disputed, some naming France, others Scotland, as the place of his birth. When but sixteen years of age, he was carried captive into Ireland, where he remained for six years, thus by a remarkable disposition of Divine Providence becoming acquainted with the language and customs of the people whom he was afterwards to evangelise. Having escaped from captivity, his one desire was to return to Ireland, bringing with him the blessings of the true faith to its pagan inhabitants. The desired mission was confided to him by Pope St. Celestine about 432. His labors were crowned with complete success. By his exertions Ireland has ever since not only kept the faith pure at home, but has helped to propagate it in nearly every country in the world. St. Patrick died about 464, and was buried in Downpatrick.

St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. Joseph was chosen by God to watch over the infancy of Christ, to be a protector of Mary's chastity, and to secure her from calumnies in the birth of her Divine Son. So great a dignity, such familiar intercourse with the Deity, required a sanctity far above the common. That St. Joseph possessed this, we know from the inspired Word of God. He is styled in the New Testament "a just man," one, namely, endowed with all the virtues. From the fact that no mention is made of him after the finding of the Child Jesus in the Temple, we conclude that he must have died before the beginning of our Lord's public ministry. We cannot doubt that he was comforted and assisted in his last moments by Jesus and Mary. Hence his intercession is sought particularly to obtain the grace of a happy death.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

TO ST. PATRICK.

Hail to thee, St. Patrick dear,
 Ireland's honor art thou here;
 Great thine apostolic name,
 Worldwide is thy Christlike fame:
 But in heaven how bright and fair
 Shines thy crown of glory rare,
 Twined thy holy staff of gold
 With that leaf the Faith which told.

Sweet St. Patrick, tender heart,
 Throned with Jesus as thou art,
 Thou wilt stoop at Erin's cry,
 Lean to her from out the sky;
 Take her prayers, her tears, as gifts
 That her love to God uplifts;
 Shield her with thy loving care,
 Be her Patron faithful e'er.

Irish mothers comfort thou,
 Hearts that 'neath their sorrows bow;
 Irish maidens cherished be
 In thy care so fatherly;
 Ireland's sons protect and guide,
 Hearts of gold so sorely tried;
 So shall all thy children meet,
 One day, Father, round thy feet!

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

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

CHAPTER XIII.—FAN'S NEW FRIENDS (Continued.)

Little "Mamzelle," as she was called, or, to speak more properly, the Signora Dolce, was an Italian. In her leisure hours, when not poring over Dante or Tasso with a pupil, she sat at her easel either at the National Gallery, or in her own little room, and many a sweet little picture, a copy in miniature of one of the old masters, or perhaps only a head, or a group taken from a corner of some of their great works, went forth from her hands to be sold in the print shops, bringing her a modest sum of money in return, which helped to keep the fire alight upon her lonely hearth.

When Mrs. Wynch entered the room, she was sitting before her easel doing such work as could be done by lamplight. The lamp stood on a high stand beside her, and the yellow light fell on her fair, pale hair, a mixture of gold and silver, which hung loosely about her large head, and just at this moment had somewhat the character of a nimbus. She was not young, and yet there lurked round her an air of youth, somewhat of the look and expression of a child, which made one sad for her, suggesting that she had never been suffered to ripen or mature, perhaps for lack of sun or dew, and forced one to wish that Time had not overtaken her so cruelly just yet.

Her brows were knit almost fiercely over her work, but the soft "come in" that invited Mrs. Wynch to appear proved that there was no real irritation of spirit within her.

"Not here!" exclaimed Mrs. Wynch. "Goodness me! Mamzelle, what has become of the child?"

"Is she gone? I left her sleeping on your sofa."

"So did I; but she has taken herself off. Oh my, my! The ungrateful little baggage. But I might have known what a folly I was doing. I must go and see how much of my property she has stolen."

"Not any, I trust," said the signora. "The little one had so sweet a face. I cannot bear to believe—"

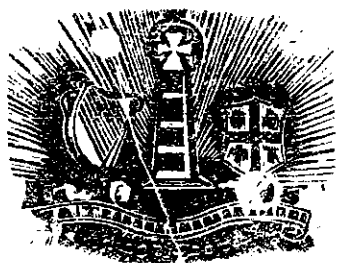
"Ah, that is so like you, Mamzelle! You are always thinking of the angels in your pictures, and you have wings ready made for every little beggar you set eyes on. What took her off in such a hurry if she hasn't got something with her? Without even saying 'thank you' or 'good-bye,' the ungrateful monkey. I that paid her train, and her cab, and gave her her breakfast and scrubbing. I shall hand the matter over to the police, I shall!"

"Won't you search first?" said the little signora. "Search the house and see if anything is missing."

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Wynch, angrily. "There's never any use in asking your advice about anything, Mamzelle. You always go off on a hobby of your own, and leave one to worry out the rest for one's self. If she isn't a thief, now just tell me what do you think she is?"

"I don't know," said Mamzelle, softly. "We must try and find out." But her irritated landlady had already bounced out of the room.

The signora's work was at an end for that night. She tried in vain to recover the mood so rudely broken in upon, and giving up the attempt, laid down her brushes with a sigh. She took up her needlework and put it away again, opened a book and closed it, just glanced at a guitar that hung on the wall between two small bronzes of Michael Angelo and Titian, and shook her head. Her mind would not rest upon anything, and finally she locked her hands behind her back, and began a little trotting walk up and down and round about the room.



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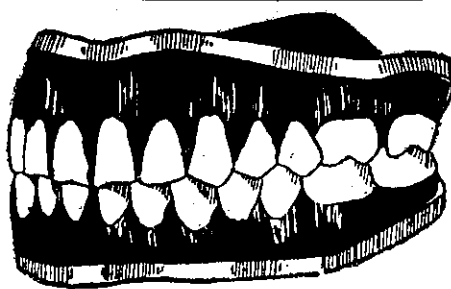
"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
'This is my own, my native land'?"

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CHILDREN LIKE IT

"And why should they not have wings?" she muttered, in an angry whisper, patting her little feet on the ground as if she would tread something down. "Except that an evil world will not allow it. Such faces, full of heaven, so freshly come on earth! Where did Raphael find them if not about the streets and in the fields? Great Powers! to think of deception hiding behind such a mask as that! It is enough to make one doubt the great master himself. Do I see a look of mischief, a glimmer of malice hiding in the corner of that little cherub's eye? And did the master see it, and purposely leave it there to disappoint and mock me?"

She had taken up her lamp, and was peering into a canvas on the wall, a head of one of the angels out of the "Virgin with the Candelabra." It had been a labor of love to her, and for many years the beloved companion of her solitary hours. She had never been able to make up her mind to sell it, and was resolved not to part with it except upon some great emergency. Something in the face had soothed, refreshed, delighted her; it was unlike any face she had ever known, and yet within the last two hours she had seen a face that bore some resemblance to it. The angel in her picture had the appearance of a young boy, and yet there was in its countenance a certain resemblance to Fanchea.

The door opened quickly again, and Mrs. Wynch reappeared. "I'm bound to say," she began, "that I can find nothing wrong; but I shall need the daylight to make a proper search. I feel sure——"

Here there was a sound of the hall door shutting, a slight noise in the hall; the door of the signora's room flew open, and Fanchea sprang in, her eyes shining, and her cheeks glowing like a damask rose. All traces of languor and fatigue had vanished from her, and she stood erect, graceful, and alert as a young stag before the two astonished women.

"I got it; I earned it; I knew I should!" she cried, lifting Mrs. Wynch's stuff apron, and pouring a large handful of silver into it.

"Whatever do you mean, you young monkey?" said Mrs. Wynch, seizing her by the arm and shaking her. "Tell where you got it. Whom did you steal it from?"

"Steal it!" echoed Fanchea. "Did you think I was a thief, then?" she said, reproachfully.

"What else can I think?" cried Mrs. Wynch.

"Oh, you shouldn't, you oughtn't, you have no right; how dare you?" cried Fan, waxing more indignant as the whole truth came to her. Then, as the recollection of what her benefactress had saved her from came back upon her, she burst into tears, and sobbed passionately, "Oh, why have you turned cruel? Why have you spoiled your goodness?"

There was that in the ring of her voice that stayed the angry reply on Mrs. Wynch's lips.

"Tell me where you got the money?" she said, after a pause, and a perplexed look at Mamzelle.

"I sang in the streets and the people gave it to me," said Fan, drying her tears and looking frankly into the woman's face. "I went into great wide streets where there were fine houses, and I sang under the windows. People came out and gave me money. I counted the turnings going, and so I found my way back. I heard you say you could not afford to keep me, and I thought if I earned some money you would let me stay here with you till Kevin comes for me. I can earn more, and I will give it all to you; and I will work for you if you will let me; indeed, indeed I will."

Mrs. Wynch threw up her hands with an air of unbelief, and took a seat with a gesture, as if the whole affair was becoming too much for her.

"Do you believe this story, Mamzelle? Can you think it true that people would hand out their shillings and sixpences—ay, and their half-crowns," she added, turning over the silver in her apron, "to a little tramp like this, because of any singing she is likely to be able for?"

"We will see," said Mamzelle, who had been watching Fan's every look and movement. "Let us

try what she can do. Sing us a song, my dear, if you can find your voice."

Fan swallowed a sob, and glancing round the room her eye fell on the guitar. "Will you lend me that?" she asked, "and it will help me."

"Certainly," said the signora, and quickly placed the instrument in her hands.

Fan went on one knee immediately, and began to strum with her finger and thumb upon the strings. After a few bars she "saw" Killeevy Mountain; and then her song arose. When she had finished, the two women were silent. Mrs. Wynch, quite subdued, tried to steal away a tear or two that had gathered in her eyes, while the signora wept copiously with her face behind her hands.

"There, that will do," said Mrs. Wynch. "I won't say again but what you earned the money fair enough, though where you learned such singing I can't make out. What do you think, Mamzelle? What are we going to do?" and she chinked the silver in her apron.

The signora choked, and gasped a little, and wrung her hands, while a sort of spasm seemed to have possession of her. "My advice——" she began.

"Go downstairs, child. Betsy is not gone yet; ask her for some supper," said Mrs. Wynch; and Fanchea obeyed, satisfied that she had at least cleared her character.

"Now, Mamzelle! Dear, dear, how dreadfully you do take things to heart. What are we to do with this little singing girl?"

"Let the poor bird stay where it has taken refuge," said the signora, recovering her usual demeanor, for her landlady's matter-of-fact speeches always acted on her like a shower bath.

"I don't want to drive her away, bird or no bird," said Mrs. Wynch, "not if she's honest, and I've made up my mind she is. This money would buy her some clothes, and if she will work in the house, she might do part of the time instead of Betsy. We might make a little maid of her."

"True," said Mamzelle, brightening. "I would like to see the little face coming in and out of my room. But we must not overwork her."

"And you must not spoil her. For mind, I give you warning, if she is lazy and useless I will have none of her here. I would not have a slovenly baggage in my house, not for all the music in the Italian opera. And she must not sing again in the streets."

"Heaven forbid!" said the signora, fervently. "She is far too good for such a fate as that."

After this a new life opened up for Fan. Quickly apprehending her position, she labored to perform well all the tasks appointed for her, and was soon clever at sweeping and arranging rooms, dusting ornaments nicely, serving meals, and waiting at table. Dressed in a neat brown frock and little white apron, with her curly hair cut short out of the way, she tripped about the house doing her best to serve her protectress, and succeeding in winning her good opinion.

"She don't eat much, poor dear," said Mrs. Wynch, reckoning up her accounts at the end of a month; "and Betsy's half-time covers the expense. And I'm sure we're a deal more comfortable."

She did not, however, admit quite so much to Mamzelle who, she maintained, was always doing her best to spoil the little girl and hindering her from developing into a steady servant.

It was with great unwillingness in the end that the two good women agreed it was their duty to write and acquaint the child's friends with her circumstances, and let them know where she was to be found. Neither confessed to the other how much she disliked the idea of losing the little servant and companion, with her bright face and her ready song which would break out all over the house: Mrs. Wynch was ashamed of such sentimentalism, and Mamzelle was afraid of Mrs. Wynch. Fan dictated the address of the letter, which went its way with its imperfect direction, "Killeevy Mountain, Ireland"; and then life, in and behind the little bric-a-brac shop, went on as before.

(To be continued.)

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THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

XIX.—HOW HENRY RECALLED THE ADVENTURERS. HOW HE CAME OVER HIMSELF TO PUNISH THEM AND BEFRIEND THE IRISH.

Strongbow having now assumed the sovereignty of Leinster, King Henry's jealousy burst into a flame. He issued a proclamation ordering Strongbow and every other Englishman in Ireland to return forthwith to England on pain of outlawry! Strongbow hurriedly despatched ambassador after ambassador to soothe Henry's anger; but all was vain. At length he hastened to England himself, and found the English sovereign assembling an enormous fleet and army with the intent of himself invading Ireland! The crafty knight humiliated himself to the utmost; yet it was with great difficulty the king was induced even to grant him audience. When he did, Strongbow, partly by his own most abject protestations of submission, and partly by the aid of mediators, received the royal pardon for his contumacy, and was confirmed in his grants of land in Wexford.

Early in October, 1171, Henry sailed with his armada of over four hundred ships, with a powerful army; and on the 18th of that month landed at Crooch, in Waterford Harbor. In his train came the flower of the Norman knights, captains, and commanders; and even in the day of Ireland's greatest unity and strength she would have found it difficult to cope with the force which the English king now led into the land.

Coming in such kingly power, and with all the pomp and pageantry with which he was particularly careful to surround himself—studiously polished, politic, plausible, dignified, and courtierlike towards such of the Irish princes as came within his presence—proclaiming himself by word and act, angry with the lawless and ruthless proceedings of Strongbow, Raymond, Fitzstephen, and Fitzgerald—Henry seems to have appeared to the Irish of the neighborhood something like an illustrious deliverer! They had full and public knowledge of his strong proclamation against Strongbow and his companions, calling upon all the Norman auxiliaries of Dermot to *return forthwith to England on pain of outlawry*. On every occasion subsequent to his landing Henry manifested a like feeling and purpose; so much so that the Irish of Wexford, who had taken Fitzstephen prisoner, sent a deputation to deliver him up to be dealt with by Henry, and the King imprisoned him forthwith in Reginald's tower to await further sentence! In fine, Henry pretended to come as an angry king to chastise his own contumacious subjects—the Norman auxiliaries of the Leinster prince—and to adjudicate upon the complicated issues which had arisen out of the treaties of that prince with them. This most smooth and plausible hypocrisy, kept up with admirable skill, threw the Irish utterly off their guard, and made them regard his visit as the reverse of hostile or undesirable. As I have already pointed out, the idea of national unity was practically defunct among the Irish at the time. For more than a hundred years it had been very much a game of "everyone for himself" (varied with "every man against everybody else") with them. There was no stable or enduring national government or central authority in the land, since Brian's time. The nakedly hostile and sanguinary invasion of Strongbow they were all ready enough, in their disintegrated and ill-organized way, to confront and bravely resist to the death; and had Henry on this occasion really appeared to them to come as an invader, they would have instantly encountered him sword in hand; a truth most amply proven by the fact that when subsequently (but *too late*) they found out the real nature of the English designs, not all the power of united, compact, and mighty England was able, for hundreds and hundreds of years, to subdue the broken and weakened, deceived and betrayed, but still heroic Irish nation.

Attracted by the fame of Henry's magnanimity, the splendor of his power, the (supposed) justice and friendliness of his intentions, the local princes one by one arrived at his temporary court; where they were dazzled by the pomp, and caressed by the courtier affabilities, of the great English king. To several of them it seems very quickly to have occurred, that, considering the ruinously distracted and demoralised state of the country, and the absence of any strong central governmental authority able to protect any one of them against the capricious lawlessness of his neighbors, the very best thing they could do—*possibly* for the interests of the whole country, *certainly* for their own particular personal or local interests—would be to constitute Henry a friendly arbitrator, regulator, and protector, on a much wider scale than (as *they* imagined) he intended. The wily Englishman only wanted the whisper of such a desirable pretext. It was just what he had been angling for. Yes; he, the mighty and magnanimous, the just and friendly, English sovereign would accept the position. They should all, to this end, recognise him as a nominal liege lord; and then he, on the other hand, would undertake to regulate all their differences, tranquillise the island, and guarantee to each individual secure possession of his own territory!

Thus, by a smooth and plausible diplomacy, Henry found himself, with the consent or at the request of the southern Irish princes, in a position which he never could have attained, except through seas of blood, if he had allowed them to suspect that he came as a hostile invader, not as a neighbor and powerful friend.

From Waterford he marched to Cashel, and from Cashel to Dublin, receiving on the way visits from the several local princes; and now that the news spread that the magnanimous English king had consented to be their arbitrator, protector, and liege lord, every one of them that once visited Henry went away wheedled into adhesion to the scheme. Amongst the rest was Donald O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, who the more readily gave in his adhesion to the new idea, for that he, as I have already mentioned of him, had thrown off allegiance to Roderick, the titular Ard-Ri, and felt the necessity of protection by some one against the probable consequences of his conduct. Arrived at Dublin, Henry played the king on a still grander scale. A vast palace of wicker-work was erected for his especial residence; and here, during the winter, he kept up a continued round of feasting, hospitality, pomp, and pageantry. Every effort was used to attract the Irish princes to the royal court, and once attracted thither, Henry made them the objects of the most flattering attentions. They were made to feel painfully the contrast between the marked superiority in elegance, wealth, civilisation—especially in new species of armor and weapons, and in new methods of war and military tactics—presented by the Norman-English, and the backwardness of their own country in each particular; a change wrought, as they well knew, altogether or mainly within the last hundred and fifty years!

(To be continued.)

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THE DREAMLAND OF BELFAST

(By G. K. CHESTERTON in the *New Witness*.)

The stranger coming to the town of Belfast need employ no complications of tact in order to woo the townsman to the discussion of his town. Those who received me were most hearty and hospitable, and showed me all possible kindness; but I am sure they thought the greatest possible kindness they could show me was simply to show me Belfast. The claims of the city seemed to form part of the first social salutations; as which should say "Good morning, Belfast contains nineteen thousand twelve hundred and fourteen umbrella stands, with eight compartments each, one hole one umbrella"; or "How do you do, there are seven hundred and fifty miles of corrugated iron made into hygienic dust-bins for the city, which is unequalled in this respect by any city in the world." They asked me repeatedly if I had seen Belfast, and whether I liked Belfast, as if it were something quite visibly unique and even fanciful, like one of the seven wonders of the world; as if it were all carved out of one colossal sea-shell, or slung in terraces from tree to tree like the hanging gardens of Babylon, or floated on the seas, or visited only by flying ships. Now, since to the frivolous foreign eye the town has only a colorless resemblance to certain of the slums and suburbs of a good many other towns, there is really something arresting and mysterious about this sincere local impression of a thing unique. It is their tradition to talk, of course, of the Southern Irish as dreamers; but I do not think I ever met human beings over whom a dream had such deadly power to the denial of the daylight as it has over the men of Belfast. They are, in the hardest and plainest sense of the words, given over to believe a lie; their strong delusion is like some positive drug that prevents them seeing the streets straight in front of them, or the faces of the men with whom they speak. It is a vision that deprives men of the elementary sense that two and two make four, that rots in them all common sense about contemporary affairs. I was told again and again that the Catholic peasant of the Irish countryside was a man who always lay on his back in a dream, and never did any work. I pointed out that the proposition was starkly incredible on the face of it; that a small farmer who made his farm pay must work pretty hard; and that the usual case against such farming all over the world was that he and his family worked a great deal too hard. But it made no difference to the mystical faith of the man of Belfast. It was a delusion that was stronger than the eyes in a man's head. Several highly competent and conspicuously sincere citizens told me that there was no poverty in Belfast. They did not tell me that there was less poverty than had commonly been alleged; they did not say the poverty was exaggerated or was lessening. They said there was none. As a remark about the Earthly Paradise on the island of Atlantis, it would be arresting; as a remark about the streets through which my interlocutors and I had both passed a few moments before, it was simply a triumph of the sheer madness of man's imagination; a triumph of mind over matter. I remarked mildly that if there was no poverty among the people they must have an eccentric taste in dress. I was gravely assured that this was indeed the case; that they had a very eccentric taste. The point here, however, is that this monstrous and mystical cloud of credulity, though a wholly local is a wholly living thing. Belfast does worship itself; and it is a portent and a prodigy of what even that weakest of all forms of worship can do.

The citizen of Belfast offers the city of Belfast as something unrivalled and unequalled in the whole world; and he is right. There is nothing like it, I seriously believe, anywhere else. The grim pattern and grey coloring which are common to it and other modern capitalist centres are, after all, I believe, a superficial element of resemblance. It has all the more dismal elements of Liverpool or Leeds or Sheffield; but it is not

really like Liverpool or Leeds or Sheffield. It is no more really like the industrial society it has long ceased to represent than it is like the agricultural society it has long ceased to absorb. It is an isolated historical entity; and belongs to a special class of isolated historical entities. Belfast is an antiquated novelty. Belfast, like Berlin, has exhibited a peculiar Protestant process of success, by which a thing grows amid universal admiration like a gigantic mushroom; and then is always discovered suddenly to be not even a mushroom, but a toadstool admittedly unprofitable and poisonous. It is its mark that the whole world seems to be swelling its success, until the moment when the whole world becomes conscious of the necessity of its destruction. There is certainly this element in the problem of Belfast history, as there is I think in the history of everything that owed its origin to the strange local impulse of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Such a thing is still being excused for being *parvenu* when it is discovered to be *passé*. Only by coming in touch, for example, with some of the controversies surrounding the Convention could an Englishman become fully aware of how much of the Belfast attitude is made up of the mentality, not so much of a remote seventeenth century Whig as of a recent nineteenth century Radical. His conventionality seemed to be that of a Victorian rather than a Williamite; and to be less limited by the Orange Brotherhood than by the Cobden Club. This is a fact most successfully painted and pasted over by the big brushes of our own Party system, which has the art of hiding so many glaring facts. This Unionist Party in Ireland is very largely concerned to resist the main reform advocated by the Unionist Party in England. A political humorist who understood the Cobden tradition of Belfast and the Chamberlain tradition of Birmingham could have a huge amount of fun appealing from one to the other; congratulating Belfast on the bold Protectionist doctrines prevalent in Ireland; adjuring Mr. Bonar Law and the Tariff Reformers never to forget the fight made by Belfast for the sacred principles of Free Trade. In so far as there is in social philosophy anything worth calling a Belfast school it is simply the Manchester School. It is dead; but somehow it is all the more dead for being only just dead.

Nevertheless this truth by itself would be an injustice to Belfast; certainly an injustice to the Protestant North East corner of Ireland. There are things present there that cannot be found in Manchester or learnt in the Manchester school. For instance, there is superstition; a thing having always something human about it, and counting for something in time and tenacity. A gentleman of distinction among the Southern Unionists said to me apropos of the Orange prejudices (which he did not in the least share) this simple and profound thing "wherever you find religion, you will find it growing stronger as you go downwards in the social scale." The queer negative conviction of these people has really produced a sort of nihilistic mythology. I talked to people who had heard Protestant mothers warning their children away from a hole or a pool because "there were wee popes there." There is a sort of fairy tale in the fancy of a pool full of these peculiar elves, like so many efts, each with its triple crown or crossed keys all complete. There is much sturdy nonconformity in Manchester, but nobody in Manchester explains, even to children, that a pond contains an assortment of Archbishops of Canterbury, little goblins in gaiters and aprons. Belfast is built nearer to the frontiers of fairyland after all. Anyhow, it is built nearer to the frontiers of something which is not Manchester nor the nation that created Manchester. Belfast may or may not be Irish; it is a question I will leave to Irishmen. But that Belfast is not English, nor anything remotely representing anything good or bad about England, that I will swear with every atom of my own national identity.

It has another good characteristic, which may partly be Irish; which is even more I fancy Scotch; but which most certainly is not English. It not only has a far-off touch of the fairy tale, but it has traces of the

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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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sion of all the pagan and cannibalistic population of Futuna, with one exception—namely, the chief of the island, who ordered the murder of the saintly apostle in hatred of the faith, and so procured for him the halo of martyrdom. I must dwell for a few moments on the heroic career of Bishop Bataillon. There are traits in his life combining in the most perfect manner the heroic and the sublime. Look, for instance, at that moment when another Marist Vicar-Apostolic was sent from Europe to convey to him the brief of his appointment as the first Vicar-Apostolic of Central Oceania, and to consecrate him in Wallis Island, whose inhabitants in their totality he had converted. What hardships he had endured, and what perils! What hunger and thirst; what persecution for a while from the head chief of the island, who endeavored to starve him to death, while the hero sustained his precious life with the loathsome food given to swine—food picked up in scant quantity and by stealth! At last his heroic perseverance conquered even that chief, and with him all the inhabitants.

"There He Stood in His Sublime Purity."

After the marvellous achievement of missionary zeal, how was he found when the messages from the Holy See came to raise him to the sublime dignity of the episcopate? See that venerable man, with his long, flowing beard; see him hatless, shoeless, in a ragged and tattered soutane, walking along the strand in sight of his astonished confreres, landing in a boat from the ship. He knew nothing of his appointment; he had no inkling of the dignity and exaltation in store for him. There he stood in his sublime poverty, the apostle of his island, the father of all his faithful children, won from degrading paganism to the sweet and benign religion of Jesus Christ, his beloved Master. Such a scene is worthy to stand with the best in the history of the conversion of the world; and it is a pity that no great painter's brush has perpetuated it on immortal canvas. That is one sublime and unique instance of his heroism. Take another, his last on earth, the very hour and moment of his death. He felt that his last hour was approaching. There, close to the handsome stone cathedral he had well-nigh finished, he had himself clad in his episcopal vestments and placed in a chair within view of most of his converts, gathered from every part of the island. Then he addressed them in his last solemn and touching words. "I am going to die," he said, "and I hope, through Purgatory, to soon reach Heaven, where I shall help you more than I could here on earth. I have been, perhaps, sometimes too harsh in my zeal for your correction, and I humbly ask your forgiveness. Keep the faith you have received at my unworthy hands from our Lord Jesus Christ, through the intercession of His Blessed Mother Mary, our Queen and Mother; live up to your faith; frequent the Sacraments; be peaceful and charitable to one another; and then we shall meet again soon in Paradise." At these words he leaned back in his chair and expired. Sublime soul! On a par with what is most sublime in the first ages of the Church, forming a page in the annals of the Society of Mary ever to be remembered, revered, and treasured as one of its greatest glories.

"One of the Joys of My Life."

Well, I knew that hero, apostle, and saint. Many a conversation I had with him on his visits to Europe, France, and Rome. It is one of the joys of my life that I knew such men. I also knew his successor, the gentle, courteous, and saintly Bishop Elloy, and the two next successors, Bishops Lamaze and Olier, the latter of whom I ordained priest in 1874. And Bishop Olier's successor, Bishop Blanc, I consecrated in Tonga about seven years ago. I also knew the late Bishops Broyer and Bertreux. I ordained Bishop Broyer first in 1874. I also enjoyed for many years the friendship of Bishop Vidal, whom you are to succeed. His great, long, and most successful career is nearing its end. His sun is setting—and what a glorious sunset!—and yours is rising. May your career be as long and as fruitful as his! You shall have my poor prayers and

best wishes to accompany you. You will have the graces of your consecration at the hands of the Pope's direct representative. You will have the prayers and examples of the Society of Mary in every land where their zeal is known. You will have your paraclete, your life and strength on the altar and in the tabernacle. You will have the protection and patronage of Blessed Mary our Mother, the Queen of Apostles. You will have the angels and saints and patrons of every member of the society to help you, to cheer and protect you. Go, therefore, with confidence to your noble work, emulate your predecessors in the same field; and may we all meet again, at no very distant day, in Paradise, to share the eternal bliss of the Heavenly Court with the Author and Finisher of our faith, Jesus Christ, the King of Glory. Amen.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

MRS. M. C.—I suppose people think it is by way of a joke that the editor assures his readers regularly that he has nothing to do with the business side of the *Tablet*.

J. W. (Georgetown).—His name is not found in the *Catholic Who's Who*. That is the only information we have on the subject.

"READER" asks on what day did Good Friday fall in the year 1850. We can only assure "Reader" that it followed Holy Thursday. For the day of the month consult the tables in some old prayer-book. "Reader" can do that as well as we could.

J. D. (Taranaki).—Knowles Smith said we had attacked the Salvation Army Homes. When challenged he quoted an issue of the *Tablet*, which he said he had in his possession. No *Tablet* was ever issued on the date he gave (March 15, 1918). The Lord must love these people dearly!

"PORTIA."—It does not matter two brass pennies what a few cranks feel or think or say. The Hierarchy are our guides in Catholic matters. They are also the best judges as to what matters are Catholic. Therefore, no matter what imported Canadians say, as far as we are concerned the position is this: the Prohibition movement is disapproved by the bishops of the Catholic Church. And if you do not heed the Church we must look on you as a—publican.

The sacrifices which the practice of the religious life imposes on our nature, appear at first very difficult, but by the help of faith, they gradually become easier, until at last they are changed into spiritual consolations.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart*.

FIRE-SWEPT PARISH, OHAKUNE

Our people, feeling the need of Catholic education for their children, determined to provide them with a Catholic school. This year a large and commodious school (where more than 80 Catholic children are now taught) was erected at a cost of £1600, and a convent was purchased at a cost of £1400—that is, a total of £3000. Our people have subscribed generously, but they are not rich in this world's goods, and they could only reduce the debt by £800. £2200 still remains as a debt. Since the erection of school and convent the terrible bush fires of last March swept over the district, inflicting heavy loss on some of our people. Moreover, we have no church and no presbytery yet. We are badly off. Hence we appeal to the benevolent throughout the Dominion to help us to keep the Faith in this backblocks and fire-swept parish. We are run-in this backblocks and fire-swept parish. Donations will be gratefully received and personally acknowledged. Address—

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Current Topics

Catholic Federation

Last week the delegates from all the provinces of New Zealand assembled in Dunedin for the meeting of the Federation. The fickle weather of the south was at its best, and the visitors saw the picturesque city and the surrounding district under most favorable conditions. They were enthusiastic over the progress made here by the Church and marked by so many striking monuments in the shape of churches, schools, and hospices for young and old. They will take home with them pleasant memories of the drive round Dunedin and its suburbs, and, perhaps, understand always why southerners are so proud of the scenic beauties of their city, of the drive through native bush which circles about the hills, and of the glorious glimpses of landscape and seascape from the heights of Roslyn or Maori Hill. The Solemn High Mass on Wednesday morning was a fitting opening for the events of the Dominion meeting. The choir was strong in numbers and in quality, and the preacher by his eloquent words co-operated with ceremonies and music in making those present feel proud that they belonged to the fold of the Catholic Church. The public meeting on Thursday night was attended by a large and attentive audience, filling the parterre and galleries of His Majesty's Theatre. Non-Catholics who were present must have been impressed by the logical arguments in favor of our Catholic educational system and by the appeal made to all other members of Christian bodies to imitate us not only in maintaining religious schools but also in compelling the Government to exercise ordinary justice in its dealings with such schools. The addresses were an object lesson of the fact that we are content to go on minding our own business and that we interfere with nobody unless we are forced to do so in self-defence. Dean Burke's address was a model of close reasoning, relieved here and there by a flash of Irish wit which told effectively: Father John O'Connell's forcible presentation of the Catholic claim for common justice was clear and convincing, and heard with intense interest by the audience; Mr. Reddington acquitted himself well and needs only experience to make him an effective lecturer; Mr. Poppelwell, in his usual lucid manner, put before his hearers the object, the aims, the scope, the methods of the Federation, and alluded briefly to some of the good work it had already accomplished. We recommend our readers to study the addresses, which will be published in the *Tablet* in due order.

Soup

Not the least striking part of Father O'Connell's address was his castigation of that narrow-minded body of Civil Servants who, shirking competition with private schools, recently went out of their way, with gross impertinence, to ask the Government to create a monopoly in their favor: a plain confession of their worthlessness for any man to read. What the Teachers' Executive did in regard to educational matters was already done down here in another sphere by teachers whose schools had been so thoroughly thrashed in open athletic competitions by our boys. Scheming of this kind always defeats its own purpose, and there could be no better argument for the superiority of the private school in every department. We can beat the others at games, and we can at least hold our own with the best of them in education; beyond that we have what they have not—the real foundation of true education, the real secret of the formation of Christian character. Now we wonder if it is as an effort to bolster up his staggering system that the Minister of Education makes his last brilliant proposal. He has thrown out a suggestion that in the future pupils attending his schools will get a plate of soup! That is reminiscent of what was done in the land of our Minister's ancestors in by-gone days. Does he forget that when the Irish people were starving and English soldiers carting away the

corn which could save them there came among the poor suffering women and children a gang of Pharisaical ladies and gentlemen who were ready to save the lives of whatever hungry children would take, with the soup, a Protestant Bible. History repeats itself. Take an irreligious school, dear people of New Zealand, and your children can have a plate of soup.

What Simpson Said

We have assisted at many a Catholic Synod and at half a hundred conferences in our time, and though free discussion was allowed we do not remember one single case in which any speaker bothered his head about the doings of his Protestant brethren—no, not even in Ireland, where once an honest parson stood on his feet and told his Primate that his ravings about Catholic bigotry were directly contrary to fact. On the other hand we find it hard to recall a case in which a Presbyterian Assembly has not gone out of its way to make unwarranted and uncharitable attacks on Catholics. There is no doubt that it would not be easy to find a more respectable and learned body than the Presbyterian ministers in general; but, as the old Irishman said, there are a few queer fellows in every crowd, and in this case the shape taken by the queerness is to attack people who take no more notice of the attacks as a rule than a cow does of the flies on her horns. Reading casually the accounts of the proceedings at the Assembly recently held, as days went by we began to wonder if the record was going to be broken and not a single offensive word said about us. But the usual thing happened in the usual way. One fine day, when a Mr. Durward set the ball rolling, a certain Mr. Simpson, who was very uncertain of his facts, took the floor and went for us with head down and horns bristling. He told his appalled hearers an awful story about the bigoted ways of those horrible Gore Papists: a gory Gore story it was indeed. There was a picturesque detail about "second-hand" eggs; there were accusations about Popish plots to break up meetings and to prevent free speech; there was a war cry for the Orange Lodge which helped the poor old Kaiser to his undoing a few years ago; and there was a sort of subconscious suggestion that the right man in the right place for all good Presbyterians to follow was the hero of the filthy letters, the man publicly stigmatised as a cad by a magistrate and afterwards castigated by members of Parliament, with as much effect as he had been in deed horsewhipped by the brother of a dead girl whose fair name he had attempted to blacken. It is not recorded how the Assembly received the manifestation of the symptoms of Simpson; but we can imagine the sheer disgust of all the honest men there on hearing such an outrageously silly and offensive rigmarole. We have made inquiries and have been assured that there was not a single word of truth in what Simpson said. And if more than our word were needed there is the fact that a respectable non-Catholic clergyman of Gore has written to protest against such malignant and baseless fabrications. Such a thing had to come, we suppose. There is something strange in a system which admits among scholarly and broadminded clergymen one who is capable of uttering such offensive and untruthful nonsense. It is no concern of ours how to explain it, but surely the responsible persons ought to look to it. It does them no credit; it is a stain on them all. And surely it is time to recognise that the day is gone when decent people can be gulled any longer by individuals who pretend that the work of a minister is to scarify Papists and curse the Pope with bell and book. There are bigger things than that for the Churches to tackle. Some of them ought to take a leaf out of our book and confine themselves to the preaching of the Gospel. In the meantime the Catholics of Gore ought to get out the band and welcome Mr. Simpson home after his effort; for there is no room for doubt that we have no better friends than people like himself and Elliott, and that latter-day apostle of culture, the mellifluous Earnshaw. The Catholic Federation ought send them a testimonial for services rendered.

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The Decalogue Committee

A circular has been forwarded to us by a correspondent, and as it is a new thing in the way of circulars it calls for some comment. It gives the following extract from a New York publication called the *Danville Instructor* :—

"In nearly every part of the Broad British Empire provision is made in the official syllabus issued by the various educational departments for the children to learn in school hours the Ten Commandments. Many of the State school authorities encourage the displaying of the laws on the walls of the schoolrooms. Our attention is called to this by a circular from Wellington, New Zealand, sent out by the 'Decalogue Committee,' urging that the laws of that State be made conformable with those of other parts of the Empire, and provision be made for the repetition or memorising of these in the school. They urge that 'a knowledge of these laws is in the interests of character-building and good citizenship, and is also an aid to good government.'"

It then goes on to say that the children of the New Zealand State schools are not taught the Ten Commandments, which are the foundation of British laws, and it is urged that members of Parliament, *in esse* and *in posse*, should be worried until they have copies of the Ten Commandments supplied free to all schools. Now the first thing that occurs to us is to say that it is certainly a shameful state of affairs that our "system" does not include the Decalogue; but as things go in this country it is not a wonderful thing. The fact is that so many laws are made here with disregard for the Ten Commandments that our politicians could hardly afford to educate the children by grounding them on fundamental laws which would show them how wrong Parliament-made laws often are. There is no doubt that the children ought to be taught the Ten Commandments, and no less doubt that they ought to be taught those elementary truths of religion which supply the sanction of the Commandments in the minds and hearts of the young. But as it is clearly contrary to the principles of our legislators to do anything so sane and so right we beg to make another suggestion. It is this: the Ten Commandments ought to be framed and hung up prominently in both Houses of our Parliament and all members ought to be examined on them by a policeman every morning. A little reflection will show how badly this coaching is needed.—1. They have in their blind groping made an idol of the State. 2. They have by banishing God from the schools undermined respect for His Holy Name. 3. They have encouraged atheism so as to make it a matter of indifference to many people whether or no they go to church on Sunday. 4. They have weakened the bonds of love and reverence between parents and children. 5. They have introduced Militarism and done violence to the life and liberty of the subject. 6. They have removed the fear of God and made the way easy for corruption. 7. They have taxed blood and been afraid to tax capital. 8. They have called on men to die for small nations while being, by their shameful silence, accessories to the murder of a small nation. 9. They have fostered unbelief and destroyed the foundations of social purity. 10. They have been more intent on holding their well-paid posts than on striving after justice.

When Members of Parliament realise that the Ten Commandments are not a dead letter, and that they must be made in reality the foundation of law and order; when they act as if they believed that a knowledge of the Law of God is more necessary for children than posturing before a flag; when they begin to display some consciousness of the trust reposed in them, and of the obligations they are under to God, it may then be hoped that they will rise to the level expected of them by the Decalogue Committee. At present there is no sign that they care two pins whether children know the law of God or not.

Fablegrame and Gulls

From our reading of the daylies for the past week or so we have been more than ever convinced that some benevolent millionaire ought to found a home for doting journalists in New Zealand. We have so long passed the stage when people ceased to take the fablegrams of the infamous Harmsworth gang seriously that it would not be correct to say that the press deceives the people. Once it was officially admitted by the witless and humorless colleagues of that pushful Welsh politician, who surpasses Froude as an imaginative artist and Pitt as a verbal contortionist, that a machine had been devised and highly financed for the express purpose of controlling news and issuing only what the greatest bunglers in the world deemed good for the inhabitants of the antipodes to read, there was an end to all efforts to find out the truth by following the press: it was *ipso facto* admitted that instead of being a medium for spreading reliable tidings, the press had been perverted into an instrument for fabricating fairy tales. After that was firmly established, most sensible persons gave up reading the paper at breakfast and ordered a supply of Penny Dreadfuls. Just as a tumbler or a juggler does not reach a high degree of perfection without considerable preparation, so the press required some time and much practice before it attained its present mastery of the art of uttering drivel in the most staid manner. Consider whither we have arrived! Monday's paper tells us that President Wilson declared at a dinner at White House that the press (as known to us) was right all the blessed time and that the persecution of Ireland and the policy of exterminating a nation was purely a domestic matter which the Brithuns should be allowed to conduct in their own insane fashion, just as New Zealand should be permitted to support two gorgeous tourists if that sort of thing appeals to it. Then it was discovered that President Wilson was receiving a deputation of Irishmen, come to lay before him the views of the great free population of his country, concerning the advisability of taking John Bull by the neck and kicking a conscience into him, or in some other suitable way administering punishment to the bully, and our fablegrams straightway told us that the first report was not true at all—as if any sane person ever believed it was! A few days brought evidences of a wonderful improvement in the imaginative quality of the news. A Penny Dreadful was snatched up and duly "swotted" by some Harmsworth journalist, and behold! an account of the escape of de Valera that might be utilised by any penny gaff play-writer was circulated throughout all the British Dominions. In the early days of the war one journalist used to take pages of the history of the English atrocities in Ireland under Cromwell and Elizabeth and give them to the public as the doings of the Hun in Belgium. And the English people and their fellow dupes overseas went wild when they were told that their German cousins were now doing what their ancestors used to do in the past. The Irish hack-writer who hit on that scheme had many a quiet laugh at the hypocrisy of the press and its readers. What a rollicking time the man who invented the yarn about de Valera's escape must have had! And the material was all so stale and so old! An impression of a key taken by some friend; a pretty girl and an amorous sentry; a decoy motor speeding north, pursued by bloodhounds and panting warders; de Valera watching the chase himself from the window of the house across the way! And yet it took several days before it dawned on the gulls that the whole thing was a fabrication. Beyond the statement, on top of the columns, that a paper is published on such a day what else can one believe now? You cannot rely on the time-table given for sailings of ships; only those who have been taken in by advertisements for universal panaceas realise that advertisement columns are a delusion and a snare: the anonymous letters speak for themselves; the editorial comments are according to the cables which are, in turn, according to Northcliffe. The consequence is that most people prefer *Comic Cuts* or *Ally Sloper* to the daylies. They are right.

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[We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by our correspondents.]

FOR IRELAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The movement originating in the West Coast to make St. Patrick's Day of this year memorable by a united appeal to Parliamentarians to fall into line with their fellows elsewhere in demanding justice for Ireland, deserves every support. Our policy of masterly inactivity in the past must now yield to a policy of straight-out action, and we have a right to know if our members sympathise with Ireland, and if not why not. As one of those who, misled by the Nationalist papers, misjudged Casement and the men of Easter week, I am taking effectual means to reverse my previous attitude and bring before Sir Joseph Ward, our Member, the unanimous desire of the majority of his constituents, that he should help in this movement. I fancy none but pachydermatous patriots will hesitate to seize the unique opportunity of helping our motherland, one of the small nations that has suffered most from evil government, to secure justice at last.—I am, etc.,

JAS. O'NEILL.

Waikiwi, March 10.

THE AIMS OF SINN FEIN.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I gather from the leader in your issue of February 27 that there are a few of your (casual?) readers who do not know what the policy of the *Tablet* is, in connection with the question of the future government of Ireland. I can only express astonishment that such people exist, and I should imagine they belong to that class of political Laodiceans who are never interested enough in any subject—even the subject of the freedom or slavery of their native land—to find out the facts for themselves. We all know—we have heard them—that such people are shocked at the *Tablet* for keeping the Irish question so much to the front. It is indecent, if not disloyal—an embarrassment to the Empire, and a cause of humiliation to themselves. I need scarcely tell you, Sir, that the views and actions of such men never counted for anything in any movement. They are looked at with disgust by their own countrymen and with contempt by those whom they endeavor to "smooge." The Anglo-Irish Irishman is famed in song and story.

Personally, a constant reader of the *Tablet*, I have never been in doubt as to its opinions on Irish affairs, which opinions are, indeed, always plain enough for

anyone to see. It stands for Repeal of the Union, or (what practically amounts to the same thing), full Colonial Self-Government. It stands for Sinn Fein—not the Sinn Fein of the cooked cablegrams which seek to identify it with Bolshevism and Spartacism, but for the Sinn Fein which means an ordered government in Ireland, free from all English interference—a return to Grattan's Parliament of 1782-1800, with the addition of a responsible executive. Mr. de Valera is no favorer of republican in preference to other forms of government. He has said the form of government was immaterial as long as there is no outside meddling with Irish affairs.

Of course I am aware that some of the advanced spirits in the Sinn Fein party are demanding a republic. But it should be remembered that every political party consists of three sections—the centre or main body, and the right and left wings, and of these the left is usually the most active and clamant section. Take the English Liberal Party: the right wing are practically Tories and the left Radicals and Republicans. The late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is one example of a man who passed from the extreme left to the extreme right—from republicanism to toryism—in the course of his political career. Mr. Lloyd George will, undoubtedly, be another.

If the advanced section of the Sinn Fein Party demand a republic and a complete separation from England, the reasons are not far to seek. There was the bankruptcy of the constitutional movement as far as Home Rule was concerned; the faithlessness of the Parliamentary Party to the Irish ideal of a United Ireland as shown by the Buckingham Palace Conference, and their subsequent approval of the Lloyd George partition proposals, which would rend asunder the unity of the nation; the wholesale arrests and deportations before the insurrection; the executions, shootings, and murders, as well as the wholesale deportations of innocent men and women, these latter to herd with English prostitutes in English gaols; the mock Convention; the broken pledge regarding the findings of the majority; the campaign of calumny in America, and in neutral countries; the bogus German plot, resulting in the imprisonment of the chief leaders of the people without specific charge made and without any form of trial whatever. Bearing all these things in mind, what Irishman will care to say a harsh word against these young men? We may disapprove of their views, but we can account for them. They are the logical result of recent events in Ireland, and these events have produced strong effects in minds which are neither Sinn Fein nor republican. As Mr. T. M. Healy, K.C., M.P., pointed out, there can be no respect in Ireland for a law which gives a ballad singer two years' imprisonment *with hard labor* for singing a song which you, Sir (perhaps), and I certainly many times

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sang before Prussianism in its present form lorded it in Ireland, while letting off a publican who had murdered his barmaid with a shorter sentence and *without hard labor*. The worst of these things is that the republican section tends to grow stronger every day. It is well known, however, that government on Colonial lines would satisfy the responsible leaders, and private letters received from persons in authority, leave no doubt in this matter; but every delay makes this attitude more difficult.

As there is a good deal of innocent ignorance about the Sinn Fein movement, let me quote from its National Council the fundamental article of the Constitution. I extract it from *New Ireland* of June 24, 1916 (as passed by the censor):—

"The aim of the Sinn Fein policy is to unite Ireland on this broad national platform: First, that we are a distinct nation; second, that we will not make any voluntary agreement with Great Britain until Great Britain keeps her own compact which she made by the Renunciation Act of 1783, which enacted 'that the right claimed by the people of Ireland to be bound only by the laws enacted by his Majesty and the Parliament of that kingdom is hereby declared to be established and ascertained for ever, and shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable'; third, that we are determined to make use of any powers we have, or may have at any time in the future, to work for our own advancement, and for the creation of a prosperous, virile, and independent nation."

This shows Sinn Fein to be a strictly constitutional movement, a movement identical with that of Daniel O'Connell. The rebellion of the Irish Volunteers in Dublin, commonly called the "Sinn Fein Rebellion," was only connected with the Sinn Fein movement in so far as many of its members were Sinn Feiners. It might, with equal truth, be called the "Gaelic League Rebellion," as many of its members were Gaelic Leaguers, or the "Trades Union Rebellion," as many of its supporters were Trades Unionists. "Sinn Fein" as applied to the revolutionary movement was the result partly of accident and partly of the habit of the Irish Party dubbing all its critics "Sinn Feiners." I use it for convenience.

Before I close this letter, I should like to call attention to the fact that owing to a recent speech in Christchurch, some New Zealand newspapers are bracketing Bolshevism, Spartacism, and Sinn Feinism as if they were the same thing. Whether this is done through ignorance or whether it is anti-Irish propaganda, I do not know, but it should be resented, as far as possible, by decent Irishmen, no matter where their sympathies may lie. Whatever may be the faults of Sinn Fein it has no sympathy (and never had any) with anarchical or revolutionary Socialism. Indeed, the movement was never even tinged with the Socialist idea. Trying to lead people to believe that Sinn Fein has any sympathy with recent events in Russia and Germany is a very despicable proceeding. Even during the Insurrection in Dublin nothing disgraceful could be laid to the charge of the Sinn Fein Party. The murders, alas! were all committed by the other side. The mills, factories, and other buildings occupied by the insurgents were not wantonly injured—indeed, they were, as far as possible, carefully preserved, the *Carsonite* organ, the *Irish Times*, admitted. As to how they fought, I will quote a few extracts from the London papers of the time:—

"The Sinn Feiners treated their prisoners with every courtesy and respect, but commandeered their rifles and some of their equipment."—*Daily News*.

"Undoubtedly they were brave if they were rebels."—*Morning Post*.

"They [the rebels] mixed freely with the soldiers and, I am told, picked up and attended the wounded impartially. . . . Like soldiers they respected the Red Cross."—*Evening News*.

"Civilians were not molested by the rebels. . . . It was as safe to walk about as in the streets of London."—*Times* (London).

But the crowning testimony to the courage and

humanity of these men came from Mr. H. A. Asquith, Prime Minister of England, who, in the House of Commons, on May 10, said: "They fought very bravely. They conducted themselves as far as our knowledge goes with humanity; indeed, their conduct contrasts—and contrasts very much to their advantage—with that of some of the so-called civilised enemies with whom we are fighting in the field. That tribute I gladly make, and I am sure the House will gladly make it."

These Irishmen are the men who are compared by juxtaposition with the scum of Russia and Germany—these men who fought according to the testimony of their enemies with clean hands, and who paid the last forfeit with high hearts. It is shameful to use such methods in dealing with brave men.

Just a word and I am done. I am an old reader of the *Tablet*. I read it because it was a Catholic paper even when I disagreed with its support of the Irish Party. For two years past, so far as information and insight concerning Irish affairs are concerned, it has been approached by no paper in any of the Australasian colonies. People who put no trust in its views two years ago must feel silly to-day. These views were always right, as the event proves, and for their expression in the *Tablet* all Irishmen who are not *shoncons* are grateful.—I am, etc.,

CH. O'LEARY.

March 10, 1919.

CHRISTCHURCH CELTIC CLUB.

That the Catholic people of Christchurch appreciate the efforts of the Celtic Amateur Dramatic Club was fully evidenced by the audiences that filled the Hibernian Hall on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, February 26 and 27 (writes our own correspondent), when the Irish comedy, "Nabocklish," was staged. Amongst those present were the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M. (Wellington, Father Roche, S.M. (St. Mary's) and Father Fogarty (chaplain to the club). The little comedy under notice depicts in two acts how a gullible English Tory is made the victim of Irish sport, and how the extravagant stories of lawlessness and alleged startling events become the current and accepted beliefs of the enemies of the Irish nation. The various characters in the play were sustained by Miss Eily Cronin, Messrs. J. Curry, T. P. O'Rourke, P. Greenlees, E. Fitzgerald, D. McCormick, and J. Flannelly. The various situations—stirring and humorous—were well brought out, the acting on the whole being excellent. Mr. P. J. Smyth (instructor) deserves to be complimented on the results of his painstaking efforts in the training of the members of the club's dramatic section. The stage effects and other arrangements, carried out by Mr. P. Pearce and Mr. A. F. Jarman (secretary) gave general satisfaction. In connection with the play, a musical programme was contributed to by Misses M. G. O'Connor, Dolly Quinn, and E. Rodgers, Messrs. H. E. Edwards and Phil Jones (songs), and Mr. W. H. Jones (character recitation). Miss K. O'Connor and Mr. Harry Hiscocks played the accompaniments, and each contributed a piano solo as overtures. Mr. Phil Jones was an efficient stage manager.

Thank God for love, the love of friends,
That golden thread which binds
Us each to each, and links us on
To kindred human minds.
But thank God most for His great love
That living source Divine,
Which reacheth down to earth, and cares
For your life and for mine.

LADIES!

A new style of dressing the hair is quite in order, but the purchase of a delicious appetiser, like MILITARY PICKLE is sound judgment. Sold by all grocers. Buy it now.

ROLL OF HONOR

DRIVER J. WALSH.

Mrs. A. Walsh, of Napier, has received the sad advice that her son, Driver J. Walsh, has died from pneumonia at the Tralee Military Hospital, Ireland. The deceased soldier (writes our Napier correspondent) left New Zealand with the 6th Reinforcements and saw service at Gallipoli and in France, remaining till the signing of the Armistice, without receiving a wound. Mrs. Walsh also lost her youngest son (Mr. P. Walsh) in December last, he being a victim to the influenza epidemic. Deepest sympathy is extended to the widowed mother in her sorrow.—R.I.P.

PRIVATE T. T. MOYNAHAN.

With very sincere regret the death is recorded of Private Timothy Thomas Moynahan, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Moynahan, Pahiatua. The death of Private Moynihan is particularly distressing, as he was prisoner of war, and had only been repatriated to Holland, when his death occurred on January 15. The deceased soldier was born in Pahiatua, and was in the



26th year of his age. On leaving school he followed farming pursuits on his father's farm, and latterly for two years on his own farm before leaving with the 31st Reinforcements. He was of a bright and kindly nature, and enjoyed wide popularity. The bereaved parents and relatives have the sincere sympathy of a large circle of friends.—R.I.P.

LIEUTENANT W. M. BIRMINGHAM.

Lieutenant William Martin Bermingham, late of No. 24 Company, Australian Machine-gun Corps, of Nen Street, Oamaru, has been awarded the Military Cross. The circumstances under which he gained this coveted distinction, as officially stated, were "that while in command of machine guns in the front trenches, near Brookseinde, on October 17, 1917, his section was subjected to very violent shell fire. Two of Lieutenant Bermingham's guns were blown out, four of his men killed, and three buried. He assisted in digging his men out, and, despite the heavy shelling, obtained new guns from headquarters and consolidated the position. Again on the 20th, at the same place, the positions occupied by this officer's guns were very heavily shelled. He supervised the withdrawal of his guns to a place of safety, and had his wounded carried to the R.A.P., after personally rendering first aid. He proved quite fearless, and set a fine example of courage to his men under most dangerous conditions." Lieutenant Bermingham lost his life in another action subsequent to the events described. He was at one time in the employ of the late Mr. C. Herbert, as barber, and went to Australia, where he joined the main body of the Australian Forces. He gradually won promotion, until he had gained his commission.—R.I.P.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

March 8.

There are now over one hundred boarding students, in addition to the day students, at St. Patrick's College.

The annual picnic of St. Anne's Choir was held last week at the Upper Hutt, and proved a most enjoyable outing.

The Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M., of St. Anne's, celebrated his feast day yesterday, and was the recipient of many congratulatory messages.

The students of St. Patrick's College held a picnic at Day's Bay last Monday. His Grace Archbishop O'Shea and a number of the clergy were present.

His Grace Archbishop Redwood arrived during the week after an extended absence in Australia. His Grace will officiate at the opening ceremony of the new church at Picton on Sunday next.

Good progress is being made with the erection of new Catholic girls' school in Buckle Street, and given fine weather, there is every prospect of the building being ready for opening after Easter.

The Right Rev. Dr. Cleary, Bishop of Auckland, and the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, were in this city on Wednesday, March 5, for the purpose of attending a meeting of the New Zealand Hierarchy.

Father Herbert, S.M., late of Timaru, and formerly of this city, left this week by the Riverina for Sydney for the purpose of joining the N.Z. Marist Missionary Fathers, who are at present conducting missions in Australia.

Last Sunday evening St. Anne's Choir journeyed to the Upper Hutt, and rendered the music for the evening devotions. There was a large congregation, and at the conclusion of his sermon, Father Daly thanked the choir for its kind assistance.

The St. Patrick's Day Celebration Committee met at the Catholic Federation rooms last Thursday evening. Mr. J. P. McGowan presided. Reports from the various sub-committees were received, and disclosed that arrangements were well in hand. It only requires good weather to ensure the success of the celebrations.

At the last meeting of St. Patrick's branch of the Hibernian Society the deaths of two soldier members were reported—Bro. Thos. Graham, a returned soldier (from influenza), and Bro. P. T. Kinsella, in England. Feeling references were made to both members, and a motion of condolence with the relatives was carried in respectful silence.—R.I.P.

The many friends of Mr. W. H. Giles, secretary of St. Aloysius' branch of the Hibernian Society, and of St. Anne's Parish Committee of the Catholic Federation, will be glad to learn that he has recovered sufficiently from his serious illness caused by the after effects of influenza, to resume his ordinary occupation, after being laid aside for three months.

An old resident of Wellington, in the person of Mr. Michael Fitzgerald, passed away at his residence, 30 Murphy Street, on last Wednesday. The interment took place to-day. Three of his sons (Messrs. J. J., M. D., and E. Fitzgerald) are members of the Hibernian Society, and to them and to their mother the deepest sympathy of a large circle of friends is extended.—R.I.P.

Arrangements are well in hand for a bazaar to be held by the parishioners of the combined districts of Karori, Northland, Kelburn, and Wadestown, in the Sydney Street Hall during the last week in April. Father Smyth, S.M., Administrator of Thorndon, is directing operations, and in addition is arranging a tug-of-war on up-to-date lines, to be run in conjunction with the bazaar.

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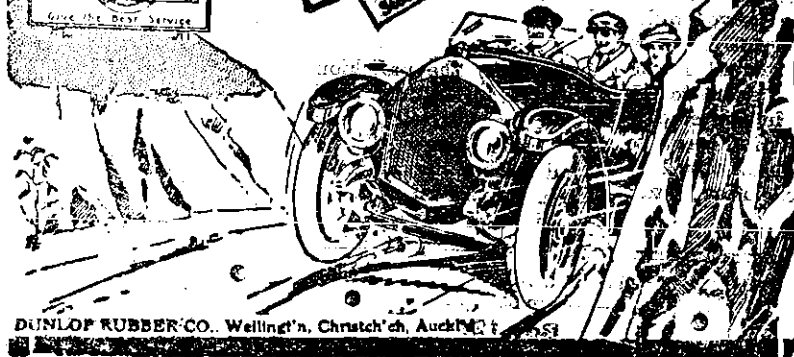
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Napier

(From our own correspondent.)

March 10.

The Clive Catholic Church has recently undergone a complete renovation and painting, a decided improvement being effected.

The Taradale and Meeanee district parishioners will hold their annual social in the Taradale Town Hall on St. Patrick's Night. An energetic committee, headed by Father Hickson, are now hard at work.

Mr. A. J. Curtayne, formerly of the Napier Postal staff, has severed his connection therewith and taken up a position with the National Provident Fund Office at Christchurch. Mr. Curtayne's services will be greatly missed by St. Patrick's Choir, of which he was a member.

In the recent examination held by the Associated Board of the Royal Academy, and the Royal College of Music, London, two pupils of the Convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Hastings, passed in Division I., grammar of music, and two pupils of Miss E. Rogers passed in rudiments of music.

Among the Napier soldiers recently returned from the front are the following Marist old boys:—Sergeant Joe Sheehan, son of Mr. M. Sheehan, Port Ahuriri; Corporal E. Ryan, son of Mr. W. Ryan, Port Ahuriri, and Gunner P. Moroney, son of Mr. J. Moroney, Napier. All three left with early reinforcements.

Mr. B. J. Dolan, of Napier, who defended Cumings and O'Ryan in the *Green Ray* case at Dunedin, frequently referred in the course of his argument to an article which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* in March, 1918, from the pen of Mr. Hugh Law, M.P., entitled *A Plea for Irish History*. Mr. Dolan communicated with Mr. Law with reference to the Dunedin case, and has received a reply, in the course of which the writer says: "I am very far from sharing some of the views which seem to have been expressed in these articles, but I must say I have seen very much worse things published, both here and in Ireland, without any action being taken by the authorities." Mr. Law has represented West Donegal in Parliament since 1902. He is an Oxford man and son of the late Irish Lord Chancellor.

In connection with the St. Patrick's Day celebrations and concert an enthusiastic meeting was held at St. Patrick's Hall last Tuesday, Mr. W. G. McGrath presiding. The chairman announced that they intended to hold a day's carnival as well as the entertainment at night, and although this meant additional expense, he hoped that every Irishman in Hawke's Bay would come forward to make the celebration an overwhelming success. A big programme had been drawn up by the sub-committees, and it was intended to make the tug-of-war one of the special features. He hoped all true Irishmen would assemble at the Technical College on the morning of St. Patrick's Day, and march to Nelson Park, where they hoped to hold one of the biggest gatherings ever held in Napier. A splendid programme has been drawn up for the concert in the evening, and the performers will include Mr. and Mrs. Spillane, two well-known artists from Wanganui, who will make their first appearance in Napier. The Marist Brothers' and Convent pupils will also take part in the concert.

Palmerston North

(From our own correspondent.)

March 8.

A meeting of parishioners was held on Sunday afternoon last in the Zealandia Hall, at which the site for the proposed new church and other details were discussed. Mr. C. A. Loughnan presided, and the attendance was greater than is usual at parish meetings. In explaining the position in regard to the new church, Father McManus did not directly advocate either site,

but the position resolved itself into one of sentiment versus finance. The majority favored the old site in Broad Street for sentimental reasons, but when the proposition of financing the building of a new structure there was put forward, it was found hedged about by insuperable obstacles. By building on the new leasehold site in Fitchett Street (off Grey Street), on the block of land containing the convent schools, the Broad Street properties could be disposed of, and so eventually liquidate the debt incurred in building the new church and presbytery. After some discussion, the decision of the meeting was unanimously in favor of the new site. A further resolution was passed recommending that the work be proceeded with immediately, after the sanction of the Archbishop has been obtained. A committee was set up to further the proposition for an immediate commencement of the work. The sum in hand for the new church is £5275. Following on the decision to commence the erection of the building at once, Mrs. H. N. Watson sent a cheque for £500. It was also decided to hold an annual meeting of parishioners, at which a complete statement of parish affairs and finance will be made, during April of each year.

Private T. O'Carroll, who was a familiar figure here during his months of training in the ambulance camp at Awapuni, leaves for Sydney on Saturday, where he is assured of a position with the J. C. Williamson Company. Private O'Carroll's dancing was an attractive item on many concert programmes.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

March 7.

Father Harnett, of the archdiocese of Wellington is at present on a visit to Auckland.

His Lordship the Bishop returns from Wellington to-day. Next week his Lordship commences a short visitation of the diocese.

At last week's meeting of the Holy Family Confraternity at St. Patrick's Cathedral Father Brady, of St. Benedict's, delivered a very interesting discourse on "Devotion to the Sacred Heart."

On Saturday afternoon last the members of St. Patrick's Catholic Tennis Club journeyed to Otahuhu to play the Otahuhu Catholic Tennis Club, when a very pleasant afternoon was spent on the local club's courts. In the evening a social was held in the schoolroom.

Arrangements are now well in hand for the celebrations of St. Patrick's Day. A number of entries have been received for the various sports events. At the national concert, to be held in the Town Hall on the evening of March 17, the following resolution will be submitted to the gathering—"This meeting of N.Z. citizens, mainly of Irish descent, is of opinion that the time has arrived when Ireland should be granted a similar measure of self-government to that enjoyed by the self-governing British Dominions." Also "That copies of this resolution be forwarded to President Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George, Hon. Mr. Massey, and Sir Joseph Ward."

On Saturday afternoon last, the Auckland Automobile Association organised a motor run for children from the various charitable institutions of the city, to commemorate the victory of the Allies. Over 190 motor cars were used to convey the children to Buckland's Beach, where a most enjoyable day was spent by the little ones. Eleven cars were well filled by the girls from the Pah Orphanage, Onehunga. His Lordship the Bishop and Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook accompanied the party. During the afternoon the children were given an exhibition of flying, by the pupils of the Flying School at Kohimarama, and this they watched with great interest. Altogether the outing was a complete success, and the promoters deserve to be complimented on their thoughtfulness of the children, and on the organisation displayed.

Thames

(From our own correspondent.)

March 6.

The annual meeting of parishioners of St. Francis' Church, Thames, was held on Sunday evening, February 16, Very Rev. F. J. Dignan, presiding. The annual report showed the parish to be in a good sound position, special mention being made of our new church building fund, which now runs into four figures. With further efforts during the ensuing year it is hoped to considerably augment this fund. Congratulations were extended to Father Dignan on progress made since he took charge of the parish.

The Thames Jockey Club has again offered its beautiful grounds, gratis, for the children's annual treat, to be given on St. Patrick's Day. An energetic committee, with Mr. J. Connolly as secretary, have arrangements well in hand, and the young folks may rest assured of an enjoyable time.

It is again intended to promote a series of winter socials, and these, it is hoped, will prove financially successful as well as enjoyable.

St. Francis' Tennis Club recently held an "invitation afternoon," which proved most enjoyable and showed that the members of the club are energetic, and are making good use of their new court. All the club members attended a tennis picnic at Mr. Coakley's farm at Tapu recently. The drive was most enjoyable, and at the close of the day's outing cheers were given for Mr. and Mrs. Coakley, for the welcome they extended.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

March 10.

The mission conducted during the week by Fathers McCarthy and O'Leary, Marist Missionaries, at St. Mary's Church, Manchester Street, proved a most remarkable success. The attendances at the morning exercises were all that could be desired, whilst at the evening devotions every available part of the church was made use of for seating accommodation. The devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration began on Friday morning, and was continued until the conclusion of the High Mass on Sunday. On Sunday morning no less than 1130 persons approached the Holy Table, 981 of these at the seven o'clock Mass. The congregation that assembled at the closing ceremony on Sunday night totally exceeded the most sanguine expectations, the church being densely packed. Father McCarthy preached a masterly discourse on the Divinity of the Church. The Papal Benediction was given at the close of the sermon, and the renewal of Baptismal Vows made and solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament brought to a close the most successful mission ever given in St. Mary's parish. Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., in addressing the congregation expressed his gratitude to all concerned in the success of the mission, and referred to the remarkable ability of these two New Zealand born missionaries, whose sermons (he said) were both interesting and dogmatically instructive. Their presence (continued the Dean) should act as a strong incentive to the encouragement and foundation of scholarships for young men and boys of promise and ability who are not furnished with too much of this world's goods. Lack of the necessary means may often be a deterrent and prevent many from following a glorious vocation such as was exemplified in the two Marist Fathers at present with them. Dean Regnault also thanked the members of the H.A.C.B. Society, Children of Mary, Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and of the choir for their kind attention to the needs of the occasion.

The fine new convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Colombo Street North, is now completed, and will be

solemnly blessed and opened by his Lordship Bishop Brodie on Sunday afternoon next at 3 o'clock.

The members of St. Patrick's branch, and of St. Matthew's (ladies') branch of the Hibernian Society, in regalia, will approach the Holy Table at the Cathedral on Sunday next, at the seven o'clock Mass, in honor of the Feast of St. Patrick. The panegyric of the Apostle of Ireland will be preached in the Cathedral on Sunday evening by Father Cooney (Lyttelton).

At the fortnightly meeting of St. Mary's branch H.A.C.B. Society, held on Monday evening, March 3. Special reference was made to the sad news just to hand of the death, in France, of one of the members, Bro. P. Cosgrove. The president (Bro. A. F. Roche) moved a resolution of condolence with the relatives, which was carried in silence. Bro. Cosgrove was the first treasurer of the branch, a position which he held with credit up to the time of his enlisting with the 15th Reinforcements; and it was resolved that the branch approach the Holy Table on Sunday and have Mass said for the repose of the soul of deceased. Sick pay amounting to £2 was passed for payment. A special canvass for members was made by the officers after all the Masses on Sunday.

The school committee and building fund guarantors met at the episcopal residence on last Thursday evening. His Lordship the Bishop and Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy were present. The plans of the new parochial girls' school buildings were approved of. A start with the erection will be made at an early date.

Father F. Buckley, of Auckland, who has given such valuable assistance in the Cathedral parish during his stay here, is returning to Auckland this week. Father Buckley devoted himself to the work of chaplain to Mt. Magdala during the indisposition of Father Bell, S.M.

Father D. P. Buckley, of the diocese of Dunedin, addressed the women's division of the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Sacrament at the Cathedral on last Tuesday evening. His discourse on why Catholics objected to the term "Roman" being prefixed to their legitimate religious title (a term not of their seeking but one imposed upon them for motives generally understood) was very interesting and instructive.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

March 7.

Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M., and Father Hurley, S.M., Adm., were in Timaru during the week on a short visit.

Father Dignan, S.M., of Wellington, is at present assisting at the Church of the Sacred Heart, pending the arrival of Father Bartley, S.M., M.A., who is expected to take up his duties here shortly.

Of the six pupils presented by the Convent of the Sacred Heart for the Intermediate Examinations, all succeeded in obtaining a pass. The names, in order of merit, are, Lucy Kennedy, Betty Petre, Cecilia Barrett, Winifred Mahar, Alice Burgess, and Betty O'Connor. In the Intermediate Shorthand Examination of the Sydney Business College, the following percentages were obtained by the pupils of the commercial class:—May Craighead, 100; Betty Petre, 94; Mona Gillespie, 94; Nora Courtney, 94; Ina Bray, 94; Mona Clark, 93; Marjorie Courtney, 92. Commenting upon the character of the work presented, the examiner said: "The theoretical as well as the practical work of the pupils was all that could be desired."

I would like to refer particularly to the very excellent shorthand writing. In every case the outlines were most artistic and accurate."

Miss Stock, of Invercargill, has entered upon her duties as matron of the Catholic Girls' Hostel, and is

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seconded by her sister, Miss Mabel Stock. The hostel has fully justified the hopes that were placed in it, and it will soon be necessary to devise means of increasing the accommodation.

This year's annual St. Patrick's Day concert, to be held in the Theatre Royal on Tuesday next, March 18, promises to be absolutely the finest musical treat ever afforded a Timaru audience. No pains have been spared by the management to secure high-class musical talent, and as the tickets are having a phenomenal sale, a crowded house is assured. As the proceeds are to be devoted to the upkeep of our schools—this annual concert being one of the school fund's chief sources of revenue,—it should be patronised by all who have the cause of Catholic education at heart. Among the artists taking part in the concert are Mrs. P. W. Rule, Miss Agnes Cunningham, Mr. Ernest Drake (Auckland), Miss Paula Scherek (violinist, Dunedin), Mr. W. Watters (Oamaru), Mr. Geo. H. Andrews, and Mrs. N. D. Mangos (accompanist). National dancing will be under the supervision of Miss Gwen Ritchie, while there will also be an orchestra of 16 instrumentalists, under the conductorship of Mr. T. O'Connor.

Invercargill

(From our own correspondent.)

March 10.

Next Sunday (March 16) the quarterly Communion of the Hibernian Society will take place, and as it will be the Sunday preceding St. Patrick's Day it is anticipated that there will be a large attendance.

The Invercargill delegate at the Diocesan Council meeting of the Catholic Federation speaks in glowing terms of the hospitality extended to the visitors by the Dunedinites.

Monday next being St. Patrick's Day, the national festival will be celebrated by a grand Irish national concert in the Municipal Theatre. A splendid programme has been arranged, some of the artists coming from as far as Dunedin. This annual concert is the one Irish event of the year, and a crowded house—as has been the gratifying experience of former years—is anticipated. Last year scores of people were unable to obtain admission, so patrons would be well advised to reserve their seats at the Bristol. The price is 2s, with a booking fee of sixpence. Every Catholic and Irishman should turn out on St. Patrick's Night.

OBITUARY

MR. THOMAS O'REILLY, METHVEN.

With regret is recorded the recent death of Mr. Thomas O'Reilly, of Methven, son of Mrs. M. O'Reilly, of Culverden, who is an old and respected member of the Cathedral parish of Christchurch. The deceased was a man of sterling qualities who, besides carrying on a successful business, took a deep interest in everything connected with the church of the newly-established parish of Methven. For months previous to his death he was an inmate of the Lewisham Hospital, where he received the careful and devoted attention of the Sisters. In his last days he received the regular administration of Father Price. The remains were conveyed to Christchurch, where the deceased had spent his youth, and after a Solemn Requiem Mass in the Cathedral he was buried by the Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm. He leaves a wife and one child, besides many friends to mourn their loss. To his sorrowing relatives sincere sympathy is extended.—R.I.P.

When minds are alive and active, opposing currents of thought necessarily arise. Contradiction is the salt which keeps truth from corruption.

Happiness is a great power of holiness. Thus, kind words, by their power of producing happiness, have also a power of producing holiness, and so winning men to God.—Faber.

FAREWELL TO FATHER SCANLAN

A pleasant social evening was spent in St. Joseph's Schoolroom, Milton, on Thursday evening, March 6, when a large number of local and district Catholics and personal friends of Father Scanlan assembled to do him honor and bid him *au revoir* on the eve of his departure for Cromwell parish, as assistant priest (says the *Bruce Herald*).

A short but thoroughly enjoyable musical programme formed the prelude to the principal business of the evening. Orchestral selections were contributed by Mrs. J. McMurtrie (piano), Messrs. J. Keen (cornet), W. Kirby and J. Walsh (violins); recitation by Miss Walsh; vocal solos by Misses Hand, Curran, Coleman, Healey, and Mr. W. Kirby; pianoforte selections by Mrs. McMurtrie and Miss Curran; and a vocal duet by Miss Dowdall and Mr. W. Kirby.

Father Howard, pastor of the district, expressed his own and the parishioners' deep regret that they were losing Father Scanlan's valued assistance, and that his visits to Milton would be less frequent in the future. During the past ten years Father Scanlan had rendered him (the speaker) invaluable aid in his church work and visitations throughout the large parish. These services were greatly appreciated, and on behalf of the congregation he asked Father Scanlan's acceptance of an upholstered easy chair and gent's dressing case as a small token of their esteem, and accompanied with their best wishes for his future.

Mr. Wm. Kirby supplemented the complimentary references and the good wishes expressed by the previous speaker. Living near to Father Scanlan they had been close personal friends from boyhood's days up. The church at Milton was deeply indebted to Father Scanlan for his great generosity in donations of articles for bazaars and other functions in aid of church, convent, or the school funds. The parishioners were also indebted to him for his kindly sympathy, and they wished him prosperity and robust health in his new sphere of labor at Cromwell.

Father Scanlan, on rising to respond, was greeted with hearty rounds of applause. He returned thanks for the kindly words and handsome gifts. The latter would serve as a perpetual reminder of "Home, sweet home," and whenever taking his leisure in the sandy and arid regions of Cromwell his thoughts would often wander to the verdant fields of Tokomairiro. He would not forget the people of Milton parish in the sacrificial Mass. He concluded by again returning thanks, and complimenting the Catholics of Milton on their staunch loyalty to the Church.

All things grieve and afflict man if he will not bear them for the love of God.—St. Teresa.

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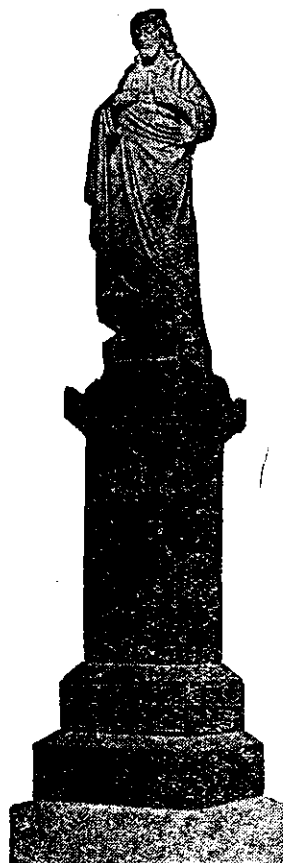
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BIRTH

GALLAGHER.—At Christchurch, on March 5, 1919, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Gallagher, a daughter.

DEATHS

O'GORMAN.—On March 10, 1919, at the Convent of Mercy, South "Dunedin, Sister Mary Alacogue (O'Gorman), in the 39th year of her age.—R.I.P.

BOHAN.—On March 2, 1919, at his residence, McQuarrie Street, South Invercargill, Peter, husband of the late Johanna Bohan; aged 78 years.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE

MOYNAHAN.—On January 15, 1919, in Holland, Private Timothy Thomas Moynahan, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Moynahan, Pahiatua; aged 26 years.

IN MEMORIAM

CORCORAN.—In loving memory of Mary, beloved wife of Patrick Corcoran, who departed this life at Oamaru, on March 11, 1917.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by her loving husband and family.

SEGUIN.—In loving memory of Gustav Seguin, beloved son of William and Rose Seguin, Mosgiel Junction, who was killed at Chain Hills Tunnel on March 13, 1916.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loving parents, sisters, and brothers.—R.I.P.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE :: DUNEDIN

MONDAY, 17TH MARCH, 1919,

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERT

(Under the auspices of N.Z. Catholic Federation.)

PROGRAMME.

1. Selection—"Beauties of Ireland"...KAIKORAI BAND
2. Song—"Kathleen Mavourneen" MRS. R. A. POWER
3. Song—"God Save all Here" MR. T. J. HUSSEY
4. Song—"Killarney" MISS M. LEMON
5. Song—"Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded?" MR. J. LEECH
6. Song—"For the Green" MISS E. MURPHY
7. Irish Jig MR. COLIN MACKENZIE

Interval

1. March—"Old Comrades" KAIKORAI BAND
2. Song—"Off to Philadelphia" MR. W. A. ATWILL
3. Song—"She is Far From the Land" MRS. COVENTRY
4. Song—"O Steer My Barque" MR. D. FOGARTY
5. Song—"An Irish Girl's Opinion" MRS R. A. POWER
6. Song—"Avourneen" MRS. FRAHER
7. Song—"Dear Little Shamrock" MR. J. LEECH
8. Quartette—(a) "The Last Glimpse of Erin"
(b) "God Save Ireland"

MISS E. MURPHY, MRS. R. A. POWER, MR. J. LEECH,
MR. W. A. ATWILL.

(Proceeds towards erection of new Dwelling for the Christian Brothers.)

Doors open 7.15 p.m.; Commence 8 p.m.

Tickets—3/., 2/., 1/.—E. SANDYS, Hon. Sec.

THE CENTRAL OTAGO SANATORIUM, WAIPIATA

Will be re-opened on MARCH 23 for the treatment of Pulmonary, Laryngeal, and Early Joint Cases. Highly recommended by leading medical men. Early application advisable. Apply—

MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT.

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.

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Faith and Fatherland, p. 25. Notes—"The High Romance"; An Earthquake; The New Paganism; The Bishop's Move; Wake Up, New Zealand!—pp. 26-27. Topics—Catholic Federation; Soup; What Simpson Said; The Decalogue Committee; Fablegrams and Gulls—pp. 14-15. The Dreamland of Belfast, p. 9. Archbishop Redwood's Memories, p. 11. The Saviours of France, p. 42. Anti-Catholic Calumnies of Former Times, p. 43. A Disgraceful Outburst of Bigotry, p. 28. Catholic Federation: Mass Meeting in Dunedin, pp. 34-35.

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, MARCH 13, 1919.

FAITH AND FATHERLAND



ANOTHER year has gone: another station in Erin's *via dolorosa*. St. Patrick's Day comes again to revive and renew the spirit of faith and the spirit of love of country that enabled Ireland to carry her cross through all those weary years, so bravely, so hopefully, so nobly. Perhaps there have been no darker days in the course of her martyrdom than those that have just gone down; even in the blood-stained years of Pitt, even in the heart-breaking months of the Famine, she hardly endured as much as she has gone through during the four years that have witnessed what with such irony is called the war for the rights of small nations. Notwithstanding all she is still as indomitable and still as sure of ultimate victory as ever:

*Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.*

As Grattan saw her swooning and reeling beneath the blows of her tyrants so we have seen her stricken down in our day; we have heard them proclaim that she is at last in her tomb; and we have no more lost faith in her destiny than he. He saw her a nation; to-day we are able to re-echo his proud words, to do reverence to her in that new character once more, and to exclaim with him, *Esto perpetua!*

J. BENNETT. Watchmaker and Jeweller
DEVON STREET, NEW PLYMOUTH.

**HAS A VARIED ASSORTMENT OF PRESENTS
AT REASONABLE PRICES.**

Ireland stands for two things which the world needs badly; and she stands for them almost alone. Her fidelity to religion and her fidelity to true nationality are at the root of all her wrongs and all her passion. Ireland was true to her ancient faith when the adulterous Henry turned his coat; she was true to it when the soldiers of Henry's illegitimate daughter, and later, those of the murderer Cromwell, burned her churches and slaughtered her children. The Catholics of Ireland stood by King Charles and by King James when the Protestants of England became successful rebels. The Catholics have been always loyal to law, but they have never been loyal to iniquity; for of all people on earth they put first the higher law of God and conscience and paid in blood for not bending their necks to laws made by men who set themselves above both God and conscience. They never apostatised; they never were renegades; deep within the soul of the race remained, impregnable and intact, the fortress of faith and love which saved them from moral corruption and gave them the secret strength whereby they were able to resist the blind, brutal forces that were brought to bear on them for their destruction. The seed of perpetual youth was safe in Irish hearts, and the bloodshed but watered it for a richer harvest. Famine, slaughter, banishment could not kill it; it needed but the breath of a new spring to make it bloom again. That devotion to the old faith and that reverence for the Motherhood of Mary which have been the proudest heritage of our people saved them from the plagues which kill nations more surely than the sword of the tyrant or the pangs of hunger. The faith that saved them from filth also protected them from race-suicide; it enabled them to live down the lies and the calumnies and the hatred of their oppressors, who, themselves unfaithful, cannot forgive the Irish people for their fidelity. Hand in hand with that faith has always gone the deathless love of country, ineradicable and springing up forever in new generations of the children of St. Patrick. More than a triple crown is on the head of Erin after all her sorrows. As she was the light of the world in dark days of the past when scholars flocked to her ancient schools, as she sent forth missionaries who planted the Cross on the banks of the Loire and the Rhine, so, to-day, she who has brought down from that rich past the traditions of true justice and purity stands for the sanctity of the family and for the maintenance of a freedom guaranteed by the higher laws which must control all human laws if the world is not to rush down in chaos and confusion. St. Patrick taught the ancient people of Ireland how to reconstruct the family on a Christian basis. They learned from him that the father on earth is a symbol of the Father of us all in Heaven; and on that foundation he was able to build up the truest and most lasting civilisation the world has ever known—a civilisation that endures now as a thing of wonder and reproach to the nations that have left God and His altars to wander in the desert of immorality and disorder. He taught the parents that the child was a child of God, possessing an immortal soul, redeemed by the Death of Christ; and on that principle he was able to train the Irish people to become the greatest teachers in Europe, and to give them a tradition which remains in our time, living in our hearts in all the lands where the wandering Gael has found a home, the one hope of regeneration amid a materialism which threatens to destroy every ideal of which man ought to be proud.

*

Esto perpetua! What shall we say of her hopes to-day when the whole world is calling on her ancient tyrants to break her shackles at last? What shall we say of the men who have won for her the recognition of every freeman and every true man on earth to her rightful place among the nations? All the long sufferings have not been in vain. There was a high destiny in her sorrows of the past. It was not wasted blood that was spilled at Limerick, at Aughrim, at Benburb, at Tubberneering, at the Post Office; nor was it in

vain that so many of her sons went forth during so many ages to fight for lost causes across the world; not in vain the deaths of the mothers who would not take the bread tendered by the Soupers, or of the little children who might have lived had they become apostates like their tyrants. The smoking altars, the dismantled schools, the brutal soldiery greasing their boots with the heart of a roasted priest in Arklow town; all had their meaning, all have had a part in the mysterious designs of God who purified Ireland by such trials and made of her sons and daughters real apostles for the purification of his people. It was He who enabled her to stand erect under all her scourgings and to look to the future with immortal hope in her eyes, proud in her poverty, noble in her anguish, worthy mother of the children who loved her so passionately and so purely. It is He who will break her persecutors into dust and humble the proud ones who have sinned even more against Him than they have against our Mother Erin. It is He who now at the end of the long night of seven centuries foretold by Malachy bids her lift up her head proudly and look upon the light that is breaking in the east. Surely the signs tell that the end of her sufferings is near and the day of her glory at hand; and surely every one of us, at home or in exile, is burning to do his part in the last struggle for the rights of the oldest and noblest nation that was ever trampled upon by brutality and bigotry.

*Lord, for ae day of service done her!
Lord, for ane hour's sunlight upon her!
Here, Fortune, tak' world's wealth and honor
You're no my debtor,
Let me but rive ae link asunder
Of Erin's fetter.*

A Reminder

All those who really care for the freedom of small nations are reminded that our Government, alone among the Governments of the free Dominions, has not called upon the English Government to keep its pledges and to do justice to Ireland. Are you going to take any steps to prove that you have no part in this cowardly Orange silence? Will it cost you too much to make a united demand that our representatives notify Messrs. Massey and Ward that the time has come for them to do their duty in this matter?

NOTES

"The High Romance"

We have just finished an engrossing book by Michael Williams, an American writer, who has given the world an autobiography that deserves a place beside the few great books which by their sincerity and powerful self-analysis have won universal recognition. There are not many: St. Augustine's *Confessions*, Goethe's *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, Newman's *Apologia*, and perhaps half-a-dozen others are all we have. Mr. Williams tells in a vivid American way the story of his struggles towards the Light. He was baptised a Catholic, but as his mother was a Protestant and his father died at sea while the boy was very young, he soon lost all religion. He went forth from the quiet little seaport town of his birth and, hampered by a tendency to consumption, plunged into the vortex of city life. How hard he found the way and what perils beset it he tells with a frankness qualified by an artistic reticence that does not make the book less beautiful. Rising and falling, following Will-o'-the-wisps into morasses, finding out the hollowness of new gospel after new gospel, at length—in the middle way of life—he sees the stars above his head and a new light shines in on his soul, making plain all the riddles and all the mysteries that had perplexed him. The Little Flower had thrown a rose in his path. He picked it up and it made his days forever sweet.

An Earthquake

He was living in San Francisco at the time of the great earthquake, and the description of it in his book is striking:—

"We're up against trouble all the time in our dealings with water, and fire, and air—but we consider the earth a straight, clear-cut proposition.

"So when it cuts loose. . . . Oh, I give it up! There aren't any words for what you feel in an earthquake shock.

"Here's a bit of a hint. Suppose you were on a ship at sea, on a long, long voyage, so that the motion, the fluidity, the freedom of movement, were part of your very being—you are saturated with motion,—and suddenly the water becomes a solid substance, and the air becomes rigid, and the ship stops and is held without a quiver, like a toy ship frozen inside a block of ice. Well, the solid earth, that morning in San Francisco, was behaving like the unstable sea—

"Oh, but what's the use! The feeling simply can't be described! It dates back to chaos—to a time before there was any law and order or solid substance.

Only those who have gone through a quake can understand me. I'll just add this, however,—that we who have gone through a big quake understand what other people can only think they understand—namely, that the foundation, the underlying principle, of all material things from the ultimate atom to the biggest star in the heavens is nothing that can be seen or touched or handled or known by any sense, but is forever imponderable, and unnamable, and eternally inscrutable. We hint at it in such terms as the cosmic ether, polarity, gravitation, and so forth, and so on. Some of us, however, are still old-fashioned enough to say, the Hand of God."

The New Paganism

The New Paganism caught him on its flood. For a time he was like the many hungry ones who seek in art and literature to "make their soul," realising that material things are unsatisfying and that the soul does not live by bread alone. He discerns in the intellectual movement a trend towards the Light. He does not ridicule Mr. Wells because Mr. Wells is a Socialist: he takes him as one of the keenest observers of the flow of the tides and currents and one who may help to lead others out of the whirlpool:—

"Thousands of writers work to supply the huge modern demand for entertainment, and for something to pass away the time. Apart from these, there is that constantly increasing number of writers who definitely and consciously are 'artists,' and who consider their work to be socially important. And these writers nearly all concur in that dogma which Mr. Wells has so forcibly phrased."

Here is the quotation from Wells which he quotes in proof of the trend towards God:—

"I conceive myself to be thinking as the world thinks, and if I find no great facts, I find a hundred little indications to reassure me that God comes. Even those who have neither the imagination nor the faith to apprehend God as a reality will, I think, realise presently that the Kingdom of God over a world-wide system of republican States is the only possible formula under which we may hope to unify and save mankind."

Thus, in the dark wood he found religion. Later, he found his own soul.

The Bishop's Move

One day Mr. Williams determined to call on the Archbishop of San Francisco. In a little time Dr. Hanna found out that his visitor was steeped in modern mysticism and forthright he had the key to his soul. "Why," he said, "do you not read the books which will tell you about the real mystics? Get *The Little Flower* and *Sister Elizabeth* and come back to me when you have read them." One day later Mr. Williams came back. "I surrender," he said. The Archbishop stood up, kind, paternal, radiant as the Father must have

been when the Prodigal Son came home. "Now, you must go to confession. That is what you need. It will clean the windows of your soul and the light will come in and drive away the darkness; then everything will be easy." It was with a joyous heart that the pilgrim went away. He told Katie Lynch—the Irish telephone operator who had a place in her heart and another in her prayers for all the light-hearted journalists who went in and out past her office: her boys, whom her Catholic heart mothered lovingly. And the next morning she knelt in the chapel of the Carmelite Sisters to see him go up to the altar rails to receive our Lord into his soul. He was a new man—reborn spiritually, looking forth on life and its troubles and problems with a new vision, possessing a new strength which made the rough way easy henceforth, and an inner light that beautified by its spiritual glamor the lives of those around him. One has to go back to Dante to find a comparison worthy of the ending of this autobiography. Michael Williams had been down to hell and through its awful circles. And at last—*nel mezzo cammino*—for him, too, came the vision of the starry skies and the sound of the murmuring sea, harbingers of the peace that passeth all understanding. Sister Theresa promised to shower down roses on earth from her place in Heaven. One—a golden rose—came in the path of Michael Williams, who from it learned to know what God is and man is and to be happy at last: happy as he was when, a child in the far-away town by the sea, his father brought him to Mass. *The High Romance* is a fine book. Its lesson is this: *This is eternal life, to know Thee, the only true God, and Thy Son, Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent.*

Wake Up, New Zealand!

From an Australian paper:— "The Forbes (Wickham) Jockey Club have notified Tattersall's that as a special compliment to the new bishop, whose coming has raised their town to the dignity of a city, they are holding a race-meeting that will beat all previous records.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The members of St. Joseph's and St. Patrick's branches of the Hibernian Society are to approach the Holy Table at St. Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin, on Sunday next in honor of the feast of the Apostle of Ireland. The Hibernians, who will wear their regalia on the occasion, are to assemble at St. Patrick's School-room and march in a body to the Basilica.

On Saturday fifty children from St. Vincent de Paul's Orphanage journeyed to the residence of Mrs. W. J. Shiel, Forbury, where a most enjoyable day was spent. Nothing that could contribute towards making the outing a memorable one for the little people had been left undone by their kind hostess, whose thoughtful charity is gratefully appreciated by the Sisters of Mercy in charge of the institution, whilst her generous hospitality will long be remembered by the children who were her guests.

Playing in the First Grade cricket contest at the Caledonian Ground on last Saturday, Dunedin, by a small margin, defeated Christian Brothers. For the losing team double figures were scored by Thorn (10) and A. Tarleton (16). Christian Brothers' bowling analysis—C. Tarleton, 56 balls, 2 maidens, 3 wickets, 14 runs; Bond, 64 balls, 1 maiden, 29 runs, 3 wickets; Otto, 32 balls, 17 runs, 1 wicket; Thorn, 40 balls, 1 maiden, 15 runs, 1 wicket; L'Estrange, 24 balls, 13 runs, 2 wickets. In the Second Grade matches, Christian Brothers defeated Overseas B by 119 to 34. For the winners Dawson (23), Collett (23), H. Kennedy (19), F. Kennedy (17) were the principal scorers. For Christian Brothers Donnelly (8 for 15) secured the bulk of the wickets, as did Hellyer (4 wickets) and Goldsmith (3 wickets) for Overseas.

The following students of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, were successful at the recent Matriculation examination: P. Breen and F. Hally completed their pass, and J. Gavin secured a partial pass.

At recent public examinations the following pupils of St. Dominic's College were successful:—Matriculation, Solicitors' General Knowledge, and Medical Preliminary—Ruth Biggins (partial pass); Kathleen Hannan (completed partial pass). Teachers' Class D (two groups)—Nora Flannery, Zella Henderson. Public Service Entrance—Katie Bourke, Marie Brown. Senior Free Place—Alice McAra, Mollie Cullen, Mollie Lauren, Meta Coles, Mabel Dowdall.

In connection with St. Patrick's Dominican Convent, Teschemakers, the following examination results have been notified:—Matriculation—May Dwyer, Winifred Boland (partial pass). Public Service Examination—Winifred Boland. Intermediate Examination—Elsie Gallagher, Mary Mackenzie, Agnes Spiers.

The following pupils of the Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin, were successful at the recent public examinations:—Matriculation, Solicitors' General Knowledge, and Medical Preliminary—Henry Francis O'Reilly, Wilfrid McDowall, Bryan J. Todd. Ex-pupils of the Christian Brothers' School who were successful included Vincent J. H. Pledger (Matriculation and Solicitors' General Knowledge, and Medical Preliminary), E. H. M. Sandys (Matriculation and Solicitors' General Knowledge), S. S. C. Vallis (Matriculation), G. W. Brown (Public Service, senior pass).

Arrangements are well advanced for the national concert to be given next Monday night in His Majesty's Theatre, in celebration of St. Patrick's Day. An exceptionally fine programme will be contributed to by a number of leading artists, who may be relied upon by patrons to render gems of Irish music in a manner that will appeal to the national sentiment. The proceeds of the concert are to be devoted to the fund now being established to provide the Christian Brothers with a new and much-needed residence, a worthy object that should have the support of every Catholic in the district. His Majesty's Theatre may, therefore, be expected to be filled to overflowing on Monday night.

A DISGRACEFUL OUTBURST OF BIGOTRY

CALLOUS INDIFFERENCE TO INFLUENZA SUFFERERS.

When Melbourne was threatened with all the dire consequences of an influenza outbreak, the Minister of Health received a letter from his Grace Archbishop Mannix stating that after consultation with the Chief Health Officer he had found that probably the best service that the nuns could render would be to undertake the control of the hospital at the Exhibition Building. The Rev. Mother Rectress of St. Vincent's Hospital, with the help of the Sisters of Charity and the Sisters of Mercy, was prepared to take over the management of the hospital immediately. Later on she would have the help of the other Sisterhoods should the need arise. The Sisters would not accept any remuneration for their services, but the equipment and upkeep of the hospital would continue to be a Government obligation. The Sisters expect to get from the Government efficient control of the hospital under the supervision of the proper authorities. It was pointed out that they are able to make this generous offer because their schools are closed, and that when the schools reopen they will return to their ordinary work. The Christian Brothers also volunteered to undertake gratuitously any suitable work that may be assigned to them at the Exhibition Hospital.

The Minister said that the Archbishop's offer, which of course had been very gladly accepted, would immediately relieve the pressure of nurses now employed at the Exhibition.

The above arrangement occasioned a disgraceful

outburst of bigotry from a firebrand, one H. Worrall, which has caused all fair-minded men to hang their heads in very shame. Orangeism stands unmasked in all its horrible reality, and the evil intended for others will recoil on its authors. The man Worrall has the impertinence to make a vitriolic attack on his Grace the Archbishop and the authorities because our noble, self-sacrificing Sisterhoods have taken charge of the patients at the Exhibition Building! To what profound depths of degradation men can descend when obsessed by the evil spirit of bigotry and intolerance!

This sectarian outburst had the effect desired by the Orange bigots, the ignominious backdown of the spineless State Government on their previous arrangement being the sequel. The *Tribune* of February 27 says:—

"Whatever opinions may have existed in certain quarters as to the necessity for an alteration in the management of the Exhibition Hospital, the published correspondence between his Grace the Archbishop and the Health Authorities on the subject of the treatment meted out to the Catholic Sisterhoods establishes beyond any question two facts, viz.: (1) The honesty of purpose of the Archbishop in offering the services of the Catholic Sisterhoods and Brotherhoods to nurse, without fee or reward, the victims of the epidemic at present raging in our midst; and (2) the humiliating position in which the State Government has been placed by the absolute failure on the part of the Minister of Health (Mr. Bowser) to fulfil the agreement he entered into with his Grace in regard to these services. We have been assured by the daily press that the unpleasant situation was entirely due to a bungle on the part of certain officials in not taking proper measures to inform the matron and staff at the Exhibition Building of the change decided upon by the authorities. Later information on the subject, however, clearly indicates that the bungle was not made at the particular juncture stated. When and where, then, was it perpetrated? According to a statement made by the Rev. Henry Worrall, at Wesley Church ON THE SUNDAY PRECEDING THE PUBLICATION OF THE HEALTH AUTHORITIES' DECISION, the bungle was made when the offer of his Grace was accepted, for the reason that it was unthinkable that 'Catholic nuns and Brothers should be allowed to attend the bedsides of the afflicted and dying in State hospitals!' So much for the opinion of Mr. Worrall and his following. On the other hand, we think that any unbiassed citizen, after carefully perusing the correspondence on the subject, will agree with us that the bungle was perpetrated when—for the want of sufficient backbone—the State Cabinet allowed its judgment to be warped by the dictates of a handful of sectarian bigots.

"In his final letter to Mr. Bowser—in reply to that gentleman's request whether the services of the Sisters and the Brothers will be available in the event of a future outbreak—his Grace had this to say: 'Knowing now the Government with which I have to deal, I withdraw every offer I have made to you. . . . After what has occurred the Sisters and Brothers cannot be expected to offer their services to your Government. But if later we have a virulent outbreak, and if the Government—in need of nurses—desires the assistance of the Sisters and the Brothers to fight the epidemic, I shall gladly consider on their merits any request or proposal that the Government make to me; and the Sisters and Brothers—in their desire to succor the suffering—will forget the conduct of the Government. I must add, however, that I will consider no application which comes to me unless from the Premier and his Ministry, and with guarantees that will make a repetition of the present regrettable incident impossible.' We feel certain that the kindly and generous sentiments expressed by the Archbishop will be warmly appreciated by all fair-minded classes in the community; and it may prove to the insignificant band of sectaries responsible for the recent outbreak on public decency that they have gone too far in their wild and swirling sectarian bigotry."

IS IT NOTHING?

When the government of a country is unrepresentative, as ours, things will be done, good and bad, which are entirely foreign to the spirit of the nation (says the *New Witness*). Particularly when the policy of that government is dictated largely by foreigners will those things be most frequent and most foreign. Thus it is that many things are being done to-day in the name of England which are in the truest sense un-English. When evil things are being done in our name, silence gives consent. Unless we do all in our power to prevent those things being done, by our very silence and inaction we make the evil-doers the more representative and the crime the more nearly ours. At present we can only protest and it is our duty now to protest very vigorously, or sell our birthright in silence and for ever hold our peace. More than six months ago, some hundred Irishmen and a few Irish women were arrested suddenly on a very vague charge, and without trial they were deported from their own country and imprisoned in England, where they remain imprisoned to-day. They were not tried, so we are told, because we were at war and the evidence might give information to our enemies. If that was an honest excuse, which is doubtful, it is no longer valid.

In our own law we admit a man innocent until his guilt is proven, and we hold the innocent to be undeserving of punishment. These Irish men and women, charged with what we know not what crime, unconvicted and even untried, are ruthlessly deprived of their liberty. If they are guilty, by all means give them the punishment they deserve, but if they are to be punished by England for England's sake it is our urgent duty to demand that their guilt be proven by due evidence in a fair trial. If we Englishmen can

suffer, without protest, the continued imprisonment of these, so far innocent, Irish people, then all the wars, including this last long and bloody nightmare, which we have fought in defence of liberty, have been in vain, and we are confirmed hypocrites and fools. Then wherever we speak and write the word Liberty we make it an indelible brand of our hypocrisy and folly.

Many base and unworthy things have been done in the name of England, but none baser than this thing, for it eats as a canker at the very roots of our Liberty.

GERMANY AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

From the beginning Germany helped to establish the Protestant religion in England. Henry VIII. consulted Luther's friend, Martin Bucer (or Butzer) about his divorce. Some time after Bucer left Germany for England, where he became regius professor of divinity at Cambridge. Bucer was frequently consulted by Cranmer, and was specially commissioned with the revision of the first English book of Common Prayer. With Melancthon, Bucer drew up a *Book of Reformation* (1543), to which Luther made objection. The work itself was largely borrowed from a liturgy previously established in Nurnberg and Auspach. The services of the Church of England are occasionally derived from this German work. Bucer, like his friend Luther, was an ex-monk, and was the first of the bunch of ex-monks to get married. He was followed by Bugenhagen (1522), Zwingli (1524), and Luther (1525).

Is it not true that when we really wish to love God the things of this world appear to us as nothing? —Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.

"TABLET" SUBSCRIPTIONS

13/- STRICTLY IN ADVANCE PER ANNUM.

£1 PER ANNUM BOOKED.

We beg to acknowledge Subscriptions for the following, and recommend Subscribers to cut this out for reference. PERIOD FROM 4th to 10th MARCH, 1919.

AUCKLAND AND HAWKE'S BAY.

E. H. L., Wellesley Rd., Napier, 23/6/19; J. McG., Putaruru, 8/3/20; E. McK., c/o Mrs. E. cr. London and Victoria Sts., Hamilton, 30/5/19; C. H. MacD., Bartholomew Co. P. B., Putaruru, 8/3/20; M. K., c/o Corio Freezing Works, North Geelong, 8/9/20; W. H. W., East Clive, 15/3/20; T. B., Owens Rd., Epsom, 15/8/19; Sacred Heart College, Auckland, 23/5/20; P. K., Rotorua, 8/3/19; Mrs. A., Ellerton Rd., Mt. Eden, 15/6/19; H. W., Auckland, 15/8/19; Mrs. S., Prospect Ter., Ponsonby, 23/1/19; B. O'R., sen., Station St., Napier, 15/3/20; Secretary, St. Benedict's Club, East St., Auckland, 30/12/19.

WELLINGTON AND TARANAKI.

F. M., Manaiia, 15/11/20; L. W., Plimmerton, —; R. P., Westmere, Wanganui, 8/7/20; A. M., Mulgrave St., Wgton, 30/3/20; W. F., Hutt Rd., Petone, 23/6/19; D. A. O'L., Trustee St., Masterton, 8/3/20; Mrs. P., Princess St., Hawera, —; Mrs. P., The Glen, Eketahuna, 8/3/20; M. McG., Buller St., Wgton, 15/8/19; B. H., Mangatiti Landing, Wanganui River, 8/8/20; Sister G., St. Mary's Convent, Hill St., Wgton, 8/3/20; D. O'B., Mangamutu, Pahiatua, 28/12/20; T. P., Railway Station, Hukarua, 8/3/20; Mr. B., Otaki, —; Mr. D., Dublin St., Wanganui, —; Messrs. O'L. Bros., Riverbank, Wanganui, —; Mr. K., Benefield St., Wanganui, 23/2/20; J. F., Chelwood St., Palmerston N., 30/6/19; J. O'S., Bootmaker, Marton, —; C. E., Mamomoko, Pahiatua, 15/2/20; Mrs. B., Grey St., Palmerston N., 23/1/19; A. C., Upper Hutt, —; A. St. R., Moxham Aven., Hattitaiti, Wgton, 30/5/19; L. F., Eastown Rd., Wanganui East, 30/12/19.

CANTERBURY AND WEST COAST.

R. W. H., Hinds, 8/9/19; S. L., St. Andrews, 23/4/20; Miss R., Chch Club, Latimer Sq., Chch, 8/9/19; M. R., c/o Hamama P.O., Takaka, 28/2/20; T. J. H., Box 20, Lincoln, 23/3/20; A. Q., c/o Box 9, Bangora, 8/3/20; Mrs. G., Moss St., Greymouth, —; H. L., Alexandra Ter., Greymouth, —; C. S., Herbert St., Greymouth, —; C. S., Union Hotel, Greymouth, 8/3/20; Mrs. J., Hamilton Hotel, Colden, 30/6/19; T. O'B., Caledonian Hotel, Greymouth, 8/3/20; T. S., Union Hotel, Greymouth, —; J. W. H., c/o M. H. Solicitor, Greymouth, 8/3/20; M. H., Solicitor, Greymouth, 8/3/20; W. C., Thomson St., Greymouth, —; E. F. H., Buccleugh St.,

Greymouth, 28/2/20; T. M., Arney St., Greymouth, 30/9/19; Mrs. P., Golden Eagle Hotel, Greymouth, 8/3/20; Mrs. F., Nelson Creek, Greymouth, 8/3/20; M. E. C., Orari, 15/1/20; W. N., Totara Valley, Pleasant Point, 23/5/19; Fr. P., Waimate, 8/4/20; J. E., Police Camp, Takaka, —; P. O'B., Inghis St., Linwood, Chch, 15/9/19; J. O'B., Walpole St., Waltham, 30/5/19.

OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.

A. H., Gore, —; Mrs. P., London St., Dunedin, 30/12/19; J. O'N., Waipata, 8/3/20; J. J. McB., Box 24, Queenstown, 15/2/20; Mrs. L., North Rd., Inghis, 8/3/20; Miss L., Ellis Rd., Sth Inghis, 8/3/20; Mrs. D., McMaster St., E. Inghis, 8/3/20; Mrs. O., McMaster St., E. Inghis, 8/3/20; M. H., McMaster St., E. Inghis, 8/3/20; J. P. M., Eye St., Inghis, 8/3/20; E. G., O'Hara St., Sth Inghis, 8/3/20; J. H., Scandrett St., Sth Inghis, 8/3/20; M. C., William St., Sth Inghis, 8/3/20; J. M., O'Hara St., Sth Inghis, 8/9/19; J. P., Tramway Rd., Sth Inghis, 8/9/19; Mrs. D., Grace St., Sth Inghis, 8/9/19; J. M., Elizabeth St., Sth Inghis, 8/9/19; Miss O'B., Dalrymple Rd., Inghis, 8/9/19; O. D., Pomona Rd., Inghis, 8/9/19; Mrs. S., Pantou St., Sth Inghis, 8/9/19; C. O'S., Ettrick St., Inghis, 8/9/19; D. L., Nith St., Inghis, 8/9/19; Mrs. B., Onslow House, Bluff, 8/9/19; Mr. L., Schoolteacher, Bluff, 8/2/20; J. W., Police Station, Bluff, 8/9/19; A. R., Painter, Bluff, 8/3/20; Mrs. G., Point Rd., Bluff, 8/3/20; E. K., P.O., Bluff, 8/9/19; Mrs. R., Bluff, 8/3/20; J. R., Nith St., Inghis, —; Mrs. N., Nith St., Inghis, —; J. L., Silverstream, South Hillend, 8/12/22; J. C., North Rd., Oamaru, 15/2/20; O'S. Bros., Lochiel, 8/2/20; J. D., Hillgrove, Moseraki, 8/3/20; T. W. F., Wyndham, 30/2/19; M. C., c/o Mrs. T., Bluff, 15/9/19; J. N., jun., Bluff, 15/9/19; J. McG., Louisa St., Wellesley, 15/9/19; W. S., Herbert St., Inghis, 15/3/20; K. M., Fox St., Inghis, 15/9/19; Miss McC., Yarrow St., Inghis, 15/3/20; W. J. McM., Dee St., Inghis, 15/9/19; T. W., Lindisfarne Rd., Inghis, 15/3/20; W. B., jun., Ritchie St., Inghis, 15/12/19; J. B. C., Bank St., Lindisfarne, 15/9/19; J. M., Antrim St., Inghis, 15/3/20; W. W., Little St., Inghis, 15/9/19; St. Catherine's School, Inghis, 15/3/20; J. J. W., East Rd., Lindisfarne, 15/9/19; Mrs. C., McMaster St., Inghis, 15/9/19; Miss McC., Kelvin St., Inghis, —; B. M. O., Jackson St., Inghis, —; T. W., Lindisfarne Rd., Inghis, —.

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COMMONWEALTH NOTES

NEW SOUTH WALES.

The Rev. Dr. Kaldewey has been notified by cable that he is to return to Rome, his term of appointment as Professor of Theology at the Ecclesiastical Seminary having expired. Dr. Kaldewey spent two years at St. Columba's College, Springwood, and the last three years at St. Patrick's College, Manly. He will carry with him the best wishes of the many young priests whose studies he directed, and although he did not come directly into contact with a large number of the laity, his pleasant manner and charming courtesy made for him a number of friends, who will wish him success in his career at Rome.

It is just fifty years ago since his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Gallagher, Bishop of Goulburn, was ordained priest from the famous College of Maynooth, Ireland, and in order to take steps to mark the unique event of the golden jubilee of his priesthood, the parishioners of SS. Peter and Paul's Cathedral held a meeting in St. Patrick's Hall recently. The Rev. Father W. Cahill, Adm., presided, and there was a large and representative attendance. The following motion was passed—"That this meeting of the Catholic citizens of Goulburn decide to celebrate in a fitting way the golden jubilee of his Lordship Dr. Gallagher, and invite the co-operation of the different parishes throughout the diocese." A large and representative committee was formed to carry out the desire of the meeting, and it was decided that an address and testimonial be presented to his Lordship. A large gathering of the hierarchy, clergy, and parishioners is expected to be present, and his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate (Archbishop Cattaneo) will probably visit Goulburn for the occasion. It was in November, 1893, that the venerable Bishop of Goulburn, the Right Rev. Dr. Lanigan, applied to the Holy See for a Coadjutor-Bishop with the right of succession, and the request being granted, the priests of the diocese met under the presidency of the Bishop, when the names of the Very Rev. Dr. J. Gallagher and two others were sent to the bishops assembled in Sydney for recommendation to the Holy See, when Dr. Gallagher was nominated by a large majority. For many years he was president of St. Patrick's College, Goulburn, and later spent eight years in charge of the Wagga parish. Subsequently he returned to the presidency of the college, and after twenty-five years' zealous service in the diocese was elected successor to Dr. Lanigan. On July 7, 1895, he was consecrated in the Goulburn Cathedral.

VICTORIA.

In a letter appearing in the Geelong press, "National Federalist" writes:—"Although, politically, I do not stand behind Archbishop Mannix, I think that the thanks, not merely of Mr. Bowser, the Minister of Health, but those of the whole community, should be extended to his Grace for the splendid offer of placing his school buildings at the disposal of the authorities in case of the plague making further ravages. Some of these buildings are very fine, perfectly up to date in ventilation and sanitary arrangements, and could be quickly and easily converted into ideal temporary hospitals. Also, are the thanks of the community due in advance to those noble women who are ready to leave the sanctuary of the convent homes, to minister, in the name of their Master, to the sick and the needy, irrespective of creed or of country. Some of our returned soldiers can tell us of the saintly nuns on the battlefield—angels of mercy, who bring succor and consolation to the wounded, and in whose eyes the dying already see a glimpse of God's heaven. To our Catholic brethren, then, who are setting us such a fine example, we tender our thanks, and in sinking all national and religious differences in this moment of dire peril, strive to remember that we are, as Dr. Mannix evidently believes, and practises, all children of the one common Father."

QUEENSLAND.

Sunday, February 16, was indeed a red-letter day for the Catholic people of Rockhampton, the religious ceremony being the dedication by the Archbishop of Brisbane (Most Rev. Dr. J. Duhig) of the new St. Patrick's Church, which takes the place of the first church opened on the same site a little over 56 years ago. The exact date was Sunday, January 4, 1863. Rockhampton and the whole central district was then but a station in the diocese of Brisbane, a place where there was no resident priest, but visited only occasionally by one from Brisbane. To the new St. Patrick's, a beautiful monument erected and appropriately equipped at a cost of £5000, a large crowd was attracted, many availing themselves of the opportunity of renewing their acquaintance with his Grace and also with the Very Rev. Father O'Flynn, of St. Patrick's, Brisbane, all with Irish sympathies, being pleased to recall that it was Father O'Flynn who delivered the most interesting and stirring lecture in the city on St. Patrick's Night, 1918, on "The Irish at Home and Abroad." In fulfilling a promise to the parishioners in the section of the city which St. Patrick's Church will serve, Bishop Shiel arranged for a mission, which has been conducted by the Very Rev. J. Taylor, who, with Fathers Herring and Goggin, traversed the Central district last year with very successful results. The mission was well attended, as all missions controlled by the Marist Fathers have been throughout the diocese, in which they were good enough to spend several months.

The Black Hand Brigade is in despair, for despite their strenuous efforts since the beginning of the war to create sectarian bitterness, and establish an industrial boycott against the employment of Catholics, today Brisbane and South Brisbane municipalities are governed for the current year by two Catholic Mayors (writes the Brisbane correspondent of the *Catholic Press*). When it is remembered that our State itself is also in the hands of Ryan, Theodore, Fihelly, and Lennon, all devoted followers of the Catholic faith, it is no wonder that there is weeping and gnashing of teeth in the councils of the sectarian-mongers, whose abject failure to promote civil and religious discord has been so complete. Hall, and men of his yellow kidney, should now realise that their impish cliquism and hellish propaganda will never succeed in an advanced democratic community like Queensland, and that there is as little room for them here as their prototypes in the economic sphere, the professors of I.W.W.-ism, which aims to demolish socially what the Black-Handers would do religiously and nationally. It is indeed gratifying to know that both doctrines are abhorrent to the good sense of the community, and will not be countenanced or encouraged.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

By direction of his Grace the Archbishop of Adelaide a meeting of Catholics of the city and suburbs was held recently in St. Francis Xavier's Hall to make the necessary preparations for the visit of his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate (Archbishop Cattaneo) in May next. Owing to the large attendance and the sultriness of the weather, his Grace decided that the meeting should be held in the Cathedral, and the Blessed Sacrament was removed from the tabernacle. The church was well filled with ladies and gentlemen representative of the city and suburbs. His Grace presided at a table within the sanctuary, and with him were the Right Rev. Mgr. Nevin, Very Rev. Precentor Hurley, Very Rev. M. Hourigan, Very Rev. Priors Power, O.C.C., and O'Kelly, O.P., Very Rev. D. Connell, S.J., and the Revs. J. A. Gatzemeyer, J. Hanrahan, and others. Mr. D. A. Woodward acted as minute secretary. Comprehensive arrangements were decided upon and committees appointed to make the occasion of the Apostolic Delegate's visit a memorable one.

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IRISH NEWS

FREEDOM FOR IRELAND.

A recent Philadelphia message states that a convention of representatives of the Irish race adopted a resolution, at the instance of Cardinal Gibbons, declaring in favor of Ireland having the right of self-determination, and protesting against the curtailment of American sovereignty, implied in the League of Nations constitution. The establishment of a fund of 1,000,000 dollars, to bring freedom to Ireland, was pledged by the convention. Another message from Philadelphia states that the Friends of Irish Freedom carried a resolution declaring that a state of war existed between England and Ireland. They voted more than a million dollars to help the Irish cause. A cable message received a week or two ago in Melbourne from Philadelphia by Archbishop Mannix stated that 5000 delegates to the Convention of the Irish Race in America, representing many millions of different religious and political beliefs, assembled in the birthplace of American independence on Washington's birthday. The delegates, the message adds, saluted the Archbishop and the men and women of the Irish race in Australia, and joined hands with them in the demand for national self-determination.

THE "ULSTER MYTH."

The *Labor Leader*, under the heading, "The Ulster Fraud," publishes an article by Mr. Patrick Thompson, in the course of which the writer says: Nowhere in Ulster is it possible to point out an area where Nationalists do not exist or are even negligibly few. On the contrary, in many areas, even in the counties of the "north-east corner" most confidently claimed by Carson, the Nationalists are in a substantial and sometimes overwhelming majority. That is the incontestable verdict of the figures. What is the consequence? Ireland as a nation claims the right of self-determination, the right to make her own free choice under which and what kind of government the Irish people shall live. The phrase "self-determination" is new, but the idea is as old as democracy. The two are, in fact, one. Carson suddenly becomes a convert to this democratic doctrine, and says: "We must have self-determination, too." But who are "they?" "They" are Irishmen and women living in the one town, and the one street, the one county, and the one townland, buying and selling in the one market, traveling along the one road, and the one railway, living, moving, and having their being as members of the one community with other Irish men and women who wish to live under an Irish Parliament, together with the rest of the Irish nation. If "they" are to have their way it can only be by denying the right of their fellow-countrymen, for there cannot be two Governments in the same area. And "they" are in a decided minority of the whole population—a minority that cannot anywhere, even in scattered patches of territory, claim that it has an incontestable case for a Government distinct from that of the surrounding people.

OVERSEAS SOLDIERS NOT ALLOWED TO VISIT IRELAND.

It is an open secret that every obstacle was placed in the way of American and Australian soldiers who desired to visit Ireland. "A Father of Soldiers" writes to the press: "Three sons of mine emigrated to America from the County of Armagh, the first ten years ago, the other two six years ago. All three joined up when President Wilson's first call was made—they were in Uncle Sam's Army before conscription was adopted in the United States, if my memory serves. One was kept at Washington doing clerical work. The two others were in England for two months, after which they went to France. One has been wounded and back in an English hospital for six weeks, and away to the front again. They joined as privates; they are now non-commissioned officers, and one at least would have

got his commission in a few weeks if the war had not happily come to an end. Both have done their best to get back for a few weeks to Ireland; and both have failed owing to some mysterious influence against the visits of Irish-American soldiers to that country, which, it appears, can only be hinted at in letters that pass through the censor's hands. This influence is mentioned in one letter I have received, and there is a reference to another letter (a previous one) in which an explanation was given, but which was never allowed to come into my hands. This is a peculiar state of affairs. It is very unjust to the boys and to their people. I put the blame on the British Government."

IRISH A PENALISED LANGUAGE.

The attempts at suppression of the Irish language continue in this country (says an Irish exchange). Padraic MacCearrait, stopped for not having a light on his bicycle at Wicklow, gave his name, and, as his name is an Irish one, it was necessarily in Irish. For this offence he was arrested, kept in prison for four days, after spending a night in a police cell. The Prime Minister attends the Welsh Eisteddfod, and urges there the use of the national Cymric language. The Scottish Highland Society holds its festivals of song and speech in the native Gaelic. But when a Gael in Ireland pronounces so much as his name in his native Gaelic speech, he is haled off to prison. Yet we are told that there are equal laws for all parts of what its champions call the United Kingdom. Austria was defeated after a bloody war, the rights of which we are told included the liberation of Poland. But under Austrian rule the Polish language was the official language of her Polish province, Galicia. Under English rule, the Irish language is banned in Ireland, and the use of it is punished by arrest and imprisonment. What the Prime Minister recommends as a patriotic duty in Wales is a crime in Ireland. A remarkable case was tried the other day at Athy Petty Sessions. A Gaelic teacher was summoned for writing his name in the Irish language on a lodging-house registration form. The prosecuting policeman admitted in cross-examination that it would be a natural thing for an Irish teacher to write his name in Irish, but added, "In this case it is wrong to write his name in Irish." The policeman was shown another form which he had received long before. It was filled in by a Chinaman, and in the Chinese language. "Was he prosecuted?" the policeman was asked, and he answered, "No." Two of the magistrates—a Removable, Mr. J. C. Ryan, and Mr. Thomas Hickey—convicted the accused, and he was sent to prison for a fortnight. The third magistrate, Mr. Thomas Plewman, dissented, saying that he believed it was no crime for the accused to write his name in Irish. A great war has been waged, amongst other objects, to liberate Poland. But in Poland under Austria the official language was Polish, and in the courts of law, as in all other official State meetings and assemblies, its use was compulsory. Removable Ryan and Mr. T. Hickey may be congratulated on having demonstrated the difference between Austrian oppression in Poland and English oppression in Ireland. They have decided as a legal measure that you may use the Chinese language with impunity in County Kildare, but that to use the Irish language—the native language of the country—is a criminal offence to be punished by imprisonment.

We look with tender eyes upon those we love, and sigh to think we may, perchance, not be on the shore when they launch their little barques, forgetting Him Who holds the winds in His hands and regards the fall of the sparrow.

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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.

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PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT

His Eminence Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, Dean of the Sacred College, celebrated his 83rd birthday in December. He received congratulations from all quarters, for Cardinal Vannutelli has well-wishers everywhere. On the evening of his birthday he received the officers of a Roman association called the *Circolo dell'Immacolata*, of which he is Protector, and was very interested to hear that complete arrangements had been made for the illumination of all the windows of Rome on the vigil and night of the Immaculate Conception. An excellent opportunity was offered for thus solemnising the Feast of Our Lady by her association with the success of the Italian arms as Queen of Victory. It is intended that the step be the beginning of the revival of an old traditional Roman custom of thus publicly honoring the feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The Rev. Father W. H. Pidcock, S.J., of Norwood (S.A.), who died on February 6 at North Adelaide Hospital, was an interesting and popular personality. In the early seventies he came from England to Western Australia, where he labored as an Anglican clergyman for some years, and incidentally became an intimate friend of the late Lord Forrest, with whom he preserved cordial relations to the end. About 1880 he became a convert to the Catholic Faith, and came to Sydney, where he resided at Hunters Hill. His wife had previously become a convert, and on her death in Sydney six or eight years afterwards he entered the Jesuit Order. He served his novitiate in Melbourne. In 1893, having completed his studies, he was sent to Dublin, where he was ordained. He then returned to Australia, and worked for more than 20 years, chiefly in Melbourne. He had lived at Norwood for the last three years, where he has had many friends representing every class and opinion. Father Pidcock was a graduate of Cambridge University, an accomplished linguist, and a fine musician. He was in the 80th year of his age.

Widespread regret will be felt at the announcement of the death of Father Patrick Fidelis Kavanagh, O.F.M., the historian of '98, who passed away at the Franciscan Friary, Wexford, on December 17 last. The venerable Franciscan had passed his 80th year. Though in feeble health for some time, he had been performing his priestly functions, visiting the sick and solacing the afflicted up to the day previous to his death. The news of his death came as a great shock to the people of Wexford, who held him in the highest veneration as a saintly scholar and patriot priest. Born in March, 1834, the deceased was son of the late Laurence Kavanagh, shipowner and merchant, Wexford. He was educated at the Christian schools and St. Peter's College, Wexford, and pursued his theological studies at St. Isidore's, Rome, where he was ordained in 1856. He began his missionary career in Wexford, and afterwards visited North and South America, and Australia on two occasions. On returning from Australia, Father Kavanagh met Froude, the historian, and had a memorable interview with him. Father Kavanagh spent some years in Waterford, Galway, Carrick-on-Suir, and Cork. In the latter place he spent over 20 years, and there, as indeed wherever his spiritual labors brought him, he was beloved and venerated. The last ten years of his life were spent in his native Wexford. He was well-known as a lecturer, preacher, and litterateur. His lectures, particularly those of a historic character, reached in elegance of diction and force of delivery the acme of perfection. Amongst many national works in poetry and prose, his *History of the Insurrection of '98* is perhaps the best known, and it gained him a widespread reputation as patriot and scholar. Born in the centre of the district where the insurrection of '98 was most fiercely waged, many of those who took part in the gallant struggle were his near relatives, and from their lips he learned much of what he wrote in spirited vindication

of the insurgents. His grandfather, Jeremiah Kavanagh, was a prominent figure in the rebellion, as was also his maternal grand-uncle, Father Michael Murphy, killed in battle at Arklow. Much of what had been written of the rebellion up to 1874 was erroneous and misleading, but he fearlessly exposed English misdeeds. He described the '98 rebellion as a splendid struggle of a people for liberty, forming a most glorious page in history. He took a prominent part in the '98 centenary. His brother, Father Edward Kavanagh, O.M.I., a distinguished mathematical professor, died at Liverpool some years ago, and his sister, Sister Vincent, a Sister of Charity at Drogheda, predeceased him by some years.

ALSACE.

Both in France and Alsace there is a great deal of anxiety over the question of religious liberty in Alsace under the new conditions. For three centuries, in spite of many vicissitudes and many changes, the people of Alsace, Catholics, Protestants, and Jews, have been allowed in accordance with solemn engagements, taken both by German and French Governments, to practise their own religion and to maintain their own schools. The proclamations which accompanied the entry of the French into Colmar, Metz, and Strasbourg, have given solemn assurance to the people that their religious liberty shall suffer no diminution. No secret has been made in the French journals of the fact that the persistence of the loyalty of the population to France throughout the German domination was due in large measure to the Catholic clergy. It would seem, therefore, that there should be no reason to suspect that these engagements would not be faithfully carried out, especially since the disregard of "scraps of paper" has been so utterly discredited. Nevertheless the people and the clergy in Alsace are disquieted, and are filled with forebodings lest their return to France should cost them some of the liberty which is so precious to them. *La Croix* does not conceal the fact that there is some ground for their fears: "Alas, there are among us politicians of ignoble souls whose sectarianism and persecuting hatred refuse to be silent in the presence of any grandeur. Do we not hear them already clamoring for the enforcement of the laws against the religious who have come from every quarter of the globe to offer to France their arms, their breasts, their blood, and their lives? Already they are talking of compelling the Jesuits to depart once more into exile and to seek elsewhere the religious liberty which France denies them, the Jesuits whose bodies are lacerated, whose breasts are covered with wounds, decorated with crosses of war, with red ribbons, with palms and stars. When peace is established any German may come freely to France, take up his abode among us, and carry on business; but the Frenchman whose glory it is to have been mutilated and whose valor has won him wounds must be driven out, merely because he wishes to serve God according to his conscience! This is the reward which the sectarians are preparing for him." It is no wonder that the Catholics of Alsace and France are reading sinister signs in such ingratitude, and are looking for assurances, that they may trust, of complete liberty to serve God under the French standard for Catholic, Protestant, and Israelite alike.

Apply yourself with all your mind to consult and follow that spirit of faith in all things, great or small, and to make it reign in your thoughts, your feelings, and in all your conduct, both interior and exterior.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

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N.Z. CATHOLIC FEDERATION

DOMINION COUNCIL HALF-YEARLY MEETING.

As briefly mentioned in last week's issue of the *Tablet*, the delegates to the Dominion Council, at the conclusion of Solemn High Mass in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, on Wednesday, March 5, assembled in St. Joseph's Hall, Rattray Street, for the half-yearly meeting. The gathering was welcomed by the Very Rev. J. Coffey, diocesan administrator, who wished the meeting success, and outlined the plans made by the Dunedin Diocesan Council for the entertainment of the visitors.

The president (Mr. Poppelwell) also expressed his pleasure at the representative meeting present. Mr. Poppelwell referred to the severe loss the diocese of Dunedin had sustained in the death of Bishop Verdon, a man of quiet, studious turn of mind, but one ever mindful of the needs of his Church and people. He spoke also of the many vacant places amongst the clergy and laity since the visit of the influenza. The sympathy of the council would go out to the relatives of those who had suffered, and the admiration of all would be accorded those noble priests, nuns, laymen, and women who in time of trial gave freely of their services and time in attending the sick. The scheme propounded by the Federation for scholarships, to be available in each diocese, had taken practical shape, and the first of these scholarships had been awarded this year. It was to be regretted that a determined effort was being made in certain quarters to deprive Catholic pupils of their right to obtain proficiency certificates, and Government employment. This cry for a monopoly of education by the State was surely a sign of a decadence of the idea of liberty which used to be the proud boast of the citizens of the British Empire.

The report of the Dominion Executive, which was discussed in detail, showed satisfactory progress. The work of the field service fund of the Federation, which has raised a very large sum during the war for the benefit of soldiers in the Dominion and abroad, was referred to at length, and considerable satisfaction was expressed at the work performed, which has been highly appreciated by the soldiers, and by the chaplains who have administered the funds. As the work of caring for the soldiers abroad, and in hospital in New Zealand, will continue for some time to come, the question of closing the activities of the Federation in regard to this work was deferred for future consideration. Attention was directed to the good work done by the hostels for girls in the larger centres, which are partly controlled by the several diocesan councils of the Federation, and this work was commended. The need for the formation of energetic immigration committees to assist the many persons who will arrive when shipping is available was urged, and the councils were directed to take action. During the half year a message was received from his Holiness the Pope, imparting to the Dominion Council and members the Apostolic Benediction. Reference was made to arrangements made with the English Vigilance Association to obtain corrections of mis-statements appearing in the English press, in connection with matters affecting the Church generally. These corrections were authoritative, and should be of service in the Dominion. The executive placed on record its deep sense of thankfulness to Almighty God that the end of the great war had come. To those who had suffered and to the relatives of the fallen most heartfelt sympathy was extended. The principal discussion centred on the question of the educational policy of the Catholic body. After the matter had been gone into it was agreed that the Dominion Executive interview the hierarchy as soon as possible, and take action as is deemed necessary. The matter of uniform scholarship examinations was also considered very carefully, and eventually it was decided to convene a conference of teachers to arrange a uniform scheme. Most satisfactory reports were received of progress in the various dioceses. In most cases the membership has already exceeded that of previous years, despite the difficulties attendant upon the epidemic, etc.

Most hearty thanks were accorded the Very Rev. Father J. Liston for his admirable and instructive address at the Cathedral during Mass. It was decided that the address be printed and circulated.

MASSED MEETING IN DUNEDIN.

There was a great assemblage in His Majesty's Theatre, Dunedin, on last Thursday evening, on the occasion of a massed meeting, organised by the Dunedin Diocesan Council of the Catholic Federation. Grouped on the stage were the various speakers, the movers and seconders of resolutions, and delegates who attended the Dominion Council conference on the previous day. The Very Rev. J. Coffey (diocesan administrator) presided, and in addressing the gathering, said the council of the Catholic Federation had been meeting in Dunedin during the past two days, and it had been considered that it would be a good opportunity for members to give addresses with a view of pointing out what the Catholic Federation had been called into existence for, which was not for any sinister purpose or secret motive, but merely to voice the opinion of Catholics on social, religious, and educational questions. It had been known for years that the Catholics in the Dominion were suffering under what they considered was a gross injustice in the educational system, and an effort had been made lately to withdraw from them the privileges they had received. It had been thought that the time had come to put before the public the grievances of the Catholics and what was demanded by them.

The first of the selected speakers was the Very Rev. Dean Burke, who said:—

My subject is the necessity of religious and moral education in schools. The education of youth has been at all times held as of the greatest importance. Never was it of more importance than in our days of democratic rule, of government of the people by the people for the people. If the people would govern well they should be fitted to do so by virtue and intelligence. All, then, desire the best education that can be given.

In these countries, three attitudes are taken up in this matter. First, there is that of atheists, agnostics, pantheists, positivists, and so on. Again, there is a large class of people, adherents of various Christian denominations who agree largely with those consistent secularists. In the third place stand all Catholics and, I should hope, very many Protestants, who have decided views as to the place of religion and morals in the processes of education.

The first class, caring nothing for the Christian religion, exclude it from their school system. But admitting the necessity of moral training, they say with Herbert, that "the school discipline and instruction in the common branches are adequate means for developing the moral character." They add that the example of teachers and parents, contact with companions, and the conventions of our civilised society, with the policeman standing behind the crowd and overseeing all, will make a law-abiding, respectable citizen—a man who will keep out of gaol! And what more do you want?

The second class agree with the true secularists in shutting out religion from the schools. They do so for one reason or another—expediency, convenience, cheapness, avoidance of difficulties. They would leave religion and morals mostly to the home and the Sunday school. They forget how little can be done in an hour in the week by the Sunday school, and how little is done in so many homes through inability, want of time, fatigue, and indifference. Joe Bindle expresses briefly but fairly well the attitude of this large and easy-going class. "Not as I've anythink to say agin' religion and morals, provided they are kep' for Sundays and Good Friday, an' don't get mixed up wi' the rest of the week!"

The third class hold that religion and morals (with them religion and morals are largely identical) should be pre-eminent at all times in human life—and most particularly during the time of early education, when character is being formed. Instruction and training should go together. Why this pre-eminence and due co-ordination? Because the aim of education is to fit man to reach his destiny. Where does it lie? "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His Justice." "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and

suffer the loss of his own soul?" See, then, our life's aim; there is the flashlight from beyond to guide us. What should be our best education in view of our life's aim and scope? It is astonishing how many talk and write learnedly on the details and methods of education. They explain those details biologically, psychologically, hygienically, all most profoundly; and all the time they forget the great end and scope of all education and the means to attain that end—the kind of life that leads to it. St. Paul is more to the point in the matter than the biologists, psychologists, and eugenists: "The grace of God our Saviour hath appeared to all men, instructing us, that denying ungodliness and worldly desires we should live soberly and justly and piously in this world looking for the blessed hope and the coming of the glory of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ." Here we see our destiny; here we see the kind of life that leads to it.

What are the agencies that contribute to making our life here what it should be; in other words, that contribute to true education? They are home, church, and school. If the child is to be educated fully and efficiently it is clear that these three agencies must act together. There must be a consensus of forces. If the home does not help the church and the school, the work of clergy and teachers is frustrated—often nullified. If the school does not help home and church again loss ensues. But if there be discord among those agencies you can expect confusion and ineffectiveness. If the home be Christian and religious, why exclude its ideals from the school, why divide the child into parcels and send him into different shops for development not in harmony; perhaps in disagreement? To be effective, all the processes of education should be in agreement—one continuing and completing the other.

Further, the Catholic Church desires that not only the principal but also the collateral agencies should act harmoniously upon the child. This holds for home and church. It holds also for the school. The example and influence of the teachers outside formal instruction and habituation, the child's companions, the tone of the school, the ideals maintained, the practical standards of conduct prevailing, the religious exercises and devotions employed to keep the consciences of the children sensitive and pure. All these factors acting together obviously tend so very much to reach the grand results desired. They constitute that psychological climate or school "atmosphere" to which the Church attaches so much value.

Again, there must be due co-ordination in the development of all the faculties of the child. He is a very complex being. You have to consider his reason, his will, moral conscience, passions, bodily appurtenances, aesthetic emotions, high spiritual aspirations—all contributors to conduct, life, and the working out of human destiny—all immediately influenced by the general and collateral agencies of education. Now all those powers must be harmoniously trained and developed, else you may expect an ill-balanced, dangerous character. An error prominent in speeches on popular education, made by politicians, 40 or 50 years ago, was, that knowledge of the three R.'s was going to revolutionise society. Spread the light, teach the three R.'s, and men will come to know their duties and to do them! Nonsense! We now know better than that. The knowledge of the three R.'s may only make the rogue all the bigger and all the cleverer. A good deal more than that must be put into the many-sided soul of the child.

Yes, reason, experience, the practice of almost all peoples from earliest times down to our own insist on the combination of religion, morals, and secular instruction in all the processes of education. Beside the synagogues in days of old the Jews built schools in which the Bible was the chief class-book. Hence those buildings were called "The Houses of the Book." Besides the cathedrals, parish churches, chantries, guild-halls, burgh-houses, Christian schools were set up all down the Christian centuries. A break in this grand tradition—in this grand result of time and thought—first occurred during the French Revolution, when Condorcet, inspired by the theories of Rousseau, proposed,

in the National Assembly, to abolish the Christian schools and substitute godless schools. During the course of the nineteenth century Condorcet's new and tentative proposal took hold of the minds of politicians in the United States, Australia, and New Zealand, and they would remove religion and Christian moral training from the schools. But the Catholic people would have nothing to do with the new experiment, and they established their own schools—the parish schools of today—the successors of the Christian schools of the Ages.

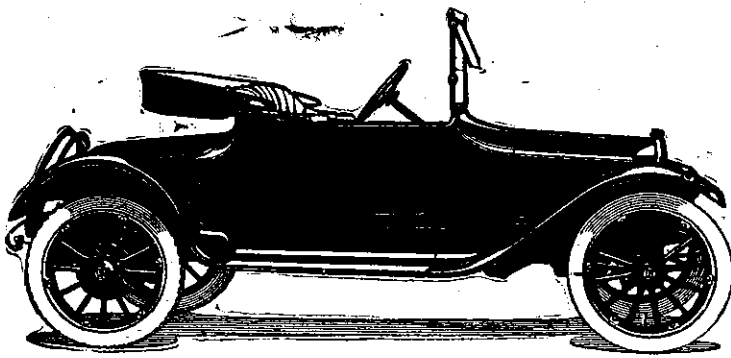
How highly they appreciate and how deeply they love those schools is shown by the great sacrifices they make to maintain them. In the United States last year there were 1,700,000 children in the Catholic schools and £10,000,000 were expended in their maintenance! A huge free-will contribution to a great ideal! Assuredly Bishop Spalding was right when he said that the vast Catholic school system of the United States was the great outstanding religious fact in that great country. In the archdiocese of Melbourne last year there were 35,500 children in the Catholic schools. On their Christian education £213,000 were voluntarily expended. £93,600, said the inspector in his report, had been expended for the past five years on school buildings. Here, said he, is evidence of the earnest conviction of our Catholic people of the necessity of Catholic schools for Catholic children. Assuredly sufficient evidence is there. The same in proportion to our numbers holds true of us in New Zealand.

Here there is no trucking with mammon, no sharp inquiry into what is cheapest or what will pay best. Here is the firm grasp of principles and determination to abide by them; here is evidence to the Christian conscience, the noblest power of our race; here is a firm grasp of the right and determination to do it at all costs; here is what sheds dignity upon our nature and show something divine in us. The example of our Lord Jesus Christ sanctifies obedience to the dictates of conscience. The early Christian martyr, refusing to cast a pinch of incense on the brazier burning before the altar of the Olympian divinities showed his determination not to swerve in the least from the convictions of conscience. In obedience to her conscience the Armenian Christian maid often refused to enter the Turkish harem as a queen, and went out to tortures and death. In obedience to conscience and in this very matter of education our own fathers, when richly endowed schools—the Charter schools—were open to them, fled across the seas amid great hardships for the education they approved, or, "Still crouching 'neath the shel't'ring hedge, or stretched on mountain fern,

The teacher and his pupils met feloniously to learn."

Asked by a member of a Royal Commission on Education in Ireland, in 1825, how and where he had received his early education, Dr. McHale, one of the late Archbishops of Tuam, answered:—"The school in which I was brought up had been planned by the Creator and furnished by Nature. Its halls were majestic; its dimensions grand. The blue vault of heaven was its canopy, and the desks and seats were the lap of Mother Earth! The teacher was our hedge-schoolmaster with a penalty on his head! Brave old teacher and worthy pupil, McHale, one of the ablest defenders of Christian schools in the nineteenth century. Those millions of money annually spent on our Catholic schools in the States, and in Australasia are the echoes of the ideas and the spirit of those noble men.

Reason and revelation, experience and history, all tell us that home and church and school must be thorough, whole-hearted co-operant factors in that system of education which makes a man best in family and city and State, and prepares him most securely for his eternal destiny, the "one thing necessary." Hence this meeting will have no hesitation in passing a resolution expressing our appreciation of our Christian school system, our admiration for the sacrifices made by parents and teachers in maintaining and conducting them and our determination to contribute our share to uphold this magnificent work.



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ON THE LAND

The three elements of plant nutrition are nitrogen, potash, and phosphoric acid, but which is the greatest of these no man knows, said Professor Bowker in a lecture on plant foods. He added that it is believed that phosphoric acid is the most important, not because it is the most required, for in the composition of the plant it is the least required, but because it is a "catalyser" as well as a fertiliser; that is, besides furnishing the needed phosphoric acid, it assists in the diffusion and assimilation of other plant food ingredients—as condiments assist digestion and assimilation of food."

THE STORAGE OF POTATOES.

Darkness and low temperature are primary requisites in storing potatoes (explains the Fields Division of the N.Z. Department of Agriculture). An important point is to reduce the temperature as low as possible directly after the product is stored. The ideal temperature is 35 deg. F. If the ground is well drained, so that there is no danger from water in the winter, inexpensive potato storage may be made by merely digging a trench about 5 feet wide and 4 feet deep and as long as is needed to secure the required capacity. The roof should be given a pitch merely sufficient to shoot water, and a gutter dug to keep the rain-water from running into the pit. A rough cave hollowed out in a hillside is also a good plan. Potatoes have been known to keep fresh for over a year in an old mine tunnel with a current of air passing through. The temperature in this case remained at about 40 F.

INJURIOUS INSECTS IN NEW ZEALAND.

Our injurious insect fauna is comprised not only of exotic forms but also of some indigenous species which have forsaken their natural food-supply for the more succulent products of the settler (says Mr. David Miller, Entomologist, in the *N.Z. Journal of Agriculture*). Of these insects 82 per cent. are exotic and only 18 per cent. indigenous. Most of the former originated from Europe, and a few from Australia, North America, Pacific Islands, and South Africa. The greatest number are orchard pests, but are held in check by rigorous spraying methods; about 22 per cent. affect live-stock and man, but cause no appreciable loss in New Zealand; stored products and household goods are attacked by about 21 per cent. Field and vegetable crops are damaged by about 19 per cent., and, although this is the smallest group, the greatest loss probably occurs amongst these crops, due, perhaps, not only to there being no legislation necessitating the control of these insects as in the case of some of the other groups, but also to the comparative absence of information regarding them.

WOOL-PURCHASE BY IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT.

The War Office is now engaged in completing its wool accounts for the year ending March 31, 1918 (says the *N.Z. Journal of Agriculture*), and it will be understood that it is a complicated, lengthy, and laborious task. Such figures will include the greater quantity of the New Zealand 1916-17 clip, but not the whole. In fact, a portion of the 1916-17 clip has not even yet left New Zealand. In the making of tops, Australian and New Zealand wools are blended according to their suit-

ability, and not according to their origin, and wool of different season's clip is similarly dealt with. The wool control and operations in the United Kingdom have been rendered much more difficult than in pre-war times by diminished transport and storage facilities and by depleted staffs.

It is thus impossible in the circumstances of to-day to ascertain the profit realised on the New Zealand clip for each separate year. Although no such provision was made in the original bargain, the Imperial Government has decided that the profit-sharing arrangements should be extended so as to include the results of the processes of top-making and carbonising, it being the desire of the Imperial Government to deal with such questions in a broad and equitable manner. It will be understood, however, from the processes of blending above referred to that the division of the results of the operations between New Zealand and Australia will be to some extent a question of estimate, in proportion to the total values of Australian and New Zealand wool used in the two operations. There is no doubt, however, that the calculation will be made in a manner satisfactory to all parties.

The position regarding surplus profits may be summarised as follows: About 20 per cent. of the New Zealand clip is issued for civilian purposes, and half the profits made on such sales will be returned to New Zealand growers. The accounts now being completed include the greater portion of the 1916-17 clip, and the amount for distribution should be available early in 1919 for a *pro rata* distribution on a basis to be arranged. Further distributions will be made available on subsequent clips during the following years. Wool-growers will, of course, understand that the amount for distribution is unlikely to be individually large, but no indication of the amount is yet possible.

THE VALUE OF THE HOE.

Experiments well-nigh innumerable, and extending over long periods, have been conducted with a view to the solution of such questions as to the depth at which to cultivate or hoe the conservation of moisture in the soil, and the influences of a fine tilth produced by hoeing on plant growth. The results obtained by these experiments have brought into prominence the enormous advantage of a soil in such condition that the roots can extend freely on all sides, and that air and water can pass readily through it, and in the course of their passage assist in setting free some portion of the food constituents locked up within the particles. If the soil is regarded as a storehouse of plant food rather than as an inert mass, the value of efficient tillage will be the more readily appreciated. Further aid in the appreciation of thorough cultivation will be obtained by remembering that the soil contains immense numbers of micro-organisms actively engaged in breaking down certain of the soil constituents, and converting them into a form in which they can be utilised by the plant in building up its structure. For those not less than for the roots, air, moisture, and warmth are necessary and these can only be obtained in proportions favorable to the maintenance of bacteria in an active state, when the soil has been prepared in accordance with advance practice. Depth is essential to a full development of the root system other than those which do not extend far below the surface, and it is not less necessary that the soil should be converted into a comparatively fine tilth throughout its whole depth.



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BOOK NOTICES

Dinny of the Doorstep, by K. E. Purdon. (Talbot Press, 6s net.)

The north side of Dublin has a mystery and a romance that no other city in the world can claim. As one walks among the tall brick houses around Mountjoy Square another world is evoked and the ghosts of the dead are near. Over a century ago the Irish aristocracy had their town houses in the north side. The old, bad landlords, the good old Norman families, the men and women whose ancestors had plundered the Irish people came here in the season and passed in and out at those high doorways; and there was movement and magnificence in the streets that are now like those of a dead town.

These were the homes of those who pushed aside

The broken children of a sweeter race;

These are the cast-off garments of their pride

Because of whom a thousand heroes died:

Alien and sinister, these hold their place.

The light has died upon the pavements grey.

From shattered windows and from blackened door

Where, in a sunny, heartless yesterday

Silken and jewelled beauty was at play,

Stare out the hopeless faces of the poor.

Alas! those once proud mansions are now the notorious tenement houses in which the Dublin poor are crowded like rabbits in their warrens—homes that are no homes, shelters from wind and weather that are a danger to life, and to morals which are more than life. Yet, in the rooms, so dingy, so dilapidated now, there are frequently found men and women and children whose native nobility and innocence no environment could tarnish, pure Irish souls that are more beautiful before God than the well-dressed men and the fair ladies whose ghosts still haunt the passages and stairs. Miss Purdon tells us the story of a little group of dwellers in a Dublin tenement: *Dinny of the Doorstep*, his improvident father, his cruel step-mother, his young sister, and a few friends who looked in on their lives and pitied them. *Dinny* is a little Irish street-arab, patient and long-suffering, innocent and lovable; *Bride*—his sister—mothers him and protects him in a child's unselfish way, with a fierce protecting hungry love for the poor, weak little boy who has nobody else to love him in the wide world. A kindly old woman who makes a living by selling apples does what in her lies to make up for the neglect of the father and the cruelty of the step-mother. A Dublin doctor's daughter befriends them and takes an interest in their lives which is not always as helpful as benevolent. Out of such material Miss Purdon weaves a beautiful story, full of pathos, real, palpitating with life. She has made the figures and the background stand out on her pages like pictures. She has given us the lives of those children—God's poor—in all its sadness. But she has missed one thing: the religion which enables the Irish poor to endure as they do such hardships as she depicts in this novel. The gentleness and the innate courtesy of the Irish poor—that old-world quality which awaked the wonder of Mr. Balfour—is felt in every page of the book; and it is a pity that Miss Purdon misses the radical cause of it all. Perhaps the reason is that she is not of the same faith as the Irish poor, and that while she sees the effects the cause is hidden from her. Here and there in the story one comes upon a construction and a turn of phrase that makes one pause and re-read with an eye to meaning and grammar. No human work is perfect, however; and these faults notwithstanding, Miss Purdon has given us a book to read with interest and appreciation. It is a sincere, truthful study of the humble, beautiful lives of two of the little waifs that dwell in the deserted marble halls which once re-echoed to the wild revelry of the men at whose doors must be laid the poverty and suffering of so many Irish children to-day.

ST. JOSEPH'S LADIES' CLUB, DUNEDIN

PRESENTATION TO MRS. M. A. JACKSON.

The members of St. Joseph's Ladies' Club and friends assembled on Tuesday evening, March 4, in the clubrooms, St. Joseph's Hall, on the occasion of a complimentary social evening, tendered to Mrs. M. A. Jackson, president of the club, who is retiring from office after ten years' devoted service. Miss Eileen Murphy (vice-president) acted as hostess. An enjoyable programme was contributed to by Mrs. Sandy, Misses Schoen, K. Sullivan, E. Murphy, and Gwen Wilson, Messrs. M. Coughlan, D. and F. Fogarty, and T. J. Hussey (songs); Miss K. Sullivan gave a piano-forte solo, and Miss Heley several recitations.

Mr. T. J. Hussey, on behalf of the members of St. Joseph's Ladies' Club, read and presented Mrs. Jackson with an address, expressive of gratitude for the whole-hearted interest she had taken in the welfare of the club and its members. The esteem held by the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society towards Mrs. Jackson in regard to the generosity of spirit exhibited towards her fellow-workers, and appreciation of and admiration for her noble self-sacrifice in behalf of the poor, the sick, and the orphaned, shown by her in her capacity of president of the society, were also recorded. Regret was expressed, in conclusion, that pressure of work compelled Mrs. Jackson to relinquish office. The address, which was artistically printed on white satin by the N.Z. Tablet Company, chastely embellished with floral pen paintings by the Dominican Nuns, and encased in a massive oak frame, was signed by Rev. B. Kaveney (spiritual director), A. Skinner and E. Murphy (vice-presidents), and E. O'Rourke (secretary). Mr. Hussey, in asking Mrs. Jackson's acceptance of the address, accompanied by the gift of a beautiful gold bangle watch, suitably inscribed, paid an eloquent tribute to the retiring president's long connection of thirty years with the St. Vincent de Paul Society, during twenty-five years of which she had held the chief official position with dignity and success. Mrs. Jackson, he said, had been the mainstay of Catholic philanthropy in Dunedin for over a quarter of a century, and her influence, diligence, and discretion was evidenced on all sides. Her work in the social uplift of the community had been done secretly, but nevertheless effectively. In her public capacity of representative on the Otago Hospital and Charitable Aid Board, Mrs. Jackson had most capably filled that position, consecutively, for three terms, each of three years' duration, and he (the speaker) trusted Mrs. Jackson would continue to be a member of that body, on which she had proved herself so qualified to act. Speaking of Mrs. Jackson's lengthy term as president of St. Joseph's Ladies' Club Mr. Hussey recalled the numerous occasions on which the club, headed by the president, had, from the very beginning of the war, arranged farewells to our Catholic boys on their departure, and welcomes home to them on their return from the front; one such notable occasion he mentioned being the club's social to the men in camp in 1914 on Tabuna Park, when no fewer than 289 men carried away pleasant recollections of the kind treatment they had experienced at the instance of members.

Mr. M. Coughlan replied on behalf of Mrs. Jackson. Dainty refreshments were then served, and the proceedings terminated with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

A soul faithful to the laws of Divine Love enjoys in the truths of our Holy Faith and in the midst of her continual sacrifices a happiness which the world does not know, and can neither understand nor taste.
—Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.

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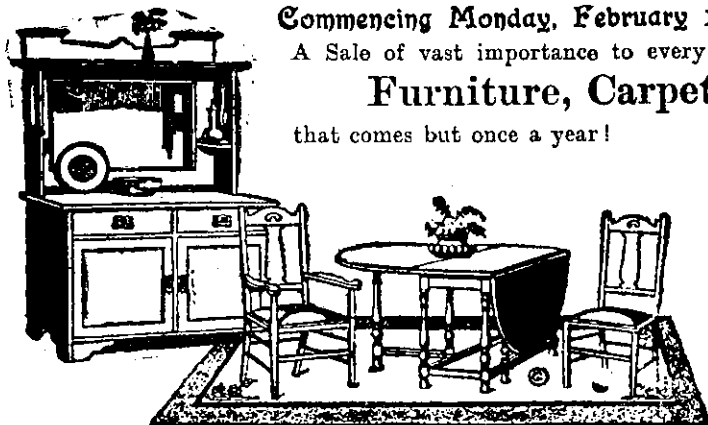
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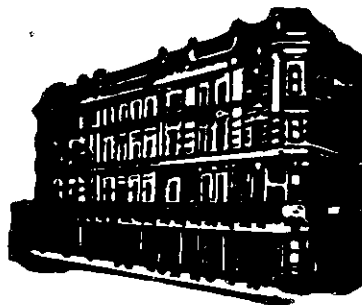
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DOMESTIC

(BY MAUREEN.)

Apple Marmalade.

Take 8lb of apples, one quart of water. Peel and slice the apples very thin, add them to the water, and boil till quite soft, then add 8lb of the best preserving sugar, and the peel and juice of one lemon. Let this boil until quite clear, then turn into moulds. It will keep for months. When making the marmalade, stir constantly with a wooden spoon and cook steadily, but not too fast.

Parsnip Wine.

Four pounds parsnips, 3lb Demerara sugar, 1½oz mild hops, one tablespoonful fresh yeast, one slice toasted bread, 4 quarts boiling water. Boil the parsnips gently in the water for a quarter of an hour, add the hops and cook for ten minutes longer. Strain, add sugar, let the liquid become lukewarm, and put in the toast spread with the yeast. Let it ferment for 36 hours, then turn it into a cask, which it should fill. As soon as fermentation ceases, strain into small bottles, cork securely, and store for at least one month before using.

Moulded Rice Pudding.

Cook half a breakfast cup of blanched rice in a cup of boiling water, to which half a teaspoonful of salt has been added, until the water is absorbed. Add a cup of milk and one-fourth of a cup of sugar and let cook until the rice is tender, adding more milk if needed. It should not be too dry. Fold in the beaten white of an egg and turn into a mould. Serve cold with a sauce made of one pint of milk, one teaspoonful of cornflour, one-third of a cup of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and the beaten yolk of one egg; cook the cornflour in the milk fifteen minutes before adding the egg-yolk. Use the sauce when cold. A few dates or preserved fruit may be used to decorate the mould before the pudding is turned into it. Flavor the sauce

with vanilla extract. This is a most nutritious dish for children, invalids, or convalescents.

Fig Cake.

Required: One pound of flour, four ounces of dripping or other fat, four ounces of chopped figs, half a teaspoonful of powdered spice, 1oz of sugar or two tablespoonfuls of syrup, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two level teaspoonfuls of carbonate of soda, milk to mix, about one gill. Mix the flour and spice. Rub in the fat lightly, and the figs and sugar. If syrup is used, add it warmed, mixing it with the milk. Dissolve the soda in the milk, add, and mix it well in. At the very last thoroughly stir in the vinegar. Turn at once into the greased tin, and bake it in a moderate oven for about two hours. Dates, raisins, or any other dried fruit can be used instead of figs.

Salad Pointers.

Potato salad is best made of warm potatoes.

Wash lettuce under cold running water to make crisp.

Vegetables for salads should be thoroughly dry or dressing will not stick.

For smooth dressing, blend with a fork.

If dressing curdles add cold water and stir quickly.

If vinegar is heated before added to dressing it will not curdle.

If a slit is made through the cork of the olive oil bottle and the bottle propped at the right angle, the oil may be dropped into salad dressing without constant personal attention.

Household Hints.

A piece of clean chamois leather wrung out of cold water is the best duster for velvet or plush furniture.

When making starch add a few shavings from a candle; it will give such a nice gloss to the material when it is ironed.

Hair that is fast turning grey should be carefully nourished with pure olive oil rubbed into the roots night and morning.

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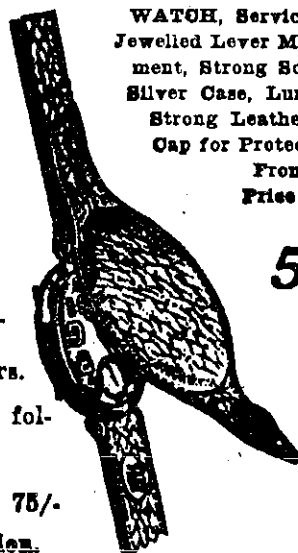
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THE SAVIOURS OF FRANCE

Poor France, racked and torn with political troubles four years ago, and in the hands of men who feared the lights of heaven, how wonderfully has Providence wrought her destiny (comments *Truth*)! The patriotism of her children survived persecution. The priests and religious brothers, who were driven from their homes by short-sighted opportunists, flocked to her flag from all the countries of the world. They waited not for conscription, but rushed even into the conflict, from which their anointed hands might well have exempted them. They were making the sacrifice, not for material France, but for the soul of France. They were repeating the sacrifice of Calvary, and paying for the redemption of their people by their own innocent blood.

The enemies of Christianity die hard, but was there ever such a story as the sacrifice made for France in this war? Thirty thousand priests and religious fighting in the trenches to soften the hearts of the rulers. Have they succeeded? Who knows but the Ruler of hearts? It seems to us unthinkable that now when the Teuton has been driven from France, and the children of St. Louis are returning to rebuild their ravished nation, the old lines of secularist bitterness will reappear. Everything points the other way. For four years the newspaper readers of France have been thrilled with stories of Christian fortitude from the trenches. Men whose belief in God had completely vanished were won back to fervent faith. Leaders who had acquired office through undue influence were found wanting; and the much-despised Christians took their places. The man whose brilliant abilities have done most to win the war was so uncompromising in his faith that he was unable to attain leadership until he could no longer be kept back. And the story of Marshal Foch might be repeated in a score of instances.

All the men who have come through the ordeal with stainless glory are men of fervent faith. Pau, though long past the age when he could withstand the rigors of the field, held up the foe in Lorraine; Castlenau, the noble soldier, who put his faith before preferment, stopped the Germans at the Rivers. Foch showed himself at the very outset to be a master of strategy, but was held back for others less worthy, until circumstances compelled the politicians to rely on him. Petain, another uncompromising Catholic, is the hero of Verdun. And now Gouraud and Mangin have shown themselves to be worthy of the confidence of the brave French nation. Of the politically-appointed officers nothing need now be said. They were dealt with three years ago, in time to save France. And the politicians who made them, Caillaux, Malvy, Bolo, and their press backers, have followed them into well-merited disgrace.

Of the rank and file, the men and women of France, nothing better can be said than that they have excelled the traditions of their race. The noble mothers of France have bravely held up under overwhelming grief. They worked and they prayed, and can we believe that their prayers have not been heard? The broken hearts that appealed to that Divine Heart from the shrine of Montmartre, from Paray-le-Monial, from many a village in the heart of the hills, have surely had their supplications answered. God has done much for France. Amid the din of battle we are reminded this year from Rome of the virtues of Blessed Margaret

Mary Alacoque; we feel that the nation, which was not impressed when Lourdes displayed its miracles, may be brought back to faith by the sacrifice and devotion of its holy women. Rheims is gone, the material glory of France; but Joan of Arc, the spiritual glory, remains; and surely she will restore to this volatile nation the faith that made her the eldest daughter of the Church.

France, like Ireland, has done much to spiritualise the world. To her the world owes St. Vincent de Paul, the protector of little children, whose valiant sons, priests and laymen, and whose sweet daughters of Divine charity are to be found in every land. In the frozen north, over the Pacific isles, in the heart of desert Africa, at the Holy Places in Palestine, France's missionary sons and daughters abound; and, like incense, their prayers and their works incessantly plead for Divine intercession. It may be that her sins are great; but they have brought on her terrible punishment. The awful crime of race suicide; the notorious sins of great cities; the senseless intolerance of infidelity, were no doubt hers in great measure, and much has she suffered from them. Is it too much to believe that now when her sons are relieved of this burden they will rebuild a new France, purged of those evils, and full of the faith which we still see in all its strength in the great men who have upheld her honour on the battlefield?

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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ANTI-CATHOLIC CALUMNIES OF FORMER TIMES

Forged documents, false decrees, and fabricated oaths, are as old as the art of deception and imposture (comments *Truth*). The Catholic Church, long before the age of Protestantism, suffered by the publication of false papal bulls and briefs.

The historian Pastor mentions the severe punishment meted out to a Roman official in the twelfth century for forging a papal bull authorizing the clergy of Norway to say Mass without wine.

The laws of the Church grew very precise and stringent respecting the style and form of ecclesiastical documents, and the tests which should be met in producing and proving the same. Yet as late as 1873, a forged papal bull, purporting to bear the signature of Pius IX., and making new regulations for papal elections, was published in Germany, with the connivance of some of Bismarck's officials; and as late as 1905, another forged document authorising the clergy of South America to marry, was put forth and widely circulated; without, however, working any material deception.

It would not be strange if, among those bitterly opposed to the Catholic Church, some were found unscrupulous enough to forge papal documents calculated, by the contents thereof, to engender prejudice.

The Bloody Bull.

In 1893, while the A.P.A. movement was troubling the people, an alleged "Papal Encyclical" was published in a Detroit weekly paper (April 8, 1893), its supposed author, an official of the anti-Catholic organisation.

This weird document ordered a massacre of all Protestants within the jurisdiction of the United States, "on the feast of St. Ignatius," next ensuing—July 31, 1893. We have testimony at the time (by Elbert Hubbard, in the *Arena*, June, 1894), of the widespread fear this fake encyclical produced. The Protestant ministers of Columbus issued a joint letter to their people, intended to allay such apprehension. An anti-Catholic paper (the *American Citizen*), of Boston, afterwards declared that "many good people took stock in the bogus document, among them, we are sorry to say, nearly every A.P.A. editor in this country."

What Ignatius Donnelly said, in the course of his discussion with "Prof." Sims, a leading lecturer of the A.P.A. (March, 1894), is worth noting in this connection: "I want to say, my friends, that I do not believe in some of the authorities quoted by the professor [Sims]. I doubt their authenticity. When he comes up here and admits that the A.P.A. organisation sent out an encyclical of the Pope that was bogus, and published documents that were forgeries, he cast doubt on every document he may produce. *False in one thing, false in all.*"

Among similar methods of influencing the more ignorant of those who fear "political Romanism" is the fabrication of bogus oaths, sometimes attributed to cardinals, again to the Jesuits, and recently even to lay Catholic fraternal or insurance orders.

Some of these "oaths" date back to the time of the famous "Popish Plot" and the cock and bull stories of the notorious Titus Oates. One of the famous "curses" of the Pope has been traced, verbatim, to that written as fiction by the famous English humorist, Laurence Sterne, in his best known book, *Tristram Shandy*.

The Jesuit "Oath."

The *American Citizen*, an anti-Catholic paper, said (February 17, 1912): "Nearly twenty years ago the *Toronto Mail* printed the so-called Jesuit oath. The paper was sued for slander. Court after court, as it was appealed, declared against *The Mail*. . . . It cost *The Mail* an immense amount of money to fight the case, and they could not prove that it was a genuine "Jesuit oath."

The Pope and the Confederacy.

Agents of the Southern Confederacy appeared at all the capitals of Europe, after the outbreak of the

rebellion, soliciting "recognition." We know that they were somewhat successful in London and Paris.

In the interchange of some diplomatic correspondence, Pope Pius IX. politely addressed Jefferson Davis by the official title that gentleman claimed to possess as president of the Confederate States. This simple act of civility is all there is in the allegation that Pius IX. "recognised the Southern Confederacy."

The "Southern Confederacy" itself did not so take it. Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State in President Davis's Cabinet, writing under date of February 1, 1864, to Mr. Dudley Mann, his diplomatic agent at Rome, said:

"As a recognition of the Confederate States, we cannot attach to it (the Pope's letter) the same value that you do; a mere inferential recognition, unconnected with political action or the regular establishment of diplomatic relations, possessing none of the moral weight required for awakening the people of the United States from their delusion that these States still remain members of the old Union.

"Nothing will end this war but the utter exhaustion of the belligerents, unless, by the action of some of the leading powers of Europe in entering into formal relations with us, the United States are made to perceive that we are in the eyes of the world a separate nation, and that the war now waged by them is foreign, not an internecine or civil war, as it is termed by the Pope.

"This phase of his letter shows that his address to the president as 'president of the Confederate States' is a formula of politeness to his correspondent, not a political recognition of the fact. None of our political journals treat the letter as a recognition in the sense you attach to it."

This incident is fully discussed by John Bigelow, ex-Minister of the United States to France, in *The North American Review* for October, 1893. Mr. Bigelow sees no more reason why the Pope's civility in addressing Davis as "President, etc.," should be construed as a "recognition of the Southern Confederacy," than his addressing the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury by that gentleman's official title would "recognise the Established Church of England."

Another related anti-Catholic fable of the civil war period (attributed to one Norman M. Romaine), is that 72 per cent. of the deserters from the Union Army were Irish-Catholics, and they began to desert "after the Pope's recognition of the Confederacy."

Let the editor of *The National Tribune*, G. A. R. paper, published at Washington, D.C., speak. Hear what he says:

"This is one of the absurd libels concerning the soldiers of the war, which has been given entirely too much currency. There is absolutely no official basis for the slander. In the first place, the Pope of Rome never recognised the Southern Confederacy. In the next place, there has never been any collation of the deserters from the United States army by nativity, religion or otherwise.

"The statement is the greatest possible slander to probably 100,000 as fine soldiers as ever carried a musket, and who were born in Ireland. These men served bravely and faithfully through the war and allowed no men of any nationality, religion, or other classification to surpass them in gallantry, fidelity, and fortitude. Thousands of them had been brought to this country when children, and grew up among us as thoroughly American as those who were born here; and those who came later in life speedily assimilated with the Americans and had no superiors in their patriotic spirit and devotion to the country."

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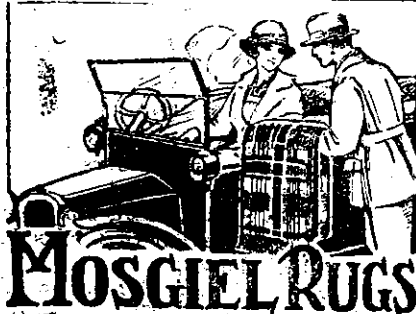
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The Family Circle

ALONG THE WAY.

There are many helpful things to do
 Along life's way,
 Helps to the helper, if we but knew,
 From day to day!
 So many troubled hearts to soothe,
 So many pathways rough to smooth,
 So many comforting words to say
 To hearts that falter along the way.

Here is a lamp of hope gone out
 Along the way.
 Some one stumbled and fell, no doubt,
 But, brother, stay!
 Out of thy store of oil refill;
 Kindle the courage that smoulders still;
 Think what Jesus would do to-day
 For one who has fallen beside the way.

How many lifted hands still plead
 Along life's way!
 The old, sad story of human need
 Reads on for aye.
 But let us follow the Saviour's plan—
 Love unstinted to every man!
 Content if, at most, the world should say,
 "He helped his brother along the way."

—James Buckham.

THE JESUIT'S DOG.

The long arm of the French mobilisation order is shown by the following story of an Alaskan Jesuit recalled to his native France on the outbreak of war. It is told by a man in the French Flying Corps who had once lived in Alaska:—

Not long ago Father Bernard, erect and soldierly, and with the familiar expression of cool and fearless determination, though bearing the marks of the sufferings and privations he had endured in the war, was walking along, a short distance behind the trenches, rapt in thought. It may well be that he was thinking of his parishioners in Alaska and of the great silent plains of snow over which he had so often travelled with his malamutes. He was roused from his reverie by the appearance of a dog-team dragging provisions to the men in the trenches. These dog-teams, many of which are now used in France, always attract his attention, for they are a link, and perhaps the only one, still binding him to his missionary life in Alaska. On approaching the team, his surprise was intense. In the large, strong, well-proportioned leader he recognised his own malamute. A familiar bark greeted him and a vigorously-wagging tail expressed the joy of its owner at the meeting. Here, indeed, was a link with Alaska. According to the account, Father Bernard, when leaving for the front, gave his dog-team to a friend. His last words to the new owner of the dogs besought tender care for the animals, and especially for the leader. But commercialism got the better of sentiment, and the dog's wonderful physique brought a good price. He was sold to the French Government with hundreds of others.

MR. SCHWAB'S SUCCESS RULES.

Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the wonder worker of the steel industry, was asked his maxims for success. He replied:

I am not one to dwell on saving pennies. Be bold and take reasonable risks.

The boy in the workshop has the same chance to succeed as the boy in the university.

A pleasing personality is one of the important requisites for success.

Be a gentleman at all times.

Honesty and integrity are absolute necessities.

Be proud. Hold up your head when you talk to

men of affairs; never cringe, and always hold a stiff upper lip.

Money is not success. It is a mere measure.

There are more opportunities for success to-day than ever.

It is no crime to make a mistake—once. To make the same mistake twice is unpardonable.

A BOY'S LOVE.

A boy's love of his mother is a beautiful thing. The other day we read of a boy of nineteen who fell in battle in France. The surgeon on opening the young soldier's jacket found a scrap of paper. On one side was the word "Mother," on the other this last message:

"This is written in case anything happens to me, for I should like you to have just a little message from my own hand. Your love for me and my love for you have made my whole life one of the happiest there has ever been. This is a great day for me. God bless and give you peace!"

THOSE PUNCTUATION MARKS.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Warren, as he came in from school one day. "I wish we didn't have to learn so much about periods and commas and semi-colons and such things. I hate them!"

Mamma laid down her sewing and said: "Why do you hate them, Warren?"

"Why, it's so hard to remember when to use them; and, besides, I don't think they are of much use. I don't see why we couldn't write sentences without putting in any punctuation marks."

Mamma smiled, and then, rising from her chair, she went over to the desk and got out a piece of paper and a pencil. Then she wrote: "The little turkey strutted about the yard and ate corn half an hour after his head was cut off."

"Why, Mummie, how funny!" exclaimed Warren, when he had read it, "how could a turkey walk around eating corn without any head?"

"He couldn't," replied mamma, "and yet I have written just what I intended to write. I have, however, left out all punctuation marks."

Then she bent down and punctuated the sentence. It then read: "The little turkey strutted about the yard and ate corn; half an hour after, his head was cut off."

"Oh, I see," cried Warren, and then and there he resolved to learn all that he could about punctuation marks.

TRY AGAIN.

If at first you don't succeed,

Don't sit down and cry;

Just sit up and look around

And find the reason why.

No use to sulk and cry,

But wear a grin and wade right in

And have another try.

WHEN A BOY.

Curran used to relate with infinite humor an adventure he had with a mastiff when he was a boy. He had heard somebody say that any person throwing the skirts of his coat over his head, stooping low, holding out his arms, and creeping along backwards, might frighten the fiercest dog and put him to flight. He accordingly made the attempt on a miller's dog in the neighborhood, who would never let the boys rob the orchard; but found to his sorrow that he had a dog to deal with which did not care which end of a boy went foremost, so that he could get a good bite out of it.

"I pursued the instructions," said Curran, "and as I had no eyes save those in front, fancied the mastiff was in full retreat. But I was confoundedly mistaken; for, at that very moment I thought myself victorious, the enemy attacked my rear, and, having got a reasonably good mouthful out of it, was fully prepared to take another before I was rescued. Egad, I thought

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for a time the beast had devoured my entire centre of gravity, and that I should never go on a steady perpendicular again."

"Upon my word," said Sir Jonah Barrington, to whom Curran related the story, "the mastiff may have left you your centre, but he could not have left much gravity behind him among the bystanders."

SHE WAS WISE.

A woman, wearing an anxious expression, called at an insurance office one morning.

"I understand," she said, "that for £1 I can insure my house for £500 in your company."

"Yes," replied the agent, "that is right. If your house burns down we pay you £500."

"And," continued the woman, anxiously, "do you make any inquiries as to the origin of the fire?"

"Certainly," was the prompt reply; "we make the most careful inquiries, madam."

"Oh!" and she turned to leave the office; "I thought there was a catch in it somewhere."

SMILE-RAISERS.

"How would you classify a telephone girl?" asked the old fogey. "Is her's a business or a profession?"

"Neither," replied his friend. "It's a calling."

"Ma! Ma!" bawled Freddie, as the usual morning wash was going on, "do my ears belong to my face or my neck?"

Ma temporised.

"Why, what is the matter?" she asked.

"I want it decided now. Every time you tell Mary to wash my face or my neck she washes my ears, too."

For the twentieth time the proprietor of an establishment found himself listening to the same remark from a visitor kept in by the wet.

"I say," complained the visitor, "the rain in this confounded place does seem to some down, and no mistake."

"True, true," agreed the proprietor. Just at the moment I can't remember a single occasion when it has taken any other direction!"

"Yes," exclaimed the street orator, "gravitation is the most wonderful thing on earth. Think of it, gentlemen. Just think that if the whole world was flattened out, so that the sea could flood it, the water would be two miles deep. Just think of that!"

"Oh, would it?" cried one of the audience. "Well, if you happen to catch anyone trying to do it, shoot 'em—yes, shoot 'em. I can't swim!"

The governess was listening to the children's reading lesson and her attention was, perhaps, wandering a little, when she was suddenly brought back to earth by hearing young Timothy declaim: "This is a warm doughnut. Step on it."

"Timothy, what ever are you reading?" she exclaimed. "Let me see your book."

She looked, and this is what she found: "This is a worm. Do not step on it."

The wounded Tommy was sitting up in bed when the nurse brought him in tea. He stared at his plate, and just as the nurse was leaving him, he said:

"Oh, I say! Who ever put the butter on this bread?"

"Why, I did," returned the nurse, indignantly.

Tommy went rather red, and stammered: "I—Oh, pardon, nurse, but—well, who scraped it off again?"

PILES

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT."

Forty-Two Storeys High.

The highest building in America west of the Mississippi is in Seattle, Washington. The tower rises 450 feet above street level. The building covers a plot that is 108 feet by 120 feet. The main structure is twenty-one storeys high, and to this the tower adds twelve storeys. In addition to this there are two storeys below street level. The height to the lantern at the top of the tower is equivalent to forty-two storeys. The foundation rests on 1276 concrete piles driven to a depth of 50 feet below the surface. In building the foundation 4000 barrels of cement and more than 1000 tons of steel were used. On the foundation piles a total weight of 76,560 gross tons is carried, the steel for the superstructure alone weighing 4732 gross tons.

Guns at Sea.

Naturally, being continually on the move, a warship is a much less satisfactory gun platform than the solid earth. Even in the calmest sea vessels constantly roll from side to side. Theoretically, the best time to fire is at the moment between the rolls, when the deck is perfectly level. It is practically impossible, however, to fire exactly at that moment. No matter how careful the gunner may be, he fires his gun just before or just after the proper instant. The rule in the American Navy is to "wait for the downward roll"—that is, fire at the moment the ship is about to move down through the motion of the waves. The maxim in the British Navy is exactly the reverse; that is, "wait for the upward roll," a rule that has been observed from the very earliest days of fighting by the gunners in British ships.

The Revolving Earth.

Take a good-sized bowl, fill it nearly full of water, and place it upon the floor of a room which is not exposed to shaking or jarring from the street. Sprinkle over the surface of the water a coating of lycopodium powder, which can be obtained at almost any chemist's. Then upon the surface of this coating of powder make with powdered charcoal a straight black line, say an inch or two in length. Having made this little mark with the charcoal powder on the surface of the contents of the bowl, lay down on the floor close to the bowl a stick or some other straight object, so that it will be exactly parallel with the mark. If the line happens to be parallel with a crack in the floor or with any stationary object in the room, this will serve as well. Leave the bowl undisturbed for a few hours, and then observe the position of the black mark with reference to the object with which it was parallel. It will be found to have moved in the direction opposite to that of the earth on its axis. The earth in simply revolving, has carried the water and everything else in the bowl round with it, but the powder on the surface has been left behind a little. The line will always be found to have moved from east to west, which is perfectly good proof that everything else has moved the other way.

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