

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

May 25, Sunday.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
 „ 26, Monday.—St. Philip Neri, Confessor.
 „ 27, Tuesday.—St. Bede the Venerable, Confessor.
 „ 28, Wednesday.—St. Augustine, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 29, Thursday.—Feast of the Ascension. Holiday of Obligation.
 „ 30, Friday.—Of the Octave of the Ascension.
 „ 31, Saturday.—Octave of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Feast of the Ascension of Our Blessed Lord.

Christ risen from the dead remained 40 days on earth instructing His Apostles, and proving beyond doubt the truth of His Resurrection. At the end of that time He ascended into Heaven from Mount Olivet, in full view of His Apostles. Thus He secured for His sacred humanity the happiness and glory which He had merited by His sufferings, and at the same time opened to us the gates of Heaven. From the time of the Apostles this event has been commemorated in the Church by a special feast.

St. Augustine, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Augustine was born in Algeria in 354. In spite of the watchful care of his mother, St. Monica, he gave himself up in his youth to many excesses. When he was 33 years of age, the prayers of his pious mother at length obtained for him the grace of a complete conversion. During the remainder of his life he endeavoured to undo the evil which his teaching and example had wrought. He composed, in defence of the Faith, a long series of treatises, which have rendered his name illustrious throughout the world as one of the most profound, ingenious, and prolific writers that have adorned the Church of God. During the 35 years he governed the See of Hippo, he was the centre of ecclesiastical life in Africa, and the Church's mightiest champion against heresy.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

CHRIST IN THE TABERNACLE.

(For the *Tablet*.)

I have not seen your face to-day,
 Where *were* you?
 A hundred others came to pray,
 Where *were* you?
 From out My prison I have gazed
 At thousands who have, kneeling, praised—
 I wanted *you*.
 I wanted you—you did not come,
 Where *were* you?
 I waited there—in silence—dumb—
 Where *were* you?
 Ah! Could you not one moment spare?
 Ah! Surely you a little care!
 I wanted *you*.
 You had not time—ah! so you said,
 Where *were* you?
 While My sad Heart in silence bled,
 Where *were* you?
 Among your friends long hours you spent,
 While I—My loving Heart was rent,
 In solitude.
 I do not like to be alone,
 I *want* you;
 Much more than all the friends you own,
 I *want* you.
 To-morrow you will surely come—
 Remember I am helpless, dumb—
 Uncomforted.

—ANGELA HASTINGS.

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXIII.—FAN'S PROPOSAL.

While Herr Harfenspieler lectured the signora over her painting, Fan and Captain Rupert continued their walk homeward through the woods.

"The signora is terrible when she makes up her mind," Fan had said, laughing, and Rupert answered: "That is why you are afraid to say all you think before her. You half-promised to tell me more about yourself, if she were not by."

"I should be glad to talk to anyone about my old friends and my long ago," said Fan. "Nobody here, but you, would listen to me."

"Let me listen to you, then. I am longing to hear."

Then Fan began her little history, and told him all she remembered about her childhood. Her simple recital fell on the ear of the man of the world less like the details of a real experience than like a tender idyll, the creation of a poet's fancy; and he became more in love with the speaker than ever.

"Thank you for your beautiful confidence," he said, with a tremor in his voice and an unusual mist in his eyes.

"'Tis I who must thank you. It has done me good to be allowed to speak."

From the review of her past, Captain Rupert passed quickly to the consideration of her future. "Do you intend to obey my uncle, and go upon the stage?" he asked, anxiously.

"I cannot but obey, he is so good to me. Besides, I have a reason of my own."

"For becoming a public singer?"

"Yes."

"You desire the excitement, the freedom?" said Captain Wilderspin, regretfully: "Or you are willing to make a fortune?"

"None of these motives are anything like mine, though it is true I have a wish to be independent. But I will tell you what I hope. When I am a famous woman, as they say I am to be, Kevin will hear about it, and come to me."

"Ah, of course, Kevin!" Captain Wilderspin frowned and then smiled. "And what do you think he will look like when he comes?"

"Only like himself," said Fan, her eyes flashing. "I don't want him to look like anyone else."

"I shall make her hate me!" thought Captain Rupert. "Yet I must try to awake her out of this childish dream. Forgive me," he said, gently. "Why do you attribute unkind meanings to me? I cannot be your friend, I cannot accept your confidence, without asking you to look the truth in the face."

"What truth? There is always something cruel when people talk like that about the truth."

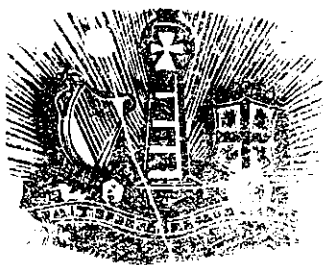
"I do not want to be cruel," Captain Wilderspin paused; but he was a man of his word, and he had promised himself that Fancha should be enlightened. He thought that having first ventured to wound her he might afterwards be able to cure and console her. "Will you answer me a few questions?" he said. "Kevin was 12 years older than you. He was a full-grown young man when you saw him last?"

"Yes."

"Where had he received his education?"

"At the school."

"The village school of an obscure mountain district? He had no other means than this of informing his mind?"



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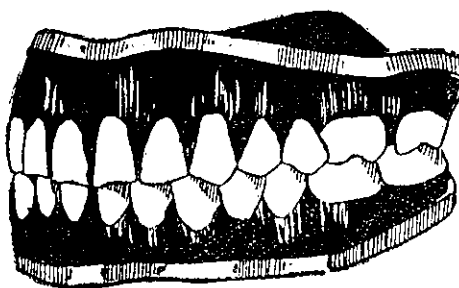
"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
'This is my own, my native land'?"

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CHILDREN LIKE IT

"No," faltered Fanchea, remembering that Kevin had always been dull at his books.

"He was then an uneducated laborer toiling at his spade; and what do you think seven or eight years of such a life as you describe, fishing, digging, associating with his fellows, have done for him? You and he were once on an equality, and you had many pretty thoughts between you; but circumstances lifted you, a child, out of the state in which you were born, while they left him, a man, in his original condition. He has probably now got a peasant wife and children, and, whatever he may have once promised to be, they have by this time dragged him down to the ordinary level of such husbands and fathers as dwell around them. Imagine his sun-burned face; features and expression coarsened by the years that have passed by since you saw it, his rough, clay-soiled hands, his rude brogue, his uncultivated manners and ignorance of all the refinements of living. Believe me, if you ever become a famous woman, and he then comes, as he probably may, to claim you, you will not find him one with whom you could bear to associate."

Fan had kept her gaze fixed on her companion's countenance from the beginning of this speech, and as he proceeded her eyes became darkened and her mouth set with grief. When he finished, a thrill of pain passed over her face, and she turned away quickly to hide her tears.

"Fan, little Fan," said Rupert, tenderly, "I have hurt you: I have made you weep. Forgive me, listen to me——"

"Go away," said Fan, angrily. "You have broken my heart."

A great sob swallowed her last word; and Captain Wilderspin thought from her distress that her mind had assented to the truths of the picture he had drawn.

"I cannot go away," he said, "without your forgiveness. I would not have hurt you but in the hope of setting you free."

"Free!" cried Fan, piteously. "Of all that is beautiful and bright in my life!"

"Of an illusion that is threatening to overwhelm you with the bitterest disappointment. Fanchea, listen to me and do not speak as if there was no other love for you but what lives in a dream. A hundred such Kevins could not love you as I love you. Nay, do not look so astonished. You must have seen it in my face and heard it in my voice. You must have known long ago how I have loved you."

"I knew that you liked me very much," said Fanchea, abashed, and forgetting her anger, "but not so much as this."

"More than this: more than you can imagine, you simple child; more than I can prove to you, except by a life-long devotion. I would not bribe you to be my wife; but look round you, Fanchea, and see the home that I am able to provide for your future. You need not appear upon the hated stage, where I have always felt that I could not bear to see you; but you shall go wherever you fancy to go, and do whatever you please. To make you happy shall be the object of my life, and I shall be amply repaid if you will only give me the best love of your pure little heart."

Captain Rupert's manner and words became more impassioned as he saw the glow of surprise gradually fade in Fanchea's face and change into the chill of regret. As he finished speaking and stood by her in extreme agitation waiting for her answer the girl raised her eyes wistfully to his. She was deeply touched; grateful for his tenderness, and amazed at his devotion. Yet in spite of the warmth of feeling he had aroused, there was something that warned her to keep herself apart.

"You are very good to me," she said, humbly; "very kind. But it would not be right."

"Why would it not be right?"

"Because I want to find—my friends." She would not mention Kevin again after what had been said about him. "If I were to—do as you wish, I should have to give them up. They would be nothing to you; and if I were ever to meet them, you would be ashamed of them."

"So far from that, I promise you, on my soul, that I will give you every assistance in seeking them. I will make it my duty to find out that obscure mountain you call Killeevy, and we will visit it together and know all that is to be known about your friends. If Kevin is in the world we will bring him to the front, and I will set no limit to the bounties you shall bestow upon him and his."

Fan's eyes widened and shone while her ears took in this tempting promise, and her eyes fixed on Captain Rupert's face assured her of the earnestness of his meaning. But at this interesting moment an interruption occurred; the signora's silver ringlets appeared streaming on the breeze; the signora, with a face full of dismay, was seen coming rapidly towards them. Forewarned as she was, she had perceived from a distance that some unusual conversation was being held, and stood breathless and agitated between her charge and Lord Wilderspin's heir.

"Oh, heaven!" she thought, looking from one to the other, "something serious has been said. I am late."

Her looks were so wild that Fan forgot everything else in anxiety for her condition.

"Has anything dreadful happened?" she asked, throwing a supporting arm round her little friend.

"I do not know—I hope not," stammered the signora. "Herr Harfenspieler is here, and Lord Wilderspin has returned."

"They are not quarrelling?" said Captain Rupert with the hint of a smile. He had begun to suspect the cause of the lady's wildness.

"No, Captain Wilderspin; it is not their way," said the signora, recovering her dignity.

"They are not ill?" asked Fanchea.

"No," said Mamzelle; "nothing is the matter with them, except that one wants his pupil and the other his nephew and heir."

She fixed her eyes on Captain Rupert as she uttered the last words with emphasis; but he did not wither up or sink into the earth.

"And this is what you were coming to tell us," he said, smiling. "And you ran so fast that you lost your breath. It was not wise of you, signora. You have made yourself unwell. Be good enough to take my arm that I may support you to the house."

The signora groaned, but acquiesced; and Fan followed musingly, with her eyes on the ground.

A pleasant, social evening followed. Our friends met at dinner, Lord Wilderspin's burly form at the head of his board. Captain Rupert was in high spirits, and his lordship looked with surprise at his whilom, languid nephew. Herr Harfenspieler, glad of the return of his old friend, had almost forgotten his momentary uneasiness about his pupil, and Mamzelle, seeing Fanchea so quiet and undisturbed, hoped that no great harm had been done after all. Only the old lord himself noticed a new and indescribable expression in Fanchea's face.

"What have you been doing to this girl?" he said, fiercely, to Herr Harfenspieler. "You have been working her too hard."

"Not so," said Herr Harfenspieler, thinking of the lost lesson of the morning.

"She is looking pale; and as old as myself," said his lordship, glaring round upon everybody.

The looks of tenderness centred upon her from all sides were quite what his lordship desired for his protégée, and considered by him a part of the good fortune he had provided for her; yet, as his eye went from one to another of the faces at the board, he was startled by something in that of his nephew which he had no way expected to see; and he in his turn surprised that gentleman by leaning across the table and saying in an undertone:—

"This is only a child, do you see, Captain Wilderspin!"

The brusque words and scowl neither disconcerted nor annoyed Captain Rupert, nor did they make him smile. He returned his uncle's fierce glance with a meaning look that seemed to say he knew all the circumstances and had thoroughly made up his mind.

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HAINES-5

No one was aware of this by-play but themselves, for the signora and her pupil were attending to Herr Harfenspieler, who had improved the occasion by delivering a lecture upon idleness.

In the drawing-room, after dinner, the signora saw Fan flitting up and down in the twilight between the great windows, and noticed the pale, perplexed, half-frightened look in her face which had caught the attention of his lordship.

"My child," she said, "there is something strange about you. You look as if you had got a shock."

"So I have, Mamzelle."

"What, can it have been since the morning?" said the signora, in great agitation. "I hope Captain Wilderspin has not been saying anything foolish. Military men are so peculiar."

"He is very good, but I am greatly surprised. He wants me to marry him, Mamzelle."

The signora gave a little shriek.

"You would not like it?" said Fan, tremulously.

"Like it! My dear, do you know what you are saying? The idea is simple madness. You are only a poor protégée of his lordship, and he is Lord Wilderspin's heir."

"Then it really could not be?" said Fan, with a long sigh of relief.

Mamzelle mistook the sigh for one of pain, and her kind heart smote her.

"How dare he be so cruel?" she murmured. "My love, is it possible your happiness is in his hands?"

"I do not know," said Fan, musingly, and with an air of trouble. "It cannot be—if what you say be true."

"Oh, me, oh, me! What a mess we have made of our affairs!"

"Do not grieve, Mamzelle; indeed, I am quite satisfied."

"Good, obedient child!" murmured the signora, a little disappointed in spite of herself. She could not have expected to find her wild gipsy maiden so tame in a matter where her affections were concerned.

"I must not leave you under a mistake. If I were to marry Captain Wilderspin, it would only be for the sake of something he promised me."

The signora's heart grew cold. "A title, diamonds, or what other gew-gaw?" she asked, severely.

"Nothing of that kind," said Fan, with a sad little smile, "and yet something that you would not approve of. I will not vex you by even mentioning it."

Herr Harfenspieler here appearing, the conversation was at an end; and Fan's voice was soon pealing through the room, and her heart unburdening itself of some of its longings and perplexities by means of the utterances of her song.

Lord Wilderspin and his nephew were meanwhile in earnest conversation in the garden.

"I think you hardly understood me just now," the old lord had begun, trying to be patient and reasonable. "It is my desire that everyone in my house be kindly inclined to that young girl. But there are limits to be observed. There are certain lines to be drawn."

"You mean that no man is to dare to fall in love with her?"

"Exactly. Such conduct would be inexcusable."

"Why?"

"Why—why—why? What a question to ask. The world is full of reasons why. Because, in the first place, she is only a child."

"A girl of 17 cannot long remain a child, no matter how peculiarly she may have been brought up, no matter how simple she may be in herself."

"I intend her to remain a child till it pleases me to introduce her to the world."

"Suppose Nature has undermined your plans: is it fair to rob her of her woman's inheritance of love?"

"Her woman's rubbish! Confound it, Rupert! To think of *you* coming to talk to me like this: you who were always the first to sneer, who professed to have no belief in that kind of thing."

"I believe in it now. A child (as you say) has

taught me. Excuse me, uncle, for trying your patience so severely. I do not wonder you are surprised; I have been astonished at myself."

"You mean to say that you have fallen in love with this girl, who has been practising her music in my house?"

"I am determined to make her my wife."

"You audacious jackanapes!"

"Come, come, uncle; a man is not a jackanapes at 35."

"He may be a jackanapes at 100. How dare you come here to rob me behind my back?"

His lordship put his hands behind him and glared from under his eyebrows at his nephew.

"You needn't try to frighten me," said Rupert, good-humoredly. "You have spoiled me too long and too often for that. I have deserved your anger, and you have always forgiven me. This time there is no fault upon my head."

"When I advised you to marry, you would not do it," burst forth his lordship. "Why have you not married your Lady Mauds and Miss Julias?"

"Because they were not—Fan," said Rupert, smiling.

"Be silent, sir; you are most impertinent," said Lord Wilderspin, striding about.

"Now, uncle, do be quiet, and let us talk. I want to marry and settle down according to your wishes; and the woman I have chosen is the 'child' who is dear to yourself. You love her as an old man, and I as a young man, and that is the only difference between us. You would have her obey you that you may ride out a hobby, and I would devote my life to making her happy. There are women enough to sing for us in the theatres. I advise you to let me have my own way."

"An Irish beggar-girl, a gipsy's foundling, is to be installed here as the future Lady Wilderspin!" stormed his lordship.

"I will take her out of the place, that you may not be troubled with the sight of her again."

"You shall do nothing of the kind, sir. I tell you this is no mere case of a hobby, as you think. I cannot have her taken from me. I love her as a child of my own."

"Treat her accordingly, then," said Captain Wilderspin, laying his hand pleadingly on the old man's arm.

"Ungrateful, good-for-nothing, covetous rascal!" shouted his lordship, shaking off the hand and striding away in towering wrath towards the house.

Captain Rupert looked after him and smiled, and then lit his cigar.

"Too hot to last," he said, complacently. "His bark is always worse than his bite."

The frightened look had gone from Fanchea's face when she went up to her room for the night. Further conversation with the signora had assured her that Lord Wilderspin would never consent to her marrying his nephew, and the conviction brought relief to her mind. Captain Rupert pleased her; his tender homage charmed her girlish pride; she admired his soldierly bearing, and had felt him younger and more companionable than the other persons who surrounded her. Yet she was very well aware that she did not want to marry him.

The scheme dear to her heart was the discovery of the lost, and she would keep herself free for that enterprise. A promise of help in her search had for a moment shaken her purpose, and she had asked herself whether she could not accept this means of attaining her end. But a word had made everything clear. Her benefactor must not be displeased.

Such thoughts having raced to a conclusion through her head, she flung open her windows and extinguished her light and moved softly about her chamber dancing the gipsy's dance. Snapping her little fingers, poising herself on her toes, she whirled from one end of the room to another, singing gaily under her breath that she was free:—

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Free, free, to fly over the sea
Like the birds that were cousins
Of Kevin and me!

Her head at last on the pillow, she lay, with her face to the east, where she could see the breaking dawn through her open windows, hear the first whisper of life coming back to the world. The landrail sent up its shrill cry from the meadows below, harsh yet sweet; delicious from its association with the peace of the summer night. A deep quietude was in the air, and the fragrance of multitudes of roses came in and hung round Franchea in her bed, where she kept warbling forth little couplets and sending them through her open window, across the darkened woods and fields. The nightingales had done singing, and there was no bird awake to dispute with her. She had hoped to sing herself to sleep, but suddenly down came the thought that she had been trying to sing and dance out of countenance.

"An uneducated laborer toiling with his spade, with a peasant wife and children—you will not find him one with whom you bear to associate."

As the terrible words came ringing through her mind, Fan's heart gave a wild throb, and she buried her face in the pillows. It was no longer that she was angry at the words having been said, but she had begun to feel afraid they might be just.

Lost in a dream of her childhood's ideal, silent upon a subject that was displeasing to all around her, she had never confronted the fear of such a possibility before. But now she admitted that there was more than a possibility that such a disastrous state of things as had been pictured by Captain Rupert might be true.

Shy, slow, without a cultivated friend, how could Kevin have worked himself higher in the scale of education and refinement? What proof had she that he had come out into the world in search of her, had been wrought up into something nobler than the noblest of the earth? Living at Killeevy, he would naturally do as others did, and go on earning his bread as his father had done before him. Could it be that he had forgotten all his early aspirations; or had he developed into such another as Shawn Rua (called the book-learned man)? Or even if he had followed her (according to her faith), reamed for her sake out into the world's wide high-road, could she feel sure that, even in this case, he had been met by a happier fate? How could he have procured any but the rudest tasks to do; who would have given him the advantages that had been so freely poured out upon her?

Travel-soiled, worn, weary, and poor, she had often pictured him to herself: but coarse and uncultivated, never. Oh! why had she not been left upon the mountain among her friends, to grow up and remain a peasant to the end of her day? She would thus never have been aware of anything wanting in those she loved, whereas, now, she realised that she might live to be only more unhappy through attaining the desires of her heart.

Sensitively and artistically alive to refinement, she was appalled at the probabilities presented to her. Sitting up on her pillow, and staring at the brightening dawn, her eyes grew red with weeping, and her heart felt like to break. Where was the use of the day if Kevin's beautiful soul were a dream? What was the object of the existence of such a creature as herself, if he were to prove one with whom she could not bear to associate?

(To be continued.)

It's quite true, as philosophers say,
That where there's a will there's a way.
'Tis the secret of business success,
And it comes to our aid in distress,
When illness or danger assails,
Or when we've hard times to endure,
Firm will in our trouble avails,
Like Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

XXV.—HOW THIS BRIGHT DAY OF INDEPENDENCE WAS TURNED TO GLOOM. HOW THE SEASONS FOUGHT AGAINST IRELAND, AND FAMINE FOR ENGLAND.

The Anglo-Irish power was almost extinct. It would probably never more have been heard of, and the newly-revived nationality would have lasted long, and prospered, had there not been behind that broken and ruined colony all the resources of a great and powerful nation. The English monarch summoned to a conference with himself in London several of the Anglo-Irish barons, and it was agreed by all that nothing but a compact union amongst themselves, strong reinforcements from England, and the equipment of an army of great magnitude for a new campaign in Ireland, could avert the complete and final extinction of the English power in that country. Preparations were accordingly made for placing in the field such an army as had never before been assembled by the Anglo-Irish colony. King Edward of Ireland, on the other hand, was fully conscious that the next campaign would be the supreme trial, and both parties, English and Irish, prepared to put forth their utmost strength. True to his promise, King Robert of Scotland arrived to the aid of his brother, bringing with him a small contingent. The royal brothers soon opened the campaign. Marching southwards at the head of 36,000 men, they crossed the Boyne at Slane, and soon were beneath the walls of Castleknock, a powerful Anglo-Norman fortress, barely three miles from the gate of Dublin. Castleknock was assaulted and taken, the governor, Hugh Tyrell, being made prisoner. The Irish and Scotch kings took up their quarters in the castle, and the Anglo-Normans of Dublin, gazing from the city walls, could see between them and the setting sun the royal standards of Ireland and Scotland floating proudly side by side! In this extremity the citizens of Dublin exhibited a spirit of indomitable courage and determination. To their action in this emergency—designated by some as the desperation of wild panic, but by others, in my opinion more justly, intrepidity and heroic public spirit—they saved the chief seat of Anglo-Norman authority and power, the loss of which at that moment would have altered the whole fate and fortunes of the ensuing campaign. Led on by the mayor, they exhibited a frantic spirit of resistance, burning down the suburbs of their city, and freely devoting to demolition even their churches and priories outside the walls, lest these should afford shelter or advantage to a besieging army. The Irish army had no sieging materials, and could not just then pause for the tedious operations of reducing a walled and fortified city like Dublin, especially when such a spirit of vehement determination was evinced not merely by the garrison but by the citizens themselves. In fact, the city could not be invested without the co-operation of a powerful fleet to cut off supplies by sea from England. The Irish army, therefore, was compelled to turn away from Dublin, and leave that formidable position intact in their rear. They marched southward as in the previous campaigns, this time reaching as far as Limerick. Again, as before, victory followed their banners. Their course was literally a succession of splendid achievements. The Normans never offered battle that they were not utterly defeated.

The full strength of the English, however, had not yet been available, and a foe more deadly and more formidable than all the power of England was about to fall upon the Irish army.

By one of those calamitous concurrences which are often to be noted in history, there fell upon Ireland in this year (1317) a famine of dreadful severity. The crops had entirely failed the previous autumn, and now throughout the land the dread consequences were spreading desolation. The brothers Bruce each day found it

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more and more difficult to provision the army, and soon it became apparent that hunger and privation were destroying and demoralising the national force. This evil in itself was bad enough, but a worse followed upon it. As privation and hunger loosed the bonds of military discipline, the soldiers spread themselves over the country seeking food, and soon there sprung up between the Scottish contingent and the Irish troops and inhabitants bitter ill feeling and contention. The Scots—who from the very outset appear to have discriminated nought in plundering castles and churches when the opportunity came fairly in their way—now, throwing off all restraint, broke into churches, and broke open and rifled shrines and tombs. The Irish, whose reverence for religion was always so intense and solemn, were horrified at these acts of sacrilege and desecration, and there gradually spread through the country a vague but all-powerful popular belief that the dreadful scourge of famine was a "visitation of heaven" called down upon the country by the presence of the irreverent Scots!

Meanwhile the English were mustering a tremendous force in the rear of the wasted Irish army. The Bruces, on learning the fact, quickly ordered a night retreat, and pushed northwards by forced marches. An Anglo-Irish army of 30,000 men, well appointed and provisioned, lay across their path: yet such was the terror inspired by vivid recollection of the recent victories of the Irish and the prestige of Bruce's name, that this vast force, as the historian tells us, hung around the camp of the half-starved and diminished Scotto-Irish army, without ever once daring to attack them in a pitched battle! On May 1, after a march full of unexampled suffering, the remnant of the Irish army safely reached Ulster.

(To be continued.)

IN OFFERING.

From Achill came an offering,
Sweet gale and asphodel
Plucked from a copper pool,
Wild aster like a quivering,
Gold-hearted soldane!

My brown fawn dancing on the shore,
I took it all and asked for more.
I am your lover and a Fool!

I took it all and asked for more,
The hand that gathered them.
The slant Puck-eyes that make
Their laughing plea in my heart's core,
The blossom on the stem:

To cool my cheek in your wild hair
Entangled round me like a snare
And lie beside you till you wake!

I cannot send you myrrh or musk.
As gage of love, take these
Poor flowers. Beloved, see
These daisies gathered in the dusk
Beneath stripped apple-trees.

These hawthorn berries, one bull-rush,
This tattered ragwort, the wine-blush
Of lovely hemp-agrimony!

They're like my heart, outworn and old
And lonely for the sun.
They once were glad and new,
But wind has blown them and the cold
Rain cruel havoc done.

They're withered now and battered sore,
They never will bear seed: their store
Of life is spent, death overdue!

S., in *New Ireland*.

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THE PASSING OF THE LAST IDOL

(By J. B. CULEMANS, in *America*.)

The last few years have witnessed the collapse of many of the idols which Francis Bacon set out to demolish with such reckless vehemence. The "*Idola Tribus*," the common preoccupations of mankind, as the lure of ease and pleasure, the lust for rank and gold, have gone by the board at the call of stern duty. The "*Idola Specus*," the selfish tendencies of the individual, have been merged into an ardent striving after the common good. The "*Idola Fori*," whose votaries, by making wordy professions of patriotism and other high ideals, endeavored to give substance to a shadowy reality, were all thrown pell-mell into the discard, as attention became focused on the need and the reality of suffering and sacrifice which, unvoiced, become stepping-stones to higher and better things.

One last sanctuary stood inviolate, that of the "*Idola Theatri*," shielding the dogmas foisted upon many minds by the presumed authority of modern scientists and philosophers whose eminence and repute none dared question. Non-Catholic scholars and university teachers never weary of pointing to the wonderful achievements of science, continued to advocate unlimited freedom of research and investigation into all departments of knowledge; they decried loudly the enslavement of reason to authority and exhibited undisguised pity for the Catholic would-be investigator, shackled and hemmed in by a thousand restraints. They abolished God and His revelation as incompatible with the empirically ascertained laws of the universe, while they bowed humbly and reverently before the dictates of Haeckel and Huxley, and Darwin and Tyndall and Bergson. That last refuge of superstition is being rudely shaken, and is crumbling to dust under our very eyes.

For the cult of science was a superstition, with its priests and high priests, its devotees and dupes, its temples and its idols. There is little need to recall at length August Comte, the first pontiff of positive science raised to the dignity of a religion, although he had set out to disprove the need of any religion whatever. Those whom he had dazzled at first, forsook him then, and none among his successors have dared to assume his mantle in so brazen a fashion. But self-appointed university luminaries have continued to proclaim themselves the true reformers and saviours of mankind, holding up science as the light of the world and the lodestar of the race. The apotheosis of science was celebrated in dithyrambic language, and to the multitude of its blessings there was no end. Second-rate lecturers and popularisers were anxious to be the lesser lights basking in the sunshine of the great men and with the fervor of zealots they helped in spreading the new evangel from platform and college chair, through book and pamphlet and magazine. The protagonists of the new learning in the days of the Renaissance were eclipsed by the fiery enthusiasts who have been abroad for the last half-century announcing the good tidings of the wonderful discoveries that are leading to the final emancipation of the human mind.

The temples of the living God could henceforth be dispensed with. They had merely a sentimental interest as lingering historic monuments of a dead past and of an outworn creed. For all nature is a temple whose rites are performed in the laboratory, where also are evolved the ultimate doctrines without which the human mind is never at rest. Profess your firm adhesion to the laws of the chemist-philosopher, the physicist-theologian, the psychologist and the sociologist—they are from all eternity. No God can derogate from them by any miracle. Behold they are your dogmas; for dogmas we must have. Faithful followers flocked to them in great numbers. Bewildered, enthralled, ignorant of any revelation, they succumbed to the magic spell and became willing worshippers at the shrine of science. They endowed it with preternatural powers, occult potentialities; looked upon it as the ruler of the present world and the interpreter of the world to come;

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as is the wont of all superstitious devotees and dupes.

Dupes indeed. Clear and bold the fact stands out to-day, so that he who runs may read and understand. Science was held up as the panacea for all the evils afflicting the world: it has increased a hundredfold our facilities for killing off the race, rendered war more deadly than ever and brought no happiness. It has shown the way and provided the means to alleviate suffering and death; but their horrors are largely caused by its own deadly progress. The chemist and the physicist have unravelled the secrets of nature and used them to soothe the body in its agony. Yet, they have given us nothing to take the place of prayer and Christian fortitude as comforts to the soul when the final parting is at hand; nothing to bear up the bereaved relatives in the sorrow and agony of their loss.

The psychologist had proved conclusively that God is an idea, evolved by the inner consciousness of the race to represent the highest ideal towards which man is tending. This supreme ideal he found concretely represented in the Christ, the most perfect of men but a man withal. His miracles of healing were, of course, clearly shown now to be delusions, largely magnified by His followers to impress the uneducated minds of an unscientific age. He was a great moral character, but mistaken as to His mission and its outcome. His triumph over death is an impossibility and an absurdity: the laws of nature do not admit of any exceptions.

Do men still believe in that phantom God? Death is no longer regarded as the common fate that befalls us all in due time. Amidst the whistling of bullets and the shrieking of shells and the suffocating gas, it took on a new meaning: life beyond the grave must be a reality if this life is to have a meaning. Men were never willing to die for a fine-spun human theory devoid of certitude and sanction; nor are they now. To-day they want to be assured that their sacrifice and their death lead to something more enduring than the nirvana of scientific agnosticism. And from the very depths of their being goes up the cry to the true and living God, sweeping away in an instant that shadowy structure built up by wordy psychologists ignorant of the beauty and value of human life and destiny.

The sociologist had codified the laws that govern the mass-actions of the race and proved their uniformity by dint of elaborately compiled statistics. In his simple scheme of things man was a cog in the great wheel of society. He is dominated by his environment from which he takes his fluctuating moral standards and which sets its sanction upon his actions. Free-will is but a convenient term to designate uncorrelated activities that will sooner or later come under the mechanical laws that govern humanity and the inorganic world alike.

The mechanistic conception of the universe, held by the chemist and the physicist, was applied to man. By rule of thumb sociology would reconstruct society on this new pattern. Scientific morality would take the place of the Divine Commandments that had contributed their share towards the evolution of the race, but are now hopelessly out of date. Human society is an end in itself. Happiness in a future life cannot possibly be part of a scientific conception of the world. The greatest possible happiness for the greatest possible number right here and now is the aim of existence. Sin is not an evil, but poverty is, and sickness, and tenements, and above all, monogamous marriage when the partners are not soul-mates. All these sources of social ills will be done away with, and primarily that most prolific source of them all: Christian marriage. The outcome was to be a regenerated race, gaining in broad culture, health and physical strength what it might lose in numbers.

The apostle of science saw the old theocratic order tottering to its ruin. It is his own airy castles that are tumbling in the dust around his college chair. The old morality, the old ideals of sacrifice and devotion, assert themselves more strongly than ever in times of crisis. What do men care now for mere material happiness and creature comforts when higher ends are at stake? They

are no doubt very unscientific in warring for what they believe to be eternal principles of right and wrong, but they are true to their better selves. They refuse to admit that they are the toys of an ineluctable fate; that the good things of earth are the only possessions worth while, and they have set out, through pain and afflictions, to build themselves a better world in disregard of the sociologist's most cherished tenets.

A scientific religion and morality may quite satisfy an aristocracy of intellectuals, sybarites of the laboratory: they do not work in the world of men where the fiery ordeal of suffering only stamps a theory as fit for human souls to live by. When face to face with ultimate realities, instinct and reason alike drive men to cast aside all the crude substitutes for the one true God, whose word has brought hope and solace to untold generations in days of stress. Science in its proper sphere will continue to ennoble the mind and to reveal the greatness of the Creator. As a claimant to spurious honors it has gone the way of all idols. Humanity is the better for their passing.

ON TRANSPORT N-----

The great value of the service rendered by the Knights of Columbus in camps in the United States and in France has been evidenced in many ways, but it is doubtful if there has been a more impressive aftermath of K. of C. service than that which occurred recently aboard ship in the Irish Sea (writes John J. Donovan, from K. of C. headquarters, 16 Place de la Madeleine, Paris, in the *Boston Pilot*).

A British ship transporting more than 1000 American soldiers was forging eastward. To right and left and in front and astern were other transports, while just inside the horizon British destroyers zipped here and there with careful eye for the safety of the last American convoy to sail before the Armistice. High in the sky with the sun shining on their glittering framework were two "Silver Gleams," aluminium painted British dirigibles.

It was aboard Transport N----- that a ceremony was performed that attracted to the decks every American aboard ship as well as many of the British officers. An American soldier was to be admitted into the Catholic Church; a soldier from Cleveland, Ohio, who had received his instructions aboard the ship. As the transport was off the coast of Donegal, Ireland, hundreds stood with bared head while Arthur McIntosh, of Cleveland, Ohio, was baptised.

The ship was but a few hours out from an Atlantic port when Private McIntosh sought out Rev. Father Van der Gruiten, of St. Michael's Church, Goltry, Oklahoma, who was aboard as a Knights of Columbus chaplain en route to France. He told "Father Van" that he would like instructions, he said that at the camps in the United States he had been attracted by the service given the soldiers by the Knights of Columbus en route to France. He told "Father Van," as he was popularly called, that he would like instruction. He had been impressed by the wonderful spiritual devotion of the Catholics and their regularity in attending service and the sacraments, and that all taken together had made such an impression on him that he desired instruction that he might become a Catholic. He had noticed the work of the secretaries; their unvarying courtesy, the brother feeling always in evidence between the Catholic soldiers and the secretaries and the splendid manner in which the Knights of Columbus workers received and cared for every man irrespective of race, creed, or color.

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Current Topics

Sinn Fein

A word of warning is necessary with regard to the fablegrams about Ireland just now. The Sinn Fein Party has driven the Government to the wall, and every effort of the nefarious propaganda will be directed towards misrepresenting Ireland. Even messages purporting to be from De Valera must be received with a grain of salt, as the following official statement proves:—

On behalf of the Executive of Sinn Fein, we are authorised to state that all the letters and interviews appearing in the press and purporting to come from President De Valera are without foundation. The only message which President De Valera has addressed since he left Lincoln Gaol was that to the Ard Chomhairle of Sinn Fein on February 20, in which he stated that he escaped from Lincoln Gaol to do the nation's work.

We have never heard of the "Ultra-Irish Society of Great Britain," or of Mr. Sean McCarthy, who presided, or of Mr. P. J. Ryan, and we are surprised that the Irish press should inflict such an obvious hoax on the Irish public. President De Valera will address all his communications through this office, and the people will hear from him at the right time.

We would also warn the people against the reputed interviews given by Sean T. O'Ceallaigh in Paris, as we are acquainted with the methods of the British propagandists.

H. BOLAND } Hon. Secs.
T. KELLY }

Sinn Fein, 6 Harcourt St., Dublin.
March 3, 1919.

Ulster Disunion

The official correspondent of the New York *Nation* tells American readers that Ulster is breaking up, and that had the Nationalists and Sinn Feiners not contested certain Ulster seats the Orange Party would have had serious reverses. "Even the Protestant Ulsterites," he says, "are drifting away from their old hatred and fear of the South and of Home Rule. The present strike is giving Labor a decided push in the direction of Sinn Fein. The laboring men I have talked with—some of the Orange persuasion, some of the Green—are quite agreed that the political issue between North and South has been thrust aside, giving place to the struggle against the common enemy, the employer. 'Three years,' said one of them, 'will see us all Sinn Fein.'" The Dublin Transport and General Workers' Union has taken hold in Belfast since the strike, embracing all the unorganised laborers. In the course of a few years this union, which is thoroughly Sinn Fein, and which was mainly responsible for the rising, has grown from 5000 to 75,000 members. "A strange sensation," says the same writer, "to see such unanimity in 'rebellion.'" The fact that Protestants are strongly represented in Sinn Fein, and that some of the chosen delegates of the people are Protestants, is not unobserved by the Ulster Labor Party. Once it is borne in on them that they too are interested in securing freedom for the land they live in they will quickly cease to be made the tools of an English gang of placemen who have successfully exploited them for their own ends during many years.

British Versus Bolshevik Morality

In their attack on Mr. Semple some time ago, the Jingo papers of this Dominion made, as is their way, much capital of a since-exploded canard about the nationalisation of women by the Bolsheviks; and with their usual logic and good taste tried to make out that it was as great a crime for him to support Sinn Fein in asking English tricksters to keep their pledges as it was to declare that he would be a Bolshevik were he a Russian. Knowing only what a corrupt press propaganda chooses to tell us of Bolshevism, we cannot pronounce judgment on it, but knowing the methods of the British propaganda and the lies it issued about

Ireland, its attacks on any movement are something *a priori* in its favor. Once more we have a splendid example of how England, by no means clean herself, attempts to blacken her foes and arouse hatred against them. The story of Bolshevik immorality has been proved false; but here is a story of British perversion that cannot be shewn to be false. Lord Buckminster brought before the Parliament last autumn an abominable Bill to license polygamy. The Bill was camouflaged as a measure to enable poor petitioners to break their lawful marriages. The House of Lords threw it out, thus giving temporary check to what is really, according to *The Month*, "an infamous propaganda." We are told that this effort in favor of polygamy will be revived again when Parliament meets. It may therefore be timely to quote the editorial comment of *The Month* on this latest exhibition of hypocrisy of which our pious editors have no harsh things to say because the scandal is British, not Bolshevik:—

"The proposal will be urged again in the Commons when the new Parliament assembles. The pagan views of the marriage contract introduced by Protestantism are too prevalent for us to hope that the matter will be allowed to rest. It would be amusing, were it not so sad, to note that the advocates of easy divorce profess the greatest zeal for morality. Lord Buckminster said that many separated persons, living with new consorts, were anxious to 'sanctify' their adulterous unions by obtaining for them the sanction of the civil law—a capital instance of the legal persuasion that it is the law that creates morality. An admirable exposé of the unsound position of these assailants of matrimony may be found in the *Tablet* for November 24, as also in a pamphlet, *Why Catholics Oppose Divorce*, published by the Westminster Federation. Therein it is shewn that such opposition is motivated as much by zeal for the well-being of society as for the observance of religious prohibitions. There is nothing in essence to distinguish the proposals of Lord Buckminster and his following from the bestial 'free-love' decrees credited to the Bolsheviks at Vladimir and summarised in the *Observer* for November 3."

The exposure of the fable about the nationalisation of women which our journalists swallowed as they swallow every unsavory dish set before them by Northcliffe ought to have covered them with shame and made them retract. But retraction of false reports to the prejudices of those who are opposed to us is not their way, although it is the way of simple and self-respecting Christians. Even if the canard had been well-founded what a retort Mr. Semple would have had! These New Zealand agents for the infamous Propaganda of Lloyd George and Northcliffe would be mildly astonished if one expected them to condemn this latest proof of the lack of common Christian ideals among English nobles and their followers. What is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander here. Is it any wonder that the press has no influence on the public?

Bigotry in Press and Literature

The anti-Catholic tradition dies hard in the British Empire. Even a man who has been exposed as a cad and horsewhipped will find many people who imagine they have a right to be regarded as decent citizens to support him. Journalists will miss no opportunity of framing a headline, which though a fair revelation of their own incompetency and dishonesty will please their low-toned market by its No-Popery ring. We have recently commented on a choice piece of blackguardism of two local papers that suppressed a tribute paid by a lecturer to a dead Catholic hero who was only too eager to risk his life for the sake of our soldiers while certain other gentlemen whom we could name were skulking in dug-outs so that they might live to tell the "tale" of what they saw and did on New Zealand platforms afterwards. We have lately come upon another proof of how far this sort of "British Fair Play" extends and how it affects even otherwise well-disposed and righteous men. In her autobiography Miss Martineau makes it clear that even Charles Dickens was a bigot to the same extent as most English Protestants

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and writers of his day and ours and that he was capable of the dishonorable conduct of suppressing whatever might represent Catholics favorably. Miss Martineau had about the year 1854 some misgivings as to the "principles or want of principles" on which *Household Words* was conducted. The attitude taken up by Dickens on the woman question and on the Preston strike had aroused her suspicions already when an incident occurred which she narrates as follows:—

"In consequence of a request from Mr. Dickens that I would send him a tale for his Christmas number, I looked about for material in real life. . . . I selected a historical fact, and wrote the story which appears under the title of *The Missionary*, in my volume of sketches from life. I carried it with me to Mr. Wills' house, and he spoke in the strongest terms of approbation of it to me. . . . Some weeks afterwards my friends told me with renewed praises of the story that they mourned the impossibility of publishing it,—Mr. Wills said, because the public would say that Mr. Dickens was turning Catholic, and Mr. Wills and Mr. Dickens, *because they would never publish anything, fact or fiction, which gave a favorable view of anyone under the influence of the Catholic faith.* (Italics ours.) This appeared to me so incredible that Mr. Dickens gave me his ground three times over, with all possible distinctness, lest there should be any mistake; he would print nothing which could possibly dispose any mind whatever in favor of Romanism, even by the example of real good men. . . . I told him that his way of going to work was the very way of arousing fair minds in their defence; and that I had never before felt so disposed to make popularly known all historical facts in their favor. . . . Mr. Dickens hoped I should think better of it; and this proof of utter insensibility as to the nature of the difficulty, and his partner's hint the illiberality lay in not admitting that they were doing their duty in keeping Catholic good deeds out of sight of the public, showed me the case was hopeless. To a descendant of Huguenots, such total darkness of conscience on the morality of opinion is difficult to believe in when it is before one's very eyes."

Miss Martineau is right. The darkness of conscience, the total inability to act on a moral basis, the total hypocrisy of what is known to Britons alone as "British Fair Play" is a mystery. It proves the corruption of human nature by Protestantism and that standards of honor and decency are lower among so-called respectable Britons than among Hottentots and Kafirs. We have here in this very town of Dunedin a thinly veiled anonymous writer who has been detected in actual forgery of quotations from standard books on history which he "manipulated" with a view to blackening Catholics and Irishmen in the eyes of their neighbors. And that, dear readers, is British Fair Play as interpreted by Protestant guides of the people. God help us!

Ireland and America

There is talk nowadays of a grand entente between the people of the United States and the British Empire—between what is so wrongly called the sea-divided branches of the Anglo-Saxon family. Be it, however, remembered that so long as England continues to play the tyrant and the hypocrite towards Ireland there never can be unity between the States and the Empire. England never learns a lesson. Her coarse bard sang in his barrack-room manner that she had learned "a hell of a lesson" after being thrashed and defeated time and again by a little band of Boers who fought for their own land against British rapacity and despotism. But we have only to recall the records of the English (as distinct from the Colonial and Celtic) regiments in this war to know how little the lesson profited, and the bungling of the Lloyd George-Carson-Harmsworth gang was quite on a level with that of the men who sent Buller to his defeat, because they would not listen to the expert opinion of the only man who was capable of advising them. England is anxious for union with America. England has but to look back and learn why that union has not been realised before now, and why

it can never become a reality as long as a small nation is tortured and plundered in the interests of a horde of Orange ruffians. Envoy after envoy in the past has found his schemes checkmated and foiled by Irish influence at Washington. British diplomacy has struggled in vain for a footing on the land to which British tyranny drove the Irish exiles in sorrow and suffering. Shano Leslie tells us that:—

"The important convention agreed upon by Reverdy Johnson and Lord Clarendon was thrown out of the Senate. Bancroft in his *Life of Seward* clearly traces this to its source. 'The Fenian movement had increased the strong public sentiment in favor of waiting for an opportunity to retaliate. This was such an opportunity.' The play and counter-play of Irish sentiment in American politics became more and more marked. Each President had to deal with it. President Johnson was much at a loss what to do with the Fenian raiders of Canada. The Government could only let them down as gently as possible without offending England. President Grant was much embarrassed by the Irish mission to the American centenary under Parnell, who refused to be introduced by the British Ambassador. We find Alexander Sullivan interviewing President Arthur on Irish emigration, and causing diplomatic action thereby which Parnell characterised as 'the best slap England had from America since the war of 1812.' Sackville-West, whose every move was watched and foiled by an intensely active Fenian party, took refuge, during the time of the Phoenix Park executions on the Presidential yacht; and indirectly he owed his abrupt dismissal to the force of Irish opinion. An indiscreet letter from his pen at election-time gave the Irish Democrats a distinct breach of etiquette to work upon, and Cleveland handed Sackville West his papers. It was an act of unprecedented rigor, but the Irish-Americans were strong enough to insist. *The Times* laid it to Boyle O'Reilly's credit."

Again, inspired by Irish opinion, Cleveland defied Salisbury in the nineties. Michael Davitt was the man who brought about the defeat of the Anglo-American Treaty of 1897. And apropos of that incident we remember that Chamberlain interviewed Archbishop Ireland on its possibilities and that the answer he got was: "It cannot be, Mr. Chamberlain. Ireland—not the man, but the nation—blocks the way." Regarding Davitt's victory, Sheehy-Skeffington, whom England has since killed, wrote:—

"It was felt that the occasion was one in which no opportunity ought to be lost of showing England that she really had something substantial to gain from the freedom and friendship of Ireland, apart from the intrinsic value of having a contented nation at her side. It was time to teach the world that Irishmen in the United States were true to their motherland. So he crossed to the States, and in a brief campaign in the proper quarters secured that the Anglo-American Treaty which was expected to be the germ of a formal alliance should be rejected by the United States Senate through Irish influence in that body."

It was a magnificent punishment for the Coercion Acts. And it was by no means the last time that Ireland hit back hard through America when England's interests were at stake. The exiles of Erin who were driven forth from their own land by British cruelty and robbery did not forget, and they never will forget until the last farthing of the old debt is paid in full. Again and again Irish emigrants and their children have turned the scale against England in America. They have done so in the past, they are doing so to-day, and will continue to use their powerful influence against the Empire which persecuted them and plundered them for centuries. England never learns. England is now blinder than ever to her best interests. For the sake of the descendants of the "scum of the earth" who were planted on Irish land, she is still sowing the seeds of hatred for herself in the American Continent. And it is not hard to forecast that in future, should English politicians persist in the policy of Prussianism towards Ireland, a greater and more powerful force than ever will have to be reckoned with in the United States.

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There is talk of an alliance between the German millions and the Irish in America. It does not need great perspicuity to realise what power can be wielded by 40,000,000 people who make common cause against the one nation in the world to-day that strives to perpetuate the old traditions of barbarity and feudalism. Between friendship and enmity with Ireland it is more than probable that English statesmen with their traditional stupidity will choose enmity. Ireland is willing to forgive and forget, but the price of forgiveness must be the restitution of her rights. England has all to gain by a policy of honesty and all to lose by continuing on her ancient path of oppression. The winning of America is one of the cherished schemes of English diplomacy, but America will never be won except by ways of justice and righteousness towards Ireland. In spite of past mistakes and sharp disappointments, England has yet to learn her lesson. Will she ever learn it? Will she ever do justice to Ireland for the sake of Justice, or will Ireland's victory be attained by means that will still leave the old leaven of hatred unpurged? Just as we cannot doubt that Ireland will win her freedom, we cannot doubt that exactly how she wins it is a very important question for England at present.

MOSGIEL

While the members of the Taieri Women's Patriotic Association were recently assembled in the Coronation Hall at a meeting and making arrangements for the welcome home social to returned soldiers, a very pleasant function took place. The labors of the association, with the close of the war, are drawing to a finish, and the members decided to recognise the good work of the president (Mrs. Quelch). Since the formation of the association Mrs. Quelch has spared neither time nor pains to carry out the business connected with it.

Mrs. A. Johnson, one of the vice-presidents, on behalf of the members, said that, as that would be the last meeting of the Taieri Women's Patriotic Association, she had been asked to make a few remarks. For nearly five years they had been meeting under the presidency of Mrs. Quelch, and all agreed that during that time she had conducted the meetings with great tact and ability. It had been a great personal sacrifice that Mrs. Quelch had left her home and little ones to conduct the affairs of the association. Very few would ever know the full extent of time which Mrs. Quelch had given whole-heartedly and unselfishly for the welfare of our soldier boys. (Applause.) The members of the association felt they could not let the occasion pass without showing in some slight manner their love and respect for their president and their appreciation of the manner in which she had presided over them. It gave the speaker much pleasure in asking the president's accept-

ance of a gold wristlet watch. They all trusted that she would be long spared to wear it, and that it would remind her of the pleasant feelings that had always existed amongst the members of the Taieri Women's Patriotic Association. (Applause.)

Mrs. Quelch, who was completely taken by surprise, fittingly returned thanks. She referred to the happy relations that had always existed amongst members, and said she would treasure the gift as long as she lived. Had it not been for the hearty co-operation of her fellow-members, she could not have accomplished what had been done.

At a representative gathering of Mosgiel people on Tuesday night, May 13, in the Coronation Hall, a presentation was made to Mr. Quelch (ex-Mayor). The Mayor (Mr. William Allan) presided, and presented Mr. Quelch with a roller-top desk, bearing an inscription.

In making the presentation, the Mayor spoke of the many years Mr. Quelch had served the ratepayers both as councillor and mayor. Right through he had given the very best of his attention to municipal matters, and the public felt that such services should not pass without some kind of recognition. In addition to the duties within the borough, the ex-mayor had been called upon to do much patriotic work. No matter when or where the call came from, he was always ready to give it his attention. He had also devoted a lot of time as representing the borough and Taieri County on the Otago Hospital and Charitable Aid Board. Each branch of his office he had filled with dignity and ability, and the ratepayers now desired to say a word of thanks. (Applause.) He asked Mr. Quelch to accept their gift not for its intrinsic worth, but as a mark of esteem and regard from his many friends in Mosgiel, and in acknowledgment of his many services. (Applause.)

Mr. Cheyno (ex-councillor) endorsed the remarks of the Mayor.

Mr. W. H. L. Christie (chairman, Taieri County Council) made special reference to the work carried out by Mr. Quelch in conjunction with the Taieri County Council.

Mr. Quelch was loudly applauded on rising to thank the Mayor for his remarks and the residents for their gift. In referring to the work connected with the office Mr. Quelch spoke of the great war and the patriotic work that had to be carried out. A great deal had been accomplished by Mosgiel: and he would like to say that the town had been splendidly supported by the people of the districts surrounding it, who made Mosgiel their centre, and by the Taieri County Council. He emphasised the work of the Taieri Women's Patriotic Association.

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THE CATHOLIC WORLD

GENERAL.

The oldest university under the American flag is that of Santos Tomas de Aquinas, the famous Dominican seat of learning in the Philippines. It was founded in April, 1611.

Argentina counts no less than 1162 Catholic private schools for primary education. The most important centres are in the capital, Buenos Ayres, 395 schools, and in the Provinces of Buenos Ayres, 360; Cordovo, 189; Entre Rios, 187; and Santa Fe, 247—all Catholic free schools.

Within five years the great metropolitan sees of New Orleans, San Francisco, St. Paul, Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York, have become vacant, and all are now filled by new chief pastors. The change involved in that short time means that two-thirds of the Catholics of the United States have passed under the jurisdiction of new Archbishops.

Early every year a list of Catholic missionaries who have died in foreign lands during the previous 12 months is published. The total losses for 1918 are nine bishops and 198 priests. Of the bishops six are French, one Italian, and one Hollander. Of the priests 103 are French, 20 Spaniards, 11 Italian, 10 Belgian, nine Irish, five Germans, five Hollanders, five Portuguese, four Canadians, two Indians, 11 Senegalese, one North American, one Maltese, one Swiss, one belonging to the Argentine, and one to the Republic of Columbia. The oldest of this glorious phalanx was an Italian, Padre Angelini, O.F.M., born in 1832, and a missionary in the Holy Land since 1856, so that the octogenarian had 53 years' missionary work of the most exacting kind when called to his reward. After him comes Father Tatin, O.M.I., on the mission in England since 1865. The religious families represented in this Roll of Honor are the Order of Friars Minor, the Company of Jesus, the Vincentians, the Dominicans, the Capuchins, Conventuals, Oblates of Mary Immaculate, Salesians, White Fathers, Carmelites.

The Most Rev. Mother-General of the Congregation of Notre Dame des Missions is expected to arrive in England shortly for the General Chapter of the Congregation (says the *Irish Catholic* of recent date). She has been visiting the Mission Convents in Canada, New Zealand, and Australia, and will proceed, on her return journey, to India to visit the convents in that far-away land. The General Chapter will take place this year at St. Ethelburga's Convent, Deal, Kent, when all the Superiors from the different quarters of the globe will assemble for the election of new Superiors. This important event should have taken place last year, but owing to the difficulties of travelling, it was postponed until 1919. The Sisters of the Institute of Notre Dame des Missions fulfil a most noble work in the training and bringing up of orphans, and they are engaged in other charitable works. May the Holy Spirit guide their deliberations in the forthcoming General Chapter.

His Excellency Archbishop Bonzano, speaking at the enthronement of Archbishop Hayes as Metropolitan of New York, declared that "Archbishop Hayes begins his administration at a moment that is critical for America and for all mankind. In every department of life, problems of the gravest character multiply day by day," said the Apostolic Delegate. "Still trembling from its mighty conflict, the world is impatient to clear away its ruins and build anew the structure of society. Law and order, individual right and national existence, science and civilisation—all are involved in this crisis. Religion itself is not exempt—nor faith, nor hope, nor virtues that have hitherto served as the basis of freedom—all are at stake, all dependent upon the issue to which events are so rapidly moving. As all the forces of evil, of passion and greed and hatred have combined to bring calamity upon the world, so in equal unity and strength must the agencies of good co-operate to restore and preserve the social order, the home, the

school, and the Church, public authority and private endeavor."

A CARMELITE CENTENARY.

This year—1919—marks the third centenary of the foundation of the historic Carmelite Community at Lanherne, Cornwall. They were originally founded at Antwerp, in 1619, by Lady Ann Lovel, of English ladies, who had gone over for that purpose. Lady Ann Lovel was the daughter of Lord Rogers, Baron of Teighnam, and widow of Sir Robert Lovel. The Community was, however, compelled, through the rapacity of the French, in 1794, to return to England for safety. The eighth Lord Arundell generously placed at their disposal his historic Manor of Lanherne, Cornwall, for their convent home, a gift which they most gratefully accepted. This manor was the seat of the Arundells since the time of King Henry III., and as early as 1376 Lady Jane de Arundell obtained episcopal permission to have Holy Mass celebrated in her private chapel there.

The Arundells in early times possessed so much property and influence in Cornwall and elsewhere as to be called "Great Arundells." But far above the antiquity of their descent, the dignity of their connections, or earthly possessions, they prized their Catholic Faith, and amidst the changes and disasters of the Reformation they were the foremost champions of the ancient Faith of England. In the reign of Edward VI., Humphrey Arundell died gloriously for his Faith. His son, Sir John Arundell, was cast into prison for his Faith by Queen Elizabeth, and the next heir, for the same holy cause, suffered the forfeiture of two-thirds of his estates, and of all his goods, and saved the remnant of his possessions only by paying a fine of £3000 and an annual fine of £240 for non-attendance at the Established Church.

There is a tradition that even through the most perilous periods of the Reformation a priest was to be found at Lanherne, and that the Blessed Sacrament has always been kept there, without a break, through all the years of religious disaster and tragedy. The Lanherne Mission is thus the oldest in Cornwall, having preserved unbroken its connection with pre-Reformation times.

"FALSE FROM THE START."

An interesting and rather unusual court scene was recorded in the Auburn (N.Y.) *Citizen* a few weeks ago (says the St. Louis *Church Progress* of recent date). Judge Ray, of the Federal Court, administered a stinging rebuke to a reader of *The Menace*, who pleaded guilty to distributing alleged false and malicious literature which attacked the Knights of Columbus. The defendant, David Wagner, 66 years old, of Oneonta, admitted having circulated a leaflet which attacked Catholic organisations. He was sentenced by Judge Ray to pay a fine of 100 dollars. The defendant raised the money and paid the fine.

"No body of men have shown themselves more devoted to the Union and to the cause of our country in this war than have the Catholics," said Judge Ray, in passing sentence. "The Knights of Columbus have co-operated valiantly with the Red Cross and other organisations for the general good."

"I am not a Catholic, but I want to say to you that I wish you would promise not to read any more in *The Menace*, which I understand you take. Such statements as have been published in that paper are harmful, and they hinder united action in our country, as well as being false from the start." Wagner admitted that he "had nothing against the Catholics, but did not like the system." However, he intimated that he would stop taking *The Menace*. He claimed that he found the leaflets.

If the heart be right with God, He will weigh the rest in a balance of compassion.—Cardinal Manning.

BOLSHEVISM IN MUSIC

Bolshevism has been described as a desire for freedom expressed by methods inconvenient to the majority. According to M. Pederewski, Bolshevism is directed against all who use the toothbrush. There are, however, tendencies in art which can be conveniently summed up as Bolshevik. Whoever has done in art what was not done before has been considered Bolshevik by his contemporaries. Monteverde was a musical Bolshevik because in 1600 he dared to sound together, for the first time, the notes forming the then unpardonable discord of G, B, D, F, the now familiar dominant seventh. The composers of the early seventeenth century who revolted from the Palestrina school of pure vocal writing were a body of determined Bolsheviks, who laid the foundations for us of opera and instrumental music. To come to a much later period, Beethoven was hailed as a Bolshevik when he defied tradition by beginning one of his symphonies with a discord. Schumann, the Romanticist, was in his time a formidable Bolshevik, as were those wonderful innovators, Liszt and Wagner. But the most complete and astounding overthrow of what might be called respectable musical society has taken place during the last 20 years or so, at the hands of the Lenins and Trotskys of modern musical art, Richard Strauss, Debussy, Ravel, and Strawinsky, not to mention Schönberg, whose later works seem to be the absolute negation of everything previously known as music.

The outward and audible characteristic of Bolshevism in music is the throwing overboard of all accepted rules. What are these rules? They are something set up from time to time by theorists from an analysis of the practice of composers. But since the work of the composers comes first in point of time the rules have always been behind the times. The edifice of musical theory, which has to all intents and purposes been demolished during the last 20 years, is like a low, rambling building erected by many hands during the course of centuries. While it has been added to here it has been crumbling there, but it has served its purpose very well so long as musical art has been based on continuity with the past, as was the case until Wagner's work was completed.

But the last 20 years of music represent fresh methods which can hardly be regarded as part of the development of what has gone before. At the beginning of polyphony, ages ago, the first attempts at counterpoint, or more than one tune at a time, took the form of the addition of fourths, fifths, and octaves to a given melody. Later on, the parallel use of these intervals, fifths in particular, came to be regarded as anathema in vocal and instrumental part-writing. Composers of the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries avoided them entirely, yet their systematic use has become a characteristic of Modernism in music. The theorists used to say, "Beethoven resolved chords in such a way, therefore you must." But examine any modern composer, such as Debussy, and you will find that if discords are resolved at all it is in a way unconnected with previously established principles.

To cut a long story short and avoid technical analysis, it seems to me that the development of art in general and musical art in particular might be represented by a circle. Proceeding to the left from a point in the circumference you begin with primitive notions of music—plain chant, folk-song, and the scales in use before the present major and minor scales became a convention. You pass on through the growth and perfection of the vocal polyphonic period, through the early instrumental attempts, to Bach, where perhaps the half-circle is reached, then onwards through Haydn and Mozart to Beethoven. Then the line of the circle proceeds through Schumann, Wagner, and Brahms, representing the perfect fusion of Romanticism and Classicism, and the logical, unfettered development of all that went before. Here you are confronted with a fresh phenomenon. A new spirit enters into musical art. What is it but an arc of the circle comprising the extreme developments of the preceding brought into

contact with the primitive elements of the beginning? Here comes a new art; the marriage of form and formlessness; of the primitive and the sophisticated. The two extreme elements of art have come together, and the New Birth is the result. This, in art, stands for the transmutation of the alchemist, the glistening powder of magistral force, the Wine of the Sabbath. Who can measure the possibilities opened to art by this union of opposites? It may be that the new music of the last 20 years is the merest shadow of what is to come when the composer arises who is great enough to synthesise and put in order the results of all these experiments and turn them to big, human uses.

Music having reached this position of flux and instability, the problem for the coming generation of musicians becomes increasingly difficult. Even performance is affected, and what would have passed muster 10 years ago cannot now be tolerated. Students are faced with entirely new problems, and to solve them a fresh generation of teachers is needed. It is perhaps of a piece with the present state of the world that on the educational side of art, especially musical art, nothing can be presented to the student as final in authority. The music student of to-day is a born Bolshevik; there is no rule to which he can give unqualified allegiance, and his natural bent is to rebel against every form of artistic discipline. The laws underlying the latest development in music are only known to those who are concerned in those developments, and to them only in a subconscious way. Theorists cannot possibly begin to analyse or formulate them. This period in music is, therefore, the moment for the instinctive artist, as well as the opportunity for the plausible charlatan, and the public is not yet in a position to make any distinction. We have arrived at a time in musical art when neither experience nor knowledge can in any effective way control the stream of tendency. Any attempt to keep the coming musical generation in the old paths is futile. The sanction of the old laws is lost, while the new laws are obscure, and the result is Bolshevism.

In so far as these changes of outlook affect the general public, a restlessness and want of confidence in both old and new work is evident. The old foundations have been shaken. It may be that out of all this will come a greater and deeper appreciation of fundamentals in music, a more intelligent if less voracious appetite for what is in itself good, and a more discriminating standard of musical art generally in this country and elsewhere.

—PICCOLO, in *Everyman*.

"BURY ME IN THE SUNSHINE."

Several years ago the late Archbishop Ireland was discussing the subject of the crypt in the new Cathedral, the place intended for the burial of the Archbishops of St. Paul. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Oh, bury me in the sunshine when I die." A few days before his death the venerable prelate gave expression to the same sentiments when he said:—"Let me lie out there with my people, under the green sod of Calvary; it is my wish."

James Nolan, who was present at the above meeting, put the sentiments into the following verses, which were published at the time:—

Bury me in the sunshine,
There would I have my rest,
On some fair slope, tree-sentinelled,
In the great all-mother's breast.

Rain-swept, wind-swept, snow-swept,
As the seasons come and go,
And God renews the gala dress
Of this His world below.

Sarcophagus of porphyry
In dismal crypt or vault—
If this must be the seal of fame,
I gladly make default.

For me the sunshine, twittering birds,
The waters' gurgling flow;
Where God renews the gala dress
Of this His world below.

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Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

May 17.

The annual Retreat of the Marist Fathers of the Wellington archdiocese took place during the week at St. Patrick's College.

Father Hurley, S.M., Adm. of St. Joseph's, who has been indisposed, is now convalescent.

As a result of the mission given by the Marist Missioners at St. Joseph's Church, Buckle Street, 20 new candidates applied for admission to St. Patrick's branch of the Hibernian Society at last Monday's meeting.

The mission at St. Joseph's Church, Buckle Street, was brought to a close last Sunday, hundreds being unable to get within the church doors. The large church was packed, at 6.15 p.m. every available space being utilised, including the aisles, choir gallery, the sanctuary, and sacristy, no fewer than 156 men being accommodated in the two latter places. Some of those unable to gain admission went so far as to place ladders against the windows so as to witness the final ceremonies. A unique record of the largest number to approach the Holy Table in any one Catholic parish in the archdiocese was established on Sunday morning, the total being 1287. This makes a grand total of 12,260 communicants during the fortnight's mission, which is a great tribute to the Marist Missioners, Fathers Ainsworth and McCarthy, and to the local parish priests, Fathers Hurley, S.M., and O'Connor, S.M. At the 10.30 Mass, and also at the evening devotions, the missioners congratulated the parishioners on their united response to the holy mission. After the sermon in the evening the solemn ceremony of the Renewal of the Baptismal Vows took place, and the Papal blessing was given. His Grace Archbishop O'Shea thanked the missioners for their zeal and earnestness and the parishioners for their constant attendance at the mission. The Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., Adm. of St. Joseph's, expressed himself as deeply grateful to the missioners. The attendance at daily Mass, when it was difficult to find seating accommodation, even at that early hour, was (he said) most edifying.

On Monday morning three Masses were celebrated, at 6, 6.30, and 7 o'clock respectively, for the repose of the souls of the Catholic soldiers who died during the war, the Catholics who died during the influenza epidemic, and deceased relatives of the parishioners of St. Joseph's parish. There were crowded congregations at each Mass.

Fathers Ainsworth and McCarthy will next transfer their missionary labors to Gisborne, where they will commence a mission on May 21 at St. Mary's Church.

The final meeting of the St. Patrick's Day Celebration Committee was held at the Catholic Federation Rooms on last Thursday evening. Mr J. P. McGowan presided. Apologies for absence were received from the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy and Fathers Hurley, Smyth and Mahony. The balance sheet disclosed that the celebration was the most successful yet held, the net profit being £352, which sum has been handed to the Catholic Education Fund. Since the inauguration of the Catholic Education Board in 1912 no less a sum than £1200 has been added to the Education Fund by this means. Votes of thanks were accorded to the officers responsible for the organisation of the celebration, to the Marist Brothers, the Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of the Sacred Heart, and the Sisters of the Mission, for their splendid co-operation, to the ladies who undertook the management of the stalls and tea rooms, and all who in any way assisted to make the celebration a success. The advocates for the celebration of the day on the proper date had reason to feel elated, for although the date this year fell on a Monday, the financial result was greater than the year previous, when

it was on a Saturday, the gate receipts alone being nearly £10 more. The following executive was appointed to prepare plans for next year's effort:—Messrs. J. P. McGowan, P. D. Hoskins, J. J. L. Burke, H. McKeown, and F. Whitaker.

The Thomas Moore Annual Festival will be celebrated for the third time in Wellington on Wednesday, May 28, by an Irish national concert at the Town Hall, at which every item rendered will be from Moore's compositions. The previous concerts have proved a great success, and every effort is being made to attain a high standard. Concerted items will form the majority of the numbers on the excellent programme arranged. A male quartet and two mixed quartets, a trio, a duet, and solos will be rendered. Miss Teresa McEnroe and Mr. Kevin Dillon will also assist. In addition to this, a competition, for which all the test pieces have been selected from Moore's works, will take place on Saturday, May 24, at the Town Hall, and the winners will repeat their items at the Wednesday night concert, thus providing the first part of the programme. For the choir competitions challenge shields have been donated, and handsome cups have also been presented for the elocutionary items. The proceeds from the festival will be donated to the Catholic Education Fund, so that the true ideals of the Hibernian Society under whose auspices the festival is being held, namely, Faith and Fatherland, will be put into practice—Fatherland because the children are being encouraged by means of the competitions to love and make a study of Irish music, while the financial results will help the Catholic Education Board to educate the young in the Faith by providing Catholic schools for Catholic children. These objects should appeal to every Catholic, and it is to be hoped that the enterprise of the promoters will be rewarded by a crowded audience.

We note with pleasure the success achieved by Mr. J. J. Callaghan (an erstwhile executive officer of the Wellington Catholic Club) in the recent municipal elections. Standing as a candidate for a seat on the Waihi Borough Council, Mr. Callaghan polled 616 votes and was duly returned as a councillor.

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

May 14.

Father Bowden has been confined to his room for a fortnight, but is getting better now.

His Grace the Archbishop is staying in Wanganui till the end of the week, when he will proceed to Marton.

Father O'Ferrall went on to Wellington on Tuesday to assist with parochial work during the days of the Retreat.

The Very Rev. Dean Holley spent a few days here and renewed the acquaintance of many members of his one-time flock.

We are terribly scorched up here, and in need of a month's steady rain. Most people's tanks are dry, and the place is as dusty as in midsummer. However, we have a great deal to be thankful for, so our visitors tell us, as compared with other districts where there is no feed at all for the stock.

Mrs. James Farrell, Plymouth Street, a well-known and much respected member of our congregation, died during the week at her residence, after enduring a long period of general debility and ill-health. Mr. and Mrs. Farrell came to Wanganui well over half a century ago, Mr. Farrell being a member of the 2nd Battalion of the 18th Royal Irish, one of the regiments which came to these shores to take a hand in the troubles of the time, and a noble old veteran he is. The intervening years have been lived in Wanganui, where the large family was brought up, and some still reside, to all of whom, as to Mr. Farrell, much sympathy is extended. —R.I.P.

On April 23 the marriage took place at St. Mary's Church of Mr. George Watt Mutch, second son of Mr. G. W. Mutch, Fyvie Deers Hill, Aberdeen, Scotland,

and Miss Margaret Ella Roche, youngest daughter of Mrs. E. Roche, Keith Street, Wanganui. The bride was given away by her brother, Lance-Corporal W. Roche, and wore a simple dress of ivory crepe-de-chine, veil and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums and fern. She was attended by her two sisters as maids of honor, one in saxe blue crepe-de-chine and the other wearing shell pink. Both had black picture hats, and wore the bridegroom's gifts—pearl necklace and ring. Mr. Joseph Crowley was best man, and Mr. W. Roche groomsmen. After the ceremony the guests were entertained at the residence of the bride's mother, the young couple leaving by motor for the Main Trunk. The bride's travelling dress was of grey tweed, and with it she wore a black hat and a set of black fox furs, the gift of the bridegroom.

On Sunday, May 11, his Grace Archbishop Redwood opened the new chapel at the Sacred Heart Convent, Mount St. Gerard, and before trying to describe the chapel and the ceremony I must mention how honored we all felt to have his Grace in our midst, and looking so well. His Grace the Archbishop has directed the Sisters of St. Joseph right through their career, from the days of the little four-roomed cottage-convent in the Avenue to the noble buildings on the brow of St. John's Hill, and it was one of the greatest joys of the community to have their precious, long-dreamed-of chapel blessed by the hands of the venerable Metropolitan.

The chapel, which is costing a pile of money, is really beautiful. In style, it is a blending of the Roman and Gothic architecture, and quite free of all fanciful decorations. The outside is brick, the inside of white plaster with lofty vaulted roof, graceful arches and exquisite panelling. The stained glass windows and marble altar were part of the old chapel. There is comfortable seating accommodation for at least 300 persons, but on Sunday room was found for, I am sure, 400. There is a front entrance for ordinary purposes, and a covered way from the convent building for the use of the Sisters and the children. Provision has been made for the priest also, accommodation being in readiness for present use, and for the resident chaplain of "some day." Messrs. Swan were architects for the building, and Messrs. Campbell and Bourke the contractors.

The blessing of the chapel took place at 3 o'clock, his Grace being attended by the Very Rev. Dean Holley, S.M. (Provincial), Fathers O'Connell, O'Ferrall, Menard, and McDonald; after which his Grace addressed the congregation. The collection was then taken up, something like £200 being received. And then everything was quiet for a few moments till the faint tinkling of the bell announced the approach of our dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Up the centre aisle, and through the rows of bowed heads, came the little procession of priest and acolytes, up to the altar where Solemn Benediction was given by his Grace, assisted by Dean Holley and Father O'Ferrall. The Benediction service and hymns were sung by the convent girls.

The whole ceremony was exceedingly beautiful, being one of these rare occasions when everything seems in keeping with the object. Sunshine, ideal surroundings, the little chapel filled to overflowing with folk wearing their best, all uniting to show that, at times at all events, the best of everything is the very least we can offer.

DIocese of Christchurch

(From our own correspondent.)

May 19.

The Catholic school buildings at Addington are now completed, and will be opened by his Lordship the Bishop on Pentecost Sunday.

The contract for the building of the new girls' school in the Cathedral parish has been let to Messrs Pullwood

and Haigh, £5831 being the estimate. This firm also erected the Catholic school buildings at Woolston and Addington. The new schools will be very nicely situated at the rear of the Bishop's residence, and will be entirely free from the noise of street traffic and from the dust nuisance.

His Lordship the Bishop is at present engaged on episcopal visitation of the diocese. On Sunday, May 11, he was at Fairlie, and administered Confirmation, and on Sunday last he was at Kaiapoi, where the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered at the close of a most successful mission conducted by Father Kilbride, C.S.S.R. Bishop Brodie will make a visitation of Geraldine on next Sunday.

At the examinations held recently in connection with the National Business College, Sydney, the following pupils from the Convent of Mercy, Colombo Street North, were successful:—Speed shorthand: Vera Spackman (80 words per minute). Junior typewriting: Stacie Kinley, Mollie Bradley, Hilda Parish, Esther Kermode, Veronica O'Flaherty, Eileen Mullany, Adeline Thompson, Adele Morgan, Norma Middleton, Elizabeth Kermode. Advanced book-keeping: Mona Vincent. Intermediate book-keeping: Edith Vincent, Adeline Thompson, Adele Morgan. Junior book-keeping: Veronica O'Flaherty, Mollie Bradley.

On last Thursday evening the winter season in connection with the Catholic Girls' Club was inaugurated by a well-attended social. Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., Father Cooney (Lyttelton), and the local clergy were visitors on the occasion. A musical and elocutionary programme was contributed to by Misses G. Cole and D. Devine (piano duet), Miss J. Maloney, Father Cooney, and Mr. P. Anodeo (songs), Miss M. Santora and Mr. P. Dowd (recitations), Miss Devine (piano solo), Misses J. Foley and D. Devine were accompanists.

On behalf of Miss B. Foley, president of the club, Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy outlined the programme to be followed during the season, and solicited the patronage of members and friends at the various entertainments. He gratefully acknowledged the many services rendered by Father Cooney in the interests of the institution.

Father Cooney said there was no need to thank him for his efforts. The necessity of the Girls' Club always appealed to him, and its Catholic usefulness was so apparent that any aid he was able to give would be given with the greatest pleasure. Refreshments were served towards the close of a very enjoyable and social gathering.

The fortnightly meeting of St. Mary's branch of the Hibernian Society was held on May 12 at Ozanam Lodge. B.P. Bro. Roche presided. There was a good attendance of members. The chaplain (Father Roche) was also present. A cordial welcome was extended by the president to Bro. C. Dobbs, recently returned from active service. Accounts amounting to £9 17s 11d were passed for payment. Two members were initiated and one nomination was received. The balance sheet for the previous quarter, submitted by the secretary, Bro. Johnston, showed the branch to be in a very satisfactory financial position. The sick fund showed a credit £147 1s 2d; the management fund £41 14s 3d; the benevolent fund £3 19s 7d; and assets over liabilities £225. The president commented on the happy outlook before the branch, and stressed the necessity of keeping the members already enrolled as well as seeking new ones. Bro. R. P. O'Shaughnessy (District Deputy) wrote from the West Coast resigning his position as auditor, owing to his having removed from Christchurch. This was accepted with regret, and appreciation of the excellent work and constant devotion towards the branch by Bro. O'Shaughnessy was recorded on the books.

His Lordship the Bishop will administer the Sacrament of Confirmation in St. Mary's Church on the first Sunday in June.

At the recent Musical and Elocutionary Competitions held in Christchurch, the following pupils of the Convent, Lower High Street, conducted by the Sisters of the Mission, were successful:—Piano duet (open class), "Tarantelle": 1st prize, Kitty Murphy and

Gladys Gillespie. Piano duet (amateurs), "Overture to Midsummer Night's Dream": 1st prize, Kitty Murphy and Gladys Gillespie; 3rd prize, Gwitha Young and Ida Bradford. Piano duet (under 13), "Zigeuner Puszta": 2nd prize, Madge O'Malley and Madeline Kennedy. Piano solo (under 16), "Shadow Dance": Highly commended, Lilian Evans. Song for girls (under 16), "Three Green Bonnets": 3rd prize, Elsie Ives. Vocal solo and accompaniment: 1st prize (accompaniment), Gwitha Young. Piano solo (under 21), "Scherzo": 2nd prize, Kitty Murphy; 3rd prize, Gladys Gillespie. Junior championship recitation, "The Old Schoolmaster": 3rd prize, Nellie McKendry.

N.Z. CATHOLIC FEDERATION

The monthly meeting of the Diocesan Executive of the Catholic Federation, held on Tuesday, May 13, at St. Mary's Presbytery, was well attended. The Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., presided.

The Rev. J. Hanrahan, of Darfield, was present, and received a warm welcome from the chairman. Father Hanrahan, in replying, said that although his parishioners were not numerous, they were, one and all, deeply interested in the work of the Federation, and were pleased to unite with the rest of the diocese for the common good, and it would be one of his principal objects to maintain that interest while in the parish.

It was decided to hold the annual meeting of the Diocesan Council on Tuesday, July 15, in the Catholic Club Rooms, and to arrange for an address at the evening session on one of the many social questions now agitating the public mind. Members generally would be welcomed to the conference. Parish committees are invited to forward their remits for discussion at the conference to the diocesan secretary not later than June 11.

A circular letter to all parish committees regarding their annual meeting (which should be held in the first week in June), annual returns, etc., was read and approved and ordered to be distributed.

Arrangements were made to visit Darfield on Sunday, May 18, Messrs. W. Hayward and F. J. Doolan undertaking to address the parishioners on the work of the Federation.

Dues and scholarship returns were received from the Cathedral, Waimate, Addington, and Little River branches.

A NEWSPAPER ON NEWSPAPER-MEN.

Writing in a recent issue on the death of one of the contributing staff, the *Pilot*, Boston, U.S.A., commented on the subject as follows:—"So the *Pilot* takes this occasion to give its meed of praise to the memory of an old and valued collaborator who died a few days ago. Of all sorts and conditions of men and women who labor for the public in one capacity or another, firemen, policemen, employees in city departments, and public servants in general, the average newspaperman is perhaps the one who renders the greatest services, renders them anonymously in the main and when his work is done, is passed over and forgotten soonest. Almost everything in the world is raw material for the newspaperman—except himself. He glorifies, praises, and excoriates others, as the case may be, but he himself remains in the background. When he has gone, in the very measure of his unselfish and faithful service, he is dismissed by the reading public with scant regard. He dies in the harness and haste is made to adjust that harness to one of the scores of applicants for the vacant place. The *Pilot* is a paper that does not forget its friends and is far from wishing to sink into the ranks of the ungrateful and unthinking who have no use for a man once his best usefulness is exhausted."

The cross is the only ladder to Paradise.—St. Rose of Lima.

WEDDING BELLS

SUMMERS—HENAGHAN.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at St. Patrick's Church, Palmerston North, on Wednesday, May 14, when Mr. R. J. Summers (late of the Ninth Reinforcements) was married to Miss Mary W. Heneghan, third daughter of Mr. M. Henaghan, of Stoney Creek. The bride, who was given away by her brother-in-law (Mr. T. Spellman), wore a tailored costume and hat to match, and carried a shower bouquet. Miss Ellen Henaghan, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and wore a tailored costume of navy serge with hat to match, and carried a shower bouquet. Mr. J. Henaghan, of Kimbolton, was best man. After the ceremony a reception was held, and the usual toasts were duly honored. Later in the afternoon the happy couple left by the express for the North.

THE NEW CATHOLIC MARSHAL IN FRANCE.

Another distinguished Catholic has been added to the list of the Marshals of France—Gen. Edouard de Castelnau, who was given that honor by the Cabinet recently.

General de Castelnau was born in 1851, and saw his first military activity in the Franco-Prussian War, where he won the rank of captain. After the war he rose gradually in rank by reason of his remarkable military intelligence and executive capacity until in 1909 he was made general and became the collaborator with General Joffre on the general staff.

When the present war broke out General de Castelnau received command in Lorraine, and with his "Iron Division" sanguinarily defeated the Germans at the Crown of Nancy. For this operation he became popularly known as "the Saviour of Nancy."

In 1915 General de Castelnau was appointed chief of staff, which post he held until December, 1916, when it was abolished. Several times there have been reports that General de Castelnau was to be made a Marshal. When he relinquished the post of chief of the general staff, the Chamber of Deputies by special decree permitted him to remain on the active list of the army, notwithstanding the fact that he had reached the age limit.

General de Castelnau has lost three sons killed in battle in the present war.

Humaneness is clearly a marked characteristic of this eminent, beloved Catholic soldier, General de Castelnau. Among other instances chronicled in a biographical sketch of him, written by Charles Bausan, is this incident:—

One day a soldier is told that he is to be decorated for a gallant feat of arms, and the exclamation escapes him, "Ah, if only my mother could be there!" General de Castelnau hears of it, sends to fetch the mother from her distant home, and has her concealed behind the company during the ceremony. When the *croix de guerre* is pinned on the soldier's breast, the ranks open and the mother runs forward to embrace her son.

THOMAS MOORE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

Arrangements are well advanced for the concert to be given by St. Joseph's Glee Club in St. Joseph's Hall, Dunedin, on next Wednesday evening (May 28) in celebration of the anniversary of Thomas Moore, Bard of Ireland. The festival programme will consist of 20 numbers from Moore's works, including solos, duets, quartets, double quartets, part-songs, etc. It will be thus seen that a rare treat is in store for lovers of Irish music, and it is anticipated that a crowded audience will greet the Glee Club on the occasion. The Glee Club and its energetic conductor (Mr. T. J. Anthony) and secretary (Mr. M. Coughlan) well deserve commendation for the spirited and enterprising manner in which they have undertaken the task of inaugurating a Moore celebration in this city, and it is sincerely hoped their efforts will receive due appreciation.

J. M. J.

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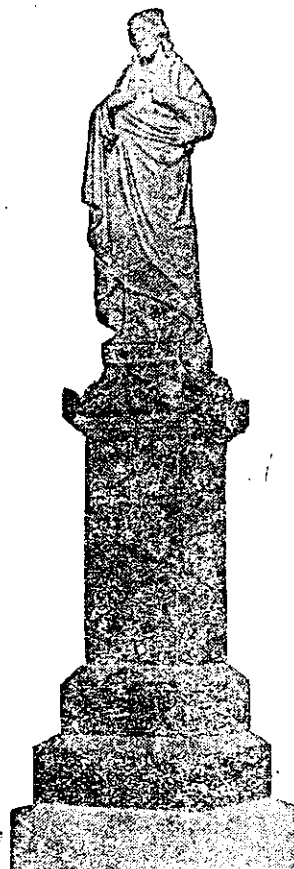
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MARRIAGES

MACKLE-HAILES.—On April 30, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Kaikoura, by Rev. Father Kelly, John Joseph, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Mackle, to Margaret Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hailes.

SUMMERS-HENAGHAN.—At St. Patrick's Church, Palmerston North, on May 14, 1919, by the Rev. Father McManus, Richard James, only son of the late Mr. R. Summers, Lee Green, England, to Mary Winifred, third daughter of Mr. M. Henaghan, Stoney Creek, Palmerston North.

DEATHS

GRACE.—On May 11, at her residence, Metropolitan Hotel, Dunedin, Agnes Maria, relict of Thomas John Grace. (Private interment at Invercargill.)—R.I.P.

KING.—On April 28, at Picton, Kate, beloved wife of J. E. King, and youngest daughter of the late M. Feeney, Waikouaiti.—R.I.P.

McENEANEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Elizabeth, dearly beloved wife of Michael McEneaney, who died at Liverpool, England, on March 12, 1919.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

O'BRIEN.—On April 18, 1919 (Good Friday), at his residence, Bury Street, Gore, William, dearly beloved husband of Hannah O'Brien: aged 67 years. Deeply mourned.—R.I.P.

O'NEILL.—On May 8, 1919, at Waimate, John, dearly beloved husband of Delia O'Neill and beloved eldest son of Patrick and Anne O'Neill, Ferry Street, Wyndham; aged 39 years.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE

IN MEMORIAM

McROHAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Sergt. James McRohan, dearly beloved son of J. and L. McRowan, of Ashburton, who was killed in France on May 25, 1918.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his father and mother.

IN MEMORIAM

BREEN.—In loving memory of Mary, dearly beloved daughter of John and Mary Breen, Levels, who died at Nurse Shanks' Private Hospital, Timaru, on May 23, 1917.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

DUNCAN.—In loving memory of Margaret, dearly beloved wife of John J. Duncan, who departed this life on May 22, 1913.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

—Inserted by her loving husband and family.

HERLIHY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Nora Herlihy, who died at Mangarawa, Woodville, on May 20, 1918.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.—Inserted by her sorrowing son and daughter.

McGINNIS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of my dear mother, who died at Earnscleugh Flat on May 26, 1917.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.—Inserted by her loving daughter, E. J. Dawson.

SPIERS.—In loving remembrance of Christopher Ward Spiers, who passed away at Kurow on May 19, 1916.—R.I.P.—Inserted by his loving parents, sister, and brothers.

"HYMN OF PEACE."

Copies of our supplement of this issue, "Hymn of Peace," may be had at 3d each (postage paid), cash with order, on application to the *Tablet* Office, Octagon, Dunedin. Reduction for schools, etc.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

ADVERTISEMENTS of 16 Words under the **Headings Situations Vacant, Wanted, Death Notices, For Sale, To Let, Lost and Found, Miscellaneous Wants, &c.,** 2s 6d; other **Casual Advertisements** at rate of 4s per inch. **Strictly Cash in Advance.** - **No booking for Casual Advertisements.**

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—True Education,—p. 25. Notes—E. Temple Thurston; The Thomas Moore Anniversary; Camouflage; Some Books to Read,—pp 26-27. Topics—Sinn Féin; Ulster Disunion; British Versus Bolshevik Morality; Bigotry in Press and Literature; Ireland and America,—pp. 14-15. The Passing of the Last Idol, p. 11. Bolshevism in Music, p. 19. Popular Priests Honored, p. 28. Our Roman Letter, p. 34. A One-Act Comedy-Tragedy, p. 39.

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART, TIMARU

A SPIRITUAL RETREAT FOR LADIES will begin on the evening of THURSDAY, JULY 3, and end on TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 8.

By applying in time to the Reverend Mother Superior, ladies wishing to make the Retreat may reside at the Convent, where they will find every accommodation. No special invitations are issued for this Retreat.

The ANNUAL RETREAT will be held as usual in January, 1920.

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 22, 1919.

TRUE EDUCATION



FEW weeks ago, in a hall where the apostle of hate was pleading for schools from which religion should be excluded, the Rev. Mr. Whyte, of Port Chalmers, had the courage to stand up and propose a series of resolutions directly contrary to the policy for which the hired lecturer of the P.P.A. stands—if, indeed, he stands for anything but his own interest. Mr. Whyte boldly proclaimed the necessity for religious training in schools, and called on a Government supposed by some foolish people to represent the interests of the Christian people of this Dominion to do its duty by the schools and the teachers that strove, alone and unaided, to safeguard the eternal principles of right on which the stability of families and of nations rests. Naturally,

at a meeting to which only those who are in favor of the policy of the bigots of the P.P.A. movement are admitted by ticket, Mr. Whyte's resolution received but little support. However, it had its effect: it proved to all that the sound and learned opinion of the ministers of the Protestant Churches are conscious that the time has come for them to fight openly the forces that make for dissolution and anarchy in New Zealand, and that they recognise that the only way to do this is by educating the young people in Christian schools. Further evidence of this fact is gathered from the following report of the Anglican Synod:—

"Napier, May 8.

"At the General Synod to-day, speaking on the question of reviving the Bible-in-Schools League, the Bishop of Wellington said that modern civilisation was merely nominally Christian, but was really heathen, with a tincture of Christianity. Religious education by convinced Christian teachers was necessary. Canon P. T. Williams ascribed all the social evils to the absence of religion from the education system. The whole-hearted support of Church schools was essential."

The State schools of New Zealand are not Christian. They are not even neutral. It was long ago decided in America that a school from which the teaching of Christ is excluded is anti-Christian and biased. The Government of this country supports, against the will of the majority of a Christian community, schools which are directly calculated to promote the irreligious and atheistical views of a minority. The Government supports schools which do not in any true sense educate at all, for apart from Christian views we have the clear testimony of French and English rationalists to tell us beyond doubt that secular schools utterly fail to form the characters of the young, and that their results are most injurious to the welfare of the nation. The heads of the French educational system frankly admit failure; they confess that without moral and dogmatic teaching as a foundation, the education of their schools ends in disorder and immorality. Education that tends to develop but one side of the character is fruitless. Learning may make a clever man, but it never makes a good man. Herbert Spencer, who is surely no prejudiced witness in our favor, says:—"Are not fraudulent bankrupts educated people, and getters-up of bubble companies, and makers of adulterated goods, and users of false trade marks, and retailers who have light weights, and owners of unseaworthy ships, and those who cheat insurance companies, and those who carry on turf chicaneries, and the great majority of gamblers? This belief in the moralising effects of intellectual culture, flatly contradicted by facts, is absurd *a priori*. How does knowledge of the multiplication table, or quickness in adding or dividing, so increase the sympathies as to restrain the tendency to trespass against fellow-creatures? In what way can the attainment of accuracy in spelling or parsing, etc., make the sentiment of justice more powerful than it was; or why, from stores of geographical knowledge, perseveringly gathered, is there likely to come increased regard for truth? The irrelation between such causes and effects is almost as great as that between exercises of the fingers and strengthening the legs." And Huxley, who is still less on our side, says:—"If I am a knave or a fool, teaching me to read or write won't make me less of either one or the other, unless somebody shows me how to put my reading or writing to good purposes." We have in the daily press as well as in the example of at least one advocate of secular schools appalling instances of the want of principle to which irreligious schools lead.

Catholics take a high stand in the matter of education because they fully realise the importance of right formation of character while the boy or girl is plastic and easily moulded for good or for ill. We hold firmly that the eternal interests of mankind are of first importance, and that it will profit a man nothing to gain the whole world if he suffer the loss of his immortal

soul. On that ground alone there is no room for argument when the education of our boys and girls is at stake. A parent who does not send his children to a Catholic school is not a true Catholic, nor is he fulfilling his obligations towards his children. Show us any Catholic parent who sins in this respect, and we shall have no hesitation in branding him as disloyal to God and to his own family. Apart from this consideration, we assert that our schools, handicapped and hindered as they are by bigots and unprincipled politicians, are superior to the State schools. The results are the test. No schools in the Dominion have better averages than ours; none impart anything like so thorough a culture and so whole a training. In mental training, in manners and morals, and no less in athletics, we are able to hold up our heads and challenge competition. So much so that the person who so fitly represents the narrow and sciolist secular system was laughed to scorn even by the secular press a short time ago when he tried to defend a characteristic action of his by the silly and transparently false excuse that one of our schools was "inefficient." However, the question mainly concerns souls. Secularism knows nothing of souls, and parents who support it care very little about them. To our own, and to those of other Churches who do believe that there is a God above us, we put it that the time has come for all true Christians to make common cause against the irreligious propaganda to which the wretched politicians of the Dominion have sold themselves. In plain terms, it comes to a question as to whether or no we realise our duty to God and to the children on whom the future of the country depends.

NOTES

E. Temple Thurston

Apropos of a letter from a correspondent concerning a book by this writer, a few remarks may not be out of place. Mr. Thurston is a popular novelist, and he does Ireland the doubtful honor of placing the scene of most of his stories there. A man who wears red glasses sees red, and an old scholastic maxim says that whatever is received into the mind is received according to the manner of the recipient. Therefore if we want to find out how reliable a writer's views on anything are, it is important to know something about the writer. Without going into the matter deeply, let us simply say that Mr. Thurston is totally unfitted to understand the Irish character, and that his materialism and his unspirituality color his vision deplorably. His books, besides, are shallow and unreal, and as portraits of Irish life they are worth exactly nothing. We are not unduly hard on this writer. Let those of our readers who have read *Traffic* recall its sordidness and its coarseness. When we remember it we cannot help associating it with a certain divorce case which came off about the time the book fell into our hands. That divorce case explained many things. Mrs. Thurston, who as a Cork girl, née Katherine Madden, wrote a few Irish novels which are incomparably better reading than her husband's. We have said enough, and left enough unsaid, too, for our readers to gather why we do not like Mr. Thurston's books, and why we do not want our readers to like them.

The Thomas Moore Anniversary

We heard with no little pleasure that preparations are in train to celebrate this year in Dunedin the Moore anniversary. It is the custom of supercilious critics to patronise Moore's poetry and to account it as very second rate, but it is only people with heart and head who can realise what Moore has done for Irish men and women all the world over. His melodies have fanned the flame of the national spirit in many an hour when the frosts of adversity bit hard and the skies frowned gloomily. To exiles from Erin what a holy spell his words have at all times, how their hearts leap at a verse of *Let Erin Remember*, and how near to tears they

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 *Savournaich Deilish* 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.

POPULAR PRIESTS HONORED

A very pleasant and successful function was held in the Riversdale Drill Hall on Wednesday night, May 14, when Fathers D. P. Buckley and P. J. O'Neill were entertained to a banquet (says the *Mataura Ensign*). Some three years ago Father O'Neill joined the New Zealand Forces as a chaplain, and he saw some two and a-half years' active service. During his absence Father Buckley took charge of the Riversdale parish. The popularity of both priests was fully demonstrated by the large number that attended the banquet, visitors being present from Gore, Mandeville, Waikaia, Balfour, and Lumsden.

Mr. M. Roche (Mandeville) presided. Some 250 people sat down to the tables, and proceedings commenced with a verse of the National Anthem and the loyal toast. "The Army and Navy" was proposed by Mr. I. Lee, and responded to by Captain John Reid and Private Malone.

The chairman proposed "The Guests." In doing so he said they had met to bid farewell to Father Buckley and to welcome home Father O'Neill. The former had been a "live wire" in the district, in fact he had not confined his work to the parish alone, but had gone further afield at times. The speaker referred to the services Father O'Neill had rendered to his country, and extended a hearty welcome back to his old parish.

Rev. A. C. H. Button (Anglican) said he was pleased to be present to honor Fathers Buckley and O'Neill. The best of good feeling had always existed between Father Buckley and himself. They frequently met throughout the district and worked amicably together. The speaker made special reference to the splendid work accomplished by Father Buckley during the influenza epidemic, when he (Father Buckley) helped everybody, irrespective of creed. (Applause.) The speaker had not the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with Father O'Neill, but hoped that the good feeling would still continue. It meant a lot when pastors worked together, especially in outlying districts.

Very Rev. Father O'Donnell (Gore) was pleased to be present to honor Fathers O'Neill and Buckley. He was pleased to see Rev. Button present, as it showed the broadmindedness of the visitor and his people.

Mr. Len Gee said he had an intimate acquaintance with Father Buckley and admired him as a man. He wished the guest success in his new sphere. If Father Buckley continued on the same lines as he had done at Riversdale he would make friends not only in the Church but outside too.

Messrs. W. J. Kelly, Joseph Crosbie, and T. Robertson also spoke.

The chairman then made presentations to the guests. He handed a marble clock to Father O'Neill, and to Father Buckley he presented a substantially filled wallet of cash.

Father O'Neill first of all apologised to the Patriotic Committee for not being able to be present at the social it had invited him to attend upon his return. He explained that he had been detained in Wellington on military matters. He received their medal, for which he sincerely thanked them. The speaker gave a short account of his experiences in the Army. Referring to the New Zealand Division, he said that one thing they could do was to talk, but they had something to talk about. Special tributes had been paid to the New Zealanders by Marshal Joffre. Father O'Neill was pleased to see Rev. Button present, and assured him that the present good feeling would continue to exist as far as he (the speaker) was concerned.

Father Buckley, in returning thanks, said he had been used to the city life before coming to Riversdale three years ago, and he did not take to it kindly at first. He was treated with hospitality and kindness, and he regretted leaving the district. The speaker referred to Rev. Button's good work during the epidemic. Rev. Button not only represented the Anglican Church, but he was also a kind and courteous gentleman. He

concluded by saying that he would be pleased to renew the acquaintance of any friend in any parish he happened to be situated in in the future.

During the evening songs were contributed by Mesdames Robert Butler, F. and J. Crosbie, Misses May Inder, Mary Mulqueen, and Mr. A. Rasmussen, and an item was given by the choir. Miss Sylvia Inder and Rev. Button contributed recitations. Misses Smaill, Inder, and Mulqueen played the accompaniments.

An excellent spread was provided, and for this the ladies of Riversdale, assisted by friends from Mandeville and Waikaia, are to be specially complimented.

Gisborne

(From our own correspondent.)

May 15.

The second of the series of winter socials was held in the Assembly Hall last evening, and proved very successful. There was a large attendance, and the euchre tournament and other attractions provided evidently met with the appreciation of the gathering and afforded much enjoyment. The euchre prizes, donated by Messrs. H. Alley and T. R. Gordon, were won by Mrs. T. O'Connell and Mr. Dunstone. Music was supplied by Miss L. White, and Messrs. J. H. Reidy and P. Liddell were efficient M.C.'s. Supper was arranged by Mesdames Chambers and Arnold.

"THOMAS MOORE" ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL

GRAND CONCERT

BY ST. JOSEPH'S GLEE CLUB.

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ADMISSION: ONE SHILLING.

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M. COUGHLAN,

Hon. Secretary.

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MATATA CONVENT SCHOOL ART UNION

The DRAWING of this Art Union has been POSTPONED till AUGUST 2, 1919.

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Greymouth

(From our own correspondent.)

May 14.

Announcements recording the successes of the pupils attending the local convent schools are so frequent that residents were not surprised when it was announced that Doreen Daley, aged 12½ years, had been awarded first place in the Dominion for pianoforte playing. It is not long since that a Government inspector of schools, while on relieving duty here, expressed his amazement at the high standard of the work done by the convent pupils. He averred that in many respects the convent school was a training college which was unique in his experience.

The large amount realised for the purpose of erecting a Dean Carew Memorial Boys' School should enable the committee to consider the question of secondary classes for the boys. At present the Catholic boys of Greymouth are placed at a disadvantage in that there is no provision for teaching those who have passed the Sixth Standard. Up till recently, advanced boys' classes were taught by the nuns, but no doubt for good and sufficient reasons this permission has been withdrawn, so that some Catholic boys are now attending the State schools. Not all town parents can afford to send their boys to college. It is, of course, right and proper that Catholic girls should be well educated, and also acquire accomplishments, but it would be a grievous mistake, and one fraught with baneful effects, if Jack, Tom, or Bill, the future Catholic fathers of this Dominion, were neglected. The Catholic parish schools are the foundation of the Church, and everything

possible should be done, for the boys attending those schools will have to take up the burden in the years to come. The Catholic boy has much to contend with when he goes out into the world. He has not certain influences that other boys have—on his own merits must he stand. In every business serious losses are incurred when there is understaffing, and it is safe to say that in no profession are such losses so injurious as in that of teaching. Time cannot be recalled, so that if the bulk of our working men's sons are not to be hewers of wood and drawers of water suitable buildings must be erected, and the Brothers' teaching staff must be strengthened. In a parish where £4600 was raised in a few months it should not require much effort to increase the pittance the Brothers at present receive, and also to secure the services of an extra Brother for teaching higher classes. The extra fees obtainable, and a well organised quarterly social, would bring in the necessary funds.

In the recent municipal elections, Mr. J. D. Lynch was, for the second time, returned unopposed to the mayoral chair. He has also been elected chairman of the Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Lynch is a "hustler" and takes an active interest in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the town and district.

Mr. Hugh Doogan, barrister, who is slowly recovering from a long and very severe illness, was returned on the Borough Council, being second at the poll. Mr. Fogarty and Mr. McGinley were also returned.

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"TABLET" SUBSCRIPTIONS

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We beg to acknowledge Subscriptions for the following, and recommend Subscribers to cut this out for reference.
PERIOD FROM MAY 13 TO 17, 1919.

AUCKLAND AND HAWKE'S BAY.

S. D., Tamoana, Hastings, 8/11/19; H. K., Pollock, Waiuku, 15/11/20; E. S., Hotel, Hikurangi, 23/1/20; T. C., Brookville, via Tongio West, Gippsland, 30/3/20; P. S., Puhoi, 15/10/20; M. L., Miller St., Dannevirke, 15/5/20; Miss O'D., Symonds St., Auckland, 23/3/20; J.A.D., Leighton St., Grey Lynn, 15/11/19; M. McK., Newstead, Waikato, 8/5/20; F. O'C., Waharoa P.O., Auckland, 8/11/19; P. D. C., Rangiatea, via Otorohanga, 8/5/20; M. F., Pirongia, Waikato, 23/5/20; T. D., Warren Street, Hastings, 30/3/20; P. M. P., Waireka Camp, P.M.B., Rotorua, 15/10/21; M. N., Portage Road, New Lynn, Auckland, 30/10/19.

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A. V., Redwood St., Blenheim, 8/5/20; J. O., Bealey St., St. Albans, 15/11/19; Mrs. D., St. Asaph St., Christchurch, 15/11/19; W. K., Buller St., Reefton, 15/4/21; D. D., Church St., Timaru, 30/9/19; M. L., Aberdeen St., Christchurch, 15/11/19; M. S., Inchbonnie, Westland, 30/4/20; W. C. H., Claremont, Timaru, 23/5/20; J. O'N., Waimate, —; D. C., c/o Mrs. S. Belgrave, Nelson, 8/11/19; R. J. T., Port Hardy, French Pass, 15/5/20; J. O'B., Walpole St., Waltham, Christchurch, 30/11/19; T. R., Madras St., Christchurch, 30/5/20.

OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.

Mrs. K., Clyde, 30/10/19; M. McK., Winton, 15/4/21; Miss M., George St., Dunedin, 30/9/19; J. M., West Plains, 30/10/19; M. McT., Waikouaiti, 30/10/19; E. F., Arrowtown, 8/12/20; Mrs. B., Philip St., Hillside, Dunedin, 8/11/19; J. J. R., Georgetown, North Otago, 15/5/20.

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COMMONWEALTH NOTES

GENERAL.

A number of aborigines from Melville Island and Bathurst Island, who went over to Darwin in a canoe on March 19, carried with them tidings of a disastrous hurricane and tidal wave that devastated the Catholic aboriginal mission station at Bathurst Island. In a letter received by Father Fanning from Father Gsell, who is in charge of the mission, it is stated (says the *Northern Territory Times* of March 22) that the hurricane pretty well flattened out everything, and the tidal wave that followed and swept the foreshore carried out to sea the debris caused by the storm. The convent and presbytery were blown down but the schoolroom and the house occupied by Capt. Alphonso (skipper of the mission boat St. Francis) were left standing. Great damage was done to the mission gardens and to the banana and coconut plantations. In his letter, which was dated March 16, Father Gsell said no lives had been lost, and every one belonging to the mission was safe and well.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

On April 9, 1919, his Grace the Archbishop of Sydney set the keystone of the western tower arch of St. Mary's Cathedral. He was assisted by Rev. Father John O'Gorman (Adm., St. Mary's Cathedral), Mr. Hennessy, sen., Mr. Hennessy, jun., and Mr. Ptolemy (overseer). In memory of this event it was decided at the meeting of the executive committee on April 25, that the following inscription be placed in a position capable of being seen within the Cathedral: "The keystone of this tower was set by the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Archbishop of Sydney, on April 9, 1919."

No words can picture the heroic self-sacrifice and perseverance of the Sisters of the various religious Orders in their battle against the influenza scourge (says the *Catholic Press*). To quote the words of one of the Sisters herself, when inquiries were made at the hospital, they are having "a terrible time of it." Yet, unflinchingly, they face the dangers of the wards, overcrowded with the sick and dying, bringing comfort and solace, and through their unremitting care and skill nursing back to health many a person who has hovered on the brink of death. They are working night and day, with scarcely a moment's respite. It says much for the great effectiveness of the nursing Sisters that most of the influenza patients are restored to health after a certain length of time spent in the hospitals, and it has been explained that the majority of the cases that proved fatal were desperate ones when admitted to the hospitals, and it was practically too late to do anything for them. Several of the Sisters have contracted the disease in the performance of their duty, and on April 16 Sister Isidore, of the Nursing Sisters of the Little Company of Mary, Lewisham Hospital, died. In her last illness she was attended by Rev. Fathers T. Phelan, P.P., and W. L. Byrne. She made her final vows on her deathbed, and, fortified by all the consolations of religion, passed peacefully to her reward. Sister Isidore was a native of Melbourne, and was 30 years of age.

On Easter Monday, when he officiated at the blessing of the new presbytery at Katoomba, his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Archbishop of Sydney, received a most cordial reception. After voicing his pleasure at being present, he referred, in serious vein, to the troublous state of the world at present, in spite of the end of the war and the daily meetings of the Peace Conference. He deplored the disunity, and said what was wanted for the welfare of the world was a guidance and mutual goodwill, so that society might not be divided into opposing classes, but would live family-like, each having an interest in the other. Each family was a unit, and God had established it, therefore there should be mutuality of existence. Even legislators, no matter what might be their design, must keep their

hands off the family. They could protect and encourage, but they must not interfere with parent and child, husband and wife, for it was by these and through these society was to increase. Good families meant good society; neglected families meant degenerate society. Might was not right. The war proved that, but might would probably have prevailed had a Supreme Providence not intervened. Where man failed, Providence had proved supreme. His Grace then traced national hatreds right from the birth and crucifixion of Christ down through the ages to the present day. Even to-day justice and mutual sympathy had been displaced by expediency and diplomacy. It was to be regretted, but it was a fact, and society would never be re-established properly without the preservation of justice, mutual sympathy, and charity among all men and nations. Differ if you must, but don't condemn—that was God's right."

VICTORIA.

At the third annual congress of the Catholic Women's Social Guild, held at the Cathedral Hall, Fitzroy, on Saturday and Sunday, April 19 and 20, Miss Anna Brennan, B.A., LL.B., who occupied the chair, stated that there was a pressing need for advanced educational work by women in the best interests of the community. In opening the congress, the Very Rev. W. J. Lockington, S.J., said that the remodelling of national and individual life, the changed modes of thought, and the failure on all sides of once generally accepted ideals, made it imperative that women should have a primary place among those who were laboring for a better world. Many men, who knew no better, looked askance at what they called the new woman, but the only new thing about her was her determination to insist on man rectifying some of the many abuses under which she had labored for so long. The new movement did not exactly aim at greater freedom for women, but at more restrictions for men. Women had to fight all along for education and economic independence, and now she was fighting for legislative action. She wished to make man respect God's laws better, and in this she need not sacrifice any of her gentleness. Referring to the duties of women, Archbishop Mannix said that the people were the governors of Australia, and the country was just what the people made it. Women should never neglect the primary and fundamental duty in their own homes, but they should lend a hand in every good work that came their way. There were some, he knew, who said that the line should be drawn against the intervention of women in public affairs, but he thought they were quite wrong. It was the duty of adult persons of both sexes to do all they possibly could to advance the well-being of the community, municipally and politically. If women held aloof and confined themselves to the home and benevolent work, they would leave to others the shaping of Australia's national life, and thereby perhaps leave something material undone.

QUEENSLAND.

The final meeting of the Rockhampton St. Patrick's Day Celebration Committee was held on April 21. His Lordship Bishop Shiel presided, and after the reading of the financial statement, reviewed the position generally. He said that the celebrations this year netted about £340.

During the course of his sermon at St. Stephen's Cathedral, Brisbane, on Sunday evening, April 20, the Very Rev. P. M. Lynch, C.S.S.R., paid a glowing tribute to the Catholics of Queensland, their Archbishop, and priests. He expressed himself as being delighted with the scenes of piety displayed during Holy Week, and the large numbers who went to Confession and Holy Communion.

A notification in this week's issue of the *Tablet* gives the dates of spiritual retreats for ladies to be conducted at the Sacred Heart Convent, Timaru.

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IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

The influenza epidemic is paying a "return visit" to Ireland. It is stated in the newspapers that the disease is less virulent but more contagious than on the occasion of its previous visit. Drastic steps have been taken in several of the cities to prevent its spread. In some cases it has been made a notifiable disease for a period of six months.

A White Paper issued by the British Home Office shows the coal yield of Ireland in 1917 was 95,646 tons, of which quantity 80,301 tons were anthracite, mined in Kilkenny, Queen's Co., and Tipperary. The value was £87,164. Iron ore was produced in Antrim to the extent of 54,533 tons, and in Sligo 16 tons of zinc ore from which 5 tons of zinc were produced by smelter.

The announcement that the larger liners of the Cunard and White Star Companies are no longer to call at Queenstown has caused little surprise, but a good deal of indignation, in Ireland. The new port is to be Southampton, where the mails will in future be landed. Before the war the Cunard Company received a large subsidy from the Government, and were compelled by the terms of their agreement to call into Cork Harbor.

The French "Croix de Guerre" has been conferred on Miss Dorothea Daunt, of Kileascan, Co. Cork. The French and American headquarters in Paris, where she was very popular in connection with her duties with the V.A.D., vied with each other in celebrating the event by holding festivities in her honor, and treating her as the heroine she had proved herself. Miss Daunt comes from a well-known patriotic family, her grandfather, O'Neill Daunt, having been secretary to Daniel O'Connell, and a well-known Repealer. He wrote several books on Ireland and Irish affairs.

Mr John O'Connor Power, a notable figure in Irish politics 40 years ago, has just passed away, in London. During the great obstruction scenes in the British Parliament in 1881 he was closely associated with Parnell and Biggar, and was one of those suspended after the great scenes arising out of the arrest of Davitt. In 1885, in consequence of differences between himself and the leading members of the Irish Party, he dropped out of Irish politics. Before joining the Constitutional Party Mr O'Connor Power was a prominent Fenian, and was connected with the raid on Chester Castle. He was one of the finest speakers in the House of Commons.

The *Daily News* special correspondent in Dublin says that a group of associated companies is being formed to carry through an ambitious scheme for the development of Irish mineral resources. The total capital is to be about £4,000,000, and all the money is in sight in Ireland or across the Atlantic. Prominent Irish peers and business men are backing up the venture, and Belfast is playing a leading part in the scheme. It is proposed: (1) To develop the water-power of the Erne, Shannon, Corrib, and Lower Bann; (2) the coal and iron fields of Arigna; (3) the coal areas of Carlow, Kilkenny, and Tipperary, and the iron and manganese deposits of Wicklow; and (4) the gypsum deposits and antimony and lead mines of Monaghan and Armagh.

The *Irish Independent* states that amongst the callers on Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly, the Sinn Fein delegate in Paris, were the representatives of some of the old Franco-Irish noble families, who extended to him a cordial welcome. At the same time he had letters from Irish residents in all parts of France wishing him success as representative of the Provisional Irish Government. Mr O'Kelly's demand for Irish representation at the Peace Conference is now being published in the principal French provincial newspapers. Some of these organs lay emphasis on the demand that the British military garrison should be removed from Ireland. It is stated that Mr. George Creel, head of the American

Press Bureau, who lately visited Ireland, is reporting in favor of the Sinn Fein demands.

Mr. H. Boland, hon. sec. of the Sinn Fein Executive, in an interview, refers to bogus interviews, letters, and reports regarding Mr. De Valera as portion of the British propaganda to defame Ireland. One of these reports was obviously intended to convey the impression that Sinn Fein was a kind of "Black Hand" business with mystic signs, passwords, and cypher messages. Most of the interviews with Mr. O'Kelly in Paris which appeared in the English press were "stories" written for British consumption. The most ridiculous of these was that Irish girls were brought over to flirt with English soldiers, in order to facilitate De Valera's escape. No Irishman would submit an Irish girl to such a humiliation.

ENGLISH GOVERNMENT IN IRELAND: THE IRISH BISHOPS SPEAK.

Most of the Irish bishops in their Lenten pastorals deal with the attempt to deny Ireland her rights of nationhood, and some allude in strong terms to the hypocrisy, tyranny, and Prussianism of the methods employed to keep her in subjection. We quote a few pregnant lines from some of the pastorals:—

"Wherever we turn our eyes, instead of freedom and justice, we are confronted by a militarism of the most up-to-date Prussian type, that makes its baneful influence felt in periodic ukases fettering the liberty of the subject, and in inhuman sentences inflicted for doings in themselves harmless which have hitherto been favored and fostered by a freedom-loving people. In theory, the consent of the governed is recognised as the only equitable basis on which just government can rest; but in practice, though this principle may apply to every other nation under the sun, black and white, Jew and Gentile, Ireland is to be debarred from a gift that is proffered even to the uncivilised heathen."—Most Rev. Dr. McHugh, Bishop of Derry.

"We rejoice that to-day Ireland stands knocking at the gates of liberty, not as a beggar, but as a nation, old in centuries, young in her manhood, strong in the justice of her claims, and calm in the Divine hope that truth must prevail in the end."—Most Rev. Dr. Gilman, Archbishop of Tuam.

"Ireland demands to be a free and independent nation, and all nations except England acknowledge the justice of the claim. Our rulers dare not any longer hold us in chains."—Most Rev. Dr. Hoare, Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise.

"When all the world is talking of freedom, Ireland, which has not had one year's peace since greed and plunder brought a foreign Power amongst us 700 years ago, is being tortured and harassed by that alien rule to a point of exasperation which has become almost unbearable. In their insane attempts to extinguish the unquenchable fire of patriotism, they have given us martial law for government and turned our country into a prison. . . . And while they thus trample on Ireland at home, they sit amongst the nations in a Peace Conference demanding self-determination as a sacred right for all peoples—even for the colored races. We protest against this shameless hypocrisy."—Most Rev. Dr. Fogarty, Bishop of Killaloe.

"The country is held as in a vice, in the grip of a militarism worse than anything resembling that Continental brand, to end which so much blood and treasure were lavished. Almost daily we read of youths being arraigned before courts-martial or special courts and sentenced to long terms of severe imprisonment on trifling charges, sometimes nothing more serious than to have been discovered cycling in some kind of organised order to a football match, and to have given such proof of high military organisation as to be able to dismount, at a given signal, without serious risk of collision and broken bones."—Most Rev. Dr. McKenna, Bishop of Clogher.

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SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S LAST SPEECH.

In closing his last speech at London, Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier spoke these now memorable words:—

"As for you who stand to-day on the threshold of life, with a wide horizon open before you for a long career of usefulness to your native land, if you will permit me after a long life, I shall remind you that already many problems rise before you: problems of race division, problems of creed differences, problems of economic conflict, problems of national duty and national aspiration. Let me tell you that for the solution of these problems you have a safe guide, an unfailing light, if you remember that faith is better than doubt and love is better than hate.

"Banish doubt and hate from your life. Let your souls be ever open to the strong promptings of faith and the gentle influence of brotherly love. Be adamant against the haughty; be gentle and kind to the weak. Let your aim and your purpose, in good report or in ill, in victory or in defeat, be so to live, so to strive, so to serve, as to do your part to raise the standard of life to higher and better spheres."

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

E. D. M.—It is not true to say that we do not encourage short-story writers and amateur poets. What we do not like is their practising on us. We have set a very high standard for stories and poems and we mean to keep it up. Nobody has a right to be hurt if told that he or she cannot sit down and turn out good verse or good fiction as easily as water from a tap. That implies as much labor and intelligence as goes to the composition of much that we have—as a punishment for our sins—to read week after week. The postman little dreams how we hate him.

AENGUS.—Mitchel's *Jail Journal* is a book we can recommend. It has literary qualities of a high order, and it is vastly interesting. What a turn of the tables it was when last year the grandson of the Irish felon received the envoy of England in New York! Gavan Duffy's *Four Years of Irish History* is a useful book on the period. Mitchel never could stand Duffy.

J. F. M.—The cables tell the people at home that the disturbances in Egypt were due to hair-brained students, to fanatical agitators, and, to the rag-tag of the cities. Do you remember how the cables told exactly the same sort of lie about Patrick Pearse, Tom McDonagh, George Plunket, and James Connolly? You know how false the report was in one case. Make up your mind for yourself about the other. Any man who asserts that a small nation under British rule ought to have the rights for which Britain said she fought for all peoples is now called a traitor or a Bolshevik. Soon people in Britain will be divided into two classes—Bolsheviks or Sinn Féiners on the one side, and liars on the other.

FENIAN.—Your remarks do great credit to your head and heart, but the people of this country are not yet sufficiently educated to understand what you are driving at. You must have observed that yourself if you speak as you write. No doubt at all if we published your letter some unkind people would say that you had no more point than the toe of a policeman's boot. (With apologies to the *Bulletin* and the police.)

WELL-WISHER.—My dear sir, we get each week on an average four letters of advice like yours mixed up with the spring poetry and the fiction that aims at rivalling O. Henry and does not hit even Mick McQuaid. Be perfectly sure of this: the bigotry is there all the time. It is only when we Catholics fight for our rights that it is shown. It is as certain as that the sun rises that Catholics will never get fair play from a Protestant community as that the folk who go to hear Howard Elliott are just as contemptible as himself. When you kow-tow—and we hope you don't—to the bigots they smile at you and despise you. When you assert that you are a better man than any of them and that you do not care a pot of jam for them they will no longer despise you, they will not hate you less, but you will make them mad and they will reveal what they feel all the time. Do not imagine that as Catholics or as Irishmen we are ever going to prostitute our position for the sake of a few grovelling traders who try most unsuccessfully to combine the service of God and Mammon. Better specialise on either. Anyhow we wish you well. *Pax tecum!* The English for that at present is "Keep your hair on."

It's most provoking to find, after moving, that your furniture has been scratched or otherwise injured as the result of unskilled work. Get us to remove it, and ensure careful expert handling. We have letters from people in all parts of the Dominion telling us how well we have removed their furniture. The New Zealand Express Co., Ltd.

IRISH HISTORY COMPETITIONS

SUBJECTS FOR PAPERS.

1. For Junior School Children—

Relate in your own words the Story of Deirdre;

OR

Describe the Battle of Clontarf.

N.B. The story must not contain more than 600 words.

2. For Senior Pupils—

Did Pope Adrian IV. issue a Bull authorising the English King to undertake the conquest of Ireland?

OR

Describe the Golden Age of pre-Christian Ireland.

N.B. Essay limited to 1200 words.

The competitions are for children for whom the *New Zealand Tablet* is read at school or at home. Teachers are respectfully requested to get the pupils to write the essays for them and to send to our office, addressed to "The Editor," the three essays in each division which they judge to be most meritorious. Not more than three shall be forwarded for each division from any one school. Individual essays from children who have not an opportunity of attending a Catholic school will be considered. Essays must be in the *Tablet* Office by June 15.

Suitable book prizes will be posted to three children in each division whose essays are considered to be best. The winning essays will be duly published over the names of the writers in the *New Zealand Tablet*.

WEDDING BELLS

MACKLE—HAILES.

A very pretty wedding was solemnised at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Kaikoura, on Wednesday, April 30, when John Joseph Mackle, eldest son of Mr. B. Mackle, was united in the bonds of holy Matrimony to Margaret Mary, daughter of Mr. Edward J. M. Hailes, of Kaikoura. Rev. J. J. Kelly (pastor of the district) officiated. Great interest was centred in the wedding, owing to the fact that the couple were very popular and the son and daughter of two of Kaikoura's pioneers, both of whom are held in the highest respect. The church was crowded. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a dress of white crepe-de-chine and georgette, trimmed with pearl, with long train lined with pale pink, and wore a beautiful veil of old Brussels lace. She carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums entwined with maiden-hair fern, tinged with pink. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Francis Hailes, who wore a dress of pale blue georgette, with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of daisies, with touches of blue. Mr. P. Mackle was best man. Miss C. Coakley (cousin of the bride) sang Gounod's "Ave Maria," and Miss Mackle (sister of the bridegroom) played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" as the party left the church. After the ceremony about 200 guests were entertained to a wedding breakfast laid in a large marquee at the residence of the bride's parents. Mrs. Hailes made an excellent hostess, and received the guests in a manner that made everyone feel welcome. A lengthy toast list was honored. The newly wedded couple, who left later in the afternoon for the south to spend their honeymoon, were the recipients of a large number of costly and beautiful presents, including a valuable marble clock, suitably inscribed, from St. Patrick's Sports Committee, and many cheques. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a gold wristlet watch, and to the bridesmaid a handsome pendant. The bride's present to the bridegroom was a gold watch chain. The bride's travelling costume was of natter blue, with hat to match. She also wore a handsome set of fox furs.

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DANNEVERKIN

OUR ROMAN LETTER

(By "SCOTTUS.")

The Sinn Fein victory at the recent elections in Ireland evoked what Italians would call a striking repercussion in this country. Hitherto, as readers of these pages will doubtless remember, not only had we to lament the effects of the ring of silence that was drawn round all things Irish since the outbreak of the war, but worse still the news items and observations that were allowed to appear now and then were anything at all but favorable or complimentary. All this underwent a surprising change; and since the beginning of the present year the press of this city, and indeed of all Italy, has devoted praiseworthy attention to the Irish problem, particularly in its bearing on international settlements. On the whole the attitude was friendly; and this was true not only of newspapers that were always more or less sympathetic, but also of such widely different sheets as the *Messaggero* and *Corriere d'Italia*, both of which, for one reason or another, have been uniformly hostile in the past. The outcome of this new interest was this that hardly a day passed without some newspaper reference to happenings in Ireland and to their bearing on public opinion in other lands, particularly in America. Nor did this interest stop short at mere items of news: several of the best-known papers printed long articles discussing the whole situation in its historical setting and in its actual effects and possibilities. One of the best articles of the kind, for instance, appeared in the hitherto hostile *Popolo d'Italia*, which and in a sympathetic vein discussed the question of Ireland's capacity for running her own house. It is worth mentioning that the facts cited in favor of this capacity were taken from a leaflet on the subject widely circulated during the elections in Ireland.

It is obvious, however that this friendly frame of mind could not be allowed to continue unchecked. True indeed, the censorship of the press had been taken away on the cessation of hostilities; but with one apparently harmless reservation, namely, that affecting news likely to disturb international relations. Remote as this exception appeared, some of us were inclined from the beginning to suspect the cloven foot and to fear that it was probably calculated to cover ground in which we were interested. It was not long till we had reason to know that our suspicions were not unfounded. A little more than a month of publicity had passed when our English cousins here began to take the offensive. Eventually matters came to a head when one of the most important newspapers of this city, discussing a map of national aspirations published by the *Morning Post*, pointed out that while that militant organ of English society could find a sympathetic corner for every people from the Irish Sea to the Pacific Ocean, it had not room for as much as the outlines of the Irish coast. That same evening the editor was informed by persons claiming to speak in the name of the British Embassy that while the British Government had no objection to the discussion of England's international policy it did not wish to see the domestic concerns of the United Kingdom thrown on the screen. That the admonition was effectual was at once apparent. Though practically all the newspaper editors in this city are in sympathy with the Irish claim at the present moment, hardly one of them ventures just now to publish any comment or any expository article dealing with the subject. The most they dare under present conditions is to print such news items as are wired out from London and Paris by the press agencies, which, however, may be relied on not to trouble the public with an overdose of words in our favor. Recently we have had samples enough of what this means. For instance, the declaration attributed to Mr. Wilson stating that the Irish question was a matter of domestic policy and did not come within

the scope of the Peace Congress was at once wired out here and duly published, whereas there was not a word sent about his repudiation of that declaration, about the recent vote of the American Congress in favor of Irish self-determination, or about the nature of the interview between the President and the delegation that waited on him in connection with the Philadelphia meeting.

Despite all these petty obstacles, which form so striking a commentary on the much vaunted English fair play, the truth has been making considerable headway, particularly in educated and influential quarters, so much so indeed that one is often surprised how it has come to pass that knowledge has been acquired where the means of information have been so artfully restricted. The Roman clergy in general know a good deal of the actual facts of the case and do not hesitate to express their sympathy; and the same is true of those occupying the higher ecclesiastical positions. Naturally there are exceptions. No one, for instance, expects the Allied Cardinals resident in this city to be favorably disposed: the pro-English tendencies of Cardinals de Lai and Pompili are pretty generally well known; while in a city where the cross-currents are so numerous and varied it is only to be expected that several individuals would be won over by the resounding arguments of astute Albion.

It is not a little curious that the one newspaper which is most careful in printing all sorts of things against us, and just as careful in excluding anything that could tell in our favor, is the *Osservatore Romano*, which is sometimes called the official organ of the Holy See. It can be called so, however, only in a very limited sense—first because it is subsidised by the Holy See; and secondly because it is the recognised medium through which official announcements are sometimes issued. But outside such announcements, it has no official authority whatever; and its editorial attitude is its own and no one else's. With regard to the point in question just now, readers may take for granted without any hesitation that the *Osservatore* does not reflect the mind of the Holy See, or indeed of any authority in this city. Those who want to form some sort of idea as to what is likely to be the attitude prevalent in high quarters will find the best index in the well-chosen words used by Mgr. Cerretti in his address at the jubilee of Cardinal Gibbons, when, speaking of Ireland, he told his hearers of "the many fond hopes and desires" We cherish for that country. Careful observers note that in using the pronoun We the Monsignor was not speaking merely in his own name; and they also are inclined to attribute to his influence the thorough conversion of the Cardinal of Baltimore from his previous attitude of aloofness or indifference into one of friendly and energetic sympathy. It would be easy to labor this point at greater length; but the intelligent reader will have little difficulty in drawing obvious conclusions.

Meanwhile it may not be uninteresting to review the objections that have obtained anything like currency here against the application of self-determination to Ireland.

First there comes the usual chestnut that it would be injurious to the Catholic Church. This line of argument, which is intended to affect ecclesiastical circles, but which meets with but limited success, is propounded by a certain number of English Catholics and by a little group of Irishmen here who lose no opportunity of painting the present Irish leaders as unchristian knaves and their followers as thoughtless dupes.

Side by side with this runs the venerable bogey of the danger of exposing the Protestant minority to the risk of persecution at the hands of the Catholic majority of their fellow-countrymen, who naturally are represented as the essence of bigotry while the others are painted as enlightened, successful, prosperous business men who have made their province into a paradise

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by their industry and intelligence. True, indeed, many recognise that the majority have not a fair share of the plums and that the minority have a privileged position; but against this it is contended that be the origin of the privilege as it may they have won it and held it for a couple of centuries and should not be asked to resign the fruits of their victory to a pack of idle peasants.

Again, it is urged that though much was said in the course of the war about the rights of small nations and the like, the fact remains that Ireland stood aloof from the war, her sons shirking their plain duty or even sympathising with if not actually supporting Germany, and consequently have no claim to consideration in the settlement of the world. To a certain extent this view is sometimes expressed by warm partisans of President Wilson, who moreover try to explain away his apparent indifference or hostility by adding that Ireland is after all a very small place and a very unimportant place, and should not be allowed to embarrass him while engaged in solving mightier problems.

It is also urged that the English connection is of such ancient date and has been so useful to Ireland that it would be against the best interests of the latter country to bring about any marked change in existing position: and besides, it is added, how could Ireland hope to protect her own shores against invasion and other possible dangers without the protecting wings of the English fleet.

But the argument that really weighs with men of education and influence is that based on the danger a free Ireland would be to England and English interests, affording a future base for the invasion of that country, and always ready to prove a standing menace to the future peace of the world. They admit, of course, that Belgium and Holland are in equally close proximity to England; but they point out that these two countries have little influence outside their own borders and have little or no wrongs to revenge, whereas Ireland has powerful ramifications in various parts of the world, cherishes keen memories of the past, and would always be ready to welcome any and every chance of settling old scores the moment an opportunity arises.

It is worth noting that the feature in Anglo-Irish relations of the present day that has most impressed Italians is the imprisonment of Irishmen without trial and the treatment meted out to men who are merely political prisoners; and as a possible item in future policy it is no harm to bear in mind that Italian parliamentarians are very much alive to the contrast between England's interest in the Slav nations and her attitude towards Irish aspirations. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that Italian statesmen may seize on the contrast and urge it home at a convenient moment.

GO, PLOUGHMAN, PLOUGH.

Go, ploughman, plough,
The mereing lands,
The meadow lands.
All life is bare
Beneath your share,
All love is in your lusty hands.

Up horses, now,
And straight and true
Let every broken furrow run;
The strength you sweat
Shall blossom yet
In golden glory to the sun.

—SEOSAMH MAC CATHMHOAIL.

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MISSION WORK ON THE DARK CONTINENT.

The January meeting of the Academia of St. John's Seminary was held on the evening of the 29th, with President James Grimes in the chair (says the *Boston Pilot*). After a short business meeting the remainder of the session was taken up with a very interesting essay on "The White Fathers," and an illustrated lecture on "Abyssinia."

The essayist, Mr Daniel Donovan, outlined the foundation and work of the White Fathers. This wonderful society was founded in 1867 by Cardinal Lavigerie. The scene of their first labors was Northern Africa. Algiers was the focal-point of their efforts, and here many Islamites were persuaded to exchange the Crescent for the Cross. There gallant soldiers of Christ gradually pushed southward until they had reached the outskirts of the burning Sahara.

Mysterious City of Soudan.

Their great goal in Northern Africa, however, was Timbuctoo, the mysterious city of Soudan. To reach it meant a journey of 1200 miles across the Great Desert. The first two attempts resulted in the martyrdom of six zealous priests, and it was not until the French victory in 1894 that permanent results were attained in the Soudan. From that time the work has met with amazing success, so that to-day the Vicariate of Soudan presents the fairest Christian garden in the upper half of the continent.

Meanwhile, Equatorial Africa was not being overlooked. The White Fathers pushed into this perilous country, and so untiring was their energy that, where 40 years ago a cross had never been seen, five splendid vicariates flourish to-day—a monument to the unquenchable spirit of these workers in Christ's vineyard.

Uganda Missions.

Uganda also came under the influence of these tireless missionaries; and almost overnight 160,000 of its inhabitants have found in the shadow of the Cross that peace which Heaven alone can give.

Such is the work of the White Fathers. They have grown from a nucleus of three seminaries to a community of 500 priests and 250 Brothers. Over a quarter of a million neophytes have been guided by them to the crib of Bethlehem, and 136,000 catechumens are annually instructed for Baptism. Eighty-three thousand children are being taught the true wisdom of God and man in 3000 schools. The sick, the orphans, the aged, and the lepers are receiving Christian comforts in 300 charitable institutions.

"Abyssinia."

The lecturer, Mr. George Casey, delivered an illustrated travelogue on "Abyssinia." With the aid of many slides, he vividly portrayed the conditions in which the people of this wild country live. The domestic and religious customs of the Abyssinians were shown to good advantage. The labors of Father Bateman, a zealous missionary, were shown in their humorous and serious side, to the great enjoyment and edification of the audience.

After the lecture, Rev. Joseph F. McGlinchey, D.D., Spiritual Director of the Academia, entertained the members by recounting some of the difficulties which missionaries in Africa have to overcome.

Life would be too easy, heaven too lightly gained, if the victor's crown could be won by a single struggle. In that battle the heart's best blood must be drained; the wearied soul must stand to its arms again and yet again. There will be many an apparent truce, and perhaps many a sore defeat, before the end, which sometimes seems so far, is won at last.—Christian Reid.

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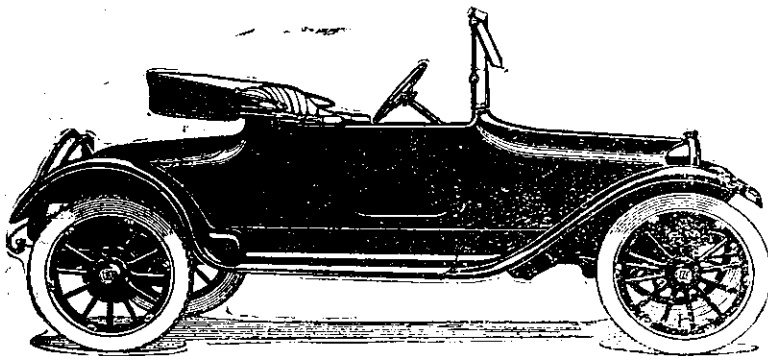
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BOOK NOTICES

A Handbook of Moral Theology. By Rev. Anthony Koch, D.D. Edited by Arthur Preuss. Vols. I. and II. Herder, London. (Catholic Supplies, Wellington; 8/6 per vol.)

In these two volumes we have the beginning of a series on Moral Theology corresponding to the Pohle-Preuss series of Dogmatic text-books. The first volume, which is largely of an introductory nature, contains admirable chapters on the nature, history, and bibliography of Moral Theology, and also treatises on Morality, subjectively and objectively considered. The principles are clearly set forth and there is abundant reference to well-known authorities on the subject. As a contribution to general knowledge alone the first volume might be recommended not only to the clergy but also to the educated Catholic laity who would derive much profit from such a study. The second treats of Sin and the Means of Grace. The exposition is always clear and attractive and the matter is thoroughly up to date. The chapters on the Sacraments should prove helpful to those whose duty it is to instruct others in the catechism. The theology of the means of grace and the Catholic doctrine on the nature, origin, and divisions of sin will be found here in a concise practical form which should appeal to busy priests. We take it that the work was expressly published for the clergy, but we cannot help saying that this series—Dogmatic and Moral—contains just the sort of matter for study which zealous, intelligent laymen would be well advised to welcome.

The Villa Rossignol. By Maria Longworth Storer. Herder, London. (4/6 net.)

Mrs. Storer has given us in *The Villa Rossignol* a fine stirring novel which holds the reader's interest from cover to cover. It is a picture of modern life in which the character of a pure young Catholic girl is sharply contrasted with a degenerate step-mother and her friends who, having no religious principles to anchor them, live like pagans and frankly envy the debasing institutions of the East. How the girl was saved from the machinations of the demoralised step-mother and a wicked old French actress is well told. The scene is chiefly laid on the Riviera, in and around Monte Carlo and Nice. The descriptions are of a high order and the characterisation excellent. Under the bright skies of the South we see the materialism and intellectual perversion of modern pagans in its darkness, and the author leaves the reader to draw the moral from the contrast of such beings with the heroine whose Catholic principles save her from contamination amid her surroundings.

Saint Patrick's Purgatory. By Shane Leslie. Herder, London. (2/6 net.)

We Irish people know that there is a little lake hidden away among the hills of Tir-conail and that thither every year hundreds of devout pilgrims go to make a retreat of such austerity and hardship as the rest of the world does not dream of. Lough Derg is Ireland's holy lake. It is known still as St. Patrick's Purgatory. In the dim twilight of history it had a spiritual tradition among the pagan Irish, and the cairns on the slopes of the hills are memorials of rites forgotten centuries ago. Following the wise custom of the early Church Patrick used to sanctify places and

observances that were dear to his converts, thus saving them from the pain of many a wrench, and superimposing on old foundations the new Gospel that he brought them. Lough Derg too he sanctified by his prayers and fastings, during which tradition tells us that God showed him the places of Purgatory—*loca purgatoria ostendit Deus*. In the ages of faith men came hither from across the seas to pray where Patrick prayed and to invoke his intercession. Many a prince and many a prelate knelt on the stony shores of the Lough where the Irish peasants kneel to this day. You will find mention of the shrine in Calderon and in Ariosto, so well known was it in these days. Shane Leslie has given us a volume of stories and legends about Lough Derg which we gladly commend to our readers.

The Four Gospels: With a Practical Commentary. By Rev. Charles J. Callan, O.P. Linehan, Melbourne. (21/- net.)

For missionary priests it is desirable to have at hand a manual in which they can readily turn up for reference any given text of the Gospels, regarding which they want explanation and commentary. Catholic laymen who love reading the New Testament also often feel the want of such a work. Father Callan has given us in the present volume a handbook which will meet this want. Without excessive length or undue brevity he interprets the Gospels in conformity with the teaching of the Fathers, theologians, and exegists whose names carry weight and authority. For the long arguments on disputed questions readers are referred to special treatises, and the aim of Father Callan has been to set before students and priests only what is essential and useful. He does not attempt to supplant older and more ponderous volumes which will always be consulted by those who are making a profound study of the Bible. He offers to Catholic readers a complete manual in a handy form for constant use, helpful to the devout reader as well as to the busy priest. The introductions to the Gospels are practical and helpful. The arrangement of the commentary is attractive and does away with the necessity of constant reference to foot notes. The work seems to us to be what Father Callan set himself to provide: a really useful, practical aid to the study of the Gospels.

SOUL OF EIRE.

Thou proud high Soul with Christ-like power flamed!
Thy body hacked! by red oppression maimed!
Yet Thou are strong, though crucified untamed!
Warless! serene above a war-scarred world.

From Thee, great Soul, Thy sons from age to age
Have drawn their strength. Peasant and poet-sage
Fired by Thy flame, voicing Thy noble rage,
Living have died for Thee, and, dead, have lived.

Have lived a growing, spreading, trenchant force
Born of their sacrifice. Guide sure its course,
Oh Soul! Oh Star—pulse—throb intense—the Source
The glowing Heart, the Nationhood of Eire.

W. FORBES PATTERSON, in *New Ireland*.

To know God and to understand His ways is the great end of life and to walk in His presence is all sanctity.—Faber.



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A ONE ACT COMEDY-TRAGEDY

(From the Brooklyn, U.S.A. Tablet.)

Place—10 Downing Street, London.

Time—Lloyd George and Arthur Balfour expected home from the Peace Conference on a visit.

Scene—Lords Curzon and Milner seated at table.

Lord Curzon—Well, Milner, I can hardly wait until Arthur and David arrive. I am most anxious to know how they succeeded so well.

Lord Milner—My anxiety is also great. I do wonder how our success has been so remarkable. My Lord, please read that cablegram from Arthur again.

Curzon (reads)—“We put it all over the Americans. Will be home at once.”—Signed B.

Milner—So we put it all over the Americans. Are you sure that that street language means we out-classed or out-manoeuvred them?

Curzon—Most assuredly. Balfour is so clever that he not only defeats those “outsiders” but he uses their only language to announce the victory.

Milner (laughing)—Well the gentleman beats the “outsider” every time. This is almost too good to be true.

(Enter Arthur Balfour and David Lloyd George arm in arm smiling all over.)

Curzon Hail the conquerors!

Milner (laughing)—So you put it all over the Americans? Do tell us about it.

Lloyd George—My Lords, you flatter us. Arthur deserves all the credit: let him tell how we did it.

Arthur Balfour—Really, gentlemen, you honor me: but David is the Premier and he should have the glory of telling how we vanquished them.

George—Using Arthur's logic, the King should know a great deal about the Peace Treaty, but I really doubt if he knows the war is at an end yet. I pray, Arthur, you tell the Lords about the League of Nations and all that other stuff.

Balfour (smiling)—I am a good soldier and will obey orders. It is really a delight to tell you how we put it all over the Americans. You see the Yanks demanded a League of Nations, so after a great deal of deliberation we agreed. Under the Constitution of the League America will do our police work in Arabia and several other countries: she will put up the assets and we the liabilities, and in case of foreign disorder she will have to help suppress it, whether it be in Ireland or any other place. Of course you knew we only have five votes in the League while the others have one. It was quite hard for the President to “win us over,” but he succeeded. (General laughter.)

George (laughing)—Or, in other words, we are the League and all the others are the nations.

Curzon (laughing)—My word, as far as the Americans are concerned it's a League of Nations.

(Enter Lord Derby, greetings.)

Lord Derby—Well, Arthur, I hear you put it all over the Americans.

Balfour—You highly compliment me.

Derby—Do tell me how the President acted there.

Balfour—The President is a charming man. Rather bookish, but most interesting. Unlike nearly all Americans, he is not boresome.

George—He is most polished. He adores beautiful words. Nearly all day he speaks about democracy and humanity. This disturbed Arthur at first, but he soon saw the terms were meaningless.

Derby—But how about his Fourteen Points?

George (laughing)—You answer him, Arthur: it's too rich.

Balfour—Really, a submarine must have sunk those points on the way over. Self-determination, no annexations, no indemnities, no secret treaties, open covenants, rule of the people, freedom of the seas, disarmament, and—well, I don't remember if there were any others.

Derby—By Jove, if a submarine sank them it must have been a British one.

George—My lords, if there were any other points, you may be sure Arthur disfigured them while the Pre-

sident was talking about democracy and humanity.

Milner—My word, this is a grand occasion. To think that we got America to win the war for us, and now they will protect all our possessions. Getting one's enemy to fight your battles and then to make him protect the spoils for you is no mean achievement. Arthur, you are to be congratulated. It was the most clever act of your clever life.

George (laughing)—Don't say that. The cleverest thing in his life was the day he stood at George Washington's tomb in America without even smiling.

Curzon—We'll never forget the day we heard that news: really, it was richer than anything one could hear at a music hall.

Balfour—And, sir, I actually stood there with my hat off. (General laughter.)

Milner—I positively believed when Arthur had those dull Irishmen gaoled, and spread the pro-German plot, it was really the cleverest thing he ever did. My word, but—

(Enter Lord Lansdowne. Greetings.)

Lord Lansdowne—Arthur, I hear you put it all over the Americans. How did everything go?

Balfour (smiling)—Everything went bully.

Lord Lansdowne—Before you go any further, do tell me, did the President mention Ireland?

Balfour—No, not even once.

Lansdowne—Thank goodness, then my estates in Kerry will be safe. You gentlemen must spend a few days there with me in the summer.

Derby—Do you think the President is apt to do anything in the future for Ireland?

Balfour—Hardly. He mentioned it privately to me once, but I told him about internal questions and some other things like that, so I think everything will be all right. You see—

(Enter Sir Edward Shortt. Greetings.)

Edward Shortt—Aye, Arthur, I hear you threw it all over the Americans. It was real clever of you, don't you know?

George—Before you go any further, tell us how these degenerate Englishmen are behaving in Ireland.

Shortt—Aye, but the situation is quite devilish. You see, the Sinn Feiners—

George—Don't mention those ugly Irishmen by name: it makes me feel indisposed.

Shortt—Have your own way, sir, but a forest fire of agitation is sweeping America. Meetings, legislatures, and resolutions are demanding Ireland's freedom.

Curzon—It's all the King's fault. I knew when he spoke of democracy and small nations that those dull Yanks would think we were serious.

George—I hardly know what we can do now. You see, we used up most of our ammunition. We worked the religious question, the pro-German plot, Irishmen being divided, and the Irish being Bolsheviks. Really, most of our music has been played. Last year we spent nine million dollars on our 4000 agents in the States. It is very puzzling.

Lansdowne—Couldn't we have Edward Carson write some more editorials for the New York papers?

Balfour—You need not worry. I have arranged everything. Under the League of Nations America will forfeit several of her rights. Shortly after the treaty is signed the Yanks will realise that they have lost their freedom. Then they will have to start to agitate their own self-determination, and won't have time for Ireland.

Shortt—My word, but Arthur is a wonder, and to think that the President—

Grand chorus—

For he's a jolly good fellow,
 For he's a jolly good fellow,
 For he's a jolly good fellow,
 Which, none of us will deny.

Be not discouraged by thy past, but know that,
 whatever it has been, the best may still be thine.—
 Archbishop Spalding

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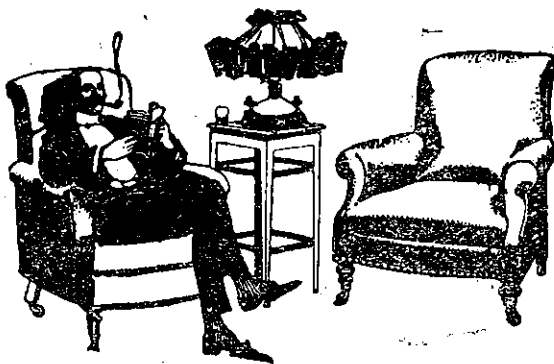
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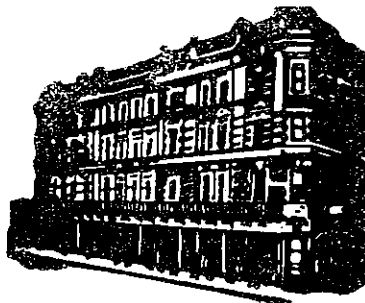
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Late Provincial of the Marist Fathers in New
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"As Monumental Sculptors, Messrs. Hickmott and
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The question of Health is one Nobody can afford to neglect, yet many people will risk their Health by
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is the ONLY BREAD made in Wellington which is TRULY AUTOMATIC. Many other Bakers
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Ring up 'PHONE No. 986 and give instructions for the cart to call.

If you once try this Bread you will Never go back to bread made by hands in the old-time, out-of-date
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**A. H. Wilson
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**Special Value
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DOMESTIC

(By MAUREEN.)

Fresh Fruit Pudding.

Beat to a cream a small cup of sugar, butter the size of an egg, and two eggs; add three-fourths cup sweet milk, two cups flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder stirred in, and flavoring to taste. Fill two moderately-sized dishes about three-quarters full of fresh fruit, pour the batter over, and bake one hour.

Parsnip Balls.

To one cupful of mashed cooked parsnips add one-half cupful of grated cheese, one tablespoonful of melted butter, and the yolk of one egg. Season with salt and pepper. Mix this over the fire for a few minutes, then turn out to cool. When cold, form into small balls. Brush with beaten white of egg, and roll in cornflour. Bake in a hot oven.

Scotch Barley Broth.

Ingredients: 1lb meat, 2 or 3 carrots, 1 medium-sized turnip, 1 large onion, a quarter of a cabbage or outside lettuce leaves or other green vegetables, 1lb barley, pepper and salt, 6 pints water. Cut the meat into small pieces. Prepare and cut up the vegetables. Put the meat and barley into a pan with the water, and bring to the boil. Add vegetables. Boil gently until all the materials are tender, and for not less than 2 hours. Season and serve.

Salmon Balls.

Ingredients: 1lb tin of salmon, a cupful of brown or white breadcrumbs, a cupful of hot milk, an egg, little pepper and salt. Method: Drain the oil off the salmon. Remove all skin and bones and beat fine. Soak the crumbs in the warm milk, then mix all together and leave till the morning. Roll into balls and cover with egg and breadcrumbs. Fry a pale brown in smoking hot fat. Drain on warmed brown paper.

Beef Brawn.

Ingredients: One cowheel, 1lb of shin of beef, a spray of parsley, 2 quarts of water, pepper and salt to taste, 2 or 3 eggs. Method: Chop the parsley as fine as possible. Put the meat on in cold water and let it boil for six hours. Boil the eggs for half an hour, then place in cold water for five minutes. Shell them and line the moulds, having previously wet the moulds with water. Take all the meat off the bones and place it in the moulds. Strain the liquor and pour over.

Oyster Soup.

Allow two quarts of fine large oysters; take them from the liquor, strain the liquor carefully; add four blades of mace, a teaspoonful of pepper, and a little salt. Let it simmer over a brisk fire for five minutes; then add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, which has been rolled in flour, and while boiling put in a quart of new milk. Let all boil for five minutes more, stirring carefully all the time. Then drop in the oysters; let them boil up once until the edges begin to curl, then remove from the fire. Pour into a hot tureen and serve.

Household Hints.

A cork put into the oven after something has burnt will take away the unpleasant smell. Corks are also useful for reviving a fire that has burnt down very low.

Vinegar makes a splendid disinfectant. If a little is burnt or sprinkled about the room, it is both refreshing and agreeable.

If kid gloves have been worn on a warm day they will usually become stiff and hard. To remedy this, drop a little French chalk into each finger, put the gloves on, dip the fingers into French chalk, and rub together gently. Wipe off and polish with a soft cloth.

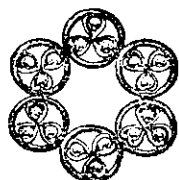
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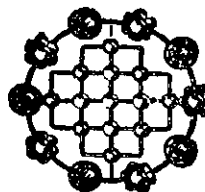
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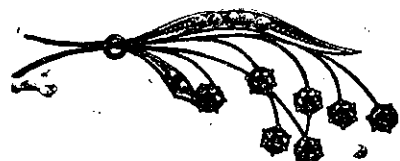
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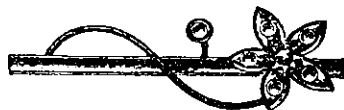
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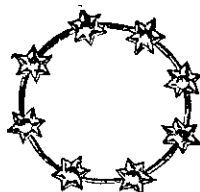
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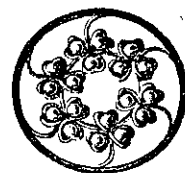
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RETURNING TO THE FOLD

Sixty-three converts were confirmed in Our Lady of Lourdes' Church, Toronto, last Sunday (says the *Boston Pilot* of April 5). Hitherto adults have been confirmed with the children in their respective parishes.

The Rev. C. McDonnell, C.F., who was recently ordered to Italy, has already served in Egypt, Salonika, Malta, and France. During his convalescence in England he received into the Church 30 converts of the colonial and home troops at Tidworth.

Sixteen adult non-Catholics were received into the Church at Pittsburg, Kansas, U.S.A., a few weeks ago.

Rev. Herbert Cooper, M.A., recently vicar of Berry Pomeroy, England, has been received into the Church by Abbot Cummins at Knaresborough.

An interesting convert who has lately joined the Church is the Rev. Leslie V. Jolly, who was formerly a Wesleyan minister at Buckfastleigh in Devon (says the *Glasgow Observer*). Mr. Jolly has just returned from Army service in the ranks. Prior to enlistment he had been for 11 years a Wesleyan minister. He intends to become a priest, and has entered Buckfast Abbey, a famous Benedictine house in Devonshire, for the purpose of studying for the priesthood.

A missionary of the Society of Mary (says an exchange) writes from Macuata, Fiji Islands: A little village, a three-hour journey from here, has just gone over in a body from Protestantism to the Catholic religion. When its intention of being converted became known persecution broke out against the inhabitants. The native prefect and the Methodist minister subjected them to interrogatories which all ended with threats. One day the news spread that on a certain hour of a certain day their huts would be burned and they themselves deported, but it was all to no purpose. Their resolution remained unshaken, and they now have cause for rejoicing, since at a meeting held at the chief town of the province the white magistrate blamed the officials for their conduct and declared that under the British flag each one is free to embrace whatever religion he chooses.

It is well to remember and resolve that, in matters of justice and right and virtue—

What I can do, I ought to do;
What I ought to do, I can do;
What I can and ought to do,
By the grace of God I will do.

I've an antique, brass-bound cabinet
Built in my bedroom wall,
Wherein I keep—locked up, you bet—
My treasures great and small—
My tobacco-jars and best cigars,
And gilt-edged literature:
Likewise my cash and Trades Hall sash,
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THE MOST OBSTINATE

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

FALLING HAIR.

The following are the main causes for thinning of the hair, premature greyness, and baldness:—

1. Local causes, which interfere with the nutrition of the hair, such as inflammation of the skin and oil glands, of which seborrhoea, a form of dandruff, which is responsible for great irritation of the scalp, is most common.

2. General causes, which lead to debility of constitution, and so indirectly weaken the nutrition of the hair, convalescence after fever or various other illnesses, and prolonged worry.

3. Purely nervous causes. The special implication of the nerves is evidenced in various ways, such as neuralgic pains of the scalp, from which loss of hair is both local and very often absolute.

The remedy is a special course of treatment (one guinea), including clipping and singeing, massage with scalp food, shampooing, massage with stimulating lotion, and vibro or electrical massage.

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The Largest and Best Display in Town
of Prayer Books, Rosaries, Holy Pictures,
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ON THE LAND

THE HONEY CROP.

The Director of the Horticulture Division of the Department of Agriculture has received from the apiary instructors the following report concerning the honey crop prospects:—

Auckland.—Local prices have dropped slightly in sympathy with the fall in prices on the Home markets; best prices offering locally being from 6d to 8d per lb, according to quality; latest Home prices between £70 and £80 per ton. Beeswax is in demand at from 2s to 2s 6d per lb.

Wellington.—All the honey in the district has now been gathered, and considerable quantities are coming forward to the various grading stores for export. The quality of those lines examined has been exceptionally good. Prices are in the vicinity of 10d per lb for bulk lines. Very little comb honey is in evidence this season, the producers having confined their attention to extracted. Beeswax is scarce at 2s 3d per lb.

Christchurch and Dunedin.—There is little fresh to report. Beekeepers are busy preparing their consignments for export. In some localities extracting is not yet finished, being delayed by unsettled weather. There is little forward for local supplies. No pat honey is offering; sections are scarce, and are quoted to 8s per dozen, bulk honey is in demand, and sales are being effected at 8d per lb. Beeswax is in strong demand. Prices are firm.

SYSTEMATIC DRAINAGE.

As one traverses almost any district in New Zealand he is convinced of the great need there exists for the systematic drainage of not only agricultural but also pastoral lands (says Mr. McTaggart, writing in the *Journal of Agriculture*). An extensive carrying-out of adequate drainage will of itself vastly increase production from the pastures and cultivated areas of the country. How many of our pastures are growing plenteously rushes, sedge grasses, and other inferior and worthless vegetation: whereas these could be replaced by superior profit-producing grasses and clovers. True it is that the capital involved in carrying out adequate drainage in many instances is a barrier, but this is not always the trouble. It has been demonstrated over and over again that within a reasonable time drainage pays for itself in the increased carrying capacity of, or enlarged crop returns from, the land. Apart from the question of lack of capital, it may be asserted that vast areas of country could be better drained, and so have their productiveness greatly increased, were landowners to give more thought and attention to this important subject. They would find that there has already been designed and successfully used labor-saving machinery that could materially assist them. The drain or mole plough, for instance, has done extensive valuable drainage work for Southland, and to a lesser degree for other districts. Its use, particularly on pasture lands of stiffish subsoil, is of very great economic importance. In North America the traction ditcher has been used extensively, its function being to dig daily long stretches of ditching and place pipes along the ditch bank ready for subsequent placing in proper position. This labor-saving machine is of much importance for certain types of country, especially where extensive under-drainage is badly needed owing to the stiff nature of the subsoil, where the land is otherwise of high value, and where no stumps or buried timber exist. Again, where labor is fairly abundant, how much more drainage of land could in many instances be effected by using ordinary farm implements, such as the single-furrow plough and the subsoil plough, and employing manuka, stones, or rough timber for placing in these ditches when completely excavated! Further, as a last resource, the system of providing good surface drainage, particularly for land to be laid down to pasture, could be employed. This method consists of ploughing the paddock in comparatively narrow lands, high in the

centre and low at the sides, running with the natural slope of the land. Under drainage in addition makes, of course, for greater soil efficiency, and is of permanent benefit to the pasture and other crops. As a final emphasis of the importance of this subject, let it be stated that drainage is the first essential in the treatment of any soil, and without adequate draining the land cannot respond to any extent to any subsequent treatment it may receive. It cannot grow crops—pasture or otherwise—successfully. It may, then, well be asked, Are New Zealand soils as a whole growing as they should the staple crop of the country—pasture?

WHEAT SOWING.

One of the most important points to which farmers can give attention in sowing the wheat crop is the proper covering of the seed. The remark was once made by an officer of the Department (says an Australian exchange) that one of the reasons for the averages of the farmers' experiment plots being above the average for the districts in which they are located, is that methods of cultivation are adopted that ensure the seed being well and evenly covered. Certain it is, at any rate, that the final cultivation has a considerable influence on the covering of the wheat seed. Whether harrows or cultivators are used at that stage, shallow furrows and ridges are left, and if the hoes of the drill run along the furrows there is a strong probability that a good deal of seed will be left on the surface. If, on the other hand, the drill is run across the final cultivation the hoes or discs cut through the furrows and ridges, and an even covering is ensured. The final cultivation, therefore, should be at right angles to the direction in which the drilling is to be done. Farmers are often in doubt as to which class of drill they should use. In practice there is not much difference so far as the covering of the seed is concerned, but there are certain soils in which one will do better work than the other. If the land has been fallowed and well cultivated so as to free it from weeds and rubbish, there is no doubt that the hoe drill will do the best work. But if the land should be somewhat cloddy or covered with killed weeds and stubble, the disc drill is the implement to use, for the reasons that it will cut through the clods and rubbish and deposit the seed at the right depth. The hoe drill should be preferred wherever possible, not only because it is the less expensive implement, but also because the parts are less liable to wear than in the disc. It is often an advantage to set a drill to sow "zig-zag." Many farmers urge the objection to the method that with zig-zag sowing the result will not be as even as when the tines are set in one straight row, and while there is some force in the objection, it is not so serious as might be thought. As a rule, where the ground is cloddy and contains roots or other material that is likely to be caught and dragged by the hoes, a more even covering is obtained by setting the hoes alternately forward and backward—or zig-zag—more room being then allowed for the clods and vegetable matter to clear.

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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—

FATHER GUINANE, Ohakune.

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Blind! ! Sooner anything
than that! Yet it will follow
if your eyes are defective—
and you neglect them.

If they work under handicap
—a continuous strain—ulti-
mate blindness may result
before you are old.

Take care of your sight.

Pay us a visit immediately.

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The Y.M.C.A. will continue
to work for each with the
fullest strength of its organ-
isation, as it has done in
the Camps, at the Base
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Free Membership for Twelve Months

Will be given to all returned
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entitling you to all the pri-
vileges of the institution.
Let us still keep together in New
Zealand under the sign of the



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Further information
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Housewife herself—is entitled
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quickly and free from soot.
It saves fuel and gives
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**Goes
Great
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**A Cheery
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The kitchen is the
sanctuary of Home
with the cheery glow
of a ZEALANDIA
Open Fire. The
Improved Zealandia
Range gives a larger
supply of hot water
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Every Ironmonger Sells them.

**THE ZEALANDIA
OPEN FIRE RANGE**

The Family Circle

GROWN-UP.

We'll banish tiny troubles
That fill our hearts with woe;
They'll burst like fairy bubbles
That laughing children blow.
We'll wait the silver lining
With firm, unruffled brow,
And look to Heaven's shining;
We're men and women now.

The childish grief that weighted
Our hearts like sullen stone
On Lethe's waters freighted
Shall sail to ports unknown.
While we, our faces lifting,
Will smile, instead of frown,
For through the storm-clouds' shifting
Our Father's looking down.

Unconquered, uncomplaining,
We'll kiss the iron rod
Of Him, the ever-reigning
Kind Father and our God:
Then from a heart enlightened
With joys and hopes and fears,
We'll give a love that's brightened
With gold of grown-up years!

ONE STEP FORWARD.

The hour comes to each one of us when we stand at the crisis of our careers, when failure seems to us to be inevitable, when we cannot seem to see our way clear, cannot understand what to do, cannot see anything before us but death to our hopes and our aspirations. And when that hour comes it is time not to go backward, but to go forward. We must not retreat, come what may, for every retreat carries one farther from ultimate victory.

A prominent woman in making an address once made this statement: "We must remember that we cannot stand still. We have to move backward or forward. If we move backward when we move forward again we shall not have progressed, but shall have only reached the spot where we were standing before. But if we move forward we shall at least be a little farther towards our goal." Another woman, when asked once how she had achieved such a measure of success, said: "By never standing still, by always accomplishing something. Frequently it was not just what I had intended to do, but it was something. I let no day go by without moving ahead a bit. Forward was my watchword. Often I was side-tracked and sometimes almost lost my bearings, but I found that more frequently than not the moving helped me. Costly as were some of the mistakes I made, I knew that I was learning and the surer I became of the path."

It is so with all of us. We learn through activity rather than passivity. And it is only through doing, however hard the deed may be, that we can hope to achieve.

Above all, we must not retreat in the hour of failure. It is easy enough for most of us to work and to fight and to struggle as long as our struggles are crowned with success. But when we fail, when we see our dearest efforts becoming futile, our costliest efforts rendered as naught, when we realise that we are playing a losing game, then it is that we want to turn back. And then it is that we must not turn back. That is the very time that we must refuse to surrender. That is the moment when we must move on toward the heights.

Most of us are afraid to stir from what we know to what we do not know. But that is the only way to advance, to accomplish, that is the means by which we open new avenues of work and enter upon new fields of success.

It takes courage to fight the battle of life, just as it did to fight those battles that won victory for

humanity over the hordes of the Hun. It takes consecration to the highest that is in us; it takes vision, but most of all it takes the forward movement. We must charge forward, we must drive the enemy before us. We must refuse to go back. Only so shall we win in any battle that comes to us as our part of the conflict.

And there is nothing in the world that compares to victory wrested from defeat. For it must be remembered that it is not failure to fall if one falls while charging with face to the foe—that is heroism. It is not failure to be captured by the enemy. That is one of the hard fortunes of war. It is not failure to be wounded, to suffer pain, to be overpowered, to be outnumbered. As long as we fight onward, as long as we move forward, as long as we charge valiantly, we are unsundered.

WHY A PRIEST IS CALLED "FATHER."

The faithful call their priest "Father" because of the childlike reverence they have for him. This is not a universal custom, but one that has been specially adopted in English-speaking countries. The Germans do not call their priests by that name, rather by a word that is akin to our "reverend." The French use the word "cure" or "abbe." There is, however, an eminently pertinent foundation for the custom of saying "Father" to a priest.

The word "father" means "author of life." The priest is the author of the spiritual life of the faithful. With the waters of baptism he infuses the life of grace into the soul. If man has lost his grace by mortal sin, the priest revives it by absolution in the Sacrament of Penance. Furthermore, he takes a fatherly interest in all those entrusted to his care. The parish is but a large family, and as a father is the natural head of a family, it is but natural that the head of the parish should be called "Father." We call Washington the "Father of his Country." The reason for this is plain.

Similarly, members of religious Orders are wont to call their founders by the title of "Pater," or "Father," just as founders of Orders for women were called "Mother." Gradually, the title of "Pater" in religious Orders was applied to those that were ordained, to distinguish them from such as were still aspiring to the priesthood and whose title was "Frater" or "Brother."—*The Columbian*, Columbus, Ohio.

AT THE END OF THE YEARS.

At the end of the years,
When the twilight nears,
And the sunset fades in the hilly west,
We shall dream of our youth, but never long
For the Summer's smile or the Springtime's song;
For past are the heartaches and the tears,
At the end of the years!
At the end of the years,
When the dusk appears,
And the friendly stars gleam in the west,
We shall find ourselves at a homeland gate,
Where peace and love and friendship wait,
And life at its sweetest cheers—
At the end of the years!

WHO TRIED HARDEST?

"Now, sir," said the bullying counsel sternly to the witness from the country, "I want you to tell me plainly whether a great effort has or has not been made to make you tell a very different story."

"A different story from the one I have told you, sir?"

"That is what I mean."

"Yes, sir. Several persons have tried to get me to do that, but they couldn't."

"Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are."

The witness scratched his head, and at last replied:

"Well, I guess you've tried 'bout the hardest."

THEIR CHIEF WORRY.

Preaching in one of the State capitals, an Aus-

italian bishop noticed in his congregation a strange face. The following Sunday the same individual appeared, and later in the week the bishop met him in the street. The bishop stopped him, congratulated him upon his attendance at the cathedral, and added:—"You don't live here, do you?"

"No," said the stranger; "I live way back," mentioning the name of the place.

"Have you many episcopalsians there?" inquired the bishop.

"No, sir," was the reply. "What we are mostly worried with is rabbits."

A LONG-FELT WANT.

The get-on-with-the-war enthusiast was warming to his subject. He had described the death of hundreds of women and children in Belgium with gruesome details, the treatment of British prisoners with more gruesome details, the sinking of the Lusitania with still more gruesome details, and as he saw the strained look of the audience he went on vehemently:—

"There are some spectacles one never forgets."

As he paused a moment impressively a little old lady in the front rose and chirped:—

"Oh, do please tell me where I can get a pair! I'm always forgetting mine."

GLASS FASHIONS.

Mrs Prior, a charity worker, was visiting a certain woman in a small country town. Four little children in the family all wore glasses.

"What a pity!" exclaimed Miss Prior to the mother. "It seems that all your children have trouble with their eyes."

"There ain't nothing the matter with their eyes, ma'am," said the mother.

"Then why do you disfigure them with those glasses?" asked the visitor, wonderingly.

The woman stared at her caller coldly and angrily. "Why, I thinks they look lovely!" she said. "I like glasses on little children. I think they're real dressy."

SMILE RAISERS.

"Robbie, can't you play without making all that noise?"

"No, mamma, I can't. You see, we're playin' picnic, and a storm has come up, and I'm the thunder."

"Your credentials are satisfactory," said a manufacturer to a youth who was applying for a situation. "Have you a grandmother?"

"No, sir."

"Any dear old aunt?"

"No, sir."

"Or any other relatives who will be likely to die during the present football season?"

"No, sir."

"You'll do. You can start work to-morrow."

Jimmy had just annihilated the whole German army, and he was putting his leaden warriors back into their respective boxes, when his roving eye glanced upwards and spotted a large, black, fierce-looking invader.

"Father," he cried, excitedly, "there's a great big spider on the ceiling."

Jimmy's father, who is a professor, was busy at the moment, and answered, without raising his eyes: "Step on it, Jimmy, my boy, and do not interrupt me."

FILES

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT."

Caterpillars Stop Trains.

No story of a trip on the early transcontinental railroad was considered complete without an account of delay due to herds of buffalo and flocks of grasshoppers crossing the track. The buffalo has disappeared, and grasshoppers no longer give trouble; but there is still one of Nature's creatures whose desire for a life on the rail occasionally causes trouble.

The McCloud River railroad runs from Sisson to McGavie, California, through a territory where caterpillars exist in large numbers. During the spring these insects climb on the head of the rail and cover it completely. As the caterpillars are crushed under the wheels, both the wheels and the rails become so slippery that it is impossible to haul a train or to stop it effectively with the brakes. On heavy slopes the locomotives slip and the trains start to slide backward down the hill.

Trenches dug along the right of way are often effective in stopping the progress of the pests, but the distance over which they advanced made such a procedure impracticable in this case. Brooms and scrapers on the locomotives proved worse than useless, for they crushed the caterpillars instead of removing them.

The solution of the difficulty was found in steam jets directed at the rail a short distance ahead of the wheels of the locomotive. By this method the caterpillars were blown 20 or 30 feet from the rails and about half of them were killed.

Gas Attacks and Sparrows.

Investigations of the effects of poison gas on animals show that horses suffer considerably from the noxious fumes and are subsequently thrown into a state of nervous terror on again scenting them. Mules are inclined to stand their ground, and appear as if trying not to breathe. Gas helmets of a kind have been successfully tried for both these animals.

In the trenches many animals are kept by the soldiers as pets. Of these, cats quickly detect gas and run about howling. Guinea-pigs are the first to succumb. Mice emerge from their holes and are found dead in quantities.

Poultry of all kinds are useful for giving warning, ducks and fowl becoming agitated 10 minutes or so before the oncoming gas clouds. Many kinds of wild birds are greatly excited, and the usually unruffled owl becomes, as it were, half-demented. Only the sparrow seems to disregard the poisonous vapour, and sparrows chirp on where horses are asphyxiated, and bees, butterflies, caterpillars, ants, and beetles die off in great numbers.

The gas at once kills snakes, and earthworms are found dead in their holes many inches below the ground.

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