

pupils advanced in the knowledge of Catholic doctrine, in intelligent and ready acquaintance with the history of the Church and with the outlines of Christian apologetics which would furnish them with the means of refuting the attacks made on Catholics in the press and in the forum? Have our efforts on behalf of the religious education of the young been as thorough and as persevering as those on behalf of mere secular instruction, and have our youths developed as Christians even in equal proportion to their development as students?

As for our achievements in the field of athletics, the results speak for themselves. We are certainly not inferior to the other schools of the Dominion. We have in many districts proved our superiority consistently and decisively. And from Catholic schools went forth to the recent war soldiers and officers who were fit to compare with any others in the world. On this head, again, we have grounds for proper pride and for legitimate satisfaction. But have we trained the young people equally well as athletes for Christ, as soldiers of the army of Christ which must fight for existence against the arrayed powers of earth and hell as long as the world lasts? Our boys will be able to tell us about the heroes of the war. They are *au courant* as to the exploits of Beatty or Petain or Foch, but can they tell us anything or little about the heroes of Catholicism, about the men who fought against overwhelming odds and beat the Gates of Hell in their determination to hold fast to the faith of their fathers to the end? Can they tell us how our forefathers suffered persecution for their religion, and do they realise what that religion must be worth for which men and women endured such trials and hardships? Have they learned anything about the Saints of God who were for all of us living examples of how men may become "other Christs" in His service and that of their fellow-men? Do they ever speak of these things amongst themselves? Have they any concern about the calumnies of our foes, and about the best way to expose them? Again, consider the sphere of politics. Political life to-day is a thing of shame. Principles are prostituted shamefully by the very best public men, and there is no higher rule for them than expediency. The English Protestant doctrine of Utilitarianism, or its later philosophical modification, Pragmatism, is accepted as worthy of men who have immortal souls. The degrading theory of material evolution has so saturated society that even men who would profess that they have a conscience act as if they had none. We hear now and then some platitudes from press and bench about public conscience, and we know that public morality is a thing apart from the Natural and Divine Laws, and but another expression for expediency in the mouths of politicians. Social views, political economy, public morality—if there is such—are atheistical and anti-Christian, just as the press and the literature of the day are. Christ did not restrict His Law for application to the private lives of men. His moral teaching is for all—for individuals, for families, and for communities. He came to regenerate the whole world by His Gospel, and how can this be done if men will hide it in their own hearts instead of making it known to the nations as He commanded? How can we hope for an end of public scandals, of public lying and jobbery, until public life is based on His Law? Men who have driven Him from the hearts of the young, who have robbed life of its strength and loveliness, are talking of remaking a world in which injustice and selfishness shall be known no more. Their own actions are daily giving the lie to their words, and proving to all that at the hands of such people there can never be regeneration on the lines of Truth and Justice. The Golden Age will never come until men learn to live by the rule of Christian love, and that will never be until Christians come forth and assert themselves with a view to banishing the pagan principles from public life and promulgating in their stead the Gospel of Christ. Have we begun in our schools and colleges to do anything to help our future citizens to play their part in this crusade? Have we taught them

yet to recognise that public and civic life must be guided by Christian principles, and have we introduced them even to the elements of Christian political and social philosophy?

This causerie has been no more than a series of questions. But we hold that the questions are momentous and that our teachers and the principals of our schools would be well advised to examine their consciences on the lines we have suggested. The Bishop of Amiens recently delivered a remarkable discourse in which he emphasised the evil results to the cause of the Church arising from neglect of these very problems. He appealed for the formation of a Civic Union of Catholics, "large in outline, far-reaching in its scope, and aiming at the religious, political, economic, and social progress of France." We have in our midst a strong Catholic organisation. Surely action on such lines as we have suggested is not beyond its sphere. The harvest is white, let us not lose it for want of zeal.

NOTES

The Land o' Dreams

A bullet's flight away from the old home, the great grey shell of the old Abbey of St. Mary stood on a hill over the town, looking down on the broad waters of the Barrow. An ugly, cold Protestant church had been grafted into the ancient nave; Protestants came and went—in small numbers—on the gravelled pathway between their church and the road. But behind the Abbey and all around it were the hallowed, numerous, appealing graves of *our* dead. There were dark, dank caves beneath the ruins, and mysterious iron gates through which one looked into darkness and the unknown. It was often said that if one knew the way it was possible to go under the river from St. Mary's to the ruined church on a hill opposite, in the County Kilkenny. Some said there were galleries leading to the two castles that could be seen among the woods by the Barrow, one a mile above, the other a mile below, the town. Sometimes when we rowed down the stream we got as far as the meeting of the waters, where the Barrow, Nore, and Suir, three daughters of an old King, embraced again and went out to sea together, and, amid acres of rich pasture lands where the sleek kine stood knee-deep in the lush grass, we saw the magnificent remains of Dunbrody, the home of the first Norman Cistercian monks in Wexford. And even when we were very young we knew that these monks were not loved by our people, and that their last Abbot, one Walter Devereux, was a renegade, than which there is not anything baser or lower to an Irish boy's imagination. On other days, in dead summers, we went through the waving ferns and bracken and under the immemorial trees to see the sister-abbey at Tintern, where, when the English monks were gone, lived Sir Caesar, and Sir Anthony, and Sir John Colclough, who were all more Irish than the Irish themselves—the best proof of which is that John died with the men of '98 in Wexford. From Tintern it was only a short distance across the water to Bannow, where there are still ruins of an old church and a few romantic tombstones on which you may see the figures of dead ladies and of knights with feet crossed to show that they had made the Crusade. And in the country all round there were countless raths, and, here and there, a Druid's altar, besides fairy thorns and wells blessed in days before even St. Patrick came to convert the whole of Ireland: for we Wexford people do not forget that we had our St. Breacan and our St. Vaux. Fortunately all those who could talk to a boy about these monuments of the past were not gone in our time; and, often indeed tangled up with fishermen's tales of weird wrecks and bells that rang before storms from the spires of buried Bannow, there were many traditions concerning the castles and the abbeys and the raths that we knew so well that they were