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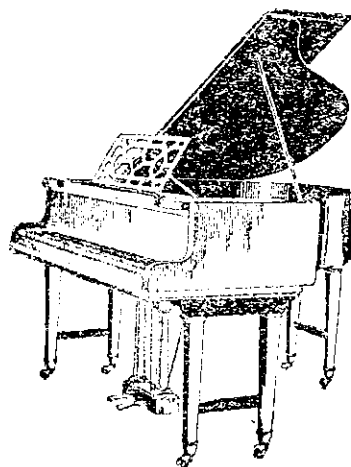
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CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- May 4, Sunday.—Second Sunday after Easter.
 „ 5, Monday.—St. Pius V., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 6, Tuesday.—St. John at the Latin Gate.
 „ 7, Wednesday.—Solemnity of St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin and Patron of the Universal Church.
 „ 8, Thursday.—Apparition of St. Michael.
 „ 9, Friday.—St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 10, Saturday.—St. Antoninus, Bishop and Confessor.

St. John at the Latin Gate.

In this feast the Church commemorates the miraculous deliverance of St. John the Evangelist, when, having been cast, by order of the Emperor Domitian, into a cauldron of boiling oil, he emerged uninjured. This miracle happened in Rome in the year 95, near the gate of the city through which passed the road to Latium.

Apparition of St. Michael, Archangel.

The feast which we keep to-day was instituted by the Church to commemorate a famous apparition of St. Michael on Mount Gargano, in the kingdom of Naples. This was the origin of a noted pilgrimage, and gave occasion to the erection of a magnificent church in honor of the great Archangel.

Solemnity of St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church.

This feast was instituted by Pius IX. shortly after his elevation to the pontificate. Later on, in 1870, the same Pontiff placed the Universal Church under St. Joseph's patronage. Few, if any, of the saints, with the exception of the Mother of God, appeal more strongly to our love and veneration than St. Joseph—spouse of the Blessed Virgin, and foster-father of our Redeemer. As the Son of God was subject to him on earth, so we believe his intercession to be most efficacious in heaven. St. Thomas of Aquin says of him: "Some saints are privileged to extend to us their patronage in certain cases with peculiar efficacy; but to St. Joseph is given to assist us in all cases in every necessity, in every undertaking."

GRAINS OF GOLD.

OUR TRUST IN MARY.

Thy fair month is dawning, O sweet Mother Mary,

The flowers are rushing to greet its sweet day.

Thy children all cluster about thee in fervor

To lovingly call thee, the bright queen of May.

O bless us, we pray thee, and be the sweet guerdon,
 Through storms that assail us, and perils that rise;
 And hasten the day that the world may look upward
 To read the grand message of peace in the skies.

Oh, grant us this boon, blessed Mother, as round thee
 We gather to beg thy assistance to-day;

No refuge but thine can we seek in this moment,

No surer response our petition repay.

Thy children have never implored thy protection,
 Without being comforted Mother, by thee;

With no less devotion to-day we have sought thee,

And tranquilly trust what thy answer shall be.

(Helena Frances O'Hara in *Catholic Columbian*.)

The sufferings borne in setting up a good work draw down the graces necessary for success.—St. Vincent de Paul.

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER XX.—A PRIVATE REHEARSAL.

One summer day Captain Rupert, nephew and heir of Lord Wilderspin, made his appearance at the Park, and finding his uncle absent from home, had an interview with Mrs. Browne, who was informed that the new visitor would stay the night, being not very well and feeling over-tired. He had returned unexpectedly from India on sick leave: though there was little sign of ill-health about him, unless it might be detected in the languor of his manner and in the sallowness of his handsome face.

"And so there is no one here?" he said, wishing he had stayed in London, for few hated solitude more than Captain Rupert Wilderspin.

"No one but the young lady and her governess, sir, and they are gone to town to a concert."

"The young lady?"

"Yes, sir; the young lady his lordship has adopted."

"Adopted!"

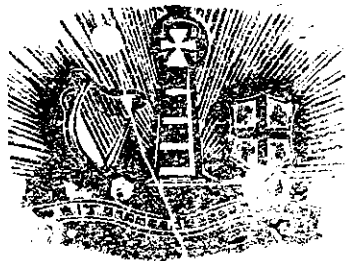
"Yes, sir; adopted to educate for the musical profession. That is how I have heard it expressed."

"Oh, hobbyhorsing as usual!" Captain Rupert relaxed his stare and walked to the window with a slight laugh. "And does the young lady live at the Park?"

"Yes, sir." Mrs. Browne, though longing to pour forth a multitude of details, felt rather in awe of the gentleman's level eyebrows, which changed their expression so often as to bewilder her, and surprised herself by giving short answers.

While he sat at dinner in solitary state, a sound of wheels on the gravel suggested to him the return of the young lady and her governess, whom Mrs. Browne had described as being harbored in some corner of the Hall. He began to wonder what the young girl was like, and feeling sadly in want of society, he wished he had any excuse for presenting himself to these ladies, whose company might be more amusing than solitude. He revolved the idea of inventing a message from his uncle, but after entertaining himself for a while with imaginary scenes which might follow upon the indulgence of such a freak, dismissed the fancy as unworthy of being put into practice. No great wine-drinker, he was soon out of doors smoking his cigar on a leafy terrace, and listening to the nightingales beginning their nightly song. How long was it since he had heard a nightingale? Certain thoughts of grace were associated in his mind with the delicious nocturnes of the romantic bird; they had their way while he paused and listened, paused and listened; but finally they became troublesome, and were cast rudely off as he flung away his cigar with an impatient sigh and turned indoors, resolved rather to go to bed than sit down alone in the great solitary rooms. In this mood he took his way upstairs, lighted by the mellow moon.

Fan and the signora had finished their evening meal in their retired apartment, and, with the lamps lowered and banished to a remote corner, were enjoying the pale lustre of the outside world, and the music that came in fitful waves through the open window out of a black screen of trees looming near. The signora lay in her chair, weary with her late exertions, but her pupil walked restlessly about the room as if the day's share of energy and life had not yet been exhausted in her young veins. Fan at seventeen had grown to her



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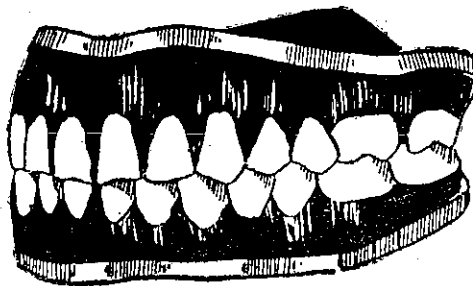
"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
'This is my own, my native land'?"

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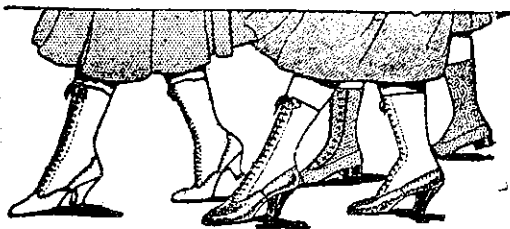
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full height, but her face was little changed since the days when she sang in the gipsies' tent. A deeper and sweeter meaning in the white-lidded eyes of Irish blue, a richer yet more delicate rose-tint under their black, curling lashes, a fuller symmetrical outline of cheek, chin, and lip, with a few added dimples, made nearly all the describable difference between the maiden and the child. She had evidently not yet cared to enter on the period of life wherein dress and manner are called on to announce that all lingering simplicities of childhood are left behind. Though her white gown almost covered her little feet, it was innocent of all the coquettishness of fashion; her long hair still hung from the nape of her slender neck in one massive braid almost too heavy for her shoulders; and her voice had the same artless ring in it with which she had prattled to Lord Wilderspin about Shawn and the birds.

"No, I am not tired, Mamzelle," she was saying. "I am thinking of the scolding our maestro gave me to-day. He says that though I improve in my singing, I no longer act with spirit. 'When you were a child,' he said, 'you could forget your own identity and throw yourself into every part, but now you grow abashed and self-conscious. He says a woman's vanity is taking possession of me, and if I do not conquer it I shall bitterly disappoint his own and Lord Wilderspin's expectations.'"

"He makes a mistake, my dear," said the signora warmly. "You will never do that."

"I do not know, Mamzelle. I feel that there is truth in what he says. I hate the thought of performing in public. I hated it in the gipsies' tent, and I shall hate it much more on the stage."

The signora started out of her resting attitude and sat bolt upright in dismay.

"But you will follow Herr Harfenspieler's advice. You will conquer this unfortunate feeling!"

"I will," said Fan, firmly. "Only thus can I repay Lord Wilderspin for his goodness. *Only thus can I hope to find those I have lost*," she added softly. "That is why I am running about the room to-night, Mamzelle; because I am in a state of excitement and want to have a tussle with my woman's vanity at once. I want to practise my acting to make amends to poor Gretchen for my stupid misrepresentation of her this morning. Herr Harfenspieler was orchestra and audience all in one, and he almost wept at my tameness."

"My dear, you show the spirit I expected to find in you," said Mamzelle, comforted, and laughing at the imitation of the Herr Professor's scowl and gesture with which her pupil wound up the account of his displeasure. "Believe me, every great artist has had this nervousness to contend with: the finer and more delicate the genius, the more keenly does it suffer in giving itself at first to the gaze of the world. I look on this difficulty as the cross of your vocation," said the little woman trembling with the earnestness of her belief in what she said.

"Dear Mamzelle, it is you who ought to have been given to this career," said Fan, coaxingly. "You know all about it so well, and are always so ready for sacrifice. For my part, I feel that my only vocation is to be faithful to those I love. You mustn't preach against that, you know," she continued, stopping the signora's exclamation with a kiss, "because you are included in the 'those.'"

"You keep me in a state of perpetual alarm," said Mamzelle, excitedly.

"Do I? Then I won't. For though I may not feel the stir of ambition in my veins, I have pretty goodwill of my own; and I intend that it shall march me to the cannon's mouth. So now for some thrilling scenes before I sleep!" (She began pushing away a table to have more room for her movements.) "The nightingales are firing me with emulation; my blood is up! Margaret shall be righted and Herr Harfenspieler pacified!"

"It is a pity you have such a limited audience, my love. Never any but the maestro or me. It is more difficult to perform before one than before a crowd."

"I have it!" cried Fan, clapping her hands; "I will run down to the picture-gallery, where I shall have a hundred eyes upon me."

"You will have no light."

"Quite sufficient. The moonlight will inspire me. No, you must not come, unless you can get into a picture-frame. Your flesh and blood presence would make my audience seem too shadowy. My one solid person in the pit would interfere with the reality of the people in the boxes."

"Let me loosen your hair, my dear; it must fall about your shoulders."

"But Margaret's is not loosened till she is mad. She wears it like mine as long as she is in her senses."

"No matter; it is well for you to get accustomed to it." And the signora proceeded to let loose the abundant hair that, shaken well back from the young head, fell like a dark mantle about the slim white figure.

"There will have to be a fair wig, I suppose," said Fan, making a little face over her shoulder at her own dusky tresses. "Nobody would listen to a black Gretchen."

Captain Wilderspin had pursued his way upstairs in the manner of a person in no hurry to reach his destination. He stopped and looked into old familiar rooms, and finally left the main staircase altogether, proceeding down a passage which led him to the picture-gallery. It was not that he had any particular taste for art, but he knew the value of ancestors and liked to pay after long absence a certain homage to the respectable people who had provided him with so goodly an inheritance in life. The moonlight entered from the glazed ceiling and filled the place with a ghostlike radiance, by which the countenances of the portraits could be faintly discerned. Here a visage looked sullenly or mournfully distinct, there a pair of bright eyes peered roguishly out of the shadows.

"Here shall I hang one day": mused the future Lord Wilderspin. "One particular frown or grin (according to the humor in which my artist may catch me), all that shall be left of me! Well, it is not every man who is sure that his face will be seen anywhere above ground after a hundred years! By Jove, how ghostly they look. It is hard to believe they ever strode about here moralising like me. It makes a fellow feel like a ghost already to think of it."

We need hardly say that Captain Wilderspin, having served eight years in India, did not believe in ghosts, and yet, having got on the subject, and having nothing else to do, he was pleased to amuse himself by dwelling upon it. There was a certain full-length portrait of a fair ancestress, whose charming face and flowing chevelure had in early days captivated his boyish imagination; and as he stood before it now he felt the return of a share of his youthful admiration. "By my holidame, fair lady," he muttered, "I have not seen anything so lovely since we parted. Had the women of the present day the wit that sparkles on your lip, I were not to this hour a bachelor. Wore they your flowing tresses instead of three hairs screwed into a snail-shell point, a rival might have disputed your empire over my heart. As it is, would your ghostship but favor me with its presence, I would put the proverb at defiance and marry my grandmother!"

Scarcely had he completed this unusual flight of fancy when the door at the distant end of the gallery flew open and a white figure with long floating hair entered lightly. Overwhelmed by so unexpected an answer to his summons, Captain Wilderspin stood for a moment amazed, then recovering himself retreated backward into the shadows of a doorway behind him. A few warbling notes from the apparition betrayed to him that he was in the presence of his uncle's ward; as Fan, tripping down the gallery and shaking forth the most delicious roudades, made mocking courtesies before the pictures, as if craving the patronage of the great folks on the wall.

And then, at ease in the completeness of her fancied solitude, she began the rehearsal which she found so difficult in the presence of witnesses. No

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longer oppressed by the slight cloud of shyness that had lately begun to embarrass her in her performances, she gave full vent to her imaginative powers, and poured out her song with a passion that startled herself. Pleased with her success she warmed more and more to her work, and presently forgot her own identity as thoroughly as the Professor could have wished. Making shift for a seat and spinning-wheel with whatever objects happened to come in her way, she went through Margaret's spinning scene in the garden, singing with the utmost tenderness and sweetness; and making such a picture as outshone the lovely grandmother who stood gazing over her head upon the wall. As she proceeded through the entire opera, imaginary voices answered her, imaginary companions delighted or troubled her: sometimes with altered voice she sang the part of another person, while in the more tragic situations the fervor of her acting seemed to call up the living reality of the creatures she addressed.

Captain Wilderspin, having retreated to the door, was arrested by the first notes, and remained standing concealed by the shadows beyond the threshold. The sudden apparition of this young creature to whose beauty the moonlight gave the most exquisite and ethereal character, the unexpected splendor of her voice, the grace and delicacy of her acting, the pretty sense of humor she showed when, at the end of an act, a mournful note having first died away, she would toss her head and in the drollest way reproach the audience for not applauding her, all this took the languid soldier by surprise, fascinated his fancy, and gave his used-up sense of enjoyment a most invigorating shake. He forgot his own identity as thoroughly as Fan had forgotten hers; and it was many years since such forgetfulness had seized upon him.

"She is too good for the stage," he muttered, "much too good for the stage. What can my uncle be thinking of? What a voice she has! How charming she is! By Jove, what a sensation she will make!"

Fan's performance being finished, she swept round the gallery, courtesying again and singing little catches of thanks to the silent audience for their patience in listening to her. Then unfastening from her waist a long white shawl which had served her as a train, she threw it over her shoulder, and giving her hair a shake, she laughed a sudden bright laugh and disappeared.

"What had she laughed at?" Captain Rupert asked himself. "Had she known of his presence, and was her outburst of merriment at his expense? Or was she only girlishly amused at her own little play?" The first suggestion made him hot and uncomfortable, the second delighted him. He felt he did not deserve her ridicule: for had he not gallantly resisted a desire to come forward and make her acquaintance by thanking her for the treat she had given him? He had restrained himself, fearing to embarrass and scare her away, and it annoyed him to think of her as conscious of his observation all the time. But the idea of her laughing at her own play of performing to the pictures gave her a charm of simplicity in his critical eyes.

"I shall find out all about it to-morrow," he said, remembering with pleasure that the fascinating singer was abiding under the same roof with him, and resolving to find some means of making her acquaintance. His determination to leave the Hall early in the morning had vanished, and he reflected that nothing could be better for his jaded health than a few days' sojourn in Sussex.

"I must say it was a treat for eye and ear which I little expected," was his last thought on the subject before falling asleep. "There is no mistake about the voice, but I am curious to see what she will look like by day. Moonlight is a wonderful beautifier."

In the meantime, Fan had gone to rest satisfied with the effort she had made. She was fully aware of certain powers that were in her, and was determined to make use of them for the attainment of the great object of her life. The sudden shyness that had come upon her, threatening to overthrow her hopes and hinder her plans, had caused her more serious trouble than she had been able to confess. The publicity of

the career that lay before her, though personally hateful to her, was yet the only means she knew of by which she could now hope to be discovered by the friends of her childhood. If she should find it painful to be seen nightly in a theatre, would it not repay her to find that Kevin (still of course in search of her, like the prince in his story) might at any moment stray by chance into so public a place and behold her. She had long since come to the conclusion that Kevin's mother and father must be dead, while he himself was a wanderer in search of her, travelling footsore in distant countries, perhaps, following one false clue after another, and out of all reach of those who could tell him anything about her. What other state of things could account for the fact that her letters to Killeevy had never been answered?

This idea of the probable break up of the old home had been placed before her by Lord Wilderspin, who thought the benefits he was conferring on the young girl and the prosperous future he was insuring her, were more than compensation for any passing pain she might feel. Of late she had ceased to speak much of her childhood's friends, and his lordship and others remarked the change with satisfaction. They believed the time had passed when happiness could be the result of a meeting with such people. A young girl of so refined a nature, carefully educated, and accustomed for several years to the society of well-bred people, could not but feel dismay and embarrassment if called on to renew a familiar intercourse with uncultured peasants.

But Fan's thoughts were not his thoughts and her ways were not his ways. Accepting his explanation in thorough good faith, she had tried to be reconciled to the inevitable, and if she did not talk so much of Kevin as formerly, it was only because tact and good taste warned her not to obtrude on those who were otherwise so good to her subjects personal to herself, and in which they felt so little interest. A few words spoken on one occasion by Lord Wilderspin had sunk deeply into her mind, and given a motive to her work and her life: and with the hope thus given her she was fain to be content.

"When you are a famous woman," he had said, "Kevin will hear of you. If you really want to meet him, make yourself known in the world."

She knew nothing of the secret reflection which followed his own speech in Lord Wilderspin's mind.

"When that time comes," he thought, "she will have learned to be ashamed of him."

But the idea that she could ever live to be superior to Kevin had never entered the young girl's thoughts. That any amount of education and culture could raise her above a mind and heart so beautiful as that which had made her childhood a poem had never even crossed her imagination.

The next morning Captain Rupert, sauntering about the grounds and smiling to himself at the adventure of the night before, came upon a little group that took him by surprise. The two ladies seated under a tree in the shrubbery, at a part which commanded a fine view of woods and distant sea, were so unlike what he had expected to see that for a moment he did not identify them. With broad-leaved hats tipped over their eyes they were both engaged in needlework, while an open book lying on the grass at their feet, and others half concealed in a bag close by, showed that they had provided themselves with a variety of occupation. At first sight he took the signora for a child, and was startled when she turned up her little wistful, weather-beaten face, and he saw that the floating ringlets contained as much silver as gold. And it was with no small difficulty that he recognised her companion as the heroine of last evening's adventure.

Where was the flowing mantle of hair that had so enhanced the beauty of the small gleaming face? It was all braided away into the one heavy plait, and her fresh carnation cheeks were sheltered only by the shade of her coarse straw hat. Her plain untrimmed linen dress, short enough to show the small foot, was

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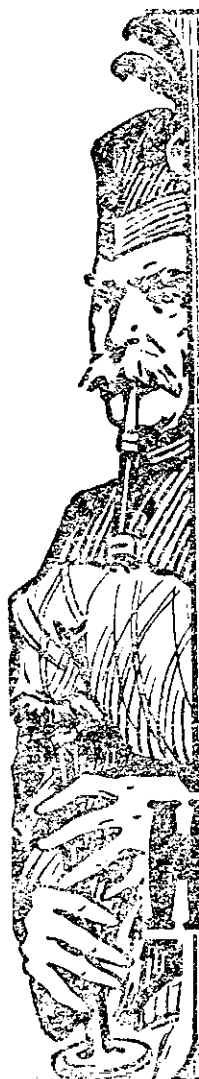
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the garb of a school-girl; and extreme youth and un-studied candor were in every line of her figure and attitude.

Apologising for his accidental intrusion, Captain Rupert introduced himself. The signora was too simple in her nature to feel very much impressed by his unexpected appearance, too unconventional in her ways to think of putting on the primness of the duenna; and Fan, after the first moment of surprise, smiled on him in artless good humor, noway dissatisfied with the chance that had brought them into pleasant company.

"It is long since I have seen ladies working in open air," said Captain Wilderspin. "In India they are obliged to do their stitches indoors. I see you are fond of reading," taking up the open book. "Well, I confess Shakspeare is a little too much for me. Are you fond of poetry?" with another critical glance that tried to find a resemblance in the simple young girl before him to the bewitching performer of last night.

"Yes," said Fan, "but not of all I meet with in books. I like the kind that one lives in one's own life. I think the best of it never gets written at all."

"I agree with you exactly," said Captain Rupert, tossing away the book, and smiling at the naive manner in which Fanchea delivered herself of the above sentiment. "Why waste a morning like this reading another person's description of just such a morning while skies and woods in their reality are under your eyes; or a rhapsody on some one's mistress's eyebrow (that has been mouldering in the dust a hundred years), while a lovely face, still unsung, is blooming in all its freshness by your side? Do you not agree with me, signora?"

"Perfectly; and yet—there are inner beauties which the poets help us to discern. When we lift our eyes from the book, the landscape is more lovely for the subtleties of meaning that the poet has discovered in it, the tender conceits with which he has colored it; and the most charming face is more lovable to us when we have heard of the goodnesses that lurk behind it. What Nature gives to us we are grateful for and delight in, but what Nature gives to the poet he returns to her and to us a hundredfold."

The signora spoke with a slight quiver in her voice and vibration of her whole small form which always accompanied the utterance of some of her most earnest thoughts. Under other circumstances Captain Rupert would have said to himself that the little elderly lady was talking platitudes; but now he was not attending to her at all, only looking at a new expression that came into Fan's eyes while she reflected that neither of her companions had followed her thought. The poetry she had meant to indicate was such as could not be explained or described in a well-turned sentence to make pleasant conversation for a summer morning's lounge. It involved all the subtle mysteries of life, and because it brought with it meanings which she could only half understand, and which caused her infinite wonderment, therefore it was that the thought of it brought that shade under her eyes which attracted Captain Wilderspin's attention. The strange poetry which she found in life was associated in her mind with strong ties of love broken, which somehow or other would have to be mended, with an island-strewn ocean over which the white birds flew like brilliant thoughts, and which was sailed by the creations of a fancy that somewhere, even now, was enriching the world, where she knew not, but in some place whither she must go. Her poetry was knit up with music, exile, pain, despair, hope, peace, order, and harmony; and to it belonged both her future and her past. As the shadow of her thought deepened under her eyes, the soldier, who was tired of everything, found himself more interested in her than he had been before; and while the signora's little speech about poetry quivered away on the breeze unheard, he was saying to himself that this child with the peach-like cheeks and eyes of Irish blue, now frank, smiling, and eager to talk to him, and now retiring visibly into a dream of her own, was going to prove even more delightful than the fascinating songstress of the picture-gallery.

"The signora and I have both been talking wide of the mark," he said, catching her eye as she looked up from her work. "Tell me what sort of poetry you were thinking of?"

"I could not unless I knew you better. It would be very difficult for me to explain what I mean to anybody; but with a stranger I could not attempt it."

"If I should ever come to be looked on as a very old friend, do you think you would tell me then?"

"I should do my best, if you had not forgotten to want to hear," said Fan, laughing.

At the sound of her gay laugh, Captain Rupert was forcibly reminded of the close of last night's scene, and felt a sudden renewal of his desire to discover whether she had really been aware of his presence or not.

"You sing?" he said, abruptly, with a keen glance which he thought capable of detecting any subterfuge.

"Oh, yes," said Fan. "Do I not, Mamzelle? I came into the world to sing. I get up in the morning to learn to sing, and I go to bed at night that I may get old enough and strong enough to sing what I have learned. To sing is the purpose of my life."

"If you always sing as you did last night in the picture-gallery, your purpose is attained."

Fan threw back her head and gave him such a look of wide-eyed consternation that all doubts of her ignorance vanished from his mind.

"Did you hear me?" she asked, while the color slowly deepened in her cheeks and rose to her forehead.

"Pardon me: I was an unintentional eavesdropper. I had strayed into the place to say good-evening to a certain great grandmother of mine who was my earliest love. Until you began to sing, I took you for her ghost."

Fan drooped her head over her work in silence, while a look of trouble settled on her face.

"Pray do not be vexed," said Captain Rupert, regretting that he had spoken, calling himself a bear for having so rudely enlightened her, yet gratified at sight of her confusion.

"Oh, it is not that," she said, snatching off her hat with a child-like movement, and fanning her glowing face with it, while the wind ruffled the light rings of hair that made her like the boy-angel in Raphael's picture. "But I shall never be able to do it."

"Do what?"

"Sing before a living crowd."

"My dear!" put in the signora.

"You must never be asked to do it!" cried the *blasé* soldier, with an energy that took him by surprise.

"Sir—Captain Wilderspin, I beg you will not put such ideas in her head!" urged the signora. "She is a child yet; but she will soon have to do the work of a woman. Another year or two will make a difference in her ideas."

"They may—make a confounded difference," muttered the Captain, looking at Fan's clear eyes opened wide with surprise at his heat.

"She will never disappoint your good uncle, his lordship," continued the signora, all her ringlets quivering with excitement.

"My uncle is a fool!" said Captain Rupert, quite forgetting himself.

"Fanchea, it is time for our luncheon," said the signora. "Captain Wilderspin, we will wish you good morning."

The gentleman helped them to pick up their books and workbags, and bowed his farewell; and when they were gone he strolled down a shady alley, and, forgetting to light his cigar, smiled at the idea of his having been actually in something like a passion. And all about a little girl and her governess.

(To be continued.)

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THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

XXIII.—THE STORY OF GODFREY OF TYRCONNELL (*Continued*).

The army of Tyrowen meanwhile pressed forward rapidly to strike the Cinel-Connal, if possible, before their available strength, such as it was, could be rallied. Nevertheless, they found the quickly re-assembled victors of Credan-kille awaiting them. But alas, sorrowful story! On the morning of the battle, death had but too plainly set his seal upon the brow of the heroic Godfrey! As the troops were being drawn up in line, ready to march into the field, the physicians announced that his last moments were at hand; he had but a few hours to live! Godfrey himself received the information with sublime composure. Having first received the last sacraments of the Church, and given minute instructions as to the order of battle, he directed that he should be laid upon the bier which was to have borne him to the grave; and that thus he should be carried at the head of his army on their march! His orders were obeyed, and then was witnessed a scene for which history has not a parallel! The dying king laid on his bier, was borne at the head of his troops into the field! After the bier came the standard of Godfrey—on which was emblazoned a cross with the words, *In hoc signo vinces*—and next came the charger of the dying king, caparisoned as if for battle! But Godfrey's last fight was fought! Never more was that charger to bear him where the sword-blows fell thickest. Never more would his battle-axe gleam in the front of the combat. But as if his presence, living, dead, or dying, was still a potential assurance of triumph to his people, the Cinel-Connal bore down all opposition. Long and fiercely, but vainly, the army of Tyrowen contested the field. Around the bier of Godfrey his faithful clansmen made an adamantine rampart which no foe could penetrate. Wherever it was borne, the Tyrconnell phalanx, of which it was the heart and centre, swept all before them. At length when the foe was flying on all sides, they laid the bier upon the ground to tell the king that the day was won. But the face of Godfrey was marble pale, and cold and motionless! All was over! His heroic spirit had departed amidst his people's shouts of victory!

Several poems have been written on this tragic yet glorious episode. That from which I take the following passages, is generally accounted the best:—

All worn and wan, and sore with wounds from Credan's bloody fray,
In Donegal for weary months the proud O'Donnell lay;
Around his couch in bitter grief his trusty clansmen wait,
And silent watch, with aching hearts, his faint and feeble state.

The chief asks one evening to be brought into the open air, that he may gaze once more on the landscape's familiar scenes:—

"And see the stag upon the hills, the white clouds, drifting
by;
And feel upon my wasted cheek God's sunshine ere I die."

Suddenly he starts on his pallet, and exclaims:

"A war-steed's tramp is on the heath, and onward cometh
fast,
And by the rood! a trumpet sounds! hark! 'tis the Red
Hand's blast!"
And soon a kern all breathless ran, and told a stranger train
Across the heath was spurring fast, and then in sight it came.

"Go, bring me, quick, my father's sword," the noble chief-tain said;

"My mantle o'er my shoulders fling, place helmet on my head;
And raise me to my feet, for no'er shall clansman of my
foe
Go boasting tell in far Tyrone he saw O'Donnell low."

The envoys of O'Neill arrive in Godfrey's presence, and deliver their message, demanding tribute:

"A hundred hawks from out your woods, all trained their
prey to get;
A hundred steeds from off your hills, uncrossed by rider
yet;
A hundred kine from off your hills, the best your land
doth know;
A hundred hounds from out your halls, to hunt the stag
and roe."

Godfrey, however, is resolved to let his foes, be they Norman or native, know that, though dying, he is not dead yet. He orders a levy of all the fighting men of Tyrconnell:—

"Go call around Tyrconnell's chief my warriors tried and
true;
Send forth a friend to Donal More, a scout to Lisnahue;
Light baal-fires quick on Esker's Towers, that all the
land may know
O'Donnell needeth help and haste to meet his haughty
foe."

"Oh, could I but my people head, or wield once more a
spear,
Saint Angus! but we'd hunt their hosts like herds of
fallow deer.
But vain the wish, since I am now a faint and failing
man;
Yet, ye shall bear me to the field, in the centre of my
clan."

"Right in the midst, and lest, perchance, upon the march
I die,
In my coffin ye shall place me, uncovered let me lie;
And swear ye now, my body cold shall never rest in clay,
Until you drive from Donegal O'Niall's host away."

Then sad and stern, with hand on skian, that solemn oath
they swore,
And in a coffin placed their chief, and on a litter bore.
Tho' clogging fast his life-throbs came, yet dauntless in his
mood,
He marshalled well Tyrconnell's chiefs, like leader wise
and good.

Lough Swilly's sides are thick with spears, O'Niall's host
is there,
And proud and gay their battle shoon, their banners float
the air;
And haughtily a challenge bold their trumpets bloweth
free,
When winding down the heath-clad hills, O'Donnell's
band they see!

No answer back those warriors gave, but sternly on they
stept,
And in their centre, curtained black, a litter close is
kept;
And all their host it guided fair, as did in Galilee
Proud Judah's tribes the Ark of God, when crossing
Egypt's sea.

Then rose the roar of battle loud, as clan met clan in
fight;
The axe and skian grew red with blood, a sad and woeful
sight;
Yet in the midst o'er all, unmoved, that litter black is
seen,
Like some dark rock that lifts its head o'er ocean's war
serene.

Yet once, when blenching back fierce Bryan's charge
before,
Tyrconnell wavered in its ranks, and all was nearly o'er,
Aside those curtains wide were flung, and plainly to the
view
Each host beheld O'Donnell there, all pale and wan in
hue.

And to his tribes he stretch'd his hands—then pointed
to the foe,
When with a shout they rally round, and on Clan Hugh
they go;
And back they beat their horsemen fierce, and in a
column deep,
With O'Donnell in their foremost rank, in one fierce
charge they sweep.

Lough Swilly's banks are thick with spears!—O'Niall's
host is there,
But rent and tost like tempest clouds—Clan Donnell in
the rear!
Lough Swilly's waves are red with blood, as madly in its
tide
O'Niall's horsemen wildly plunge, to reach the other
side.

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And broken is Tyrowen's pride, and vanquished Clanna-boy,
 And there is wailing thro' the land, from Bann to Aghnacloy.
 The Red Hand's crest is bent in grief, upon its shield a stain,
 For its stoutest clans are broken, its stoutest chiefs are slain.

And proud and high Tyrconnell shouts; but blending on the gale,
 Upon the ear ascendeth a sad and sullen wail;
 For on that field, as back they bore, from chasing of the foe,
 The spirit of O'Donnell fled!—oh, woe for Ulster, woe!

Yet died he there all gloriously—a victor in the fight;
 A chieftain at his people's head, a warrior in his might;
 They dug him there a fitting grave upon that field of pride,
 And a lofty cairn raised above, by fair Lough Swilly's side.

In this story of Godfrey of Tyrconnell we have a perfect illustration of the state of affairs in Ireland at the time. Studying it, no one can marvel that the English power eventually prevailed: but many may wonder that the struggle lasted so many centuries. What Irishman can contemplate without sorrow the spectacle of those brave soldiers of Tyrconnell and their heroic prince, after contending with, and defeating, the concentrated power of the Anglo-Norman settlement, called upon to hurriedly re-unite their broken and wounded ranks that they might fight yet another battle against fresh foes—those foes their own countrymen! Only amongst a people given over to the madness that precedes destruction, could conduct like that of O'Neill be exhibited. At a moment when Godfrey and his battle-wounded clansmen had routed the common foe—at a moment when they were known to be weakened after such a desperate combat—at a moment when they should have been hailed with acclaim, and greeted with aid and succor by every chief and clan in Ireland—they are foully taken at disadvantage, and called upon to fight anew, by their own fellow-countrymen and neighbors of Tyrowen!

The conduct of O'Neill on this occasion was a fair sample of the prevailing practice amongst the Irish princes. Faction-split to the last degree, each one sought merely his own personal advantage or ambition. Nationality and patriotism were sentiments no longer understood. Bravery in battle, dauntless courage, heroic endurance, marvellous skill, we find them displaying to the last: but the higher political virtues, so essential to the existence of a nation—unity of purpose and of action against a common foe—recognition of and obedience to a central national authority—were utterly absent. Let us own in sorrow that a people amongst whom such conduct as that of O'Neill towards Godfrey of Tyrconnell was not only possible but of frequent occurrence, deserved subjection—invited it—rendered it inevitable. Nations, like individuals, must expect the penalty of disregarding the first essentials to existence. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Factionism like that of the Irish princes found its sure punishment in subjugation.

(To be continued.)

The annual Rugby football match between teams representing the Marist Brothers' Club, Christchurch, and the Celtic Club, Timaru, was played at the Show Grounds, Addington, on Saturday afternoon, April 19. After a somewhat one-sided game, Marists won by 35 points to 3. Tries were scored by Fitzgerald (3), Greenlees (2), Mullins (2), Flaherty, Flood, and Gregory. Mullins converted one try and Fitzgerald kicked a penalty goal. Bergin scored for Celtic. Mr. L. Guiney was referee. In a Third Grade match between the same clubs Christchurch won by 11 points to nil. Mr. L. Hardie was referee.

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BARN-GRADUATES.

(For the N.Z. Tablet.)

Oh you from the walks of St. Omer and you from the Bench and the Inn,
 Do you think on the school in the hay-loft, and the ferule of Phelim O'Flynn?
 When the schoolroom lay red in its ashes—not a book or a desk in the town,
 Nimble Phil led his flock up the ladder and settled us peacefully down.
 We couldn't hold school 'neath the hedge-row, dripping wet with the white of the May—
 The teacher forsook us for Dublin, but Phelim discovered a way.

The cattle below us in sunshine munched on till the daylight was done,
 But we, in our learned exaltation, saw but a thin thread of the sun.
 In the long sombre shade of the barn-door a window shone out to the right,
 At the call of the masterful Phelim we crept out to read in the light.
 When each blinking owlet had finished, he joyous returned to the dark,
 To continue his spelling and fighting, intent, faith, on making his mark.

There was Johnnie, the humble and candid, who went forth a priest from this land,
 Learned Phelim, the foe of the rafters whose nearness forbade him to stand,
 There was Patrick, the merciless lawyer, and Katie, the nun in her stall,
 And Peter, the doctor, the healer, and Christy, the flower of us all.

To-day, for the good of the pupil, they have rules for the focus of sight.
 'Tis essential for training they tell us to find out one's soul in the light.
 But we of the land of the hedge-row, the land of the nettle and whin,
 Know the worth of the rod in the darkness and the classics of Phelim O'Flynn.

— E. D.

LANGUAGE AND NATION.

Father Augustine, O.S.F.C., in an address in the Father Mathew Hall, Dublin, said the Irish spirit was alive and the language was winning and spreading like fire upon the prairie. Within the last few weeks it had scored a great victory by the holding of an Irish-speaking National Assembly. That Assembly staggered and angered the Englishmen, it gladdened and rejoiced Irishmen by lifting Ireland into a position of grand prominence as a distinct nationality, and it furthermore showed that Ireland was a nation in itself and had a language of its own.

Dail Eirann was a glorious national language reality, and showed the fruits of the last 25 years of language endeavor. It proved that the Irish tongue is stronger than proclamations and intimidations, and even imprisonment; and that the men who were arrested and imprisoned for singing Irish songs, whistling Irish tunes, and giving their names in Irish, would be crowned to-morrow by an Irish-speaking Parliament in the very heart of the nation.

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Current Topics

Our Boys and Sinn Fein

A few little notes that we do not find cabled out by Harmsworth-George-Carson and Company may not be inappropriate. In Limerick during the war some New Zealand and Australian soldiers found themselves in a congenial company of Sinn Feiners. Sinn Fein songs were of course sung. A "Tommy" officer ordered the singers to stop, in the name of D.O.R.A. Nobody took any notice of "Tommy." He went to the barracks and brought out the British army. The Sinn Feiners advised the visitors to get away. But the visitors stayed and did their bit in good style when the impertinent officer and his men were in no gentle manner ejected from the building. Later, when "Tomnies" broke loose in Dublin and attacked the Sinn Fein headquarters, a number of Colonial soldiers again joined in the fray, on the side of Sinn Fein, with such good effect that "Tommy" was not seen out of his den for days afterwards. As a consequence, it was represented that the presence of Australian and New Zealand men on leave was not desirable in Ireland. The boys were only honest in their purpose of helping a persecuted small nation. Independent lads like ours have no sympathy with the hypocrisy which invited them to fight for Poland and to oppress Ireland. These little items, and the warm, cordial receptions that our Militarists do *not* get when they go to meet the returning men are just straws that show how the wind blows. The time will come when the Democracy of the Empire will isolate itself severely from the gang of Prussians, with their broken pledges, their torn scraps of paper, their lying promises, their mercenary jobbery, their protection and promotion of murderers. What a scramble of politicians climbing over the fence we shall then see!

The Easter Orange

Easter is a feast of joy and peace everywhere outside of an Orange Lodge. For some recondite astrological reason the Easter moon sets all the King Bilibians stark staring mad, and they gather together somewhere or other to convince the rest of us that there are worse things than a civil war in a monkey's cage at the Zoo. This year Ashburton was the rendezvous. When you recall that Mr. Nosworthy represents Ashburton you will agree that it is just the right place for the grand Easter panjandrum of the descendants of that select band concerning whose first coming to Ireland, Stewart, the son himself of one of the ministers who came over, writes: "From Scotland came many, and from England not a few, yet all of them generally the scum of both nations, who from debt or breaking or fleeing from justice, or seeking shelter, came hither, hoping to be without fear of man's justice." And although the Ashburton political luminary said he was not an Orangeman he made it clear that he was very much at home in the company of the descendants of that gang of which Stewart speaks. Nay, he made a speech at them. It was not a speech worth hearing for its wisdom or for its sweetness or light, but it showed that he is a *homo univocis* in all the idiotic bigotry and all the retrograde politics for which Orangeism stands and that if it were safe for him he would probably attack every Catholic he meets in the street. However, as Catholics breed athletes, there is no danger that his bigotry will prevail over his common sense for the present. It ought not to be forgotten that with Mr. Nosworthy and the Orangemen was also associated that kindred spirit whom Mr. Fraser denounced from the Bench as a low cad and who received for his dirty methods a castigation in Parliament such as no common criminal ever yet got in New Zealand. They were all there; and it is easy to guess what sort of things they said and did while the full moon rode above their intellectual heads. The press gave them a fair amount of prominence and we are pleased to say that we and

many others enjoyed a good laugh over their antics last week. Barnum had a vogue in his day; William-son has it now; but the L.O.L. is bidding strong to be the most successful serio-comic show that has ever starred under the Southern Cross yet. The air of solemnity, the energumenuous gestures, the calm fatuity of the performers deceive many people and lead them to think that the whole thing is not a joke, but as soon as it dawns on all that they are really only the King William Mountebanks they will draw crowded houses in every theatre of the Dominion. Ah, well; it is good that we can laugh in these strenuous times. But it has a pathetic side too. One cannot help feeling pity for the poor old things that forget they are men and Christians in their eagerness to throw back to the Zoo.

Ireland

In Ireland the Sinn Feiners are still waiting hopefully for the Peace Conference to make it clear that there was some truth in the war aims for which the Allies called on men to go forth to meet death; the hope that English statesmen have any honesty or truthfulness has long since been dispelled, but relying on the imperative calls which the American States individually and the United States Congress have made on President Wilson to vindicate the right of that small nation whose children formed a huge proportion of the American armies, the Irish people are confident that England will be whipped into humanity just as Prussia has been. In the meantime England is carrying on the same old policy of frightfulness in Ireland. What we were told was done by Prussia in Belgium is actually done by England in Ireland. Every means is tried to drive the people to desperation. Justice, humanity, truth, and morality are outraged by English officials. The people suffer in silence knowing that such a state of things cannot last and that the God of Justice will avenge them yet. A well-informed writer tells us in a private letter: "One thing is certain, the present situation in Ireland cannot last much longer. Only we at home know the things we have seen and heard since 1916. Talk not of Prussianism and militarism! I tremble to think what may happen. There is a limit to human endurance. You cannot imprison a whole nation. Dumb-driven cattle can cause trouble at times. Maddened men are not amenable to reason. It would appear as if the law against cruelty to animals does not apply as regards cruelty to human beings in Ireland. No wonder Lord French got sick of the atrocious business." This is how England, the mealy-mouthed champion of small nations, the hoary calumniator of all her foes, whose diplomacy is a thing of scorn and whose word is worth less than any scrap of paper, is now keeping her war pledges. And in so doing she is hastening her destruction. Her crimes in Ireland have set America aflame. The freemen of Australia and New Zealand who were ready to join hands with Sinn Fein in kicking the cowardly Tomnies off the streets of Dublin will want to know why Prussianism which they fought to destroy should still be a monopoly of English Tories and Orange robbers. The blood of Sheehy-Skeffington, the blood of the women and children who were murdered at Batchelor's Walk, the blood of the Dublin girls found murdered with English soldiers' buttons in their dead hands, the blood of Thomas Ashe and of every other victim of British brutality in Ireland, is calling for vengeance day and night. If the Peace Congress does not give Ireland her rights the Irish all over the world will never rest until the criminals are punished exactly as the Prussians were for no greater crimes against small nations. For Ireland there may be bad days ahead if President Wilson is not true to his pledges; but for England the days to come will be days of dark and shameful tribulation in the mills of God if the Congress does not do something to remove the heritage of hate from the hearts of 25,000,000 Irishmen and Irishwomen all over the world. Ireland asks merely that England keep her own pledge. And it seems that to keep her word or to be true to a scrap of paper

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is just the thing that England cannot do now or ever. Over and over, her statesmen have confessed that English rule in Ireland is based on fraud and tyranny; it is admitted that the Act of Union was the most disgraceful transaction known in history. But in all England there does not seem enough honor to make restitution, or enough sense of shame to remove the stain for which that Act stands all through the years. The republican party is strong in Ireland to-day, because England made it strong. The tone of the Irish papers would lead one to think that nothing short of complete separation would now be accepted; however, we know what we are saying when we assert that there is still time for a settlement on the lines of Colonial Home Rule. There is still time, but at any moment it may be too late.

Ireland's Wealth

For the oppression and plunder of Ireland a hundred excuses are alleged but not one argument. We are told that the Irish, who govern other countries and who command the armies and navies of England, are not able to mind their own business; we are told that the Empire could not do without Ireland, which was precisely the sort of reason on which Prussia violated Belgium; we are told that Ireland is too small to be safe, when we know that no fate that could possibly happen to her could be worse than the unbearable British tyranny which she has to endure; and, lastly, we are told that Ireland is too poor to support herself and that she is really an object of charity for John Bull. The painful, shameful lies of English politicians and English pressmen are without end; and of them all no one is more absurd than the lie that Ireland, which is robbed and plundered by England, is too poor to support her own people. The following statistics may throw a little light on Ireland's capacity not only to support herself but to feed her hungry and rascally neighbor besides:—

Value of food and drink stuffs imported into and retained for consumption in Great Britain from the undermentioned countries.

Country.	Millions £ (1915)	Millions £ (1916)
Ireland	46	59
U.S.A.	82	116
Argentine	46	36
Canada	27	41
British India	22	20
Denmark	20	20
New Zealand	16	18
Netherlands	14	13
Australia	12	10
Russia	8	1

In 1916-1917 Ireland's average export to England was—

Live Cattle (Number)	889,000
Live Sheep „	700,000
Live Pigs „	239,000
Butter (cwt.)	720,000
Eggs „	1,380,000
Poultry „	290,500
Bacon „	1,080,000
Oats „	1,700,000
Potatoes „	3,460,000

“Ireland,” says *The Railway and Shipping Journal*, “grows more food for Great Britain than for herself. . . . She is in an increasing degree an essential base for British food supply. . . . She consumes one-fourth her own cattle; the rest are for Great Britain.”

So there we are! Our poor deluded country is “useful” to Great Britain. What is useful to Britain British statesmen will hold as surely as the Kaiser's armies trampled Belgium unless compelled to do what is right by superior force—the only argument that appeals to John Bull. Truth, justice, honor, are words he does not understand. By calumny, by perjury, by treachery of the lowest kind he has acquired his “useful” possessions and by the same means he

will strive to hold them until the day comes when the pirate is punished.

How the War Affected the Church

It is too soon yet to speak with any certainty of the ultimate results which the war will have for the Church; we can only look at the facts as they are at present and make a sort of profit and loss estimate of the good and evil as they appear externally. The whole world lost, and the Church was not exempt from the sorrows and the sufferings of the last four years; but while we are in doubt that the whole world gained much or little we can have no manner of doubt that the Church's gain was very considerable. In the first place let us cast up roughly the losses. The Church has lost more than half of the five million men killed on the western fronts, for of the western nations engaged more than half were Catholic. In fact with the exception of Prussia and England the rest were all Catholic until America, with, however, a large percentage of Catholic soldiers in her armies, came in. In addition, millions were also lost through hardships and privations and other causes incidental to the war. Serious too was the loss of so many priests. France compelled priests to carry arms and thousands were killed in active service. In addition, among the stretcher-bearers and Red Cross workers in the armies of the Powers that had more religion than the French Masonic Government there were large numbers of priests killed in the discharge of their duties. Not a few sacrificed their lives while acting as Military Chaplains. The loss of so many priests has been a severe blow to the Church, and in particular the foreign missions will suffer from the scarcity of the French clergy, for from that devoted body came in the past the vast majority of those who were inspired to go forth to preach the Gospel in distant lands. Before the war, it is estimated that about ten thousand priests and four thousand Brothers were withdrawn from the foreign missions by the French Government and compelled to serve at home or in the East. The war found more than eight hundred German priests engaged in foreign missionary work. Most of those were interned or otherwise put out of action—often, as we know now, with a considerable amount of what British people with such sweet simplicity call Prussianism when it is done by others. A bishop of the East has declared that it will be fifty years before the Catholic missions recover from the loss sustained. Another loss came about through the cutting down of funds devoted to the maintenance of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, an international society of French origin. For the last four years the contributions of France, Germany, Hungary, Austria, and Belgium have almost dwindled to nothing. These losses have already been felt in all their severity. In a little while the Church will begin to feel the results of the serious interruption of the ecclesiastical training of thousands of young men so badly needed every year to replace those who have fallen or grown old in the labor of the vineyard. In many parts of Europe ecclesiastical seminaries were deserted and silent during the past four years. Other dangers are the attempts of the French Masons to compel the defenceless war orphans to attend atheistical schools, and the hate of Christians for each other so sedulously fostered—even by those whose office and calling ought to have taught them other things—during the war. The lies about Hunnish atrocities, the forged fable-grams, the denunciation of the German people, as if they were any more responsible for the crimes of their rulers than we are for the murder of Sheehy-Skeffington, will all help to make Christian charity colder and religion weaker for years to come. Loss of faith, spread of immorality, disregard for law and authority are other evils from which the Church must suffer indirectly although her own children are the least affected in these ways. Against these losses there are certainly great gains to be considered. To many the sorrow and suffering of the war have brought God nearer. To many of the soldiers especially religion has a new meaning and

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the Sacraments a new value. In France the revival of religion has been extraordinary, and, following the noble example of their Generalissimo, the men were proud to be seen kneeling at their prayers as in the far-away days of their childhood. The heroism of the French priests helped greatly to bring about this change; and no doubt the influence of our own chaplains was also felt for good. The revival in the trenches reacted on the homes and in one way or another many people in different countries began to find in prayer and union with God a consolation and a strength long unknown to them. Not the least of the good results has been the dissipation of old prejudices and the breaking down of the barriers of bigotry—so carefully maintained in the past by venal politicians! It is too soon yet to weigh the gain against the loss. At present we feel the loss most, but who will deny the increasing purpose towards final good in the future years?

ANZAC DAY IN WELLINGTON

SOLEMN OBSERVANCE AT THE BASILICA.

On last Friday (Anzac Day) a Solemn Requiem Mass, commencing at 9 a.m., was celebrated at the Sacred Heart Basilica, Hill Street Wellington, for the repose of the souls of those who made the supreme sacrifice on Gallipoli, and during the late war, generally. The building was densely thronged, several hundreds being unable to obtain admission. The procession was formed at the archbishop's residence, headed by the cross bearer and acolytes. These were followed by the clergy of the city. Then came Archbishop O'Shea, followed by Archbishop Redwood. Catholic returned soldiers assembled at Bunny Street, whence they marched to the Basilica. The Solemn Requiem Mass commenced immediately on the arrival of the procession. The Very Rev. Father T. Gilbert, S.M. (Rector of St. Patrick's College), was celebrant at the Mass, assisted by Father Ainsworth, S.M., as deacon, and Father Hoare, S.M., as subdeacon. Father Hurley, S.M., Adm., being master of ceremonies. The assistant priests at the throne were the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M., and the Very Rev. Dean Holley, S.M. (Provincial). The solemn music of the Mass was very capably sung by a trained choir of students from St. Patrick's College. Father Kimbell, S.M., acted as conductor, and Father Schaeffer, S.M., presided at the organ. After the Gospel, his Grace Archbishop Redwood delivered the following discourse:—

We are met to-day, within the sacred walls of this temple dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to commemorate and praise the immortal deeds of the heroic members of the Anzac regiments, and to pray

for the souls of those of that noble band of heroes who made the great sacrifice and gave their lives for their King and country. Heroism such as theirs has seldom been seen in the world, and perhaps never surpassed. They have written in indelible letters of gold one of the brightest and most glorious pages in the history of the British Empire. Their deeds and fame are beyond all praise in every land on the face of the earth. Accordingly, to extol their achievements again to-day appears to be superfluous and like painting the lily or gilding refined gold. So I will address myself to other thoughts more immediately actual and absorbing. The thought uppermost in the minds of men to-day is peace. The entire world in this approaching hour of peace is thinking of a restoration again to normal conditions. It is praying for a warless world. Peace has been purchased at the price of the most terrible war of all history. The Anzacs did their part in it fearlessly and generously. They left this country and crossed the briny oceans to shed their noble blood that peace might be the inestimable result. For the only aim of every just war is to gain peace. They did their duty in war time heroically, and we followed and attended their career with our good wishes, assistance, and fervent prayers.

But there is another duty we have to fulfil to our country in relation to peace in this hour. What is it? It is that of earnest, fervent, persevering prayer that Almighty God may illumine the minds and strengthen the judgment of those who sit in the council of the nations. The Holy Father, the vicar of the Prince of Peace, appeals to the whole world for such concerted prayers. Let us pray, too, that peace may be such that an infinitely wise Providence and a universal paternal God will approve. If you ask why the Catholic portion of the Anzacs have been so faithful to their war duties, the full explanation is in their religion. Religion commands of all, and especially of Catholic men, to be true, loyal citizens, to give their sons if necessary to their country, and this by reason of the natural virtues that actuate any man—since patriotism is a noble branch of charity—but it demands more than that. It demands that they do this from supernatural motives. And so it has been in the great war. From various sources in the East and West, in Europe and elsewhere, we learn that the Catholic soldiers of the Anzac expedition have been an edification to their surroundings by reason of their open, fearless, practical religion. Ah! yes, religion makes men noble in war time duties. But it also fits them for the duties of peace. Religion is naturally something ennobling, elevating. The reason is simply because God, in creating us, has put a spiritual element into our being, and has raised us to a supernatural condition; and, consequently, by virtue of our nature, there is a demand for religion, a demand for some-

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thing spiritual, a demand for God. "God has made us for Himself," says St. Augustine, "and our heart is ever restless till it rests in Him." And it is only religion that is elevating, and the nations of the world realise the elevating influence of religion: they recognise its inestimable value to society, even in the mere natural order; and may the Peace Council of the nations take into account the extraordinary asset in every country of the value of religion! Never let the idea take possession of you that religion is an impediment, an obstacle. There is no honest success in life that religion will prevent you from attaining. But religion, on the contrary, will carry you along, make you the highest and noblest type of man. You all instinctively admire the honest, truthful, upright man, the clean man of mind and heart and lips. These are merely the fruits of religion—the virtues. Religion was no hindrance to the final achievement of Marshal Foch. The secret of his success rests on his faith in God and his consolation as a good Catholic. "Faith in life eternal, in a God of goodness and compassion," he has said, "has sustained me in the most trying hours. Prayer has enlightened my way." This is what we are told about him, on unimpeachable authority. On the eve of July 18, 1918, he called together his generals and commanders of divisions for the last time, and told them of his plans for the morrow and assigned to each of them his part in carrying them out, and in conclusion said: "Now, gentlemen, I have done all I can. I must leave the rest to you, and now I beg to be left undisturbed, if possible, for the next hour or so," and he withdrew. A short time afterwards there came an urgent message from the front addressed to the Commander-in-Chief. Marshal Foch was nowhere to be found. But the chaplain was in the secret, and he led the messenger to a lonely little chapel where, alone and unattended, the Marshal of France was on his knees in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. That prayer of that fine soldier and fine Catholic was answered by the splendid triumph of the following days. On another occasion Foch said: "I know something about preparation for war, about formation and concentration, and I can follow up an advantage; but victory does not depend on me." Then, drawing from his tunic a small crucifix hanging from a twist of twine, he continued: "There, nailed to the Cross is the Giver of Victory. Our triumph must come if we trust in Him." After the victory of the Marne, when the bishop congratulated him: "My lord," he replied, "thank not me, but Him who made use of me." There you have irrefragable evidence of the grand character formed by religion.

Take a survey of the whole world and ask candidly what is the greatest evil to-day? What must be your answer? Is it not—considering the majority of the world—is it not that irreligious spirit by which the great majority scoff at religion, ridicule it, minimise it, pity it, not to speak of the neglect of it? Yes, undoubtedly, that is the greatest evil existing in the world to-day. Do the world nations now assembled in the Peace Council realise the value of religion? While they are talking of liberty, let us pray to God that they may recognise the liberty necessary for religion, the liberty necessary that man and nations may rise to those ennobling heights which they can attain only by the development of the spiritual sense that they have!

My dear Catholic Anzac men, we are proud of you, proud of you because you are zealous to give expression to that religious sense. You recognise the spiritual element of your nature: you recognise that religion is established between you and your Creator. You recognise that your Creator is a personal God: and you recognise, in virtue of that relationship, that you have duties, and the performance of these duties is nothing else than religion. You are faithful to your religion. Continue in that fidelity and never let any influence come into your lives to make you minimise the importance of religion for yourselves. But be not satisfied with being a unit in the spiritual life of the community. There is not a person here that has not a missionary power and a missionary influence. There

is not one here that cannot help to strengthen the religion of some man, woman, or child with whom he comes in contact. Undertake that necessary work. I do not say in an offensive way. No, show your common sense in it, with a truly Christian and sensible spirit, exercise in every walk of life, in every position, some religious influence. By your prayers first and then by your example in word and deed. Then the Church and your fellow-citizens will have reason to be always proud of you. And when I tell you that the Church is proud of you, I am telling you in other words that the Church is your friend. The Church is your friend under all conditions.

Who was it that raised his voice, but a few years ago, in favor of the laboring man, who must earn his living by labor? Who was it that raised his voice which resounded to the ends of the earth, and said to employers, "You have in many cases put the laboring men into positions little better than slavery?" Who was it that said to Capital, "You are guilty of a crime that is crying to Heaven for vengeance?" Who was it that said beware of the labor-agitator, the men who were provoking class hatred? Who was it that said that class hatred must stop? One might have thought it was some great Socialist. It was no other than the great Pope Leo XIII. So I tell you to-day that the Church is your friend, your friend always, the friend, under all conditions, always sympathetic. That does not mean, of course, that the Church will always tell you you are right. No, that would not be true friendship. But she will always be sympathetic. Her mission, which is that of the Apostles, is to love every soul, is to preach the gospel of love, to destroy class hatred. That mission accordingly must needs lead her heart out to the men who earn their livelihood by labor. She will lovingly tell you when you are right, and she will fearlessly and authoritatively tell you when you are wrong and, under all circumstances, she will be alike your sure guide and your trusted friend.

As Catholics, what is the belief that sustained you in your heroism on the battlefield, in the trenches, and everywhere? It was this: you believe that the Son of God became man, man as we are men, but without sin, and He did so for our salvation.

Many divisions of so-called Christianity have practically set this teaching aside, and adopted what they call "freedom"—freedom to accept Christ as God or as man, mere man. But you think and say with the Church that Christ is the God-man, the Incarnate God. Again, you believe that He has come to us in His Divinity, truly, really, and substantially in the Bread of Life, here in the tabernacle of our altars. You have often come to receive that Bread of Life, your Sacramental God. My dear men, be ever faithful to that duty above all things else—it is the test of your belief and the profession of your belief in the Divinity of Christ, the basic truth of the whole Christian system. Many, alas! have denied this doctrine and accordingly have emptied their churches. What would this temple of God be if Christ of the Tabernacle were not here in His Sacramental presence? It would be cold and empty. Its architecture, its preachers might attract you for a time, but it would soon cease to seriously influence you.

You further believe in three principal and all important authorities—the authority of the home, the authority of the State, and the authority of the Church. Mankind—the human family—is divided into these three groups of perfect societies. Each is perfect in its own order. The State and the Church depend upon the family. But the family is a society in its own order, a perfect society. The authority of that society is the authority of God. The home is a divine institution and that institution must be respected. If any voice in the world speaks up for the defence of the home it is the Catholic Church. In this New Zealand which you love so well, and for which your comrades heroically shed their blood and gave their lives at the canon's mouth, are we not confronted with a gigantic evil, an evil which has disrupted many a home already, and threatens to disrupt many more—I mean divorce,

divorce in our divorce courts? The mandate of God is: "What God has joined let no man put asunder." The Catholic Church stands unalterably for the sacred institution of the home, for the support of the authority of the home.

If any of you are fathers of families, recognise that you are agents in God's hands in this divine institution, and that you have by that very fact a great responsibility. The authority you exercise is through God: you must not abuse that authority; you must exercise it in the interests of your children.* Many do misuse that authority. They do not make their children love them. They are not companionable with their children in their young years, and later when they have grown into years and old age, their children never approach them in a filial way. Unfortunately, so many fathers are kind, true providers in the house, but not lovable to wife and children. I do not mean by this that you must be weak in the exercise of your authority, but you must make wife and children love you, and you must make your sons and daughters respect the divine authority which you exercise.

I need not say much about your respect for the authority of the State. We believe and teach that the State is a divine institution and that its authority is given from above. The State, in its own order, is a perfect society, a perfect institution, and the authority it has in its own domain is from above. We Catholics respect that authority, and you Anzac heroes have stood as one man to prove your devotion and your love for your country and your country's authority.

Lastly, you recognise that there is a divine institution, the Catholic Church, which has received the divine commission to lead your souls to God. For that purpose she was founded. Christ said to His Church: "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth, as the Father sent Me I also send you." That is the commission of Christ "teaching"—mark these words, "teaching all things whatsoever I have commanded you." Not "teaching whatever you please." Teaching "what I have commanded." That is the commission of the Church. The exercise of the authority of the Church is the carrying out of that commission, to lead men's souls to God by the teaching of the doctrines of Christ, and by requiring men to practise their religion in conformity with these teachings. Love the Church and, recognising her divine commission, as you do, make others as far as you can realise it. You all, as I have said, have missionary powers. Oh, what a consolation we Catholics have when we realise what the authority of the Church means. That authority is obliged and circumscribed to teach only "what Christ has commanded," according to His own words. My dear men, come to love that authority more and more every day of your lives, and pray for the Church, pray that her authority may be further realised, so that there may be but one fold and one shepherd.

And now, in conclusion, I return to the second object of our meeting here to-day—namely, to pray for the souls of those soldiers in the war who have gone to meet their God and to receive, we hope, the happy sentence of eternal reward, though, to fully satisfy the justice of God, they have yet to pay the debt of temporal punishment in Purgatory, ere they are pure enough to see God in his unveiled splendor, and live in His blissful sight for ever. Assist, therefore, with great attention and deep devotion at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass here offered to-day for the living and the dead, and especially for the souls of the members of the Anzac corps, endeared to all of us by so many sacred ties of country, race, and kindred. Let us so shorten their exile from God and bring them more quickly to rest in His bosom for all eternity. Amen.

Christ is not valued at all unless He be valued above all.—St. Augustine.

BOOK NOTICES

The Ceremonies of the Roman Rite Described. By Adrian Fortescue. Burns and Oates publishers. From the Catholic Supply Co., Wellington, 18/6 net.

There is hardly a more engrossing subject in Catholic literature than the study of the beautiful ceremonies of the Church. Many converts have found their true peace of mind through being first attracted by the ritual of the Catholic Church. In all ages devout writers have emphasised the importance of the study and inculcated the necessity of having the ceremonies conducted in a manner in keeping with the sublime mysteries of which they are the outward expression and ornament. Many lay writers have treated explicitly or incidentally of the Roman ceremonies and done not a little to make their solemn beauty known outside the Church. As a rule, however, the best books on the subject are written in Latin or in Italian, and are not available for the general reader. Not only to the laity but also to many of the clergy a work in English on the Roman Rite is a real boon. The clergy by virtue of their sacred office are bound to have at hand a reliable and clear work of reference on all questions connected with the Rite of the Church. Most of us have had in our libraries older works which we have felt could be much improved. The original Latin or Italian is not as clear to us all as English, and the translations are not always up to the mark. Therefore a new work by a well-known writer of undoubted scholarship is certainly all the more welcome when it comes in the vernacular. Father Fortescue's name is a guarantee that the book will fill a want in many a presbytery, and Cardinal Bourne's letter of introduction assures us that we have now a Manual of Ceremonies of undoubted accurateness and clearness which will fully satisfy the requirements of clergy and laity: "For a long time past the clergy in England have been without a Manual of Ceremonies in their own tongue possessing any claim to accuracy and completeness. . . . This pressing want has now been fully supplied by the learned compiler of *Ceremonies of the Roman Rite Described*, and by the publishers who present his work in such a satisfactory form. . . . With great confidence we recommend it to the study and use of all." After the Cardinal's words it is hardly necessary for us to add our recommendation. The book should be welcome to the educated Catholic laity. That every priest will get a copy of it we take for granted.

The One Big Union: Will It Emancipate the Worker? By P. S. Cleary, president of the Catholic Federation. Angus and Robertson, Sydney (1/-).

Mr. Cleary has given us a thoughtful and helpful study of the most actual aspects of the Labor question. His brochure is a useful contribution to social study and deserves to be widely circulated. When, after pointing out the fallacies of Syndicalism he urges that the real remedy lies in proper education he hits the mark. We are moving in a maze as long as we have a purely materialistic system of education to teach the people that money-making is the end of life, and it is true to say that the Governments in their short-sightedness are constantly laying the foundations of social unrest through the State schools which have boycotted God.

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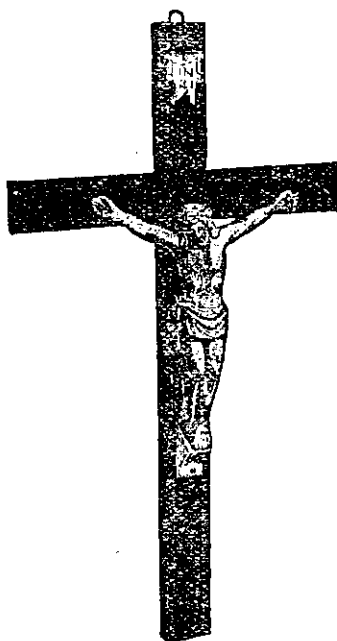
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ROLL OF HONOR

TROOPER NICHOLAS KAVENEY.

Trooper Nicholas Kaveney, who died of pneumonia in France, Dec. 9, 1918, was the seventh son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Kaveney, Bourke Street, North Invercargill, where he was born 23 years ago. Trooper Kaveney, who left with the 8th Reinforcements, was



one of four brothers on active service—Dominick going with the Seventh, Nicholas and Mick with the eighth, and Pat with the Ninth. Trooper Nicholas Kaveney was educated at the Marist Brothers' School, Invercargill, and was engaged in the bakery business up to the time of enlisting.—R.I.P.

LANCE-CORPORAL THOMAS O'CONNELL.

Mr. Thos. O'Connell has received the sad news that his youngest son, Thomas, died on the Maheno and was buried at sea when on the voyage back to New Zealand. The deceased was 37 years of age, was born in Christchurch, and educated at the Marist Brothers' School. He left New Zealand with the 27th Reinforcements, and after active service in France was stricken with internal complications that necessitated a severe



operation. Very little hope for his ultimate recovery was held out at any time, but it was thought that he would be able to linger through a voyage that would enable him to see his native land and die amongst his own people. This, however, was denied him, as he passed away when the vessel was within a few days' sail of her destination. For many years Thomas O'Connell was a leading altar boy in the Cathedral. He was one of the most active members of the Catholic Club and Tennis Club, was attached to the M.B.O.B. Association, and was a member of St. Patrick's branch of the Hibernian Society. He was also a valued member of the Cathedral Choir. Of a most estimable character, he was exceedingly popular, and widespread regret is felt at his early demise. Sincere sympathy is

extended to his bereaved parents, sisters, and brothers, among the latter being Very Rev. J. A. O'Connell, S.M., rector of Wanganui. Solemn Requiem Mass was offered on Tuesday morning last in the Cathedral, Christchurch, for the repose of his soul. The Very Rev. J. A. O'Connell, S.M. (brother of the deceased) was celebrant, and all the members of the family were present. A very sympathetic letter has been received by the family from Father Bleakley, chaplain on the Maheno, and numerous messages of condolence from all quarters.—R.I.P.

PRIVATE B. L. PETHERICK.

Private B. L. Petherick, reported died of influenza on March 21, at Cologne, was the second son of the late Margaret Petherick (nee Pavletich). He enlisted at 19 years of age, being then employed at Sneddon's store, Mornington, where he was well and favorably known as "Micky." During a short service in the firing line he was awarded the Military Medal. He



was educated at the Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin, as was also his elder brother (Sergt. Len Petherick), who after 3½ years' active service has resumed his old position in the bookbinding department of the *Evening Star*.—R.I.P.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

April 26.

Father McCarthy, S.M., of the Marist Missionary Fathers, preached at St. Anne's Church, Wellington South, on Good Friday evening.

A mission for the parishioners of St. Joseph's is being conducted by Fathers Ainsworth and McCarthy, Marist Missioners.

Father Smyth, S.M., Adm., of the Thorndon parish, and an energetic committee, are busily occupied with a sale of work and tug of war tournament, which is being held at the Sydney Street Schoolroom, in order to raise funds to liquidate parish liabilities.

A jumble sale was conducted this afternoon by ladies interested in the welfare of the Catholic Girls' Hostel, and proved most successful.

The plans for the additions to the present Catholic Girls' Hostel to provide much-needed accommodation are now ready. The additions will enable the management to cater for a much larger number, and do away with much of the disappointment now experienced by numerous applicants who are anxious to secure a good Catholic home, and who are very reluctantly refused accommodation owing to the cramped conditions at present prevailing. Funds are urgently needed for this great work, and any donation, be it small or large, will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the treasurer, Mr. J. J. L. Burke.

The Rev. Brother Basil is in town soliciting donations for the erection of the Marist Brothers' Training

College and Novitiate which it is proposed to establish in New Zealand. Suitable land has been acquired in the Taranaki District (Inglewood). Owing to the New Zealand Brothers of the Order being given House Rule instead of being ruled by Australia, the Brothers required to satisfy New Zealand needs must be supplied from the Dominion, and this cannot be done unless the Training College and Novitiate is established. The New Zealand schools are at present seriously understaffed, and Catholics, if they desire their boys to be taught in the future by Marist Brothers must make some sacrifice to assist them to supply, and train young men gifted with the vocation, for the great and noble work of Catholic education.

Mr. E. P. Bunny, solicitor, of Wellington, has gone to Auckland to meet his son, Gunner Athol Bunny, who returned by the hospital ship Maheno, and was reported dangerously ill, suffering from nephritis. Latest reports are of a somewhat encouraging nature. Gunner Bunny, who left with the 26th Reinforcements, N.Z.F.A., is an ex-student of St. Patrick's College, and is about 22 years of age.

Constable Patrick Minogue, who died at Palmerston North last week, joined the force on January 24, 1879, when he was a member of the Armed Constabulary, and had thus been in the service for 40 years at the time of his death, being due to retire on superannuation next June. The deceased officer was both popular and highly respected in the force and among all those who knew him. At the time of the epidemic, he was stricken by the influenza, and he had never quite recovered from the effects of his illness. He leaves a widow, five sons, and two daughters. The sons are: The Rev. P. J. Minogue, late of the New Zealand Forces, at present stationed at Taihape; Mr. William J. Minogue, of the New Zealand Railways, Wellington; Mr. Joe Minogue, of the Postal Department, Wellington; Mr. Dan Minogue, of the College Street teaching staff; Sister Mary Paul, of St. Joseph's Orphanage, Upper Hutt, is one of the daughters. R.I.P.

Easter Sunday was celebrated with great solemnity at St. Gerard's Church. The early Masses were all well attended, and large numbers approached the Holy Table. Solemn High Mass was celebrated at 10 a.m. by the Very Rev. Rector, Father Whelan, C.S.S.R., assisted by Father Mangan (deacon) and Father Langley (sub-deacon). The choir, under the direction of Mr. Frank Oakes, sang Van Bree's Mass No. 2, Tozer's "Proper," and Hammerell's "Terra Tremuit" at the Offertory. The singing was very devotional. After Mass the members of the choir were entertained at the Monastery by the Rector, who, in a happy speech congratulated them on their very fine efforts. He said that the community of St. Gerard's owed much to them, and he expressed his thanks for their attendances during the Holy Week services. The Tenebrae music as interpreted by the choir, including the Responses, the Benedictus, and Miserere each evening, and the Masses on Holy Thursday and Holy Saturday were assisted at by the choir in a most acceptable manner. He appreciated their work given so unselfishly in the praise of God. After the Rosary in the evening, the choir sang the "Regina Celi" (Witakar), "Panis Angelicus" (Palestrina), "Terra Tremuit," "O Salutaris" (Holloway), and "Adoremus" (Allegri). Father Mangan, C.S.S.R., preached.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

April 24.

Father Bleakley, who has been attached as chaplain to the hospital ship Maheno, during her last two voyages, has returned to Auckland, and will shortly resume his ordinary duties.

The third annual conference of the Auckland Catholic Teachers' Institute, which commenced its sessions on Tuesday last at St. Mary's Convent, was attended by nearly 150 teachers, some of whom came

from as far south as Canterbury. Father Bradley, diocesan examiner in religious doctrine, read a paper on "Modern Methods of Teaching Religion." An interesting discussion followed, the unanimous opinion being that the rev. lecturer had treated his subject in a masterly manner. The afternoon was devoted to sectional meetings, at which the subjects, of religion, writing, arithmetic, and English were dealt with. On Wednesday morning the conference assembled at the Sacred Heart Convent, Remuera, when a paper on "Psychology and the Child" was read by a Sister of the Missions. In the interesting discussion that followed, the speakers warmly praised the simplicity of the language used, and the excellent examples given. The second sectional meeting was held at St. Benedict's School in the afternoon, nature study, geography, health, and drawing being the subjects of discussion. The conference concluded its sessions at St. Mary's Convent this afternoon.

The Lourdes Bazaar was opened in the Town Hall Concert Chamber by the Very Rev. Dean Cahill on Saturday afternoon last. In prefacing his remarks, the Dean apologised for the absence of his Lordship Bishop Cleary, who at the last moment was prevented, through indisposition, from being present to perform the opening ceremony. The speaker referred to the excellent cause for which the bazaar was being held, and complimented the organisers on their efforts. One of the chief attractions of the bazaar is the showing each evening of a series of tableaux, depicting scenes that have occurred in connection with the miracles of Lourdes. The grouping of the figures, and the arrangement of the tableaux were excellently managed, the scenes being really beautiful. Trained choirs of school children rendered music appropriate to the sacred nature of the tableaux. The various stalls, with an excellent assortment of fancy work and art novelties, have been doing good business during the week. The stalls are in charges of the following ladies:—Mesdames Kiely, White, Foley, Baukham, Monahan, and Misses Stewart and Mulvihill.

The M.B.O.B. have a team entered this year for the competitions held under the auspices of the Auckland Rugby League.

The rather dull weather which prevailed on Easter Monday did not in any way deter the members of St. Patrick's Sodality of the Children of Mary and of the Guard of Honor Society, from participating in their annual combined picnic. A most enjoyable day was spent at the orphanage at Takapuna. Fathers Golden, Buckley, Colgan, and O'Byrne were among those present. The programme of events, and refreshment arrangements, were carried through without a hitch, and much credit is due to those responsible for the success of the outing. The members were afforded many opportunities in the way of races, etc., to assert their athletic qualities, and a very pleasant day was terminated by Father O'Byrne presenting prizes to the winners, after which he expressed the thanks and appreciation of all to the good Sisters of Mercy at the orphanage for their hospitality and kind assistance in making the day such a successful one.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

April 28.

The plans for the new girls' schools in connection with the Cathedral parish, having being approved of, tenders are now being called for the erection of the buildings. With a view to raising funds towards the cost it was thought that some function should be organised in the immediate future, and a special meeting was held at the Bishop's House on Sunday last to consider the proposal. Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., presided. It was decided to promote a fortnight's bazaar in the Coliseum, commencing with Grand National Week, and a general committee was appointed, with Mr. T. Cahill as secretary, to report on next Sunday.

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Father J. C. Murphy has been appointed chaplain to the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association and the men's division of the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, and Father Long takes charge of the women's division of the latter organisation.

The fortnightly meeting of St. Patrick's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society was held in the Hibernian Hall, on April 17. Bro. J. M. Coffey, B.P., presided, a full roll of officers being present and a fair attendance of members. A satisfactory report concerning the sick and distressed members of the branch was received from S.V. Bro. McCormick, P.P., and sick allowance amounting to £6 10s was passed for payment. Four members were initiated and five nominations for membership were received. £50 8s 9d was passed in payment of accounts, this amount including district dues to supplementary sick fund (£11 19s 5d), funeral fund (£17 8s), management fund (£7 8s 2d). The balance sheet for the quarter ended March 24 was submitted to the branch and unanimously adopted as most satisfactory. The auditors' report, received from Bros. M. Garty and E. J. P. Wall, contained a resume of the state of the various funds, accompanied by favorable remarks on each, and eulogised the work of the secretary (Bro. Grimes).

Captain P. A. Ardagh, D.S.O., M.C., N.Z.M.C., a well-known Christchurch doctor, is returning to New Zealand by the Arawa due to arrive on May 12. Besides the decoration mentioned, Dr. Ardagh was strongly recommended for the V.C. He has seen three years' strenuous active service, practically continuously in the front trenches, and mostly as regimental medical officer to the 1st Auckland. He was *three* times reported wounded, besides incurring other slight injuries. Dr. Ardagh was in Germany with the army of occupation. He will be resuming practice in Christchurch about the middle of May. Accompanying him are Mrs. Ardagh, who has been nursing in England, and his brother, Lieut. Jno. J. Ardagh.

At the invitation of the Very Rev. Dean Hyland members of the Christchurch Celtic Club visited Rangiora on Easter Monday evening and produced the amusing Irish comedy "Uncle Pat," the characters being taken by Misses D. Smyth, S. Greenlees, and G. Baker, Messrs. P. J. Smyth, J. Curry, E. Fitzgerald, and T. O'Rourke. The Institute Hall was filled with an audience that fully appreciated the many humorous situations developed in the course of the play. A concert programme of unusual excellence preceded the play, the following contributing:—Misses R. Rings, D. Taylor, E. Taylor, Messrs. H. Edwards, B. Rennell, W. Brittenden, and P. J. Smyth. Miss Agnes Lawlor, L.A.B., played the overture and the accompaniments, Mrs. Baxter supplying the music for the national dances, given by Miss Nora Baxter and Miss Blumenberg.

A very dainty supper was provided by the Rangiora ladies. Dean Hyland, who presided, thanked the Celtic Club for the evening's entertainment. Mr. Jarman and Mr. Smyth in replying thanked the Dean, Father O'Boyle (his energetic and popular assistant priest), and the ladies for making the visit to Rangiora so thoroughly enjoyable.

Akaroa

At St. Patrick's Church, Akaroa, the Holy Week ceremonies were carried out this year for the first time, it is believed, in the history of the parish (writes an esteemed correspondent). On Holy Thursday Mass was celebrated at 6.30 a.m., the Sacred Host being carried to the Altar of Repose, while the nuns chanted the "Pange Lingua." The Altar of Repose was beautifully decorated by the Sisters of Mercy, who, with the children and others, took turns at watching before the Blessed Sacrament during the day.

On Good Friday the Mass of the Presanctified, with the reading of the Passion, Adoration of the Cross, and other ceremonies, commenced at 9 a.m., a good congregation following the impressive liturgical

rite with devotion. The "Vexilla Regis," and other musical portions of the rite were rendered under the direction of the Sisters.

The ceremonies incidental to Holy Saturday were observed in their entirety, and were followed by an attentive congregation. The music proper of the occasion was again rendered under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy. Good congregations, including several visitors, assisted at the 7.30 and 10 a.m. Masses on Easter Sunday. At the Rosary, instruction, and Benediction at 7 p.m., the seating was insufficient to accommodate all who attended.

Invercargill

(From our own correspondent.)

April 24.

The Hibernian Band intend holding a carnival in the Grand Theatre in July next. A representative and energetic committee has been formed, and all the preliminary arrangements are completed.

I regret to record the death of Mr. T. Mahoney, who died suddenly last week. Mr. Mahoney was an old parishioner of St. Mary's, and leaves a wife and grown-up family to mourn their loss. He had the consolation of receiving the last rites of Holy Church. —R.I.P.

Another death I have to record is that of Mr. Thomas M. McGrath, second son of Mrs. and the late Thomas McGrath, of Spey Street. The deceased had been in indifferent health for some years following on a serious motor accident in Christchurch. He was well known in Invercargill, and was for some considerable time secretary of the Hibernian Band. He had been absent from the south for a few years, and arrived home three days before his demise. He was always patient and cheerful, despite his troubles and sufferings, and his death on Good Friday, after having received all the last rites of Holy Church at the hands of Father Woods, was a most edifying one. The burial took place on Easter Sunday, the Very Rev. Dean Burke, V.P., officiating. —R.I.P.

ST. JOHN'S CONVENT, WANGANUI.

Miss Kathleen Carroll, a pupil of St. John's Convent High School of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Wanganui, has received advice by cable that she has passed her first section of the B.A. degree. Miss Carroll has been a pupil of the High School for over four years, during which time she has matriculated, passed her first and second terms, and first section. The public examinations were a record at the High School this year—not one pupil failed.

In connection with a garden fete and sale of work, recently held for the benefit of the Wanganui Convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, the following statement was published:—"It may not be generally known that the nuns have made a big venture in entering into a contract or agreement with the parish of Wanganui to buy over the whole property on St. John's Hill. The fact that the convent and grounds cost over £20,000 and the new chapel over £5000 will give some idea of the responsibility involved. The convent has no endowments—the former site in the Avenue is parish property, from which the nuns derive no benefit. All buildings, improvements, etc., must be carried out by the nuns themselves, and the new chapel, just about completed, has been erected at their own cost. To put it shortly, the nuns are responsible for all expenses connected with the convent on St. John's Hill. This does not, however, prevent their appealing for help, and there is no doubt their friends will come forward on this occasion."

God is a shower to the heart burned up with grief.
God is a sun to the face deluged with tears.—Abbe Roux.

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J. M. J.

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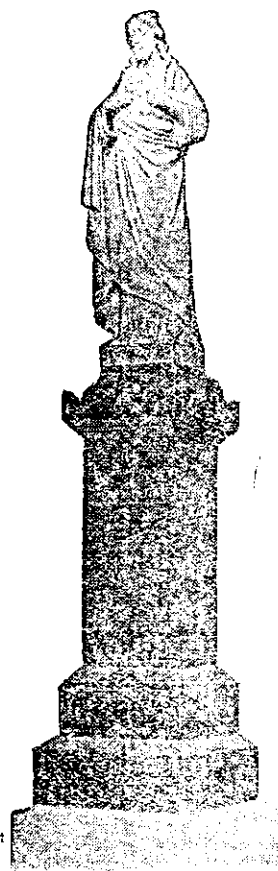
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MARRIAGE

McKILLOP—ALDERDICE.—On March 29, 1919, Captain John Charles McKillop, "Puketiritiri," Masterton, to Ethel, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Alderdice, "Greenhaven," Malone Park, Belfast, Ireland. By cable.

DEATHS

McGRATH.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Thomas Michael McGrath, second son of Catherine and the late Thomas McGrath, who died at 253 Spey Street, Invercargill, on Good Friday, April 18, 1919; aged 37 years.—R.I.P.

McGUIGAN.—On April 13, 1919, at her residence, 45 Prince Albert Road, St. Kilda, Margaret, beloved wife of Captain Owen Paul McGuigan, and second daughter of the late Thomas Heffernan, South Dunedin.—R.I.P.

RYAN.—On Sunday, April 13, 1919, at her residence, 92 Venus Street, Georgetown, Invercargill, Ann, relict of the late Patrick Ryan; aged 80 years.

O Immaculate Heart of Mary,
Your prayers for her extol;
O Sacred Heart of Jesus,
Have mercy on her soul.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE

PETHERICK.—On March 21, 1919, at Cologne, from influenza, while on active service, Private B. L. (Mick) Petherick, second son of the late Margaret Petherick (neé Pavletich); aged 20 years.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

DOYLE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Thomas Francis Doyle dearly beloved brother of Mrs. M. Tourell, Caversham, Dunedin, who died from wounds "Somewhere in France" on April 30, 1918.—On his soul sweet Jesus have mercy.—Inserted by his loving brothers and sisters.

FARRINGTON.—In loving memory of Lance-Corporal Martin John Farrington (Main Body), who was killed in action, "Somewhere in France," on April 26, 1918; aged 22 years.—R.I.P.

In a hero's grave he sleepeth,
Somewhere in France he fell;
How little we thought when we parted
It was the last farewell.

—Inserted by his loving parents, sisters, and brothers.

KEARNEY.—In loving memory of my dear brother, Martin Kearney, who was killed in action at the Dardanelles on April 29, 1915. Also my dear cousin Patrick Joseph Joyce, who died at Featherston Military Camp on May 5, 1917.

O Immaculate Heart of Mary your prayers for them extol,

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on their souls.
—Inserted by M. Kearney.

PERWICK.—In loving memory of Private Thomas P. Perwick, who died at No. 3 N.Z. Hospital, Codford, England, on May 4, 1918.—R.I.P.

On his soul sweet Jesus have mercy.

IN MEMORIAM

O'NEILL.—In loving and affectionate remembrance of our dear Arthur, who died at Wyndham on April 20, 1917. Also of Patrick, who died on February 24, 1913.—May the Lord have mercy on their souls.

There is one link death cannot sever,
Sweet remembrance lasts for ever.

—Inserted by their loving father, mother, brothers, and sisters.

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—The Peace Congress,—p. 25. Notes—George Wyndham's Essays; Shakespere's Poems; His Verbal Imagery,—pp. 26-27. Current Topics—Our Boys and Sinn Fein; The Easter Orange; Ireland; Ireland's Wealth; How the War Affected the Church,—pp. 14-15. Barn Graduates, by E.D., p. 13. Anzac Day in Wellington: Archbishop Redwood's Address p. 17. The Candle of Derision, p. 33.

WANTEDS

WANTED—GOOD CATHOLIC HOMES for Orphan Boys. Remuneration, 10/- per week. Apply for particulars to Rev. Mother, St. Vincent de Paul Orphanage, South Dunedin.

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BOOT TRADE.—FOR SALE CUTTING PRESS in thorough going order. Bargain.—CLARK, 37 Stuart Street, Dunedin.

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, MAY 1, 1919.

THE PEACE CONGRESS

ISI Dominus aedificaverit domum in vanum laboraverunt qui aedificant eam: of old it was written that unless the Lord build the house they that build it shall labor in vain. During the past four years the statesmen of the Allied nations have set themselves to erect a Temple of Peace on earth the like of which mortal eyes never yet saw since the beginning of history.

We who have read the newspapers have not forgotten with what pontifical authority, and with what assumed airs of infallibility the plans of the building and the schemes of the builders were laid before us for our admiration. The echoes of the sounding periods in which our leaders told of the great things they were going to achieve have not all died away. Chiv-

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alry, unselfishness, far-reaching and far-seeing benevolence for all men were the dominant notes of the war aims and the war cries which invited the flower of our manhood to go forth to fight in order to make the Millenium possible. The war is over. The day has come for the fulfilment of the high promises and the solemn pledges. The statesmen who promised and pledged their souls are seated together intent on the building of which they foretold so magniloquently. What are our hopes? What is the strength and the depth of our faith in them? Do we not shake our heads doubtfully, more than fearful as we remember how on another occasion far back in the dim twilight of the years other men set themselves to build in commemoration of their preservation from universal destruction and how because they left God out of their councils they built but Babel as a monument of their own confusion.

Grave men warned the world four years ago and more that the war was a scourge sent upon us for our sins. Preachers called on the people to do penance in sack-cloth and ashes; soldiers were no less earnest in pointing out the need of a general conversion of heart; the Pope from his lonely watch-tower by the Tiber reiterated the warning in vibrant messages; and men and women of good-will humbled themselves under the powerful Hand of God and accepted his chastisements unto greater purity and sweetness of soul. In this supernatural light Christian sorrow became a purification and a revelation, and separation from husband, lover, brother, or son served to draw the mourners closer to God. In prayer and tribulation a goodly company of the elect of the world awaited the time when, God's wrath appeased, the scourge should be removed, and if none others profited in the only way that matters the Christian faithful drew untold good out of the immeasurable evil of the World War. But they were a little band apart. The war was not their war: they had nothing to say to the making of it, and unless by their prayers nothing to do with the ending of it. Heedless of them the profiteers and the jugglers and the gamblers in human blood plotted and schemed and lied and blundered. For four years hate took the place of charity on earth—an organised, fostered hate into the production of which the Government put millions of money to be spent on the manufacture of lies and on the suppression of the truth. Scraps of paper were torn up. Secret treaties were framed, so shameful that the men who made them lied brazenly to hide them. Murders and crimes openly committed gave the lie frankly to the hypocritical professions of the political leaders. Politicians and their friends became wealthy through jobbery and waxed fat on the hunger of the poor. Immorality stalked abroad in the streets, adding a graver danger than death on the battle-field to the perils of our soldiers. Justice, honor, truth were violated by the Governments. Even men who traded with the enemy were—for a consideration—given places in our councils. Insincerity, chicanery, jobbery became the notes of public life and slowly and surely among the lower classes the determination grew to make an end of the hated Plutocracy to which we owe this war and other wars. The plutocrats still hold the reins. They sit round the table in Paris with fear in their hearts while far away upon the Russian frontier grows apace the threatening noise that foretells the coming of an angry and deluded people. And even with that warning thunder in the atmosphere they are still intent on profiteering. The farce is over now; there is little talk—except from the clear-eyed President of the United States who talks of honor and justice and truth to men who do not understand what the terms mean—of unselfish aims, of mutual sacrifice, of restoration of plunder, of atonement for past murders and robberies and rapines. Mr. Massey is given a pencil and a sheet of paper to amuse him and told to hide himself in some obscure office where he tries to catalogue German crimes which he might well compare with those of his Orange friends in Ireland.

Mr. Hughes arouses the languid interest of some French journalists who perhaps pity the little man's eager anxiety to find out what the speakers are saying in a language he knows not. The Japanese sit there silent and mysterious, like cool gamblers watching the sordid game. Italy, France, England too, squabble and fight for what they can grab out of the spoils; for the mask is off and the secret is out. There, then, be the builders of the Temple of Peace! God is forgotten. His Law is not before them. The Golden Calf is in their midst. One lonely voice alone is heard pleading for the old, old ideals of Truth, Justice, and Charity—a voice, indeed, crying in the wilderness. Is it wonderful that we are reminded forcibly of that solemn passage of the Psalms: *Nisi Dominus aedificaverit domum in vanum laboraverunt qui aedificant eam*? Is it wonderful that we are unable to hope against hope that the men who have forgotten God will build aught else but a new Tower of Babel?

NOTES

George Wyndham's Essays

We have no patience with those politicians or patriots who condemn straightway the man whose views are not as theirs. It particularly hurt us recently to read the words in which a sincere Sinn Fein writer ridiculed George Wyndham's no less sincere efforts to right the wrongs of Ireland. It is a great fault in any man not to be able to put himself in the place of his opponent, or at least not to try to see things as they appear to him. George Wyndham, with his education, his associations, his traditions could not well view Irish affairs from the standpoint of Sinn Fein, even if Sinn Fein were in his day the power it has since become. We believe George Wyndham's efforts were mistaken; but we cannot believe they were not sincere; and for sincerity surely there is always room for admiration. His Irish experiences broke his heart; not through Ireland's fault, but through the fault of the British politician who had not the courage to defend the man whose shoes he was not worthy to loose. Bal-four lives to this day, a spineless, dilettante, aimless creature, half-politician, half-sophist, thorough in nothing and ineffectual as the wind that sweeps over his beloved Golf Links; Wyndham whose career he helped to wreck is dead; but can there be any question as to which was the better man? With the blood of Lord Edward and Pamela in his veins, with a heart beating bravely and hotly for lost causes, George Wyndham threw himself into Irish politics, and as many another good man failed, he failed sadly, but the fact that he did fail in no wise lessens our admiration and respect for him. Failure in this world is often nobler than success. For this romantic figure, this knightly scion of the old Geraldines, we have a very tender reverence; and it was with much delight we recently came upon the volume of his essays which will perpetuate his memory and keep it green when his politics are long forgotten.

Shakespeare's Poems

In this goodly volume of essays there is fine reading on romantic literature—for the romantic always held him in literature as in life. We will pass over all the rest now to dwell a moment on his illuminating and enchanting study of the *Poems of Shakespeare*. People of liberal education are familiar as a matter of course with the *Plays* of the great English poet, but only the inner circle know the *Sonnets* and appreciate their wonderful loveliness. George Wyndham's essay will help to lead all who read it to investigate for themselves Shakespeare's claims to be accounted not only our greatest dramatist but also our greatest lyric and elegiac poet. "In most of his Sonnets," says George Wyndham, "Shakespeare's hand does not falter. The wonder of them lies in the art of his poetry, not in the accidents of his life; and, within that art, not

so much in his choice of poetic themes as in the wealth of his IMAGERY, which grows and shines and changes above all in the perfect execution of his VERBAL MELODY. That is the body of which his IMAGERY is the soul, and the two make one creation so beautiful that we are not concerned with anything but its beauty." In the pages in which our essayist studies these perfections he shows himself a true critic and an enlightened student of poetry. He does for Shakespeare what Stopford Brooke did for Tennyson; he gives us a key to unlock a treasure-house of rare loveliness and pure melody. The essay is certainly a valuable contribution to critical literature, and for penetrating, appreciative wisdom it ranks with the very best work of the kind we possess: it is doubtful if even Dowden or Arnold have done better. We feel that we will not weary our readers by quoting a few passages which he selects in illustration of his theme.

Shakespeare's Verbal Imagery

"Most of Shakespeare's images are painted—but the word is too gross to convey the clarity of his art—in so transparent an atmosphere as to seem still a part of nature showing her uses of perpetual change. In the *Sonnets* we watch the ceaseless *Passing of the Year*—

"Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd;
In process of the seasons have I seen
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned.

"Sap checked with frost and lusty leaves quite gone. . .

" . . . lofty trees . . . barren of leaves
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd. . .

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or few, or none, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

"Often in his themes he illustrates his effects with images from Inheritance, or Usury, or the Law. . .

"When to the *sessions* of sweet silent thought
I *summon* up remembrance of things past. . .

"He draws also upon Journeys, Husbandry, etc.

"O, no it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the *star* to every wandering bark. . .

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep *trenches* in thy beauty's *field*."

Verbal Melody and Eloquent Discourse

To illustrate Shakespeare's eloquence and melody we have the following:—

"Be wise as thou art cruel: do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet love to tell me so. . .
For if I should despair, I should go mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee. . .

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May
And summer's lease hath all too short a date. . .

"How like a winter hath my absence been,
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere."

"The cankered blooms have all as deep a die
As the perfumed tincture of the roses."

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The Christian Brothers' School will re-open on Monday next (May 5), after the Easter vacation.

It having been found necessary to alter the date originally fixed for the annual meeting of St. Joseph's Men's Club, this will now be held on Monday evening next, in St. Joseph's Hall.

The Christian Brothers' Association Football Club show every indication of having a successful season. Teams have been entered in the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Grades of the O.F.A. competitions. In the opening games last Saturday Christian Brothers' First Grade played a drawn game with Northern, who are reported to be one of the strongest teams in the competition. Both elevens provided an excellent display of Soccer. Laffey (2) and Toomey scored for the Christian Brothers, while Brundell, Bunn, and Berryman notched the goals for Northern. The Third Grade team, the only other "Greens" team playing last week, secured a win over Post and Telegraph by the narrow margin of one goal to nil. On Saturday next three of the Brothers' teams will play at the Oval. It would be pleasing to see their supporters as well as ex-pupils of the school turning out in large numbers to witness the games.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

O.W. (Nelson).—Effort meritorious, but verse too flat.
G.J.E. (Wellington).—Pleased to hear from you.
Hope you are much stronger.

J.G. (Petone).—Sorry no space at present.

T.E.D.—(1) The accent on the "e." (2) *Dolores* is Spanish. Accent on "o." "*Dolours*" might be the English.

B.J.D.—Many thanks. Will write soon.

F.M.B. (Lyall Bay).—Your notes much appreciated.
Hope to use later.

M.O.S. (Auckland).—Very grateful for your notes.
Please keep going. Will write later.

K.McG.—Yes, they have slipped the yellow pup once more. They kept him in the kennel while trying to cajole Catholics to vote with them. One of them was overheard in a train saying: "If we once have Prohibition we can smash the Romanists with one stroke of the pen." How oleaginous they have been for weeks past. Now you will hear them again. Poor old things!

WATOURU.—(1) Ireland cost England NOTHING. England has made out of Ireland during the war at least £50,000,000. (2) Yes, if business not impertinence dictates the visit. (3) At least £300,000,000.

M.A.L.—(1) American by birth. (2) Yes, privately. (3) Apply to O'Connor, Barbadoes Street, Christchurch. Price (about) 4/-.

S.M.B. (Grey).—Thanks for note. Sinn Fein Abu!

T.H. (Auckland).—Thanks for reference to New Ireland. Will certainly look it up.

"TIR-OWEN."—We have apparently not made ourselves clear to you. We publish no controversial letters except over the signature of the writer. Even if signature and address be enclosed as a proof of *bona fides* we cannot publish letters over a *nom de plume*. The late Bishop of Dunedin suggested that practice in all controversial questions and the present editor supported his views. It is unusual and hence your not unreasonable misconception. Sorry if we seemed discourteous, but it is annoying to get anonymous letters for publication week after week in spite of our protests.

WARNING!—Verses sent in ought to express something. They ought not to look as if a train had gone over them and lopped off feet—more or less—in various lines. If you are not sure you can write verse

don't try. It is self-denial perhaps, but it is also charity.

E.H. (Taranaki).—The *Tablet* has consistently opposed Prohibition—not only under the present editor but also under his two predecessors, from 1898 to the present date. The *Tablet* is certainly consistent. Now don't make comparisons. We might retaliate, and it is so easy!

Gisborne

(From our own correspondent.)

April 22.

Holy Thursday and Good Friday were observed with due solemnity at St. Mary's Church. On Good Friday evening an impressive sermon on the Passion was delivered by Father Lane. The Altar of Repose for Holy Thursday, and the High Altar on Easter Sunday were beautifully adorned by the Sisters of St. Joseph. Large numbers approached the Holy Table at the early Mass on Easter Sunday. There was "Missa Cantata" at 10 o'clock, Father Lane being celebrant. St. Mary's Choir, conducted by Mr. John Vita, gave a good rendering of Van Bree's Mass.

The Children of St. Mary's Schools were treated to their annual picnic on Easter Monday in the grounds of Mrs. Wheeler, Te Hapara, kindly lent for the occasion. Although the weather was somewhat cheerless an enjoyable time was spent. The school committee, and others, catered abundantly for the little ones.

The annual Irish national social was held on Easter Monday evening in the New Assembly rooms, and proved most successful. The function was held under the auspices of the newly formed tennis club, and as a result the funds of the club will be considerably augmented. Messrs. J. H. Reidy and J. Corbett were supervisors. The supper, and the arrangements generally, were excellent.

On the eve of his marriage, a presentation was made to Mr. A. Cassin, secretary to St. Mary's School committee. In making the presentation of a cheque for a substantial amount Father Lane referred in eulogistic terms to Mr. Cassin's devoted services in the interests of St. Mary's Church and schools. Mr. Cassin made suitable response.

April 27.

Anzac Day was commemorated in Gisborne by a military parade of returned soldiers and other units of the defence force. Requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Mary's Church by Father Lane for the repose of the souls of the soldiers who had made the supreme sacrifice during the war. The incidental music was sung by St. Mary's Choir under the direction of the organist (Miss O'Neill). At the conclusion of the impressive ceremony Handel's "Dead March" from "Saul" was played by Mr. J. Vita (violin), Mrs. D. J. Parker (cello), and Miss M. O'Neill (organ).

A mission, to be conducted by Fathers McCarthy and Ainsworth, Marist Missioners, is to open on May 21, in St. Mary's Church for the children of the parish. The mission for adults is to commence on the following Sunday, when probably a larger building will have to be utilised.

If when in your endeavor to achieve a high purpose you meet with misunderstanding and apparent defeat, let your solace be found in the memory of Him whose mission on earth culminated in Calvary.

AMBROSE DUNNE, St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, has all kinds of Prayer Books at reasonable prices: assorted Rosaries, including strong black Rosary with carved Pater Noster and inlaid nickel crucifixes, 1/6; artistic prayer book pictures of St. Roch, with prayer to avert contagious maladies (Imprimatur Most Rev. Dr. Mannix), 4d; latest picture Sacred Heart (Mdlle. Ferchaud), 3d; neat "Little Flower" silver medals, 4/6; Beeswax Candles, Incense, Sanctuary Oil. All Catholic requisites forwarded on request.

N.Z. CATHOLIC FEDERATION

WELLINGTON DIOCESAN COUNCIL.

The executive met on Wednesday, April 23. The president (Father Hurley, S.M., Adm.) presided, and there was a full attendance of members. Arrangements were made for the annual meeting of the Diocesan Council, which will be held at the Catholic Federation Chambers, Willis Street, on Thursday, July 10. The Federation Scholarships proposals were finally adopted and will be placed before the council at the annual meeting. Other matters of importance were considered, and the secretary was instructed to circularise parish committees accordingly. Committees are advised in time to have any remits for consideration ready by the date appointed for receiving them, which will be notified in the monthly Bulletin. Plans were submitted for the additions to the Catholic Women's Hostel, the estimated cost of which is in the vicinity of £2000; and the secretary was directed to make a special appeal to committees to assist the Hostel Board in meeting the liabilities.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

AN EXPRESSION OF THANKS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir.—As I shall be leaving New Zealand in a few days I would consider it a great favor if you could spare me space in your esteemed paper to express my thanks to the priests of this Dominion. Coming, as I did, six years ago, to a strange country, I have found the Fathers ever ready to assist me with their kind sympathy and advice.

I therefore would like to take this opportunity of extending to them my hearty thanks, and good wishes that they may long be able to continue their noble work.

May I also be permitted to add a word of praise and thanks to the *Tablet*, which, to one in the country, is a link that keeps one in touch with the true deeds and expressions of the Church.—I am, etc.,

C. P. BUTLER.

Late of Paparoa (North Auckland).

OBITUARY

MRS. O. P. McGUIGAN, DUNEDIN.

On April 13, fortified by all the rites of Holy Church, Margaret McGuigan, wife of Captain Owen Paul McGuigan, of Dunedin, passed peacefully away after a few days' illness. The deceased was a daughter of the late Thomas and Margaret Heffernan, of South Dunedin, and was a well-known member of the St. Joseph's Cathedral and St. Patrick's Basilica Choirs, Dunedin. Gifted with a kind and genial disposition, she was highly esteemed and respected by all who came in contact with her, and a large circle of relations and friends mourn her demise. She was attended in her last illness by Fathers Delany and Graham, and was constantly visited by the Sisters of Mercy. Father Graham officiated at the Requiem in St. Patrick's Basilica, and at the interment.—R.I.P.

A pupil of the New Plymouth Convent, Miss Ruby Smith, who was a candidate for the intermediate piano-forte examination, Trinity College, London, held last September, has been successful in gaining the exhibition prize awarded by the college for the highest marks secured in that grade throughout the Dominion.

A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

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SISTERS OF MERCY, GREYMOUTH.

The following pupils of the Sisters of Mercy, Greymouth, were successful at the Teachers' and Public Service examinations held recently:—Class C—James Southard (three subjects), Veronica M. Carmody (two subjects). Class D—James Southard, Veronica M. Carmody, Josephine Rooney, Elizabeth Armstrong, Annie E. Cornwall. Partial pass, Class D—Grace Tindale. Partial pass (four groups)—Minnie Tilburn. Partial pass (three groups)—Mary Clare Moore, Elizabeth McKnight. Pass (two groups)—Brigid Carew. Matriculation and Solicitors' General Knowledge—Mary Clare Moore. Public Service Entrance—Patrick Deere, Denis Moore, William MacDonald, Joseph Joyce, Maurice James, Phyllis Rathbun, Margaret Fisher, Phyllis Murtagh. Intermediate—Elizabeth Duggan. Junior National Scholarship—Robert Duggan. Seddon Medal—Vera Ryan.

Word has just been received from Trinity College of Music, London, that Miss Doreen Daly, a pupil of the Sisters of Mercy, Greymouth, has been awarded an exhibition for gaining the highest marks in New Zealand in the Senior Division, at the practical examination held last October. The value of the exhibition is nine guineas. Miss Daly gained 91 marks out of 100

in pianoforte playing. At the time of the examination, Miss Daly was twelve and a-half years of age.

Greymouth

(By telegraph from our own correspondent.)

The Dean Carew Memorial Bazaar was brought to a brilliant close on last Saturday night. Intense enthusiasm was evidenced as the results were announced, many of the old parishioners being deeply moved at the generous response of all classes of the community in the endeavor to perpetuate the memory of our late much beloved parish priest. The results of the takings at the leading stalls and Queen Election are as follows:—New Zealand Stall, £1270 (Miss Maureen Behan); Children of Mary Stall, £870; Empire Stall, £860 (Miss Kathleen Higgins); America, £370 (Miss Marjorie Egden). The total sum now in hand in connection with the memorial fund is £4600, and this is intended to be expended on the erection of a boys' school, on modern lines. The site of the proposed memorial school is that now occupied by the present school-building, this selection having been previously arrived at on the occasion of a meeting of the parishioners at which his Lordship the Bishop of the diocese presided. The work will be at once proceeded with.

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COMMONWEALTH NOTES

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Owing to the continued spread of the influenza the clergy of the archdiocese are taking pains to abide by the regulations laid down by the Government with a view to reducing to the lowest possible minimum the risk of infection. Large congregations are attending the Masses in the various churches, and the regulations regarding spacing, etc., are being carried into effect. At St. Mary's Cathedral on Sundays the Masses are being attended by the usual large and devout congregations.

Addressing a large gathering at the opening, recently, of a new Catholic school at Parramatta, his Grace the Archbishop of Sydney, who was applauded on rising to speak, said that it was a noble work they were engaged in. The new school was a primary school, and, therefore, it provided for the beginning of things—for the beginning of a happy life in this world, and in the next. At the present, affairs in this world seemed to be in watertight compartments, as it were, and there were those who said the Bishops should not be speaking on the Labor question, as it was quite another affair from religion.

"There are those who say we Catholic priests are working for ourselves," his Grace continued. "They say that at the cost of dividing the people of the various religious sections, we insist upon our own points of predilection. These are facts which you know. Of these things the daily press is witness. But I say, in the name of commonsense, it is all wrong. I should not interfere in any secular question in a secular way, or interfere with politics politically; but where there is a question of truth, or finding out the right way, where there is a question of good and evil, we must interfere. If not, the sooner the influenza or something else takes us away, the better for the world. Our Lord did it, and we shall continue His mission.

"Therefore, I say here in your new school, you have the beginning of a prosperous life for our boys. Your new school will be for the welfare of Parramatta and of New South Wales, and of Australia. Confining ourselves to the Labor platform, and recognising that it is a divided platform, I would say to them all: 'You will never get peace if you study economy only; if you look at it as merely a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. The more you gain the more your passion is fed; if you are defeated, then you are looking out for revenge. The more a man gains the more he desires, and whatever he gets fails to satisfy him. Without God there is no content, and those victimised by circumstances cannot be comforted, and cannot be upraised.'"

Continuing, his Grace referred to the mutilation of the report of his speeches by the daily papers. His Grace asked how it was that whenever his speeches were reported the context was destroyed by the omission of certain words. In fact, words which he did not use were inserted at times. Even with the Gospel, when sentences were disconnected it could be seen what would happen. For instance, in one part of the Gospel it was related that Judas went and hanged himself. In another part it is said, "Go thou and do likewise." "That is the way," said his Grace, "my speeches are reported. I do not blame the stenographers. No doubt it is the way the report comes from the editorial room."

VICTORIA.

Newman College, within the University of Melbourne, is being richly endowed with books for its library. It began with the fine mathematical, scientific, and historical collection of 7000 volumes bequeathed to it by the late W. L. Bowditch, M.A. It has acquired by purchase a splendid collection, rich in Australian literature, which formed the library of the late Rev. Dr. Bevan, a well-known Congregational minister of Melbourne. The late Father O'Reilly, of Castlemaine, was a fine Dante scholar, and had a good

collection of works on the poet, together with 2000 well-selected works on religious and scientific subjects. These have been given to Newman College. The late Dr. Kelly, of Fitzroy, had a splendid Irish collection, and the late Councillor John McMahon, also of Fitzroy, specialised on Australian literature. Both collections were given to Newman College. The books are being catalogued on an up-to-date system, and will easily form the best collection in Australia outside the national libraries of Melbourne and Sydney.

At a meeting of the Board of Health representatives of metropolitan and provincial centres held a short time ago, the Government was denounced in unmeasured terms for its incompetence in dealing with the outbreak of influenza. Councillor Curnow (ex-Mayor of Bendigo), speaking at the meeting of the Board of Health, characterised the Cabinet as a lot of asses and declared that it deserved all it got at the hands of Dr. Mannix in connection with the disgraceful and discreditable action over the Exhibition Hospital. The correspondence that passed between his Grace the Archbishop and the Minister of Health is being published in pamphlet form by the Australian Catholic Truth Society. It contributes a most damning indictment of the wretched wowsers Cabinet which will be ignominiously kicked out of office as soon as the electors and the ballot-box meet. The Very Rev. M. J. O'Reilly, C.M. (Rector of St. John's College, Sydney), made reference to the ugly incident at the opening of the new convent at Kyabram. He said that the wowsers, having no charitable organisations of their own, said in effect that the whole people could die to the last kiddie rather than be saved by the nursing of the Catholic Sisterhood. It seemed to him that the Victorian Government must get a declaration from the people who offered their services that they had never made the sign of the cross. He had been in Australia for a full quarter of a century and he believed the average Australian had no time for the wowsers or the bigot. There was room for a reform movement—a movement that would reform the Cabinet and reform it out of existence. Mr. Bowser, or wowsers, or whatever his name was—had rattled from the position, and in spite of his chief's protest he accepted the behest of the wowsers, but he had mistaken the temper of the people and backed the wrong horse. Wowsers, he added, was dying in this country, but it was dying a hard death. The devils of wowsers were being exorcised from the Australian community, but the wowsers was making great grimaces in his last gasps.

QUEENSLAND.

Missions were recently conducted in the Mackay district of the diocese of Rockhampton by Fathers Taylor and Herring, of the Society of Mary. Father Herring was at Mirani, where a very successful mission was conducted. About 100 persons received Holy Communion, which represents practically all the Catholic adults for a good many miles around. Father Herring later on gave a mission at Marian. Father Taylor went to Sarina and put in a full week at that important centre. As might be expected, there was a very good attendance, which, it was hoped, would be kept up at Eton during the following week.

WEST AUSTRALIA.

The bold, bad Irishmen of Perth, who walked in procession on St. Patrick's Day, in spite of the Sand-groper bumbles, have been "punished with the utmost rigor of the law" (says an exchange). The police magistrate settled the awful problem by deciding that the Perth Council had power to prohibit processions. He fined Walter Dwyer, formerly Labor member for Perth, who was selected by the council for prosecution, 10s and 29s 6d costs. No one has explained why they picked on Walter out of the 31,000 inhabitants of Perth. There were some very high dignitaries in the procession, but the Perth John Hops did not see them. Perhaps it was because he was once a Labor member and the Nationalists are now in office.

IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

A series of important meetings have been held in Ireland to invite Mr. Wilson to visit the country. The bishops have everywhere identified themselves with the invitation. The President, however, in response to the invitations says his engagements are so pressing that a visit to Ireland is impossible.

What is left of the Irish Party, will, according to the London correspondent of the *Yorkshire Post*, vote under Labor Party leadership, arranging by means of a consultative committee for Labor support of Home Rule, and a "toeing of the line" whenever there is the slightest chance of embarrassing the Government.

Sir Thomas W. Russell has ceased to be vice-president of the Irish Department of Agriculture. Speaking to his officials, he said the first intimation he received of his removal was through a paragraph in the newspapers. When on a former occasion a change of government necessitated his removal from office, he had a charming letter of regret from Mr. Arthur Balfour. Other times, other manners. Sir T. W. Russell is succeeded by Mr. Hugh T. Barrie, M.P. The London *Daily News* says: "No comment is necessary beyond the statement that Mr. Barrie is an Orangeman of the narrowest sect whose chief title to fame is that he ensured the sterility of the Irish Convention by his irreconcilable attitude as leader of the Northern Unionists. The department is the only one in which Nationalist Ireland takes much interest."

AN IRISH CENTRE PARTY.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

A dozen years ago, when people living in Ireland still believed that the Irish Party were prepared to act up to the professions they made regarding the powers to be entrusted to the proposed Irish Parliament, there arose a party in the country which believed that though self-government was essential to the future peace and prosperity of the country, yet the demands of Mr. Redmond and his followers were too extreme to be granted by any English Government. This party was very small, and indeed was mainly composed of converts from Unionism such as Lord Dunraven, Lord Pirrie, Lord Castledown, Sir John Keane, Sir T. O'Brien, and others. They believed that the form of Home Rule to which there would be least objection was the Federal form, and they began a mild agitation in favor of it. That these men should have become Home Rulers in any form was a distinct gain to the National forces if the official party could only see it, but they bade it no welcome. Instead of encouraging it they poured ridicule and abuse on the leaders. They did not see that a man who had changed his moorings on this question might, as a result of further education and experience, be induced to join up with the main body. The principal objection to the new Home Rulers was, it must be confessed, founded on very ignoble reasons. The new men were all men of standing and education and might in time oust some of the old futilities of the party from the parliamentary representation, and these representatives, hoping to be victors in the constitutional campaign, had their eyes on the spoils. It was a common saying—"These men want to come in now and take our places after we have borne the burden and the heat of the day." For a whole year there was nothing but abuse—low, vulgar abuse at times—of Lord Dunraven who was regarded as the leader, as he certainly was one of the ablest men in Ireland. The federal movement ceased, but it must be said the federalists were never driven into the Unionists' camp again.

Since then there has been no attempt to form a new Centre Party till quite recently, and this time Captain Stephen Gwynn has placed himself at the head of a movement which occupies a central position between Sinn Fein and Carsonism.

Early in January last the *Daily News*, which seems in touch with all Irish parties, informed its readers that Captain Gwynn, with the indomitable spirit that served him well in the conduct of such forlorn hopes as recruiting and the Party candidature for Trinity College, Dublin, had embarked upon yet another campaign, this time for securing a Federal system of government within Ireland. Promises of support from prominent public men, Catholic and Protestant, who had so far taken no great share in politics, were very encouraging. Captain Gwynn's idea, as he explained it to the correspondent, of how to get over Ulster's objection to Home Rule and at the same time avoid partition, was to set up two (or perhaps three) State Governments within the island to be federated under a central government in Dublin, which would again be a unit of the Empire. He frankly admitted Ireland would not look at his plan so long as there was a possibility of a wider success being won at the Peace Conference, but if that failed he thought it would be well to have something to fall back upon besides partition. He concluded by telling the correspondent that the Sinn Fein Party had no objection to Ulster getting State rights on the condition that Ulster accepted the principle of an independent Irish nation.

The most notable supporter of Captain Gwynn's proposal so far is General Sir Hubert Gough, who has joined the committee of the new party. Rightly or wrongly, General Gough has for long been regarded by the public as having secured, in a considerable measure, the triumph of Sir E. Carson's movement in Ulster. His adhesion to the new Nationalist-cum-Southern Unionist movement is regarded as a good and "picturesque" omen by his associates. In a letter to Captain Gwynn he writes:—

"Like other Irishmen I have felt that something must be done, and that the policy of drift is only leading the country to moral, if not material, ruin. . . . The main object we require to arrive at, in my mind, among Irishmen and in Ireland, is the feeling of brotherhood, comradeship, and respect for each other. Many of us, Irishmen, have learned that comradeship can exist and what brotherhood means in this war."

A largely attended meeting of the Southern Unionists was held in Dublin on January 24 to consider the new situation. It is believed that a considerable number of this body under the leadership of Lord Midleton will break away from the Unionist Party and join the new Central Party, and moreover that as Lord French seems to have definitely taken his stand on the side of Home Rule for the whole of Ireland, all the wiser heads outside Ulster, will be driven to accept the inevitable.

The special correspondent of the *Daily News*, commenting on the facts of this situation says:—"I foresee during the next few months a gradual regrouping of the political forces within Ireland, that may have a very marked effect upon the forces at work outside. It is by no means certain that even North-east Ulster is nearly so recalcitrant as she would like to appear to the outside world. Barring an explosion here, we may look, I think, for the appearance of an entirely new Government in the early summer which two-thirds of the country would be willing to work."

I am afraid the correspondent is unduly optimistic. The dominant fact in Ireland is that Sinn Fein rules the situation. Some form of government must be established in the near future, for the present state of affairs is a menace to the peace of the world. From all sources it is apparent that America is expressing itself strongly in favor of self-determination for Ireland—the recent vote in Congress shows how strongly. How far America will go, how much the Peace Conference will do, whether Sinn Fein will compromise—all these are questions which nobody can answer. For information as to the future government of Ireland—whether it is to be a republic, a sovereign state within the empire, or a subordinate state in a system of imperial federation—we must await the event, but I do not think that a subordinate parliament will ever satisfy the aspirations of the new Ireland that came into being after Easter, 1916.

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REV. D. O'NEILL,
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THE CANDLE OF DERISION

(By ERNEST A. BOYD, in *New Ireland*.)

The book of the Sage dropped on my lap, and I lay back in the chair dreaming of what I had read. By the act of concentration, it seemed, I, too, might project myself into that plane of being where vision and imagination would establish a contact with super-nature. A fascinating thought! I have but to fix my attention upon a point and . . . the candle upon my forehead would be lighted. . . . Just then I found myself in total darkness, but for the red glow of the fire. The candle of tallow had flickered out; I must find the candle of vision. So I thought of a white lozenge, and, as my gaze concentrated upon this mental object, a phantasmagoria of strange images flocked into my brain.

I saw an old politician in his North Dublin Georgian house, and he reclined upon the soft couch of Party journalism. Sunk election returns, when a chance advertisement on the book page of a Saturday issue flamed before his eyes, and the volume, as it were symbolically revealed to him, was entitled ominously, *THE LOST LEADER*. Horror-stricken the old man stared at this writing upon the walls of his last citadel, and faded from my consciousness. Soon I became aware of another scene, this time in a prison cell, and there I could see a dark lithe young figure, turning over the pages of a book. My instincts as a bibliophile were aroused by what I recognised as the brown and chocolate-colored binding of a Synge first edition, and as I wondered which of the two possible works it might be, the picture came close up, in the convenient cinematographic manner. I could discern many details, the first of which to arrest me was the name of the volume: *The Playboys of the Western Powers*. Then I noticed, as the pages were turned, that the frontispiece was a reproduction of the Sargent portrait, whose merciless delineation of meanness and hypocrisy is not to deprive our National Gallery of the original canvas. And I thanked the gods who endowed the trustees responsible for the acquisition of this treasure with a greater sense of politics than of aesthetics. There were other books lying on the floor, and these also bore strange though familiar titles: *Shredding the News*, by Lord Desees; *John P. Mahaffy: or the Ass in Ireland*—a new volume in the series of "Irishmen of to-day." *A Shortt Way with Dissenters*, by a Cabinet Minister.

Without any transition I discovered myself once again in a Georgian house, on the south side of Dublin, this time. The drawing-room was filled with the usual anonymous collection of social climbers. Arts Club intellectuals, and "enlightened" members of the Garrison. They are grouped about the Poet, who, having talked of the dis-in-ter-est-ed con-tem-plation of life, is now introducing them to a marvellous New Game. As I watched, it looked at first like a species of metaphysical musical chairs. Clearly the participants were endeavoring to place themselves, before the talking stopped, on one of the 28 chairs set out in a circle. A difficult game, demanding a good memory and some intellectual agility. I was not surprised that a number of people failed to secure places. Finally, indeed, the number of unplaced people, living and dead, was so great, and the task of finding room for them in the circle became so hard, that the Poet abandoned it. His onlookers were invited to propose the persons who should be placed in the circle, and at this point a transformation occurred. It then appeared that the real difficulty was to find out the Poet's Idea, and the game developed into a series of wild attempts to spot a metaphysical pea under a symbolistic thimble. Needless to say, only the confederates, carefully scattered amongst the audience according to racecourse tradition, succeeded from time to time; thereby encouraging the others.

I hurried away, and in a near-by street, paused, amazed, before The School of Irish Learning. What had happened? It was now called "The School of

Anglo-Irish Learning," and as I wondered, the interior became visible. A class was present, and, listening to the instruction, I was able to understand the new function of the institution. Its purpose was to teach our returned natives how to speak English like Irishmen. The teacher explained how desirable it was that repatriated Irishmen should divest themselves, as quickly and as scientifically as possible, of all traces of Cockney English. He emphasises the disadvantages of the repatriate who tried to make a bid for popular favor, while retaining the solecisms of exile in London. He illustrated his meaning by pronouncing such words as "Armar," "Mariar," "idear," and giving their Anglo-Irish equivalents. He pointed out the necessity in this country of sounding "i" where it properly exists, and of avoiding its introduction into words where the letter does not belong. He also warned his students of the equally reprehensible error of giving an exaggerated Gaelic turn to Irish words, while speaking English. This pitfall was fatal to many returned exiles, who imagined that such devices were the sign-manual of Irishry, whereas no native of the country would dream of giving a Gaelic pronunciation to proper names which had been fully incorporated into Anglo-Irish speech. In order to avoid these gross errors, and to modify the inordinate tendency to incorporate mispronounced Irish phrases into Anglo-Irish conversation, the returned emigrant should take a course of instruction in Anglo-Irish. In any case, that step would help the subsequent study of Irish, whose sounds were threatened by serious Oxfordisation.

This grimly realistic picture faded, and I found myself in what seemed to be a cave, inhabited by legs and feet. I was surrounded by legs, and above my head was a solid roof. When I had become accustomed to my strange surroundings, I discovered that I was beneath a table, around which men were sitting in solemn conference. The portions of their clothing visible to me showed that the owners of the immaculate boots and well-creased trousers were members of the governing classes. It was evident that all were not of the same nationality, a fact betrayed by the cut of the trousers, the shape of the boots, and occasional glimpses of diverse uniforms. The presence of Americans I detected by the resplendent mirror-like shine of boots, washed and varnished by the skilled technicians of Transatlantic "shoe-shining parlors." Gradually the words being spoken above my head became audible and comprehensible: "Left Bank of the Rhine," "Czecho-Slovakia," "Gott strafe Trotsky," "Self-determination," "Safe for Democracy." These phrases impinged upon the ear, blurred in a confused murmur of concession-hunting. Then I realised that I was watching the Peace Conference delegates from the knees downwards, and as I noticed the pressure of Allied feet, the kicks and nudges, corresponding, no doubt, to significant glances across the table, I began to grasp the complications of Open Diplomacy. Suddenly a nasal voice boomed out in what seemed to be an allusion which must bring the speaker to the case of Ireland. But he had scarcely touched the opening chords of his Democratic Symphony, when a violent commotion took place amongst the feet. Such nudging and kicking, and even violent knocking of obviously Teutonic shins! An aristocratic British-looking foot, clothed in a white spat, firmly pressed the brilliant American toe-cap of the speaker—a gentle, tactful, and prolonged pressure, which scarcely dulled the glossy surface of the boot. Its effect was wonderful, for the speech, which threatened to cover certain awkward "domestic questions," burbled to a mellifluous close without any reference nearer to Ireland than Schleswig-Holstein. I had witnessed an act of subterrene warfare!

Whether because of association of ideas or not—the scene had set me thinking of Irish newspaper correspondents and this lost opportunity—I found myself face to face with a friend of the species. A Manganese figure sauntered characteristically before me, as I found myself again in a Dublin street. This was he whose enigmatic notes were so constant a feature of

TRY—

Dom McCarthy

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the weekly organ of English Statistical Socialism. Their invariable prelude, "An Irish correspondent writes," had conferred upon him a sort of anonymous fame. I expected him to mention this incident of the Peace Conference, but, of course, he had never witnessed it, and was intent, instead, upon an exotic booklet of such limited circulation that, as I glanced at the back of the title-page, I saw the note: Edition limited to three copies, one reserved to the author, the others, lettered J. and P. respectively. I understood that the Philosopher had issued his imaginary book solely for the edification of his two disciples. The booklet was a sort of literary sensitive-plant, which shrank when touched by unappreciative hands. So, lest it should once again fade into the nothingness in which it had so long existed, I handed it to its trembling possessor, asking him to give me some proof of all the good things he promised of the writer. The latter only once in my hearing had been provoked into animated speech, and that when *Das ewig Weibliche* had drawn conversation to its own fleshly level. I was, therefore, not a little taken aback when the following lines were read:—

DIMINUTIVES ULULANS.

(To JOHN DILLON.)

Wailing, diminished by me, be still:
Oh, why not spare us that resentful groan,
Of sorrows political waxing shrill,
O you of politicians most alone!
John, do you thus reproach us and make moan
Because on Sinn Fein chariots we did fly
And a vote recorded that is yet unknown,
Calling your atoms out to be an I?
Should I have let you in Westminster lie,
Disintegrate another thirty years?—
Then use the vote to teach you how to die
And pass again beyond the reach of cheers.
Some day you may be glad I dragged you thence,
Perhaps forgive our vast impotence.

"Surely that was not written by the Philosopher?" I cried; he could not speak with that political conviction, preferring Café Royalism to Irish democracy. Had I been mistaken, was this Francis the Silent the avatar glimpsed in a vision so finely described by the Sage? The thought brought me back with a shock to his book on my lap, and I found that my candle of vision had never been lighted. I had merely dropped asleep from the sheer monotony of concentration upon the white lozenge, and had had a Sinn Fein nightmare. On looking into Mr. Padric Gregory's anthology of "Modern Anglo-Irish Verse" I subsequently discovered the original poem, of which the revised version had been revealed to me. No doubt there is a basis in fact for some of the other fragments of my dream.

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THE TRAITOR

"One moment till I've smoked this cigarette,"
He said—his back against the barrack wall.
With folded arms and still eyes strangely set,
He puffed it slowly in the sight of all.

Their hands upon their rifle stocks, they saw
The glowing tip and the grey smoke ascend;
And as he flicked the ash away with awe
They looked on him who once had been their friend.

His eyes gleamed dark above the cigarette
Till absently he flung the stump aside,
But if with fear, defiance or regret,
They never knew who watched him as he died.
WILFRID WILSON GIBSON, in the *New Witness*.

In every relation of life our happiness is at the mercy of somebody. Husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, parents and children, co-workers in office or shop all hold one another's peace and happiness to some extent in the hollow of their hands. In the midst of our triumphs, our joy or success, a small taunt, a sarcastic, wounding speech, transforms our cup of honey into gall.

That a citizen of the Irish Republic may register as such has been decided by Director Conboy, of New York City, in the cases of Paul J. Hayes, Sean O'Heir, Laurence O'Neill, and Patrick J. Fitzgerald, who, in their applications for registration, described themselves as citizens or subjects of the Irish Republic.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

Further evidence of Mrs. Rolleston's skill in removing superfluous hairs permanently by electrolysis is represented in the following:—

Wellington,

January 24, 1918.

Mrs. Rolleston,
256 Lambton Quay.

Dear Madam,—I have pleasure in advising you that the treatment I had from you for the destruction of superfluous hair by electrolysis has been a thorough success.

As you know, the growth was a very strong one, and it seemed at one time as though I could not possibly get rid of it. On more than one occasion I felt disheartened and almost decided to give up the treatment; but I am now very thankful that I persevered, as I feel well rewarded.

I would like to thank you for your kind care and attention, and in conclusion would say that I can heartily recommend any sufferer to place her case in your hands.

I am, yours faithfully,
C.L.

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PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT

Right Rev. Austin Dowling, Bishop of Des Moines, who has been appointed successor to the late Archbishop Ireland as Archbishop of St. Paul, Minnesota, was born in New York City, and spent most of his childhood in Newport, Rhode Island. He was educated at the Sisters' Academy there, at Manhattan College, New York City, and at St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass., and was ordained in 1891.

In none of the notices which have appeared in the local press about the late Sir Mark Sykes (says the *Catholic Herald of India*) is there any mention of the fact that the deceased owed the vigor and splendor of his personality to an education Catholic in each sense of the word. Mark Sykes developed a robust character at Beaumont, the Ecole des Jesuites, Monaco, and the Institut St. Louis, Brussels, before he went to Cambridge (Jesus College). He succeeded to 34,000 English acres and a corresponding rent-roll, but he preferred the life of a traveller and explorer. He knew every inch of the Near East and was an authority on the Turk and his ways. Recent history in Palestine also owes much to him. It is noteworthy that his wife, the third daughter of Sir John Gorst, is a convert to the faith, like his mother, who was a daughter of Right Hon. George Cavendish-Bentinck, M.P. Sir Mark Sykes was a vigorous Catholic. Character was his driving power, and he discharged his obligations to Church and State faithfully.

The death is announced of the Right Rev. Mgr. McManus, late Vicar-General of the diocese of Dublin and parish priest of St. Catherine's, Meath Street. Few in recent times have passed from out the ranks of the Dublin clergy followed by such reverent and widespread regret as Monsignor McManus. His rich intellectual gifts, his deep and varied scholarship, his many accomplishments, and his refined and elevating tastes, made for him an easy way and a welcome to every cultured section of the whole civic community: while his genial good nature, his bright spirits, and his wide human sympathies suffused with a mellow glow all his gifts, and set them warm and helpful at the service of the hearts of the lowliest and the least. Monsignor McManus was a native of Dublin City, and he loved to tell of sweet memories of his childhood, when he ministered in the sacred services of the yet incompleting Pro-Cathedral. His memory went back very far, for he was born in 1827. He was a young man, with a sweet voice, when O'Connell's funeral passed from the Pro-Cathedral to Glasnevin amidst the tears of a nation. He passed through the shadows, and he tasted the sorrows of the famine of 'black '47.' Father McManus was for 11 years parish priest of Celbridge. His name is fondly remembered there still. He had been 45 years parish priest of St. Catherine's, Meath Street, where he was beloved by the people, and scarcely less by the whole community of whatever religious persuasion. In 1903-4 his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh appointed Canon McManus one of his Vicars-General, and obtained for him from the Holy See the further dignity of Domestic Prelate to the Holy Father.

There have been famous Presidential Secretaries, but Mr. Tumulty (President Wilson's Catholic Secretary) has lived through the most famous times, and alone has shared in the making of history (says the *Universe*). His name with Wilson's will go down together in the future. His knowledge of American politics is acute, and he must know the insides of diplomacy by now. His position is more confidential than that of a diplomat, and his influence not less than a Cabinet appointment. The bore, the curious, the pick-gossip are no match for Mr. Tumulty. He is to be found any morning in the annex of the White House dealing swiftly and laconically with a huge correspondence, and even more so with the crowd of visitors from the Congress or from the backwoods. Quickly he passes one out and commences conversation with an-

other as he crosses the room. Quickly he assorts requests and assimilates information. There is no time for shyness or introductions. He knows the American Who's Who in a way no other does, and a good deal beside. His interviews are cut up into three and five minute sections. The only person he sees for any real length of time is the President. The news that is most likely to hold him engrossed, after war news, is promising news from Ireland. A wise speech from Devlin or Dillon, or a letter from Sir Horace Plunkett brings that curious look into his eyes which may be noticed in American statesmen when there is a serious reference to the Irish question. For a moment the keen eyes are set and his fine brow bends over the paper. If it is of the slightest real interest he folds it up and keeps it before he passes on to the next. A few days later the greatest man in the world may or may not have glimpsed it, but who can tell? And Tumulty never tells!

His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate has received a cable from the Vatican conveying the gratifying announcement that his Holiness Pope Benedict XV. had been pleased to appoint the Rev. Father W. Barry, of Chatswood, Coadjutor-Archbishop of Hobart. The Most Rev. Dr. W. Barry, Coadjutor-Archbishop-elect of Hobart, was born in Middleton, Co. Cork, in 1872. In 1889 he commenced his studies for the priesthood in the College of Fermoy, Cork, and in September, 1892, he entered All Hallows College, Dublin. On June 24, 1898, he was ordained for the Sydney diocese, and arrived there in October of the same year. His first appointment was to St. Mary's Cathedral, where he remained for 12 years as assistant, and in charge of St. Columbkille's, and subsequently St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay. He was appointed to Chatswood in 1910, where he has remained ever since. At an early stage of his career, he gave promise of the brilliant qualities which now fit him to fill the high office which the Holy See has now entrusted to him. He had a distinguished course in All Hallows College, Dublin, where he was associated with Dr. Roche, the present Archbishop of St. John's, Newfoundland. He was noted as a remarkably successful organiser whilst at St. Mary's Cathedral. He is a most eloquent preacher, and gave evidence of remarkable tact and prudence in all works of administration. He is the possessor of a fine tenor voice, and used to lead in the Gregorian chant at the Offices in the Cathedral. During the time he was stationed at St. Mary's Cathedral he was chosen by the late Cardinal Moran for many missions which required tact and zeal. About 10 years ago he paid a visit to Norfolk Island at the request of the late Cardinal, to visit the Catholics there, and renew their spirit of religious fervor. On that occasion he succeeded remarkably well in his mission, and when he left the island he carried away with him the unbounded esteem and affection of all. He has filled the office of chaplain of Darlinghurst Gaol, and has also been associated with the work of the navy. He has acted as secretary to various organisations, such as St. Patrick's Day celebrations, and Australian fairs for the completion of the Cathedral. He took an active part in the third Catholic Congress in Sydney, and, under the administration of the Right Rev. Mgr. O'Haran helped very materially in the success of many movements carried on there during the time of the late Cardinal-Archbishop.

Thy friend hath a friend, and that friend hath a friend; wherefore be discreet. While the word is yet unspoken, you are master of it; when once it is spoken, it is master of you.—Proverbs from the Arabic.

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ON THE LAND

ONION GROWING.

For the highest results in onion growing autumn preparation of the soil is desirable, ground got into shape at once will yield splendid crops (says the *N.Z. Farmer*). Bastard trenching is the best method, plenty of good farmyard manure being worked between the first and second spits. Basic slag (2oz to the square yard) should be sprinkled over the bed and the soil left rough if it is heavy. On sandy soil add manure or moisture-holding and stiffening matter if you have it; at any rate, give 2oz of kainit to the yard at once and a third of that amount of super-phosphate of lime at the end of May or early in June.

On all soils (medium soil is most suitable) a dressing of soot and salt—2oz of soot and ½oz of salt to the square yard—must be given for first-class onions in August. On a dry day afterwards the soil should be neatly raked level, rolled firm—the lighter the soil the heavier the rolling should be—and the onions planted.

August planting is the best, generally speaking; and rows 15 inches apart, with nine inches between the bulbs, are usual. Opinions differ as to the wisdom of shortening onion roots when planting out; shortening the leafage undoubtedly does good. Sow seed by covering half an inch deep out of doors; plant as shallow as possible. Hoe often, but do not draw soil to the bulbs; only their roots should be below ground.

INTELLIGENT USE OF FERTILISERS.

A better understanding of the chemistry and use of commercial fertilisers on the part of a great number of our settlers would be a highly important factor in promoting an increased agricultural output (says Mr. A. McTaggart in the *Journal of Agriculture*). These valuable crop-stimulants are not as well understood by farmers generally as they might be. An understanding by the farming community of their use from the standpoints of soil, crop, climate, and economics is of first importance. A good deal has been accomplished in this educational matter, but much remains to be done. Official experts are at the service of producers, and it behoves any settler who is in doubt as to the manures to use for his particular soil, crop, and climate to obtain advice on the subject from a scientific source.

THOROUGH CULTIVATION TO INCREASE PRODUCTION.

Wherever cultivation is carried out it is essential to increased production that it be as thorough as the season, labor, and facilities available permit (says Mr. A. McTaggart in the course of an article in the *Journal of Agriculture*). Thorough and timely cultivation makes available plant-food and conserves soil-moisture, the two most important factors in promoting abundant crop-growth. In adverse seasons attention to thoroughness and timeliness as regards cultivation frequently means the difference between success and failure in crop production. A fine firm seed-bed is important in giving a crop a good start—a highly important factor; and the rule to follow in the seeding of crops is, the finer the seed the finer the seed-bed. Elimination, as far as possible, of rough-and-ready cultivation will go a long way toward materially increasing production from our soils.

The adoption of methods of cultivation and the use of implements suited to varying conditions of soil, climate, and labor supply will, where possible, contribute a great deal towards increased output. Labor-saving machinery can materially assist in this direction. The farm tractor, on land suitable for its use, can play an important part.

In parts of the country where the rainfall is prevailingly somewhat limited, or where in seasons the weather conditions are dry during the growing period, implements designed for "dry-land" farming could be used to advantage. In preparing a seed-bed under such conditions use could be made of the subsurface and surface packers, as used in the Western States and provinces of North America. These implements pack the soil, both lower and upper portions, and thereby encourage moisture to travel upwards by capillarity. The thin dust mulch that, in addition to packing, is produced by the subsurface packer tends to check evaporation from the soil. Thus moisture is both conveniently concentrated and conserved, and so made the most of by the crop subsequently sown. Disc drills, especially the double disc, also pack the soil around the grain as it is sown, thereby causing the young plant to have the benefit of a maximum of the moisture available in this comparatively dry soil.

Failing the use of these special-purpose implements, the roller, of as heavy a type as made, should be made plenteous use of in preparing "dry-land" seed-beds, and their use should always be followed by a final stroke of a chain or brush harrow to promote a dust mulch, and so prevent evaporation. After every shower of rain in such climates or seasons a stroke of the harrows (light time), where possible, will conserve this extra moisture to a marked extent. Indeed, during a dry spell when a cereal or turnip crop seems to "stand still" a stroke of the harrows (crosswise) often works like magic in promoting growth. This, again, is due to evaporation of moisture being checked and concentrated at the roots of the crop.

In like manner the intercultivation of drilled crops during a dry season often means the difference between success and failure with respect to such crops. This being so, the expenditure on labor for such purpose where at all available or procurable is thoroughly justifiable. In other words, it pays.

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ST. PATRICK'S, RAETIHI.

On 19th of March, 1918, St. Patrick's Church, Raetihi, was burnt to the ground in the terrible bush fire that swept over this district. We are now making an effort to raise money to build another Church so that our people may have a proper place of worship.

Who will help us in this good work?

Who will honor St. Patrick by raising a Church to his name?

We are holding a Bazaar in May. Donations in kind or money will be gratefully received and acknowledged. Address—

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OUR PLEDGE TO IRELAND.

At a great mass meeting held recently in West Philadelphia to demand America's recognition of the Irish Republic, Rev. James Grattan Mythen, an Episcopalian clergyman of Baltimore, made the following strong statement:—

"The Irish issue is not a religious issue, but one of justice. England is trying now to suppress the Irish people, as she has done in India. She is trying to pretend that the fight in Ireland is Protestantism against Catholicism, whereas the history of several generations proves that the leaders of Irish freedom have been mainly members of the Protestant Church—Charles Stewart Parnell, Robert Emmet, Henry Grattan, John Mitchel, Ernest Blythe, and Darrel Figgis. The only great Irish statesman who ever in any way challenged the political control of the Church in Ireland was Daniel O'Connell.

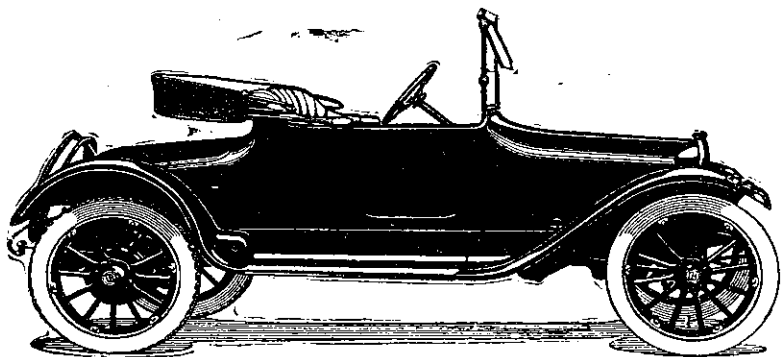
"We Americans would have been lying bitterly and traitorously if we fought against the infant imperialism of Germany without taking into consideration the age-long imperialism of Great Britain. We Americans fought against imperialism—both Anglo-Saxon and Germanic."

Dealing with anti-Irish propaganda, the speaker said: "Many of our great newspapers are controlled by Great Britain. Your Irish news gets to you in British bottles. If you are a hundred per cent. American, then under God and man you cannot be any less than friends of Irish freedom. But we must see to it that we live up to the principles for which we went into the war. Ireland was fighting for free-

dom before Columbus discovered America. Benjamin Franklin told the Irish of his time: 'Help us, and we in turn will help you.' We of this generation are in duty and honor bound to redeem that pledge."

THE IRISH BISHOPS AND IRELAND'S RIGHTS.

The members of the Irish Hierarchy in their Lenten Pastorals protest forcibly against the misgovernment of which their country is the victim (says the London *Catholic Times*). One after the other they remark on the contrast between the language of British Ministers during the war about small nations and the Government's actual policy in Ireland. "We are not ruled," says Cardinal Logue, "by the ordinary law, but are subject to a drastic military code under which actions otherwise harmless or trivial become grave offences and are pitilessly punished." "Our people," declares the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, "are now shut out by law from the employment of methods of seeking redress regarded as constitutional in the past. It would be unreasonable and indeed impossible to expect that they can long rest content with such a state of things." A number of the Bishops write with indignation of the calumny and oppression which are Ireland's reward for the heroic deeds of her sons in the war and express the conviction that there can be no lasting peace unless her rights are granted. The Hierarchy are manifestly at one with the people in supporting the national claim for self-determination.



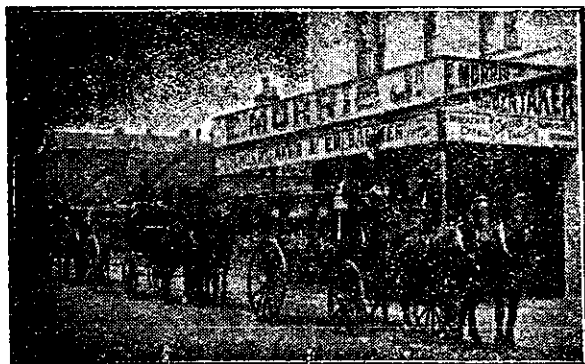
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THE CATHOLIC WORLD

GENERAL.

Sixty-six persons of the Indian and colored community in Pretoria presented an address of thanks to the Sisters of the Holy Cross there for the untiring help and work rendered there during the Spanish influenza outbreak. The name of Father de Hovre was coupled with that of the Sisters in this hearty vote of thanks.

Mount Desert Island, on the east coast of the United States, has been named by Secretary Lane the Lafayette National Park. It was discovered by Champlain. It was the site in 1613 of the first French missionary settlement in America. It was given by royal grant to Antoine Cadillac. Two years ago it was made a national monument.

The Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda has recently fixed the name of the Kimberley Vicariate as "The Vicariate of Kimberley in South Africa" (Vicariatus Kimberliensis in Africa Meridionali). Up to the present it was variously named. It comprises the Orange Free State, Griqualand West, and Bechuanaland up to the Tropic of Capricorn.

From an organisation of three parish branches and about 5000 in membership the Archdiocesan Union of the Holy Name Society of Chicago has grown in little more than four years into a tremendous association of 140 parish societies, embracing approximately 50,000 Catholic men. This marvellous development, most of which has been achieved in the past two years, is directly attributable to the interest in the Holy Name Society shown by Archbishop Mundelein and his zeal in urging the extension of the organisation into every parish of the archdiocese.

Catholic Montreal, forced by the influenza to close its churches, like most other cities of the States and Canada, adopted a unique method of bringing God's blessing to the people. At the command of Archbishop Bruchesi, the great boudon of Notre Dame Church peeled forth and every parish priest entered the sanctuary to celebrate Mass for his people, while in every household the people gathered to pray. Then the priests walked or rode through the streets with the Blessed Sacrament, and blessed the people as the latter came to the doors, many of them carrying lighted tapers. Large numbers of pedestrians dropped to their knees as the Blessed Sacrament went by. Archbishop Bruchesi himself was among the priests who participated in the outdoor ceremonies.

Lecturing in aid of the West African Mission in St. Mary's Hall, Belfast, the Right Rev. Dr. Broderick, Vicar-Apostolic of Nigeria, declared that the idea that was fostered by Rome in regard to the evangelisation of the African was a peculiarly national idea. It was Africa for the Africans. It had been pointed out by St. Francis Xavier, and it had been his Lordship's experience also, that for the most part the pagan who adopted European civilisation adopted none of its virtues. To ensure, therefore, that the Africans would still be Africans, the Catholic Church was endeavoring hard to establish an African priesthood and an African sisterhood, trying in every possible way to utilise the brain power that undoubtedly was to be found in the possession of the natives.

Ong San and Ting Pau, Chinese students at the University of Notre Dame, were baptised recently by Rev. John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., President of the University, and will be known as William Ong and Paul Ting. Gov. David I. Walsh, of Massachusetts, became godfather, coming all the way from his eastern home to attend the ceremony. Governor Walsh fell in with the young Chinamen and two of their companions, who were already Catholics, on their first arrival upon the Pacific Coast, and looked after their welfare all the way to Notre Dame. It was this kindness on the part of Governor Walsh that led the neophytes to ask the Governor to stand sponsor for them. The Chinese colony at Notre Dame is now 100 per cent. Catholic.

The world famous Cathedral at Milan, in Italy, is second only to St. Peter's for size. Delicate as lace are the instinctive words of description that spring to the lips of the traveller looking for the first time upon the forest of spires, pinnacles, and turrets that are well-nigh countless. In striking contrast to the intricacy of the exterior—every foot of available space being occupied by a statue or ornament—is the solemn grandeur of the vaulted interior with the soft, rich light mellowing through colored glass in an effect that is worth travelling far to see. Patient indeed have been the Italian church makers and decorators throughout the ages—the present Cathedral is the third to have occupied this site. The first was destroyed by that famous king of the Huns, Attila, known to history as "The Scourge of God."

It is with great joy that Bishop V. Roelens, A. M., of the Belgian Upper Congo, announces that he has ordained the first native priest of that vicariate. Both the Lower and Upper Congo are difficult fields for the apostolate, but the natives of the latter region are a little less wild than the former and have given proof of this by giving one of their number to the sacerdotal state. Truly this is a great conquest for the Church and for the White Fathers who trained him. After a long and careful course in the usual studies, the candidate was submitted to two years of trial. This he passed successfully, and was finally ordained. His name is Father Stephen Kasze. He will act as instructor in the Small Seminary and will be able to render valuable assistance. Five other youths have also entered the classes of philosophy and theology, and if they persevere, Bishop Roelens will be able to count definitely on native helpers.

THE SCOTTISH EPISCOPATE.

Some important changes are likely to be made in the Scottish Hierarchy in the near future. As we mentioned some time ago (says the London *Catholic Times*), the question of appointing an Auxiliary Bishop for the Glasgow archdiocese had been under the consideration of the Holy See, but the appointment was temporarily deferred. It is now stated on good authority that the Holy See is at present considering the advisability of dividing the archdiocese into a number of suffragan bishoprics, under the control of the Archbishop of Glasgow. Some such arrangement has been rendered inevitable by the immense development of the archdiocese in recent years. Its Catholic population now numbers about 400,000, so that it has evidently become rather unwieldy for the direct control of one bishop. We understand that the scheme which is being considered by the Holy See contemplates four sub-divisions of the archdiocese. Each of the new suffragans would, therefore, have the direction, on an average, of 100,000 souls. This represents a higher total than the Catholic population of any of the other Scottish dioceses, as will be seen by the following figures taken from the *Catholic Directory* for 1919:—St. Andrews and Edinburgh, 70,000; Aberdeen, 12,000; Argyll and the Isles, 12,500; Dunkeld, 33,000; and Galloway, 20,469.

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DOMESTIC

(By MAUREEN.)

Plum Pudding (Without Eggs).

Ingredients: Six oz of shredded suet, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of dark brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of self-raising flour, 1 teaspoonful of mixed spice, 1 pint of milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of breadcrumbs, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 2 table-spoonfuls of treacle, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt. Mix the dry ingredients in a bowl, add the lemon juice and rind and the treacle, stirring well with a wooden spoon. Add a pinch of salt and the milk, a very little at a time. Boil hard in a well-floured pudding cloth for three hours, filling up the saucepan with boiling water as the water evaporates. Dip the pudding into cold water for a minute before turning out.

Boiled Ginger Pudding.

Mix together half a pound of chopped suet, half a pound of breadcrumbs, three-quarters of a pound of treacle, two table-spoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of powdered ginger, and a little grated lemon peel. Put into a greased mould and boil for two hours and a half. If preferred, one pound of flour may be used instead of the breadcrumbs, but in that case the pudding must be boiled for three and a half hours.

Coffee.

An excellent way to make coffee and get its full strength is as follows: Grind as much as is required, allowing heaping table-spoonful to cup: put into the pot with crushed egg-shells, adding water in regular proportion to coffee used. Let this come slowly to a boil, keeping it tightly covered. When the boiling point is reached draw back a moment and then again let it come to a boil. Send immediately to table and you will find your coffee is stronger and smoother, with a fine flavor. Never use white of eggs to clear. It coats the grounds and the essence cannot escape.

Alexandra Pudding.

Required: Three large apples, a little lemon peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of sultanas, a little candied peel, 1oz of sugar, light suet crust. First peel, core, and slice the apples, put them in a saucepan with a little nutmeg, grated lemon rind and sugar. Stew till the apples are soft, then add the chopped candied peel. Roll out the suet pastry, then spread the apples, etc., on it. Scatter the sultanas on it, make into a roly-poly, wet the ends and squeeze together. Boil for two hours and a half in a floured cloth. Turn out to serve and sift sugar over.

Rhubarb Chutney.

2lb rhubarb, 1lb sultanas, 2lb brown sugar, two lemons, 1oz ginger, 1 oz salt, half teaspoonful cayenne, 1 pint vinegar. Cut the rhubarb into shreds, remove the skin from the lemons and take out the pips. Cut the garlic into small pieces, bruise the ginger. Put all the ingredients into a pan and boil the mixture till it becomes thick, stirring constantly. Take out the pieces of ginger, put the chutney into jars, and cover.

Pudding Sauce.

This is a quickly prepared sauce, and does not require cooking.

Ingredients: An egg, half a cupful of icing sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ a cupful of thin cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of vanilla essence.

Method: Beat the yolk of the egg with the sugar, whip up the white of the egg to a stiff froth, and add. Drop in the essence, and then add the cream.

Household Hints.

To clean a greasy stove, dip a cloth in dry soot and rub over the greasy places. Then apply black-lead and the spots will disappear.

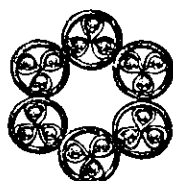
Boiling hooks and eyes in strong soda-water before sewing them on garments will prevent their ironmoulding in the wash.



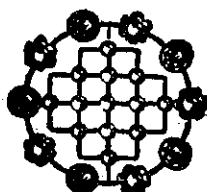
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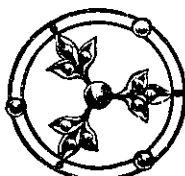
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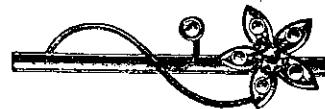
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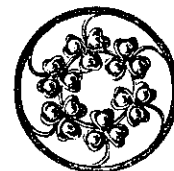
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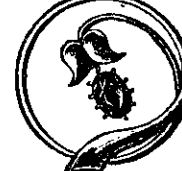
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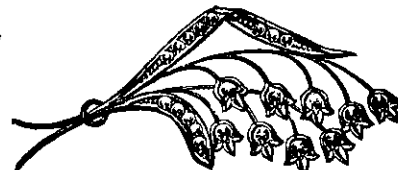
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THE NEW BUILDING.

Many congratulations have been forwarded to Father S. Mahony, S.M., Administrator of St. Mary of the Angels' Parish, Boulcott Street, Wellington, on the fact that he has been able to let a contract, at £27,500, for the re-erection of the church which was burned down nearly a year ago.

The elaborate plans, and the two perspectives which have been prepared by Messrs. Clere and Williams, the architects, give a very good idea of what the church will be when finished. The site is an excellent one, and worthy of a fine and permanent building, and both these points will be attained, for the material (reinforced concrete) of which the walls will be constructed is recognised as being as earthquake-proof as possible, fire-proof, and practically indestructible. The roof will be of Welsh slate, so that there can be no question of its permanency. The natural finish of concrete is plain plaster, and so the building has been designed to get architectural effect, more by breaking up the surfaces to produce light and shade than by trusting to surface adornment, which would be costly and difficult to produce.

It was decided by the authorities that Gothic should be the style, but it was left to the architects to choose the phase, and they decided that that which prevailed in England during the fifteenth and the early part of the sixteenth centuries (known as Perpendicular) was best suited to concrete construction. Naturally, in a new material and in a new country, and under new conditions generally, modification is necessary, and ideas have been gleaned from all quarters.

The apsidal termination of the sanctuary, the processional path all round the church, the square turrets at the salient angles of the tower, are features more Continental than British. At the same time they have been so woven into the fabric as not to be incongruous.

The exterior is decidedly striking—especially the facade towards Willis Street, which consists of a high gabled wall containing a large rose or wheel window, and flanked by two four-storied pinnacled towers rising to a height above the pavement of 106 feet. The two upper stories of these towers will have open tracery sides, while at the front and outside angles will be square turrets containing the circular staircase giving access from the ground floor to the roof. Though these are suggestive of the famous Somersetshire towers of the 15th century, the turrets alter their character entirely, and in the position of the towers in relation to each other and to the main gable, the composition is most satisfactory. The side towards Boulcott Street, extending nearly 150 feet, presents a rich effect of aisle and clerestory windows, broken by the projecting confessionals and the large northern side chapel.

Inside, the building will have a roomy and spacious appearance. The main features are two long arcades of nine arches each. Above these is a series of panels suggesting the triforium of the earlier Gothic, while above all are the clerestory windows containing 113 lights, divided by mullions and surmounted by traceried heads. All the spandrills, both inside and out, are richly panellled. The church is 33 feet wide

between the arcades, and all the seating (excepting that of the chapels) is contained within the nave, so that each worshipper can have an uninterrupted view of the altar. The choir (accommodation is provided for forty) will be in a gallery at the entrance end of the church.

As the church will be approximately 150 feet by 90 feet in width, it will rank among the largest sacred edifices of the Dominion, and its central position will make it among the best known. In material and design it will be about the first of its kind anywhere in the world, and consequently its erection should mark a new epoch in architectural progression.

The public, no doubt, will watch its progress with great interest, and its completion eighteen months hence will be a source of gratification, not only to Catholics, but to all lovers of progressive architecture.

OBITUARY

REV. BROTHER ALBAN, MARIST BROTHERS, CHRISTCHURCH.

Rev. Brother Alban (Joseph Lyons), of the local staff of the Marist Brothers, died at the Coronation Hospital on Tuesday, April 8. Deep regret was felt when the sad news was made known (writes our own correspondent), and numerous expressions of sympathy were received by his Brothers in religion. The late Brother Alban, who was in his twenty-first year, was the son of Mr. Wm. Lyons, Waipawa, and about five years ago, deciding on following the religious life, entered the Order of Marist Brothers in Sydney. After a course of training he came to Christchurch a little over twelve months ago and until last November was engaged on the teaching staff of the local Brothers' school. His kind and gentle manner endeared him to all with whom he came in contact and he was very popular with his young pupils. A very severe attack of influenza forced him to enter Lewisham Hospital, and after three months' treatment in that institution, he was, on the advice of his medical attendant, removed to the Coronation Hospital, Cashmere Hills, where he passed away. Surrounded by his Brothers in religion, and in the presence of his father, and Father Long, his death was a beautiful and happy one. During the few hours his remains rested in the Cathedral, the boys of the school, the children of the convent school, and of Nazareth House recited at intervals the Rosary for the repose of his soul. In the evening the Stations of the Cross were made by the Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., for the same intention. On Thursday morning, April 10, his Lordship Bishop Brodie celebrated Pontifical Requiem Mass, assisted by Fathers Roche, S.M., and Fogarty, Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., being master of ceremonies. The choir consisted of the local clergy, the Marist Brothers, and members of the Cathedral Choir, Miss O'Connor singing "In Paradise" at the Offertory. At the close of the Mass his Lordship the Bishop, in feeling terms referred to the life of the young Brother, which had ended on practically the threshold of his career. He sympathised with the Brothers, and with deceased's parents. The harvest is so great (said his Lordship), and the laborers so few that the community can ill afford to lose even one from amongst them. As the body left the Cathedral Mr.

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Harry Hiscocks played the "Dead March" from "Saul." His Lordship the Bishop officiated at the interment. The Marist Brothers are deeply grateful to the Sisters and staff of Lewisham Hospital, to the nurses at the Coronation Hospital, and to his Lordship the Bishop and clergy for their kind attentions to their confrere during his illness.—R.I.P.

A MYSTERIOUS SICK-CALL

The following remarkable story, which appeared in the *Sunday Express* recently, has been verified by a *Catholic Times* representative in London, though the names are withheld at the request of the individuals concerned. The events have considerably exercised the minds of Catholics in London:—

A Catholic lady, attended by a nurse, was lying seriously ill in a house a few days ago. During the night, observing her patient to be weakening, the nurse, knowing enough Catholic ritual to be aware that Extreme Unction should be administered, was anxious that a priest should be brought. But there was no available messenger in the house, and she herself could not leave her charge. In her perplexity she picked up a prayer book and began herself to read the prayers. It was then well past midnight, and as she read the door suddenly opened and in walked one of the Fathers from the Brompton Oratory, who was an old friend of the family.

"Thank Heaven you are here!" the nurse exclaimed, fervently. "But who told you to come?"

"You telephoned," said the priest.

"No," said the nurse. "I should have done if I could, but it was impossible."

"Well," said the Father, "I was telephoned for by someone, and came at once," and he proceeded to perform the solemn rites, remaining in the room until the end, which came in about two hours.

The next morning he sent for the priest who had been on telephone duty the night before—for in case of such emergencies as these there is always one in attendance.

"I am sorry," said the Father, "I was so abrupt with you last night when you called me. But I had been dreaming, and was barely awake."

"But I didn't call you last night," said the priest, who, it may be mentioned, is one of the most striking personalities in the Catholic Church to-day. "There was no ring last night at all."

"My dear K——," said the Father, "collect yourself. Do you mean seriously to tell me that you did not come into my room between twelve and one last night and say that Mrs. B—— was dying and I was wanted at once?"

"No."

"Do you honestly forget that I was a little brusque for the moment?"

"No. There was no call; I never left my room."

Nelson

(From our own correspondent.)

April 10.

In the recent report of the installation of new stained-glass windows in St. Mary's Church, mention of those supplied by Messrs. Bradley Bros., of Christchurch, was inadvertently omitted. The following were executed by the Christchurch firm, the parentheses giving the inscriptions on the windows:—Sacred Heart (in reparation), St. Catherine (James and Mary Kealy), St. Thomas Aquinas (W. T. Ward and relations), St. Margaret Mary (Margaret Mary Hickey), St. Francis of Assisi (Brendan Quirk), and St. Joseph (R. Stewart and family). Messrs E. J. Dwyer and Co., of Sydney, also supplied one window (Our Lady of Lourdes) to the order of the Children of Mary.

THE FAIRY DANCE

See yon band of Fairy Pipers,
List the notes already stealing!
All the Fairies dance together,
Then dart off across the green
In and out among the bracken,
Circling round the iris flowers,
Adding music to the music
Of their band of Fairy Pipers
By their laughter's merry pealing
As they dance across the green.

Sparkling wands they wave above them,
And their feathers go a-nodding,
Like the nodding in the breezes
Of the sprays of meadow-sweet.
Faster, faster comes the music—
Faster, faster dance the Fairies,
Till one wonders how can music
Ever play to fairy feet;
Till one wonders how can dancing
Dance as fast as plays the music,
Dance in time to fairy piping.
See—Ah, no! ye cannot see them!

Mortal eyes must long have gazed on
Ocean spray in winter weather
Making clouds for clouds to rest on:
Learnt to read the rainbow's secret,
And the torrent's wondrous message:
Seen the lightning's angry flashing
Fall on sea, and plain, and mountain:
Long have watched the restless ocean
In its never-ending tossing,
And the angry tempests wrestling
Thro' the hills, and down the valleys;
Known the message of the snowflakes
When they signal in their falling;
Learnt to read the tender greeting
Of the Evening Star in summer,
Of the rising Moon at harvest,
And of Sunset on the ocean.
Mortal eyes must learn the meaning
Of these sights and signs and signals:
Know the Spirits of the Twilight,
That of Night-fall, and of Day-break,
And of Hail, and Rain, and Sunshine.
Ere they see the Fairies dancing
To the music of their pipers,
Till they wonder how can music
Ever play to fairy feet:
Ere they see the Fairies dancing
In the laughing silver moonlight
With their feath'ry plumes a-nodding
Like the sprays of meadow-sweet,
Till they wonder how can dancing
Dance as fast as plays the music,
Dance in time to fairy piping.

List!—Ah, no! ye cannot hear them!
Cannot hear the Fairies piping,
Piping 'neath the "Gentle Bushes,"
Cannot see the Fairies dancing,
Dancing in the silver moonlight,
Cannot see them?—Cannot hear them,
Dancing in their Fairy Circle.

AENGUS MACLIR, in *Studies*.

Mr. Philip Gibbs, the well-known war correspondent, lecturing in London, said that a number of wounded Catholic soldiers were lying on the field calling for water, but any man trying to give it to them was instantly shot. A priest volunteered, and the Germans lowered their rifles. After the next attack a colonel saw one of his men leading back an emaciated German draught horse. "What are you doing with that beast?" he cried out. "It's not a beast," was the answer; "it's a charger for Father Malone."

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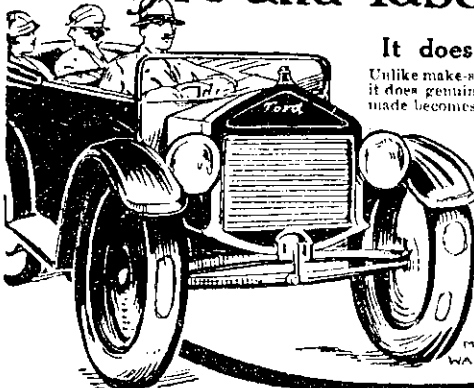
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The Family Circle

"I LOVE YOU, MOTHER."

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said Little Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted half the day,
Till mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"To-day I'll help you all I can;"
To the cradle then she did softly creep,
And rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she took the broom,
And swept the floor, and dusted the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think the mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

THE BOY.

There is nothing in the world so well worth looking after as the boy, and there is no being in the world so neglected as the boy. There is scant room for him. We chaperon our girls—and not too carefully—but we leave the boy to choose his associates and his environments with much advice and very little guidance. Girls are naturally gentle and companionable, most of them, at least, and they win their way to and are welcome in all homes, but we do not know of many homes where boys are invited. About the only door that swings with sure welcome for him, about the only chair that is placed near the fire for him, about the only spot where he is sure of a cordial greeting, is where you do not desire him to go. It is one of the hardest things in the world to get hold of a boy—to get a sure grip on him. You think you know something about him, but perhaps that something is very little, and very likely he knows more about you than you do about him.

THE EXPRESSION ON OUR COUNTENANCE.

Our face is the index to our character, our thoughts, our interior self. We gradually come to resemble our ideals, the things which most occupy our minds. Hope or fear, joy or sorrow, success or failure eventually reproduces itself in our expression of countenance, in our manner, in the atmosphere we carry about with us, in our personality. The thoughts we habitually harbor, whether optimistic or pessimistic, hopeful or despairing, sad or merry, will write their record in our faces, exactly in accordance with their nature.

Did you ever realise that your face is a perpetual advertisement of what is going on inside of you? People can tell pretty well by your expression what sort of stuff you are made of, whether you are the master or the slave of your passion or moods. They can tell whether you are optimist or pessimist, whether you have been in the habit of winning or of losing in life's battle. They can tell by the hope or the despair in your look which way you are headed.

If you are looking for a position, or struggling to get on your feet again after some great loss or misfortune, look in the mirror and study your expression. Try to realise how much it has to do with your chances of success. Picture to yourself the effect it is going to have on the people you interview, whether it is going

to prepossess them in your favor or cause them to dismiss you without even giving you a hearing. Even though you may have cause to be sad, chase away your sadness with a smile. Win back your own confidence, your courage, your self-reliance by a brave, sunny, smiling face. Your appearance will affect yourself in the same way that it affects others. You cannot afford to allow courage and confidence and cheerfulness to be eclipsed by your sadness.

BOOKS MADE BY ANCIENTS.

Bibliophiles will tell you that the bookbinding of the ancients has never been equalled, let alone surpassed. They will extol the beauties of the binding of the Byzantine period, when books and covers of gold, silver, and copper, were studded with jewels, the massive tomes being carried in imperial processions.

The books produced in the Middle Ages were of remarkable beauty, inwardly and outwardly. Religious manuscripts were enriched with illuminations themselves, while their covers were of silver, gold, or enamel, encrusted with gems. These books were generally bestowed as splendid gifts by bishops and princes on monastic houses and churches, where they were laid on the altar or chained to a desk.

The Dukes of Burgundy were renowned for their libraries. The *Boccaccio* of Charles the Bold was bound in red velvet, set with five large rubies. Another Burgundian book was velvet bound and set with fifty-eight pearls of great size.

The library of Philip the Good of Burgundy surpassed all other book collections of the time. It contained nearly 10,000 volumes, all richly illuminated on vellum, with bindings of damask, satin, and velvet, encrusted with jewels, with clasps of gold and gems.

THEY ARE DIFFERENT.

"Now, Harold," said the teacher, "there were eleven sheep in a field and six jumped the fence, how many would there be left?"

"None," replied Harold.

"Why, there would," said she.

"No, ma'am, there wouldn't," insisted he. "You may know arithmetic, but you don't know sheep."

TAKING NO RISKS.

There was the story of the Negro troops coming across the Atlantic in a transport. A submarine was sighted. The six sharp blasts from the whistle shrilled out, and the order was given to the colored troops to fall in on the deck. The Negroes stood in line at attention, waiting, silent and scared, while the passengers gathered in the saloon. Then the silence was broken by one big black man in the rear rank, who, in a small, quavering voice, asked:

"Does any nigger here want to buy a gold watch and chain?"

CHEAP AT THE PRICE.

A wandering auctioneer had gathered about him a merry throng of villagers. He held up a battered violin.

"What offers for this ancient fiddle?" he inquired, pathetically. "Look it over. Notice the blurred finger-marks of remorseless time. Observe the stains of hurrying years. To the merry notes of this fine old instrument the brocaded dames of fair France may have danced the minuet."

"Ha," continued the auctioneer, "it bears an abrasion—perhaps a touch of fire. It may be the very fiddle on which Nero played whilst Rome burned. Now, what offers?"

From the back of the crowd came a mournful answer, "A tanner!"

"It's yours, sir!" replied the auctioneer.

WALL PAPERS

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AN AWKWARD BLUNDER.

A friend turned up unexpectedly to dinner, and the newlyweds were rather perturbed, for, not expecting visitors, they had only sufficient for their own needs. They decided to divide the repast into three, and Mr. Newlywed had strict instructions not to ask the visitor if he would like more. Mr. Newlywed, in spite of his wife's instructions, persisted in asking the visitor to take a second helping, but the visitor would not be tempted.

When he had gone Mr. Newlywed was asked why, after such definite instructions, he asked the visitor to have more. "I really forgot all about it," he said.

"Forgot all about it, indeed!" exclaimed his wife. "Why, when I kicked you repeatedly under the table you took no notice."

"Kicked me!" exclaimed Mr. Newlywed. "You didn't kick me!"

SMILE-RAISERS.

Husband: "I wonder why nearly all the misers we read about are single?"

Wife: "Oh, married misers are so common they are not worth mentioning."

Hostess: "Mr. Squibs is going to sing a comic song."

Guest: "I knew something would happen. I upset the salt at the dinner table."

"Papa," said a small boy the other day, "are not sailors very small men?"

"No, my dear," answered the father. "Pray, what leads you to suppose such a thing?"

"Because," replied the young idea, smartly, "I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep in his watch."

"My boy," said the school inspector to a lad in the front row, "suppose your mother gave you 5s to buy a pound of cheese at 1s 4d per pound, and a quarter of tea at 2s 8d, and you lost 7d of the change, what would you have when you got home?"

"A jolly good hiding," said the boy.

Mrs. Bibsworth: "Parents ought to study their boys' tastes and talents when helping them to choose their life-work."

Mrs. Newby: "That is exactly what my husband and I did. Our eldest son was always very fond of animals, so we apprenticed him to a butcher."

The penny tickets for the Pony-and-Trap Raffle were selling in thousands. McGregor wasn't having any, however. He called the whole thing a swindle. Eventually his friends persuaded him to buy one ticket. Who should win the pony but McGregor!

When the prize was brought to him he surveyed it gloomily, and finally said:—

"I told ye the whole thing was a swindle!"

"What's the matter?" asked his friends.

"Where's the whip?" hissed McGregor.

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT."

The Wood Borer.

An interesting paper on the subject of the susceptibility of New Zealand timbers to the attacks of the borer was read by Mr. R. Speight at a meeting some time ago of the Canterbury Philosophical Institute. Mr. Speight stated that his observations had been made from a fairly complete series of New Zealand timbers which were collected principally in the early days by Dr. von Haast, but added to by Captain Hutton. The timbers were in the Canterbury Museum and most of them had come from the forests that once grew in the province of Canterbury, notably those on Banks Peninsula; but representatives had been obtained from other parts of New Zealand, the total number exceeding 150. The museum had been exposed to the ravages of the borer, and the timbers were in a part in close contact with the wood which was seriously affected and all were equally exposed to attack. Some of the timbers, said the lecturer, were immune, while others showed a varying proportion of affected specimens. It was frequently found that the sap was attacked while the heart wood was unaffected. This was especially the case with regard to the matai, commonly known as black pine. A considerable quantity of this timber had been used in the construction of the Museum, and the sap was almost universally affected while the heart had invariably escaped, and was now so hard that it was difficult to drill it. It was somewhat remarkable that specimens of kahikatea or white pine, which was always looked on as one of the most susceptible of timbers, had been but slightly affected, although it had been badly attacked where used in the construction of the Museum building. The only reason the lecturer could assign for this was the experience of builders, who stated that timber from trees grown on hillsides or river terraces had more resistant properties than that grown on swamp lands, and that timber cut in the winter had superior lasting power over that cut in summer. Continuing, the lecturer said, in view of the threatened shortage of local supplies of timber it was of importance that the utmost should be made of what we now had. A great source of waste was due to the ravages of the borer, which necessitated a considerable amount of timber being used in replacements. There was no doubt that this waste could be minimised by the adoption of methods of sterilisation in connection with building timbers. Some of these processes would not only prevent entirely the attacks of the borer but would prolong the life of the timber as well, and have no deleterious effect on human life. A thoroughly satisfactory method of treatment had been found to be the soaking of timber in petrol in which carbolic acid and camphor had been dissolved. This specific had been effective as far as the petrol penetrated into the wood, and would therefore protect new timbers entirely. Both these substances would no doubt disappear from the wood in time, the former as a result of the action of water, since carbolic acid was slightly soluble in it and the latter owing to its gradually passing off, as a vapor. It was possible that the substitution of naphthalene for the carbolic acid would to some extent obviate these slight objections.

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