

are when the sad, sweet, unspeakable melody of the *Coulin* is sung. What Burns is to Scotland, what Heine is to Germany, what Beranger is to France, all that and more is Tom Moore to Ireland. The critics may have their twilight twitterings and moonlight mewlings; but give us the dear old Celtic airs which our national poet has set to such lovely words. A song of Moore always wins favor at a concert, because it always finds its way to the hearts of many of the audience. *Spirito Gentil* or *Du Hast Perlen und Diamanten*, sung by renowned artists, will not have half the real effect of *The Last Glimpse of Erin* or *The Minstrel Boy*, nor will half those who pretend they like the classic pieces best be sincere. Let us therefore co-operate with the Glee Club in order to make the anniversary a success worthy of Tom Moore. By the way, we have more than once thought of asking why there are not more Irish songs sung at our concerts. Few really national songs are sung. When did you hear *The Croppy Boy*, or *Who Feels to Speak*, or *The Lament for Owen Roe* sung last in New Zealand? When did you hear one of the old songs like *Savournaeh Beclish* or *Shule Agra* sung? And have you ever seen a Wexford Reel, or the Three-handed Reel danced on a Colonial stage? Examine your consciences, all ye patriots, and make a firm resolution.

Camouflage

Everyone knows now what camouflage means. The war has added this new word, with many others, to the English language, and to-morrow we shall find it in the dictionaries. Probably the best translation for the French word is the American "fake." It may be objected by purists that "fake" is slang. Even if it is, no more can be said for the original, which is decidedly a slang term, used by scene painters and also by those whose business it was before the curtain rose at the theatres to convert actresses of sixty into Marguerites of sixteen, or to change heavy *tenori robusti* into juvenile Wilhelms. The word is new indeed, but the idea is old. A writer in *Munsey's* finds that camouflage was practised at the siege of Troy when the wooden horse was employed to introduce the soldiers within the enemies' gates. He quotes *Macbeth* to show that even in its most up-to-date form it was known to Shakespeare:

Siward—"What wood is this before us?"

Menteth—"The wood of Birnam."

Malcolm—"Let every soldier hew him down a bough and bear 't before him; thereby shall we shadow the numbers of our host, and make discovery err in report of us."

It is also pointed out that the Indian hunter was a past master in the art. And anyone who knows anything of our natural history is aware that the wild animals and the birds can give points to the best modern exponent of the art.

Some Books to Read

A correspondent would be glad to hear of some good healthy stories for light reading. There is no end to the number that we might suggest, but we always try to introduce fiction that has a claim to literary merit as well as mere imaginative interest. If our correspondent is one of those who will insist on excluding the oldest and the best and regarding Dickens and Scott and Thackeray as too dry and too heavy, we might do worse than advise an introduction to George Birmingham, a Church of Ireland parson who has written some exceedingly clever novels in lighter vein. *Spanish Gold* is his most popular work, and it is unique of its kind. For sheer, innocent, irresponsible mirth it is hard to beat. To read it is to fall in love with it straightway. It is published in a cheap edition—like all the best books. For it is worth remembering that it is only the books that have stood the test of time to some extent that survive the expensive first issue. He also wrote *The Northern Iron*, a stirring story of the Rebellion of 'Ninety-Eight, written from a nationalist point of view; for George Birmingham is a true

Irishman. The now well-known works of the two cousins who masqueraded under the names of Somerville and Ross are good reading. They have undoubted literary merit and are sympathetic sketches of Irish life, even though written from the viewpoint of those who looked out on Ireland from the windows of what the *Leader* used to call the "Garrison." That is to say that they are colored here and there with the landlord's views. Dorothy Conyers is the pen-name of another Irish lady, whose stories are worth reading. She has the hunting microbe badly, and those who have ever known the tense joy of waiting impatiently on an impatient horse beside a covert on a hunting morning, while the hounds were busy in the furze, will enjoy her books. An American priest has written quite recently three fine novels dealing with industrial problems. Their names are: *The Shepherd of the North*; *Gold is Tried by Fire*; and *The Heart of a Man*. All three are good. All Marion Crawford's Italian stories are to be recommended. His sister, Mrs. Fraser, has also written a few novels that are well above the average. And there is no need to recall Father Sheehan to our readers, we hope. If our correspondent has not enough to go on with for the rest of the winter he might also try *The Magnetic North*, by Elizabeth Robbins, and *Richard Carvel*, and *The Crossing*, by Winston Churchill. The best war-novel is *Sonia*, by Stephen MacKenna; and we may be permitted to say that the much boomed *Loom of Youth* was written by a boy—and shows it, too. The reviews of it are unreliable: "not worth the money" is our honest verdict.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The Very Rev. Father P. Murphy, pastor of River-ton, after a continuous period of 30 years' devoted labor in the diocese of Dunedin, intends leaving by the Niagara on that vessel's next voyage to Vancouver, on a visit to Ireland, and primarily to see his aged mother in Galway.

Since last report the Christian Brothers' School A team has played two matches, being successful in both. The first game was against Technical School, and was very closely contested, the "Greens" winning by 2 goals to 1. The second match resulted in a very easy victory for the "Greens," the score being 8 goals to nil against Normal. The winners could easily have run up a cricket score. In the B Grade the "Greens" were again successful against High Street, scoring 2 goals to nil. L. and B. Roughan scored 1 goal each. The "Greens" D team drew with Normal B—2 goals each. B. O'Reilly scored both goals for his team. When the team improves its passing and combination it will be very hard to beat.

A short mission was conducted in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Allanton, by the Very Rev. Father J. Coffey, Diocesan Administrator, from Thursday of last week till Sunday. Although many of the people had long distances to journey to the church, the attendances at Mass and evening devotions were most gratifying. Father Coffey gave an instruction each morning and evening. Many of the people received Holy Communion each morning, and on Sunday, when the mission closed, a very large number approached the Holy Table. The mission throughout bore evidence of good results, and Father Morkaue (parish priest), who was present at all the devotions, had every reason to feel proud of the devotedness of his people to their religious duties. St. Mary's Choir, Mosgiel, sang the Music for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament each evening, and also the music of the Mass on Sunday. Much credit is due to ladies of the congregation for the tasteful decoration of the altar.

"My predecessors chose to bless the swords and shields of the Crusaders; but I would rather bless the pen of the Catholic journalist."—Pope Pius X.