

MISSING PAGE

MISSING PAGE

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

June 8, Sunday.—Feast of Pentecost.
 „ 9, Monday.—Whit Monday.
 „ 10, Tuesday.—Whit Tuesday.
 „ 11, Wednesday.—Of the Octave. Ember Day.
 Fast.
 „ 12, Thursday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 13, Friday.—Of the Octave. Ember Day. Fast.
 „ 14, Saturday.—Of the Octave. Ember Day. Fast,
 no abstinence.

The Feast of Pentecost.

On this day, in accordance with the promise of Christ, the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the Adorable Trinity, descended on the Apostles. "This day," Butler remarks, "is the birthday of the Church. Christ had indeed begun to form His Church during His ministry on earth, when He assembled His disciples, selected His Apostles, and placed St. Peter at their head. But by the descent of the Holy Ghost He completed His Revelation, and gave to His Apostles a special and extraordinary assistance, by which they were directed and preserved from all error in teaching. He thus, as it were, infused a soul into His mystical body—the Church—and endowed it with a vigorous principle of life and action. From this time its rulers, ministers, and officers, being completely commissioned and qualified by the miraculous effusion of the Holy Ghost, set themselves to exercise their respective functions in governing and propagating the spiritual kingdom of Christ, which was then perfectly settled and established."

GRAINS OF GOLD.

LITANY OF THE SACRED HEART.

O, Heart by men so little known;
 Heart left forgotten and alone,
 To us Thy pity sweet be shown,
Miserere, nobis!

O, Heart so humble and so meek;
 Heart waiting long, that we may seek;
 O, silent Heart, to us now speak:
Miserere, nobis!

O, Heart which we would fain console,
 Shield us beneath Thy vast control;
 Be Thou for us our only Goal;
Miserere, nobis!

We would with Thee ourselves unite,
 And worthy be within Thy sight;
 All humble we before Thy might,
Miserere, nobis!

Grant us to live that we may be
 As having life, alone, in Thee,
 That heavenly joys one day we see:
Miserere, nobis!

—AMADEUS, O.S.F.

REFLECTIONS.

Do not stop to examine the evils which others do, but think only of the good that you should do yourself.

A good deed is never lost. He who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants a kindness gathers love.

Minds are sometimes more impressed by the example of a faithful soul than by work of doctrine.—St. Gregory.

Since the King of Heaven allowed His Holy Mother to suffer anguish of heart, then suffering must be a blessing. To suffer with love is the purest happiness.

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXVI. FAN'S TRIUMPH.

The signora was walking impatiently about the room, reflecting on the downfall of her own and Herr Harfenspieler's hopes. Another disappointment was about to be added to the many troubles of her life. She cast remorseful glances at the large canvas that stood in the corner, with its face to the wall. Had she carefully guarded her pupil instead of wrapping herself in foolish dreams, this great misfortune might have been averted.

"Oh me, oh me!" she moaned, "to think of all the care and pains we have lavished on her for nothing. Only that she may turn out a fine lady after all. Who could have imagined that Lord Wilderspin, in making himself so nobly the friend of genius, was but providing an unfortunate alliance for his nephew.

The door flew open and Fan came in radiant.

"Mamzelle," she cried, springing to her side, "whether you like it or not, I cannot do without your sympathy. You must wish me joy."

The signora heaved a bitter sigh. "I cannot but wish you well. I have loved you too dearly for that. But the lady of Wilderspin must learn to be independent of so humble a person as myself."

"The lady? oh, Mamzelle, you do not know what I mean. That is all over—at least, nothing more has been said, and I had forgotten it."

"Forgotten!"

"Mamzelle, you do not know what I have heard to put everything else out of my head. Kevin is found."

"Kevin!" shrieked Mamzelle, feeling that this was, indeed, "out of the frying-pan into the fire."

"Where is he?" she added, with an accent of despair.

"I do not know."

"You said he was found."

"He is in the world; he has been seeking for me; he is clever and learned and a gentleman. Is not that enough?"

"Quite enough for me," said the signora, tragically, "and I am glad to hear it is also enough for you."

"Ah, Mamzelle, had you never any childhood, any youth. Have you no recollections of early friends and home?"

"It is my duty to think above all of your vocation."

"My vocation is in the hands of Providence. Heaven will not ask to sacrifice all natural feelings as you would do."

"Fanchea, you are unkind."

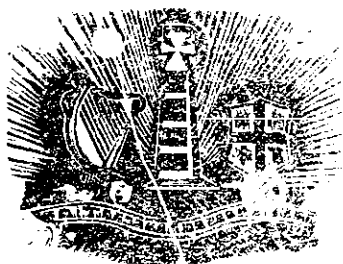
"I want to be kind, Mamzelle, and you will not let me. Kiss me, and I will not trouble you any more with my good news."

And Fan went away to her room and had a thorough good cry.

For a nature so sympathetic as hers to be solitarily glad is a trial; and she felt keenly the refusal of those around her to rejoice in her joy. She had early learned to keep her cares to herself, but to be happy in silence was a more difficult matter.

Lord Wilderspin and Herr Harfenspieler had almost quarrelled that afternoon on the subject of his lordship's weakness in yielding to his nephew's caprice.

"The child is the child of genius," said the professor. "A pedestal is awaiting her in the temple of Fame. Your lordship has generously chosen to put her there in her place; and why should you suffer the



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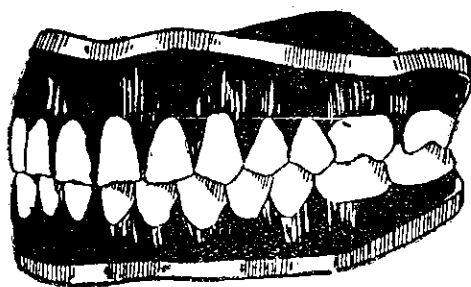
"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
'This is my own, my native land'?"

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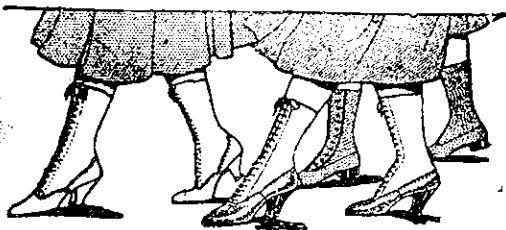
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her of your noble family to pluck her out of her proper niche, to the detriment of his own dignity?"

"Men of his position have married women already famous on the stage," growled his lordship. "It is better to take her artless and fresh, as she is."

"His fancy would pass away if you continued to oppose him."

"But I will not oppose him," shouted Lord Wilderspin, thinking not of his nephew at all, but of the cruel redness round Fanchea's bright eyes.

"My lord, you are—"

"A fool?" said the old man, testily.

"I could not think of applying such an epithet to your lordship," said Herr Harfenspieler; and after that the two old men had sulked at each other for several hours. But as it is hard work sulking with an old and congenial friend in a lonely country house, they met in the evening as if nothing had happened.

So conscious, however, was each member of the party of something vividly present in the mind which could not be alluded to in speech, that conversation was difficult, and an unusual silence hung over the dinner table. Afterwards music came to the rescue, and Fan's singing and the professor's violin-playing drowned a great deal of trouble for the moment. Having soothed himself into better humor by such accustomed means, Herr Harfenspieler bethought him of something to talk about which would have no sort of connection with the difficulties of the hour.

A friend of his, an Englishman, one Mr. Honeywood, has sent him a volume of poems, written by a young man in whom he (Honeywood) was deeply interested.

He left the room and returned with a book, which he gave to Captain Rupert.

"Ah, I remember this," said Captain Rupert, turning over the leaves. "I am not a great reader of poetry, but some things in this volume won on me very much. Here, for instance, is what I call a delightful song." He glanced at Fanchea, taking in all the grace of the light, white-clothed figure, the dark little head and sparkling face that leaned forward in the lamplight to listen; and then he read the poem aloud.

"Sweet," said Herr Harfenspieler. "It ought to be set to music for our songstress."

Fan gazed around on her friends. Mamzelle had approached and listened; his lordship, with a preliminary grunt of protest, had given ear to the reading, and now stood silent, all under-lip and scowl. The poem had found a tender spot in every heart of the group, for there was that in the four faces which cannot be either affected or denied.

How strange, thought Fanchea, that their hearts should all bow to these words, and yet have so little sympathy for the mindful tenderness that had caused her joy to-day. Her own heart yearned to the comprehending soul that had so given a voice to her fidelity. She worshipped in silence the Master Spirit that had spoken to them all with one breath, in the language of each.

"That is the true voice," she said impulsively to Herr Harfenspieler. "Song can only be its echo."

"Nay, music is often its inspiration," said the professor, jealously, while Captain Rupert looked on angry, enraptured, wondering at the look that this poem had called into her face. He realised in that moment the heights of her nature, and knew that to fail in exciting the highest devotion she was capable of would be to lose her altogether.

Her eyelashes wet with the tears of enthusiasm, Fan picked up the volume, which Rupert had laid on the table, and turned over the leaves, seeking for more of that divine music whose vibrations were still thrilling in her brain. Accidentally her eye fell on the title-page, and a cry broke from her lips.

"What is the matter?" asked several voices. Captain Rupert came close to her, with a presage of trouble. All eyes were turned on her in surprise.

"Well, madam, what have you got there?" said his lordship.

"Why, it is Kevin!" she cried, bursting into a peal of rapturous laughter. "Kevin who has wrung all your hearts and brought the tears into your eyes. Kevin is the poet we have been worshipping—Kevin, whom you despised."

"Kevin!" was echoed around.

"Yes, Kevin," she said, standing on her tip-toes and smiling down on them in her triumph. "Look at the name for yourselves—K-e-v-i-n, and the other is his surname."

"Allow me to introduce my old comrade, Kevin, to my dear and noble friends," she went on, making a gleeful curtsy all round, and waving the precious volume above her head. "You, who have all been so good to me—you were afraid I should be ashamed of him when he appeared. My lord, have I reason to be ashamed?" suddenly wheeling about and facing him with eyes full of saucy triumph.

"No, you baggage, no."

"Will no one congratulate me?" said Fan, with a sudden pathetic change of manner, folding her two little hands over the book and glancing wistfully round.

"I congratulate you," said Captain Rupert, and walked out of the room with a jealous heart.

"I will try to be glad," said Herr Harfenspieler, rubbing his nose vehemently with his pocket-handkerchief.

"Mamzelle!"

"I love you!" said the signora in her tragic way; but she did not look more pleased than Captain Rupert.

"You expect us to be glad," said his lordship, "because this is a great fellow whom we can do nothing to serve."

Fan looked up at him with wide, grateful eyes, remembering all his bounty to her for years.

"You can allow him to shake you by the hand, my lord."

"Little Simpleton, is that a benefit?"

"No small boon, and no small honor," lifting the old man's hand and kissing it impulsively; and then Fan, smiling a loving look all round upon her friends as if thanking them for their scraps of sympathy, turned away abruptly, still hugging her book, and disappeared.

A solemn silence reigned in the room for some seconds after she went. His lordship, striding about the floor, was the first to speak.

"After all, we are a pack of fools," he said. "We ought to be thankful that the fellow is, as she says, one to be not ashamed of."

"Captain Wilderspin is the only person who has serious cause to be displeased," said the signora.

"Ha!" ejaculated his lordship.

"I do not think we shall hear any more of his suit," continued the signora, beginning her sentence on a triumphant note, and ending it on a sad one.

"The genius of music may still carry the day," said Herr Harfenspieler. "We may yet have the happiness of presenting our queen of song to the world."

His lordship glared round at them as if they had been plotting somebody's death. He was ashamed to confess how completely he had gone over to the enemy. In the few hours that had elapsed since that morning he had changed so thoroughly as to be more willing to have Fan for a beloved daughter than to see her a successful *prima donna*. Confounded for one moment at coming face to face with his own inconsistency, the next he remembered nothing but the pair of red-rimmed eyes that had confronted him so bravely in his study.

"By Heaven, he shall not jilt her for any far-fetched jealousy!" he shouted. "You pair of heart-murderers, robbers of the joys of youth, hypocrites, with your tender melodies, and poetic sympathy with human feelings—you would send the fellow away, and put forth a crushed creature to give expression with her own misery to your humbugging music!"

And emphasising this outburst with a scowl of displeasure, he marched out of the room.

Arrived in her own chamber, Fan threw open her window and trimmed her lamp, and sat down to spend the night in reading Kevin's book. Weeping and laughing with delight, her eyes flew over the pages that

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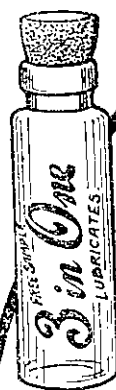
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were intended for herself alone, and that told the story of their early comradeship, their parting, and his continued, fruitless, but never hopeless search. An exquisite sense of happiness settled on the young girl's heart as the mysterious union of their lives, long believed in, became so suddenly proved to her. The history of the princess, related to her on the island long ago, had its place in the poem; but not in death would her prince be restored to her: the ending of the real life story would be the fulness of joy. Had she, indeed, been his inspiration, his genius, the cause of his attaining the heights he had reached? Overwhelmed with bliss, she lay back in her chair to dream over what she had read, and the first sunbeam found her fast asleep: a smile on her parted lips, her small face bleached by an intensity of gladness.

While dressing in the morning, she considered about how she was to communicate with Kevin, concluding to write him a letter, for which Herr Harfenspieler would supply the address. She laughed to think of her two old letters of long ago, and how they failed to reach him, of course, because he was not there where she sent them, but gone out into the wide world to look for her. Herr Harfenspieler was an early riser: she would find him in the garden by this time; and she went forth to look for him. The old musician was already airing himself among the flowers, humming melodious ditties to himself in a broken voice, and when he saw her approach his heart smote him for the love he was hoping to exclude from her young life. He could have wished she had been one of the more robust-tempered, strong-minded sort of women who stand in little need of love, and only borrow its sentiments occasionally to give plaintive meaning to their artistic work.

"And yet, in spite of her tenderness, there is something hardy about the creature," he reflected, studying her firm elastic movements as she hastened to meet him. "She might weather a gale as well as the strongest, and her song be all the fuller, enriched by a note from the storm. Certainly his lordship had me there; for I believe the crown of art is for those who have suffered."

"Meinherr, I want to speak with you."

"Willingly, my pupil, but after we have sung. We will give the freshness of the morning to our work."

And he led her out of the sunshine into the music room.

Overwhelming joy seemed to have given a new power and sweetness to her voice, and having heard her with pride and delight, the professor paused in the lesson and gazed into her young face with a strange, uneasy, half-angry expression in his eyes.

"Can we suffer her to fail us?" he asked himself. "Shall we bear to lose her, having brought her so far as this? I cannot—I will not have it."

"Now I have earned the right to speak, meinherr. I am writing to my friend, Kevin. Will you give me his address?"

Meinherr frowned. "My pupil, I do not know it."

(To be continued.)

The strength of Christian teaching lies, above all, in example united to prayer and sacrifice.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

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THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER XXVI. HOW THE ANGLO-IRISH LORDS LEARNED TO PREFER IRISH MANNERS, LAWS AND LANGUAGE, AND WERE BECOMING "MORE IRISH THAN THE IRISH THEMSELVES." HOW THE KING IN LONDON TOOK MEASURES TO ARREST THAT DREADED EVIL.

But a new danger arose to the English power. It was not alone fresh armies and a constant stream of subsidies that England found it necessary to be pouring into Ireland, to insure the retention of the Anglo-Norman colony. Something more became requisite now. It was found that a constant stream of fresh colonisation from England, a frequent change of governors, nay, further, the most severe repressive laws, could alone keep the colony English in spirit, in interest, in language, laws, manners, and customs. The descendants of the early Anglo-Norman settlers—gentle and simple, lord and burgher—were becoming thoroughly Hibernicised. Notwithstanding the ceaseless warfare waged between the Norman lords and the Irish chiefs, it was found that the former were becoming absorbed into or fused with the native element. The middle of the fourteenth century found the Irish language and Brehon law, native Irish manners, habits, and customs, almost universally prevalent amongst the Anglo-Normans in Ireland: while marriage and "fosterage"—that most sacred domestic tie in Gaelic estimation—were becoming quite frequent between the noble families of each race. In fact, the great lords and nobles of the colony became chieftains, and their families and following, Septs. Like the Irish chiefs, whom they imitated in most things, they fought against each other or against some native chief, or sided with either of them, if choice so determined. Each earl or baron amongst them kept his bard and his brehon, like any native prince; and, in several instances, they began to drop their Anglo-Norman names and take Irish ones instead.

It needed little penetration on the part of the King and his Council in London to discern in this state of things a peril far and away more formidable than any the English power had yet encountered in Ireland. True, the Anglo-Irish lords had always as yet professed allegiance to the English Sovereign, and had, on the whole, so far helped forward the English designs. But it was easy to foresee that it would require but a few more years of this process of fusion with the native Irish race to make the Anglo-Irish element Irish in every sense. To avert this dreaded and now imminent evil, the London Government resolved to adopt the most stringent measures. Amongst the first of these was a Royal ordinance issued in 1341, declaring that whereas it had appeared to the King (Edward III.) and his Council that they would be better and more usefully served in Ireland by Englishmen whose revenues were derived from England than by Irish or English who possessed estates only in Ireland, or were married there, the King's Justiciary should therefore, after diligent inquiries, remove all such officers as were married or held estates in Ireland, and replace them by fit Englishmen, having no personal interest whatever in Ireland. This ordinance set the Anglo-Irish colony in a flame. Edward's lord-deputy, Sir John Morris, alarmed at its effect on the proud and powerful barons, summoned them to a Parliament to meet in Dublin to reason over the matter. But they would have no reasoning with him. They contemptuously derided his summons, and called a Parliament of their own, which, accordingly, met at Kilkenny in November, 1342, whereat they adopted a strong remonstrance, and forwarded it to the King, complaining of the Royal Ordinance, and recriminating by alleging, that to the ignorance and incapacity of the English officials, sent over from time to time to conduct the

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government of the colony, was owing to the fact that the native Irish had repossessed themselves of nearly all the land that had ever hitherto been wrested from them by "the gallant services of themselves (the remonstrancers) or their ancestors." Edward was obliged to temporise. He answered this remonstrance graciously and "played" the dangerous barons.

But the policy of the ordinance was not relinquished. It was to be pushed on as opportunity offered. Eight years subsequent to the above proceedings—in 1360—Lionel, son of King Edward, was sent over as Lord Lieutenant. He brought with him a considerable army, and was to inaugurate the new system with great *éclat*. He had personal claims to assert as well as a State policy to carry out. By his wife, Elizabeth de Burgh, he succeeded to the empty titles of Earl of Ulster and Lord of Connaught, and the possessions supposed to follow them; but these were just then held by their rightful Irish owners, and one of Lionel's objects was to obtain them by force of arms for himself. Soon after landing, he marched against "the Irish enemy," and, confident in the strength of newly-landed legions, he issued a proclamation "forbidding any of Irish birth to come near his army." This arrogance was soon humbled. His vaunted English army was a failure. The Irish cut it to pieces; and Prince Lionel was obliged to abandon his campaign and retreated to Dublin a prey to mortification and humiliation. His courtiers plied him with flatteries in order to cheer him. By a process not very intelligible, they argued that he conquered Clare, though O'Brien had utterly defeated him there, and compelled him to fly to Dublin; and they manufactured for him out of this piece of adulatory invention the title of "*Clarence*." But he only half-accepted these pleasant fictions, the falseness of which he knew too well. He recalled his arrogant and offensive proclamation, and besought the aid of the Anglo-Irish. To gain their favor he conferred additional titles and privileges on some of them, and knighted several of the most powerful commoners. After an administration of seven years, it was deemed high time for Lionel to bring the new policy into greater prominence. In 1367 he convened a Parliament at Kilkenny, whereat he succeeded in having passed that memorable statute known ever since in history as "The Statute of Kilkenny"—the first formal enactment in that "penal code of race" which was so elaborately developed by all subsequent English legislation for hundreds of years. The Act sets out by reciting that "Whereas, at the conquest of the land of Ireland, and for a long time after, the English of the said land used the English language, mode of riding, and apparel, and were governed and ruled, both they and their subjects, called Betaghese (villeins) according to English law, etc.; but now many English of the said land, forsaking the English language, manners, mode of riding, laws, and usages, live and govern themselves according to the manners, fashion, and language of the Irish enemies, and also have made divers marriages and alliances between themselves and the Irish enemies aforesaid: it is therefore enacted (amongst other provisions) that all intermarriages, fosterings, gossiping, and buying or selling with the enemy shall be accounted treason; that English names, fashions, and manners shall be resumed under penalty of the confiscation of the delinquent's lands; that March laws and Brehon laws are illegal; and that there shall be no law but English law; that the Irish shall not pasture their cattle on English lands; that the English shall not entertain Irish rhymers, minstrels, or newsmen; and, moreover, that no 'mere Irishman' shall be admitted to any ecclesiastical benefice or religious house situated within the English district."

The Anglo-Irish barons must have been strangely overawed or overreached when they were brought to pass this statute: several of themselves being at that moment answerable to all its penalties! Its immediate result, however, well-nigh completed the ruin of the power it was meant to restore and strengthen. It roused the native Irish to a full conception of the English policy, and simultaneously, though without the least concert, they fell upon the colony on all sides,

drove in the outposts, destroyed the castles, hunted the barons, and reoccupied the country very nearly up to the walls of Dublin. "O'Connor of Connact and O'Brien of Thomond," says Hardiman, "laid aside for the moment their private feuds, and united against the common foe. The Earl of Desmond, Lord Justice, marched against them with a considerable army, but was defeated and slain (captured) in a sanguinary engagement fought A.D. 1369, in the County of Limerick. O'Farrell, the chieftain of Annaly, committed great slaughter in Meath. The O'Mores, Cavanaghs, O'Byrne's, and O'Tooles, pressed upon Leinster, and the O'Neills raised the red arm in the north. The English of the Pale were seized with consternation and dismay, and terror and confusion reigned in their councils, while the natives continued to gain ground upon them in every direction. At this crisis an opportunity offered such as had never before occurred, of terminating the dominion of the English in Ireland; but if the natives had ever conceived such a project, they were never sufficiently united to achieve it. The opportunity passed away, and the disunion of the Irish saved the colony."

As for the obnoxious statute, it was found impossible to enforce it further. Cunning policy did not risk permanent defeat by pressing it at such a moment. It was allowed to remain "a dead letter" for a while; not dead, however, but only slumbering.

(To be continued.)

TIME AND THE NEW TASK

One way in which representative government misrepresents has hardly been enough noticed (says the *New Witness*). It arises from a change in the value of time. The period during which a man remains a member is still the same. But the period during which a man can become a millionaire is very much shorter. When wealth was reckoned in a more human fashion by harvests, when even a great lord would make a gift or promise in the form of "three years of land," no great risk was run by putting a man on his political probation for five years of land, or seven years of land. If he had helped the country he could be retained; if he had only helped himself he could be rejected; but he could not have helped himself to very much. The modern system of swift and secret finance, of shares, tips and tricks of all kinds, has thrown out altogether this old calculation of septennial parliaments, and would probably make as much havoc of triennial parliaments. It may hardly take a month to make a millionaire; while it took a lifetime to make a miser. The millionaire, by that time, may not even care whether he is re-elected to the House of Commons; he may already have purchased a seat in the House of Lords. He may already have purchased a newspaper, and be making and unmaking elections and parliaments. He may already be secretly supporting the party funds, and thus secretly supporting 10 parliamentary candidates to succeed if he fails. All this arises from no change in the political principle, but from a mere accident of the clock or the calendar. For the modern man time has shrunk: considering how he uses it, we might say that it has shrivelled. Man's democratic dignity, being akin to his divinity, is constantly being thus caught in the network of time and space. But the present case has a very practical application.

Most of the numerous and various groups that are discontented with the last election are looking forward to the next election. It is generally believed, and not without reason, that it may come very soon. There is good ground, doubtless, for discontented democrats saying that it cannot come too soon. But the point for our immediate purpose is that, however soon it comes, it will come too late. The pirates will already have seized the sort of treasure for which they are seeking. The particular processes, by which professional politicians put themselves in a position of privi-

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PROFESSIONAL OPTICIAN

lege and safety, now take a shorter time than the lifetime of the shortest parliament. Large numbers of new members, as well as old members, have gone to the House of Commons. A great mass of them have gone to the House of Commons literally and exactly as they would have gone on the Stock Exchange. They have gone there simply and solely to make money. The Stock Exchange, of course, is now by far the more honorable institution of the two; for the stockbrokers avow the object of their meeting, and the meaning even of their forms and fictions. Stockbrokers wear no hats out of doors; and Members of Parliament wear hats indoors; males in community always delight in such ceremonial antics. But the stockbroker does not pretend that he goes without a hat out of reverence for the home of heaven, or that he may always be open to the cry of the people. The Member of Parliament really does pretend that he wears his hat as a democratic delegate, who would dare to remain covered before a king. The shadow of a great seventeenth century legend of law and liberty, true or false, does still cover and conceal the acts of a highly modern club of hucksters and gamblers. The matter involved here, however, is one which the stockbrokers and the politicians happen, more or less, to share. Both are concerned with financial transactions that can be done as quickly as conjuring tricks; and are often as misleading as conjuring tricks. It takes an interminable time, sometimes, to "pilot" a Bill through Parliament: many of the actions of Government are excruciatingly lengthy and complicated, especially those for which there is urgent public need and public demand. But the bids for personal advantage, the financial flutters and inside information, may take a few minutes to suggest or a few hours to execute. This was apparent, of course, in the great historic case from which all such inquiry dates; that Marconi case, about which the politicians behaved with so much less delicacy than the stockbrokers. It did not take long for Godfrey Isaacs to give a tip to the present Prime Minister through the present Lord Chief Justice.

There are, of course, other ways of making politics pay. Our national representatives and rulers are not exclusively occupied with their duties as bulls and bears. A method more dignified in form, if equally dangerous in fact, consists of obtaining quicker promotion or higher salaries in the legal profession, or in the new and enormous bureaucracy. Members depend on Ministers for places as Ministers depend on contractors for shares. The point is that neither party depends for either advantage upon his constituents. The one body to which he does *not* look for promotion, the one body from which he can *not* hope for information, the one body that owns no powers, possesses no secrets, promises no titles or rewards, threatens no punishments or disappointments, is precisely that group of citizens which has elected him as a representative.

We put at the opening of the new year this view of the new Parliament because it is the defence of the method of this paper. It explains the necessity for a process to which many of us are in no way prone by temper or habit— the method of public scandal. It is a method which can easily be abused, and is actually abused. It is a method already being used by demagogues for whom we have no regard, against scapegoats to whom we attach no importance. But it remains true, in the extraordinary condition of public affairs, that nothing but scandal can save us from shame. The new Parliament must be watched, the new men must be watched; above all, the older examples of the evil must be watched more than ever; and they must be watched with a deliberate eye to democratic agitation outside the political enclosure. The Parliamentary election must be ignored, especially in this very practical sense; that election as a member must not be held tantamount to acquittal as a man. We know that the very people who have elected the members do not, in their daily conversation, acquit the men. We know that if there has been any "mandate" it has merely been a mandate to finish the war; and if we have continued our protest, in spite of the patriotic claims of

the war, we must certainly renew it with a greater energy in spite of any claims of the sham fight of politics. Inquiries already initiated must go on as before, and much more energetically than before. Whether Moritz Mond is a Minister or not a Minister, the truth about such German-Jewish entanglements must be traced, as we have tried to trace it. Whether Grant Morden is a member or not a member, the investigations about Dope must be followed up, as they have not yet been followed up. A highly crude eulogist of Mr. George, by the name of Dalziel, has acquired the *Daily Chronicle*, in which they were once investigated with some spirit. Nobody is going to acquire the *New Witness*.

That has happened in politics which is said to have happened to religion in the last decay of the Middle Ages. The most unsanctified thing is sanctuary. There has appeared in the political sanctuary of St. Stephen what may then have appeared in the ecclesiastical sanctuaries of St. Peter or St. John; the place is a positive refuge for thieves and outlaws. They go there for safety; we may rather say that they rush there for safety. That rapidity, on which we have remarked above, marks the movements of the new men towards politics as a profession, as it will mark, within the next few years, their rise on the ladder of that profession. They climb up to a high post in the State as a man might climb a tree when pursued by a wild beast. And in a real sense they are pursued; though the beast might be wilder without much danger, and probably will be wilder in the days to come. They flee there for an exceedingly simple reason: because it has been made manifest, ever since the Marconi whitewashing, that the political world is the one world where they are safe from insult. It is the place of no punishments; and it may soon be entirely populated by the people who ought to be punished. It is when the sanctuary is desecrated in this degree that there is heard again an ancient and equally sacred saying: that wisdom crieth without; and her voice is heard in the street

We cannot account for order and regularity in nature except by believing in an intellectual Mind supreme over all.

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is Doomsday. To-day is a king in disguise. To-day always looks mean to the thoughtless, in the face of a uniform experience that all good and great and happy actions are made up precisely of these blank to-days. Let us not be so deceived: let us unmask the king as he passes.—Emerson.

The songs my mother taught to me
I learned while perched upon her knee;
And though they be but simple rhymes,
I croon them fondly still at times.
'Tis then I realise and know
The debt of love to her I owe:
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IRELAND HAS THE RIGHT TO BE FREE

The New York *American* a few months ago had a convincing editorial on "If Any Subject European Nation Has the Right to be Free, Ireland Has the Right." The editorial was as follows:—

"Justice Cohalan is right in saying: 'In spite of martial law and of a large English army of occupation, and without any bloodshed, the people of Ireland by more than a two-thirds vote have broken down and destroyed the old political machine which had controlled the country for more than a generation and have declared more unequivocally and decisively than did the people of America before the Revolution their intention of governing themselves without permission or hindrance from any foreign power. America has always sympathised with peoples who are struggling to be free. Never was there greater reason for such sympathy than now, when the making of a just and permanent peace depends upon doing justice to all peoples, and to none more than to the people of Ireland, who have once again so decisively and so impressively shown their intention and determination to be free. The world is hoping and praying for such a peace, and England will have no greater statesman or friend than the one who will commit her to such a peace and turn the enmity and hostility felt to her in so many quarters of the world into friendship and amity.'

"The Irish people have a natural and inherent right to be free and independent. They have a natural and inherent right to a government which derives its powers from the consent of the governed. If this is not so, then our Declaration of Independence is simply verbiage and the professions with which we went to war were unworthy pretences. If the world is not safe for the free democracy of Ireland, then it is not safe for any democracy which a stronger nation may desire to rule. If England has the right to govern the Irish people against their consent, then Germany had the right to govern the Poles against their consent. Austria had the right to govern the Czechs and Slovaks against their consent, Russia had the right to govern the Finns against their consent. There is no escape from the inexorable logic of these comparisons.

"If the Irish people have not the natural and inherent right to be free and independent of a government conducted without their consent and against their interest, no people has that natural and inherent right—and the only basis of liberty and independence is not right but might. And there you have the doctrine of despotism and militarism, disguise it in whatever sophistry you will.

"The hundred thousand American men who laid down their lives in this war did not make that supreme sacrifice to pull down the supremacy of might over right in one portion of Europe only to more firmly establish that odious doctrine in another portion of Europe.

"We do not see with what face our representatives at the Peace Conference could demand independence for Bohemians, Slovaks, Jugo Slavs, and every other small people in one part of Europe and refuse to demand independence for the Irish people in another part of Europe.

"The argument that the Irish people could not defend their small nation from the attacks of more powerful nations applies to all small nations and presupposes that the old conditions of intrigue, aggression, and wars of conquest are to continue—and yet we are assured day after day that this war was fought to end such conditions and that the Peace Conference will formulate a plan of permanent tranquillity and permanent safety for weak democracies. Either the argument is worthless or else the promises and pledges by which our people were led to make their gigantic sacrifices of blood and treasure were worthless.

"If the Irish democracy cannot safely exist in the world without the protection of fleets and armies of its conqueror then the world is not safe for democracy, and all the lives and money given by Americans to make the world safe for democracy have failed to accomplish their high object. We are curious to see any convincing denial of that conclusion. It is no argument at all to say that of late years the English rule in Ireland has been less oppressive than in the past. The statement is not altogether true, as the late Sinn Fein massacres prove, but even if the statement were true it does not fundamentally alter the situation.

A Government of Force.

"The English rule in Ireland is not a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed. It is a government based upon superior force. It is the government of the Irish people by the English people in the interests of the English people. That is the kind of government against which Washington rebelled, which Lincoln denounced, and against which we have just victoriously fought.

"If the British Government is wise it will abandon its rule of Ireland by force and cultivate an alliance based upon gratitude, proximity, mutual welfare, and, above all, upon the firm foundation of justice and righteousness, without which foundation no government is ever permanent, no peace ever secure, no edifice of power ever enduring. By the measure of justice that is meted out to Ireland will be measured in large part the sincerity, the rectitude, and the results of the professions and purposes of England in this gigantic conflict.

"If every people in the world, great or small, strong or weak, is not safe to live its own national life in its own way and according to its own desire, then the pledges which invited us into the war and the high purposes which animated us in the war have failed of full realisation. To paraphrase the striking language of President Lincoln, the world cannot live in peace half slave and half free. Justice cannot be weighed out in unequal balances and be just. Democracy cannot serve two masters. Either we must stand fast in support of our high ideals of liberty and independence for all peoples who strive to be free and independent, or else we should regard the fate and destiny of none."

MULIER SECUNDUM ANIMAM TUAM.

(Eccles. VII. 27.)

You burn for freedom, aid your blood
Pulsing for this, and you would be
A galley-slave for nationhood;
Die, to live on in Ireland free;
And I am captive in your thrall
Since I must love you: that is all.

And thus I time my little pace,
Deeming that you would have it so;
My joy and sorrow make a chace
To meet your laughter or your woe;
My anger angers you, my hate
Wounds, that you be not desolate.

So with the Angel foot to foot
I wrestle; girt with shield and sword,
My thoughts of you, so I dispute
Your sole possession with the Lord.
And so, to set your spirit free,
Love, I would slay your love of me.

GEORGE NOBLE PLUNKETT, in *Studies*.

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Current Topics

Class-War

At the root of all modern troubles is the reign of the triple lust—concupiscence of the eyes, pride of life, and concupiscence of the flesh. Vainly have the politicians promised that the war would bring about the renovation and the reconstruction of society and the end of the evils from which the war itself sprang. We need but use our eyes in order to see that in the world around us the radical causes of man's enmity to man, the lusts that render man as a wolf towards his brother men, are raging stronger than ever. Profiteering was never so shameless and corrupt as during the war. Nay, it was officially protected and promoted by the very members of the Governments. The soldiers who fought were exploited, patriotism was made a catch-cry by men who would sell their country ten times over for gold, by men who actually did sell their country and who in some instances were actually rewarded for their crimes by being promoted to a seat in the Government. In the cities, and even at the Front, on the threshold of death, lust reigned and played havoc—spiritually and temporally—with the soldiers. Chicanery and jobbery and dishonesty on the part of the capitalists aroused deep and not unreasonable hatred among the workers, who saw through the false promises and the lying speeches of the profiteers and made up their minds long ago that as far as their interests were concerned the posing of politicians and their eloquent war-pledges were sheer moonshine. Thus it is that at the end of the war we are, not at all unlikely, on the threshold of another war between class and class, between the deluded and betrayed workers and the faithless jobbers in high places. The world is far from being at rest. The menace has already been realised in Russia, and no man can tell how far it is likely to spread. Against the extreme corruption of capitalists the extreme folly of Socialism of an international and unpatriotic type has been stirred up. Among the workers of every country are many who are set determinedly against all existing forms of Government, which with no little reason they believe hostile to human liberty and to the rights of man. Only he who thinks that a kingdom divided against itself can stand can hope for the realisation of the fair war-promises and for the renovation of conditions and the righting of wrongs of which we were told so much by official recruiting agents. There can be no domestic peace as things are. No man can convince the extreme Socialists that they will ever obtain justice under a capitalistic government; no man will convince us that the tyranny of the *Internationale* is anything better than that of profiteers. But on the whole it is the profiteers who are the danger to the States. It is their heartless dishonesty that aroused Bolshevism and their exploitation of human lives that deepened the hatred of the workers. When all is said against the Bolsheviks it remains true that they are but hitting back. In the welter one cannot see a single sign that the principles of Christianity are guiding either party, and here again the blame is due to the capitalists. They have undermined the faith of the people; they have deliberately exiled God from the schools of the State; they have taught the children in theory as they taught the children's fathers by their own example that the only thing that matters is the getting of gold. And whatever evils may arise will lie at their door as surely as the reign of terror in Russia lies at the door of the tyrants who for ages ground down and oppressed a nation. What we say is true of our own little State as well as of England. We have a Government that was afraid to do its duty by the workers and seemed only intent on holding office at all costs. Our politicians are known to the community to be almost as a whole without principle opportunists. There is little doubt that some of them even stoop to stirring up sectarian strife as a means of securing the votes of bigots for the next election. The day is coming when they will reap as they sowed.

The Italian Popular Party

Recent foreign exchanges enable us to add some new details to what we have already written concerning the new Popular Party in Italy. The attitude in authoritative Catholic circles at first was one that might be expressed in Mr. Asquith's words, "Wait and see." Judgment was reserved as is always the way in Rome until a full knowledge enabled people to speak with assurance. In practice the attitude was to encourage the people to support the Union. A famous writer sums up the popular feeling thus: "If you want a straight word on the matter it is this: Join the Popular Party. If you Catholics do not join it, be sure that all those who hope to win its aid at the elections will. Join it, and make its way secure by your strength." *La Civiltà* quotes with approbation the following passage from a Catholic contemporary:—"The Party has its origin and formation outside the field of militant Catholic action which it neither represents nor expounds. But there will be no antithesis if the moral and social sides of its programme derive force and inspiration from the Catholic nature of the programme which aims at conserving in the Italian people for social good and the general welfare that treasure of Faith which the Gospels and the Church gave to our country. There is nothing mutable or changeable in the ideal of the duties of Catholics who obey the Holy See. The mind of the Pope is clear from the reply made by his Holiness lately to Count Dalle Torre, President of the Union: We Catholics act within the limits of organisations approved by the Holy See, and in strict obedience to the same. The new Party will act freely, in the political sphere especially where many excellent Catholics are now deputies." The occasion of the reply to Count Dalle Torre to which reference is here made was when, on March 3, the Union representatives were received in audience and the Count read an address to the Pope, expressive of the highest sentiments of filial devotion and obedience, emphasising particularly how happy they were to be able to co-operate with the Holy Father in the work of social regeneration so dear to his heart. We give the text of the Pope's reply as published in the *Irish Catholic*; and readers will gather from his words how he welcomes the promise of the new Party:—

His Holiness replied that his was the joy of the husbandman who sees his seed fallen on good ground. Scarcely had the echo of the Christmas Eve allocution died down when the President of the Popular Union was before the Pontifical throne to offer the Holy See the services of thousands of zealous Catholic social workers united in a common faith and apostleship and pledged to a programme extending beyond any mere material or political interests. The promptness showed the goodness of the ground. The Convention following so soon on the promise showed the sincerity of the resolution taken to direct the energies of Catholics to the attainment of their religious and social programme. It was an assurance that the seed had not fallen by the wayside to be trodden under foot or devoured by the birds of the air. The Convention also offered an assurance that the seed of the promise would not be allowed to wither for want of moisture, for the exchange of ideas and mutual encouragement produced by the Convention must have given the young plant firm root in the hearts of the associates. Finally, the Convention must have brought into evidence the difficulties which the Popular Union will have to conquer in order to render its resolution to face a new work efficacious. Care has thus been taken to remove the thorns that might choke the tender plant.

"In praising the work of the Convention and the points of Catholic action indicated by the illustrious President," said his Holiness, "We would wish to bring into relief the particular importance which the problems relative to the school assume in Our eyes, and also those regarding the uplifting of the working classes. The child represents the future of society. The society of the future, as being that which shall be formed of the children of to-day, will be in point of

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goodness whatever the education granted to the children to-day represents. It is of supreme importance, therefore, to instil religious sentiments and principles of sound morality into the hearts of the children and youth of our day. For this generosity is necessary on the part of the rich, patience on the part of teachers, solicitude on the part of all, that an education complete from the point of view of religion be afforded to the youth.

"The working classes also merit the particular attention of those who would be promoters of good, both for themselves and on account of the snares laid for them by false friends. In recent times the Church has been the best friend of the workman, and to-day We take this opportunity of observing that the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* of Pope Leo XIII. retains its pristine vigor, for it still expresses the maternal goodwill and provident care of the Church for the working classes. In exhorting you to give them your special attention, We cannot now descend to details touching professional unions and Christian syndicates and such like. Let it be enough for you to know that the Pope has the matter at heart.

"The blessing of God can certainly hasten the fruit of your resolution: We, therefore, invoke it in abundance on the promoters of Catholic action whom, with paternal benevolence, We salute once more as Our co-operators. We invoke it on every one who shares in the work of the Popular Union."

America and Ireland

Goldwin Smith declared that nothing stands in the way of a reconciliation between the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race (*sic*) except the influence of the Irish. We have seen how this influence was made felt time and again, and how it defeated the aspirations and plans of English politicians. Ireland struck back across the seas at her hereditary tyrant and dealt her many a blow in return for the persecutions endured at home. "If America has a ghost," says Shane Leslie, "it is Ireland. But if Ireland haunts America, it is with a haunting based on love and not on hate. Like the Janus of the Atlantic, Ireland is two-faced. Towards England she ever looks with anguish and bitterness, towards the United States with fearful hope and wistful affection. For in the nineteenth century America was to Ireland what France was in the eighteenth, *la grande nation*! The strongest and choicest went into their service military in the case of France, industrial in that of America. The industrial connection found apotheosis in the names of Ford and McCormick." The United States, from the day when the American people cast off the tyrannical yoke of England, have ever looked sympathetically and lovingly towards Ireland, ever hoping for the dawn of the day when they might welcome into the community of free nations that oppressed country which stood by them so magnificently in their hour of trial. The bonds of union first forged in the ragged ranks of Washington's army of freedom have been strengthened down through the years, and when Irishmen were driven, by the tyranny they helped America to conquer from their own land it was naturally towards America they set their faces. Thither, with hate for England in their hearts, they have poured in endless streams through all the black, bad years of English misrule. They have given to America her finest soldiers, her greatest orators, her bishops, her judges, her merchants, and they know that America does not forget and that the debt will one day be repaid in full. Deep in Irish hearts the conviction lies that American help and sympathy will be theirs in their struggle to overcome English selfishness and perfidy and to uplift Ireland to her rightful position among the free peoples. America won her freedom largely through the help of Irishmen, and America's victory is to this day an inspiration to the still oppressed country, leading her to hope on until the time comes when she too shall win her liberty. Catholic and Protestant Ireland in far-off days hailed American freedom with delight, and let us trust that America will yet hail a free Ireland in which Catholic and Pro-

testant will stand together inspired by common love for their own land. America does not forget the part played by Irishmen in the Revolution. Jack Barry, of Wexford, was the father of the American Navy, and he it was who first sailed to sea under the new flag of the free country. A Sullivan fired the first shot and took Fort William and Mary. Washington's aides included a Fitzgerald and a Moylan. Nine men of Irish blood signed the Declaration of Independence. The White House was erected on the land of a Carroll, and it was modelled on the Leinster House of Dublin. In the dread years of famine, while English soldiers were carting away the corn that might feed the dying people, and the London *Times* was praying that the day might come when an Irishman would be as rare on the banks of the Shannon as a Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan, the Irish exodus went on, pouring into America, in unnumbered thousands, the men and women who were to play so great a part in building up and modelling the new Ireland beyond the seas. As Shane Leslie says, although many were lost sight of, "numbers and morality told." Frank Hugh O'Donnell wrote that "from Presidents of the Republic to presidents of trusts, and from the pioneer founders of eastern cities to the mighty athletes of Olympian competitions, where will you not find Irish-Americans?"

How THE IRISH MADE THEIR INFLUENCE FELT.—The Irish in Washington's armies broke the power of England. The Irish exiles in later years built up the power of America. And they never lost an opportunity of wielding that power against England. The Civil War helped to make the Americans appreciate what Ireland did for them. When Archbishop Hughes hoisted "Old Glory" to the top of the spire of Cincinnati Cathedral, President Hayes said of the incident:—"The spire was beautiful, but the Catholic Prelate made it radiant with hope and glory for our country." Meagher's men covered themselves with deathless honor on the slopes of Fredericksburg. The Irish 69th threw back Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. The Fenian movement was cradled round the camp-fires of the Union. Every movement for Irish freedom was supported by thousands of friends in the States who remembered and will always remember what Ireland did for them in their own need. During the eighties there were not less than 42 Irishmen in the House of Representatives, while fully one-half claimed to have Irish blood in their veins. It became almost necessary in time for an American President to have Irish blood. All the Cardinals and most of the Prelates were Irish by birth or by descent. In religion, in politics, in commerce the Irish are a force to be reckoned with in America to-day. They are making their force felt, and they will want to know the reason why if President Wilson dares return to the United States without keeping faith with them and raising his voice in behalf of the small nation that is dear to them all. If a settlement is not arrived at there will be scant welcome for the President, and his shrift will be short. The Irish hatred for British tyranny has not died out: it is more intense to-day than ever it was. The butcheries of Maxwell in Dublin, the murders at Batchelor's Walk, the persecution of Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington have kindled the wrath of the millions in America who love Ireland and hate oppression, and never was there such universal feeling that the time has come when England must relax that tyrant's grasp in which, in the words of Queen Victoria, Ireland quivers. The blood of the Irish-American soldiers who have died in the war has sealed the President's pledges that justice must be done to all peoples, no matter whose selfish interests are crossed. And now, even if he proves false to his own words, the millions who have in no uncertain way made their will clear to him will not desert Ireland. Ireland may be left alone. The champions of small nations may be too engrossed in gathering up their gains to heed her cause. But Sinn Fein will never, never submit to English misrule, and if politicians prove false and if pledges are broken, the Irish people will fight their own cause to the end, backed by the Irish in the United States, who will insist that British Hun-

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nishness be destroyed as was Prussian. If all others desert Ireland, if all the blatant spouters who told us that we were fighting for right and justice make common cause for the purpose of upholding the persecutors of a Catholic people, America will not fail. America will remember her debt to Ireland. America will repay when the day comes. The intervention of Mr. Wilson or the recognition on the part of England of the justice of Irish claims may yet end the struggle without bloodshed. Failing the one and the other, there is little room to doubt that the nations that fought to make the world safe for Democracy will witness the spectacle of a brutal power once more trying to trample down a free people, even as the hordes of Germany trampled on Belgium. And even if that comes to pass, Ireland will win in the end as she has always won after England did her worst. And England will lose as she has always lost after she bludgeoned a weak nation—she will lose Ireland, and as well will lose the remnants of respect that the nations have for her.

MOULDERS OF PUBLIC OPINION : MR. G. K. CHESTERTON

(By E. T. Raymond, in *Everyman*.)

Mr. Chesterton, as a jesting philosopher, suffers one considerable disadvantage. Serious people tend to like his jokes and distrust his philosophy. Flippant people are willing to respect his philosophy at a distance, but refuse to be amused by his pleasantries.

There is a highly intellectual set of men their view is expressed by Mr. A. G. Gardiner—who will not have Mr. Chesterton as a thinker, but roar their sides out when he says "Pass the mustard." They insist on treating him simply as an embodied, even over-embodied, jest, as "your only jig-maker," a "Thousand Best Things," bound, like the books of Meudon, in human skin. On the other hand, the professional merry-makers find little amusement in Mr. Chesterton. Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Cadbury parted. Mr. Chesterton and Sir Owen Seaman have apparently never met. The greatest joke of the age is never seen in *Punch*.

It is, I suppose, Mr. Chesterton's own fault that he is so generally conceived as a chuckle, *et praterrea parum*. He has made himself, or allowed himself to become, too much of a character. There was a time when he sat on a high-legged stool, in a city office, doing something with invoices. It is true he did not stay there long, but his mere presence for the fraction of a day would seem proof that at one time he was thought commercially possible, capable of being made some sort of a clerk. That is to say, he must have presented

some outward resemblance to other youths; from Aldgate Pump to St. Paul's Churchyard no firm exists wide-minded enough to admit a recruit with the vast sombrero, the Samsonian locks, and the Bolivar-poncho cloak which at a later period were the honest pride of Fleet Street, still reveling, though grown prim itself, in the reputation of Bohemianism. Whether Mr. Chesterton, of fixed purpose, adopted the dress and mannerisms of his earlier period, or whether it was all more or less an accident, only Mr. Chesterton may say. But in permitting himself to become a character he threw away much of his birthright as an influence.

The fault is, of course, the time's as well as Mr. Chesterton's. Socrates was joked at as much as Mr. Chesterton, but Socrates was no joke. Many a saint must have raised a coarse laugh by his appearance, but no saint was ever a laughing matter. Yet we moderns, with our mania for specialism, will hardly allow Jack Point to have a soul to save or a tooth to ache. If accepted as an authentic funny man, he must be funny for ever. The mere fact about Mr. Chesterton is that he is a big man, who dresses as he likes, and, being inactive and fond of his comfort, used to take many cabs when cabs could be taken. He also drank a certain moderate quantity of beer when it was, at least, an intelligible proceeding to drink beer. Further, he preferred an excellent meal in a tavern, with good company, to decorous malnutrition at two shillings a mouthful.

It was inevitable that a legend should grow round such a man: unfortunately the legend, for most people, has strangled the man, as ivy does a tree. I have before me what purports to be a critical study of Mr. Chesterton. If I knew nothing else of the subject I should picture a person physically and mentally inert, conceited, rather puerile, and given to paltry verbal smartness—a Cockney Tony Lumpkin who, like Olivia Primrose, had "read a great deal of controversy." It may be Mr. Chesterton's fault that he is so represented. It is certainly society's misfortune that it has no clearer estimate of one of the most powerful personalities of the time.

Clearly the only way to arrive at the truth is to put in as evidence Mr. Chesterton's own books. Swinburne has protested against the theory that an unlettered Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet" without effort in odd times—"as a bird might moult a feather or a fool might break a jest": he knew that such things were not made so. And the works of Gilbert Keith Chesterton contain ample testimony on which to found an impeachment of a quite novel kind. He stands hereby indicted for that he has labored well and faithfully, first to see the truth and then to tell it; for that he, being a great rhetorician, seldom uses rhetoric to obscure or to deceive; and, being a great wit, employs wit only to season wisdom and make it memorable.



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How say you, Gilbert Keith Chesterton—are you guilty or not guilty?

Of course, Mr. Chesterton talks nonsense sometimes, and often he is right rather by a divine luck than by conscious effort. Of much of his work he can say, like Petruchio, "It is extempore, from my mother-wit." His insight, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say his power of guessing, almost approaches a sixth sense. His dexterity in using words is like that of a gifted stock-rider in using whips; he seems almost to misuse them in the sense of forcing them to do more than their proper work. It seems as unnatural to smash a rationalist with a pun as to flick a fly off a lady's back with a 30ft. lash. Of Mr. Chesterton's wit there can be no question: it is stressed most by those least inclined to take him seriously. But the praise is nearly always wrongly given. The popular idea of him is of a man perpetually standing on his head, and shouting joyously how funny things look from that standpoint; whereas the whole point of his best jokes is that he is astonished to be flat on his feet, while other men (quite gravely and naturally) are careering about upside-down.

But wit, readiness, and even genius, fail to account for all the rare merit there is in much of Mr. Chesterton's work. This undisciplined jester, this wayward Bohemian, has done some remarkable things. For example, there is his *Victorian Age in Literature*. It is a trifle, of course, but such a trifle! An essay is often condensed in a phrase, such as that which describes Macaulay's prose as "at its best like steel and at its worst like tin," or Tennyson's work as that of "a provincial and sometimes a suburban Virgil." "not a balance of truths, like the universe, but a balance of whims, like the British constitution." Again, it is no light business to set about telling the history of England in 240 pages. Mr. Chesterton does not tell it: no god or mortal could. But, with much fancy, perhaps some fantasy, and a wealth of incidental wisdom, he gives more essential truth than has ever been packed in such a space by any English historical writer.

There is, of course, another and weaker side to Mr. Chesterton. His proper business is to give us great truths if possible, and, failing that, what the schoolboy would call "whopping" great lies, lies so vast and provocative as to make the defence of truth a necessity. We want to know from him the rough and thorny path to one considerable place, and the broad road to another resort, even more fashionable and populous. But we do not look to him for a directory of Houndsditch or a plan of the underground places of Westminster. He is just as likely to be wrong in very small things as he is to be right in very large things. Not that the small things are unimportant, but they are work for lesser men. By all means let Mr. Chesterton thunder at Parliamentary corruption and Parliamentary futility in general; but the special case of the notorious Mr. Snide, M.P., is better left to another. It may be for the public good as well as for the comfort of Mr. Chesterton's own soul that he should rail at Israel, or, as he would himself put it, rescue the Jew from the unfair position he occupies in the modern State. But Mr. Chesterton is too big a man to spit upon a single Jewish gaberdine. It may be possible to respect and even sympathise with Terquemada. But nobody would like to think of him as taking a turn at the rack with his own hand.

It is this local lack of balance, much more than fear of the omnipresent and omnipotent Israelite, that prevents timid souls from adopting Mr. Chesterton as a leader. They are afraid that, if there happens to be no crusade, they will be invited to share in a pogrom. Yet he does, in a roundabout way, influence many who in turn have an effect on public opinion. These men quote his jests to point morals they have furtively borrowed from him. If you are fairly familiar with Mr. Chesterton's thought you will recognise it as easily in the leading columns as in the "Pithy Paragraphs" or "Wisdom of the Week." Of course, as in most cases of theft, the thief mars what he steals. But the merchandise does reach some sort of market that way. One catches thought, like disease, without knowing

whence, and Mr. Chesterton, if he takes notice at all, must sometimes smile at finding in the primmest quarters a faint echo of his most revolutionary slogans.

For Mr. Chesterton, though and perhaps because he is an optimist, is a decided revolutionary. It must be added a generous one, for his compelling motive is a noble and comprehensive sympathy with the captive and the oppressed. He sees in modern civilisation a Bastille in which there are very vile dungeons, moderately comfortable cells, and pleasant quarters for the governor and his staff, but in which all, governor and staff included, are true prisoners. It is dull work for Baisemau, the gaoler, as well as for the young prince, the unlucky pamphleteer, and the nameless wretches below the moat; and Mr. Chesterton would set them all free.

It is the tyranny of civilisation itself, the bondage of things rather than the incidental cruelties of men themselves bound (though in chains of gold and swathes of precious paper) that he is out to fight. He sympathises with a strike as a strike, without regard to the ostensible merits of the dispute. It is an attempt of the victim bound to the tyrannous wheel of routine to throw it momentarily out of gear if he cannot subdue it to his own rational wants. Such an attempt, if it asserts only for a moment the sovereignty of man over things, is worth the while.

THE RELIGIOUS STRUGGLE IN THE NEW PRUSSIA

On November 27, 1918 (says *The Tablet*), an edict was issued by the Prussian Minister of Education, Adolf Hoffman, suspending ecclesiastical inspection, Catholic or Lutheran, in State schools. In the apprehension aroused in religious circles, it was assumed that the decree foreshadowed further and more drastic measures; and these fears proved to be well founded. A week later, and the papers contained an amplification of the edict, including clauses prohibiting *inter alia* all forms of denominational religious instruction in schools, the offering of prayers before and after study, and compulsory attendance of scholars at church. It was then obvious that the aim of Hoffman, long notorious for his antipathy towards religion, was to effect a complete separation between Church and State. This complex and intricate question, involving a basic alteration in the relations between the spiritual and temporal powers within the confines of the Kingdom of Prussia, has been the subject of comment, calm and heated, in the German press. Generally speaking, it may be said that the Socialist parties approve the proposed measure of separation, which was, indeed, one of the main planks of their Erfurt programme of 1891. On the other hand, that divorce met at once with the disapproval of the great Centre Catholic Party and of the old Conservative (now German National) Party, which before the cataclysm represented the interests of the Lutheran State Church. Certain Radical papers, such as the *Berliner Tageblatt*, join forces with the Catholics. They condemn any precipitate change, from considerations of expediency. They, too, fear that the secularisation of education, if ultimately carried through, will give a strong impetus to the rapidly increasing Separatist movements all over the Empire. The dreaded atheism of Berlin impels those provinces where strong religious feeling predominates—Westphalia and the Rhineland, Bavaria and the Polish border regions—to seek safety in central government. *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, the organ of the Prussian militarist clique, also falls into line, and denounces the appointment of Hoffman as a mistake calling for instant rectification. It is evident enough that, in the event of separation, the position of the Lutheran Church will be very precarious, as it has hitherto been mainly dependent upon the support of the various kings, now "the broken brood" of the poet's strangely fulfilled prophecy. The result, therefore, is a widespread movement in favor of sinking

"denominational" differences, and uniting with the Catholics in one great effort against the forces of disruption.

By far the most vigorous resistance, however, has been offered by those ancient and tried friends of religious freedom, the great Centre Party, or Christian Peoples' Party, as it is now named. Its chief organ, *Germania*, is intimately associated with the Secretary of State, Herr Erzberger, and during these last weeks it has contained almost daily articles in which he, the busiest man in the Central Empires, has expounded his views. One of these views is that, under present conditions, the separation between Church and State is sooner or later a foregone conclusion. The necessity, therefore, of ensuring the temporal welfare of the Catholic Church under the altered conditions is all his care. Thus he wrote in December:—"In the event of the separation, which in the long run is almost inevitable, our aim would be the fulfilment of the following three conditions:—Respect for the Church, and practical recognition of her institutions; a just and equitable settlement of her pecuniary claims; and educational legislation resembling that which obtains in Holland, whereby the denominational schools are subsidised in exactly the same way as the so-called State schools." And again a little later:—"Spiritual as is the mission of the Church, the field of her activity is here on earth, and she is as little able to dispense with the necessary means of subsistence as any other society. If it is to come to separation, the question of ecclesiastical funds must be settled in a satisfactory manner." The bishops, headed by Cardinal von Hartmann (Archbishop of Cologne), decided, however, to be no parties to the political opportunism of Herr Erzberger. In a joint pastoral they declare themselves in no faltering terms:—"Before all the world we raise our voices"—(voices that we are thankful once more to be able to echo in England)—"and in the name of you all protest against the separation of Church and State. We Catholics of Prussia will never consent to this. Separation of State and Church! The vital bond which for many centuries has existed between our people and the Church, and still does exist, is to be rudely severed. Our country is to cease to be Christian as a State. The name of God is to disappear from public life, and, what is worst of all, religion vanishes from the schools. Does not such a sin verily cry to Heaven? It is a wrong and a crime against the Lord. A State without God, without religion! You know how little security is afforded by external regulations unless the voice of conscience makes itself heard. Matrimony will be profaned and family ties will be relaxed. Imagine what terrible havoc in the entire spiritual fabric of the nation this signifies!" The bishops then look ahead:—"Terrible things," they say, "are impending. Do not ignore the overwhelming seriousness of these times. It is the enemies of religion who think that now their hour has struck. They will stake everything to attain their goal. You must defend yourselves against this, all together like one man, inflexible and invincible. Avail yourselves of all your political rights, Catholic men and women, youths and maidens! Catholic societies and organisations, we appeal to you. Raise protest after protest against the wrong it is proposed to do you. And do not yield in your resistance until they abandon the attempt to lay hands on your sacred treasures!" And shortly after the issue of this uncompromising appeal, Cardinal von Hartmann was assured of the close sympathy and co-operation of the Vatican.

Then the Minister of Education, evidently deeming it prudent to allay the fears he had aroused, announced, at the beginning of the New Year, that a Commission had been formed to investigate the entire question, and gave his assurance that no precipitate action would be taken. All memoranda and reports bearing on the subject would be carefully considered by the members of the Commission, and the Commission would include representatives of every denomination. His assurances did not end there. It was not, and never had been, he said, the intention of the Government to interfere in questions of dogma or ritual. The decree prohibit-

ing religious instruction was rescinded, and it was further stated that the final decision in the matter of separation would rest with the National Assembly. The whole question is, therefore, still in abeyance. Herr Erzberger meanwhile has continued his own campaign in *Germania*. His words take world-outlooks; they imply a certain penitence for the past; they are awake to the necessity of a league of consciences as the successful preliminary to a League of Nations. "They say Peace, and there is no peace," is his burden. "Men ever seek," he says, "the realisation of their ideals where it is not to be found—in Socialism, in Freemasonry. Peace and freedom, not false, hypocritical, and deceptive words, can be bestowed upon the world only by God. The Church, entrusted with the task of guarding these precious treasures, and distributing them among mankind, has never been unfaithful to her mission. It is not the Church's fault that the world-conflagration was kindled. It is not her fault that the war lasted so long. The Pope spoke out often enough for peace and freedom. People wanted to make the world happy without the Church, to conjure up a better freedom, a new peace. The so-called humanitarian movement was choked in a stream of blood. It is a mystery how, after such a failure, anyone can still propose to base a League of Nations on the same humanitarian foundation. If the co-operation of the Church and Papacy are excluded, Christ also will refrain from participation, and nothing will come of it but a meaningless phrase, a vast new lie. How much has been written during the war which, for the honor of mankind, had better have remained unpublished! Opportunism and the catchwords arising from it, still appear to hold the field. Or may we dare to hope that the human race has been brought to reason by its awful visitations, and will once again seek the ideals for which it thirsts at their source?" We are left to wonder.

CATHOLICISM IN JAPAN.

"Les Missions Catholiques" recently published an interesting letter of Mgr. Rey, Archbishop of Tokio. His Lordship states that the same obstacles continue to surround his work for religion, but that more than ever he places his confidence in God, and that proof of this Divine protection may be seen in the fact that all existing circles of Christianity continue to flourish. Mgr. Rey pays tribute to the zeal of the nuns and priests who labor so earnestly both in the cause of education and in the performance of good works. An association called "Le Seimeukai" has been formed for the past pupils of the boys' colleges. The members meet every month for the discussion of religious, philosophic, and scientific questions. A similar society has also been formed in the Convent of the Sacred Heart for its past pupils, and other Catholic women. These good ladies meet for the making of vestments and other requisites for the altar, and they have already, Mgr. Rey tells us, accomplished much good service in the diocese. During 1917 the Sacerdotal Jubilee of M. Evrard, one of the Vicars General in Japan, was celebrated with ceremonial and rejoicing. M. Evrard assisted in the formation of the Diocese of Tokio.

St. Paul says in one place that his apostolic power is given him to edification, and not to distinction. There can be no better account of the infallibility of the Church. It is a supply for a need, and it does not go beyond that need. Its object is, and its effect also, not to enfeeble the freedom or vigor of human thought in religious speculation, but to resist and control its extravagance.—Cardinal Newman.

We direct the attention of our South Dunedin readers to an announcement in our advertising columns by Mr. G. A. Munro, King Edward Street, who has opened up a stock of prayer books, rosaries, scapulars, etc.

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ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

May 30.

St. Anne's Church, Newtown, has just been renovated, and now presents a fine appearance.

Workmen are busily engaged in laying the foundations for the new St. Mary of the Angels' Church, Boulecott Street.

The new Catholic School for Girls, now being erected in Buckle Street, is fast nearing completion, and will be available for use at an early date.

Major Halpin, diocesan treasurer of the Catholic Federation, is at present confined to his bed through illness.

The combined parishes' annual schools' social, in aid of the Catholic education fund, will take place at the Town Hall on Wednesday, June 18.

Father Zeukra, the Syrian priest who has been stationed in New Zealand for some years, is returning to Syria at an early date.

Palmerston North

(From our own correspondent.)

May 31.

The funds for the new church are gradually creeping up, and are nearing the £6000 mark. Several meetings of the stall-holders of the forthcoming bazaar have been held in order to complete its organisation. The Children of Mary have held a couple of euchre tournaments to form a working fund for their stall, and the St. Vincent de Paul Society, also, has held similar functions for the same purpose. Miss Cecily Tabor has offered to organise an entertainment to further augment the working funds of the various stalls.

Father Power left last week for the West Coast, to relieve Father Hegarty, and the local vacancy has been filled by Father Harnett, who had, on a previous occasion, been stationed here.

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

May 29.

The H.A.C.B. Society has started on a series of progressive euchre parties, and intends to hold them fortnightly at the Villa Maria. The main object is to establish a fund to provide a scholarship, open to the children of the parish, and then of course, there is the secondary and natural result of bringing members of the congregation in touch with one another. Good prizes are given each time, and the grand prizes, to be awarded at the end of the season, will be worthy of the best players. The third of the series was held on Wednesday night, and so far prizes have been won by Mrs. Smith and Miss O'Neill for the ladies, Mr. C. Trainor and one of a bunch of three who have to play off again, for the gentlemen. In addition to the card parties, there will be a dance on every alternate Wednesday at the Druids' Hall, for the same fund. The society has decided finally on the Roll of Honor, which will contain 50 names, and will be unveiled at a Return Reunion to be held when all the brothers come back. The roll will be a handsome one, having the names of all the soldier brothers inscribed on the marble, and will be an enduring record of the part played in the great war by the members of the local branch of the H.A.C.B. Society.

Recent arrivals from the Front are Brothers Father Moloney, J. W. E. Miles, W. E. Quirk, J. P. Kenny, F. D. Gaffaney, H. W. Brown, J. H. Richardson, C. H. O. Cock, and J. M. P. Dowdall. A good many still remain on the other side, helping to obtain the peace we all hope for.

Father Bowden, S.M., who has been ill for some time, is just now in Belverdale Private Hospital, having undergone to-day a very serious operation. So far

results are satisfactory, and we all sincerely hope that Father Bowden will make as speedy a recovery as his critical condition will allow.

The cool grass tennis courts and pebbly paths at the convent, so pleasant in summer, but in winter a delusion and a snare, are being asphalted. Winter games and sports, therefore, will be gone on with much more conveniently.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our special correspondent.)

May 24.

His Lordship the Bishop, whose health was a cause of anxiety to his friends for the past week, is at present much stronger, and it is to be hoped that he is on the high road to recovery after his severe illness.

A movement is in train to form a Catholic Club in Auckland. A preliminary meeting has been held, and it was arranged that a further meeting should be called next week in order to give the delegates from the parochial clubs already in being an opportunity for discussion. The club shall be called the Auckland Catholic Club. A central building is to be selected, and it is proposed that a capital of £1000 be subscribed by debentures of not less than £5 each. The subscription for town members will be £1 1s, and for country members 10s 6d; the club to be open to all Catholic men.

The final meeting of the St. Patrick's Day Committee for 1919 is to be held on Monday night. The proceeds are to be given to the Marist Brothers, Vermont Street.

During a visit to Auckland recently I had an opportunity of seeing St. Mary's Orphanage, "The Pahi," Onehunga, which is flourishing under the able management of Sister Mary Liguori. The building is one of the finest around Auckland, and the view of Manakau Harbor is unsurpassed. At present over 170 children are under the care of the nuns. When the Star of the Sea Orphanage was burned the present building was procured as a temporary orphanage, and in the future it will become the Mother House of the Sisters of Mercy.

Preliminary meetings have been held with a view to organising a monster bazaar for the purpose of liquidating the debt on the Cathedral. Under the management of Father Forde, success is assured.

One of the saddest results of the recent epidemic is that many orphan children have been left destitute. Great sympathy is felt for the unfortunate little ones, and the fact that the Government relief can only be obtained through the Industrial Schools Act is arousing great indignation, as it is felt that assistance obtained in this way leaves a life-long stigma on the children. Even in the case of those children who have lost one parent the relief can only be had through the Charitable Aid Board. The arrangements on the whole do not add to the prestige of the moribund National Government.

May 28.

The Bishop has almost completely recovered from his severe illness, and hopes to be able to celebrate Holy Mass on next Sunday.

Father Carran, Adm. Ponsonby, is at present in the Mater Hospital. He is progressing favorably.

On Tuesday I visited Devonport and had an opportunity of seeing the new church, which is drawing near completion. Father Furlong hopes to be able to hold the opening ceremony in about two months. The new building, which will accommodate about 600 people, will be a very beautiful church and a source of legitimate pride to the pastor and people of the North Shore. The cost is estimated at £5000. Messrs. Mahoney and Son are the architects.

The net proceeds of the St. Patrick's Day celebrations, which amounted to £200, were given to the Vermont Street Brothers on Tuesday evening. Appreciative references were made to the excellent work of the secretary, Mr. J. Bird, in connection with the celebrations.

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The annual meeting and reunion of the Sacred Heart College Old Boys' Union was held at the college on Monday evening, May 26. A large number of members attended. Mr. J. Donovan, who presided, welcomed the returned men as guests to the reunion. The election of officers resulted as follows:—President, Mr. J. Donovan; vice-presidents, Rev. G. M. Colgan and Brother Benignus; treasurer, Mr. A. Tobin; secretary, Mr. M. Flynn; committee, Messrs. G. Ricketts, B. Cahill, E. Buckler, E. Burns, B. Goldwater, and J. Molloy. The remainder of the evening was devoted to a smoke concert, at which several toasts were honored. Musical items were contributed by the college orchestra and Messrs. T. Harris, Ford, Forte, H. Manning, A. McElwain, Beresford, Finer, Rae, and F. Poore.

Ormond

A mission, to be conducted by Fathers Ainsworth and McCarthy (Marist Missioners), will open in the parish on Sunday, June 8.

On Easter Monday, the Patutahi division of the parish organised a fete and sports in the Domain, which proved most successful, realising £112 towards the parish fund, exclusive of expenses. The race and sports section was ably supervised by Messrs. Atkins, Wilmott, and Downey. The stalls were in charge of Mesdames Atkins, Angland, Ellis, Gallaher, Moloney, and Walls, and Misses Angland, Gallagher, McLoughlin, Tuohy, and Walls. Much credit is due to the capable secretary (Mrs. C. Atkins), and to Mrs. and Miss Walls for their valuable assistance in procuring prizes and trophies. Sincere thanks are due to non-Catholic friends who gave such timely aid in making the undertaking so marked a success.

On May 15 the Ormond Catholic Ladies' Guild held a very successful sale of work in the local hall, kindly lent by Mr. Clements for the occasion. The president, Mrs. T. Quirk, assisted by the other members and willing workers, showed by the display of work on the stalls to have spared neither scissors nor thread upon their various fabrics, producing in a few weeks such a fine assortment of articles suitable for the requirements of young and old. Mr. and Miss Griffin, of Makauri, and Catholic ladies of Kaitaratahi, also rendered valuable assistance. The proceeds of the sale of work amounted to £83.

The churches at Makauri and Patutahi, and the presbytery, are undergoing repairs and renovation.

THOMAS MOORE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

DUNEDIN.

The concert given in St. Joseph's Hall on Wednesday evening, May 28, by St. Joseph's Glee Club, in celebration of the anniversary of Thomas Moore, bard of Ireland, was entirely successful, and the rendition of the lengthy programme was most creditable to the members of the Glee Club, and to their indefatigable conductor, Mr. T. J. Anthony. The hall was filled to overflowing, and the large audience thoroughly enjoyed the feast of Irish national melody so generously provided. Each number on the programme was a selection from Moore's works, and recalls were numerous. While the singing of the various items was, on the whole, praiseworthy, the part-singing was really admirable. As in the Glee Club's initial concert some months ago, a pleasing feature of the evening's fine entertainment was the avoidance of tiresome delays between each item. The following is the programme submitted:—Part song ("Let Erin Remember the Days of Old"), St. Joseph's Glee Club; song ("Oft in the Stilly Night"), Mr. D. Fogarty; song ("Rich and Rare Were the Gems She Wore"), Miss K. Leonard; duet ("Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms"), Miss C. Dillon and Mr. M. Coughlan; song ("When Daylight Was Yet Sleeping Under the Pillow"), Mr. R. A. Power; song ("She Is Far From the Land"), Miss M. Carter; quar-

tet ("Tis the Last Rose of Summer"), Misses G. Davis and A. McCready and Messrs. D. Fogarty and L. Forrest; song ("The Meeting of the Waters"), Mr. F. Fogarty; song ("The Young May Moon"), Mrs. W. Murdoch; part song, female voices ("When Through Life Unblest We Rove"), Mesdames M. Coughlan and L. Forrest and Misses L. Holden, A. McCready, J. Toomey, M. McKenzie, M. Campbell, and B. Meade; part song ("Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded?"), St. Joseph's Glee Club; song ("The Minstrel Boy"), Mr. M. Coughlan; song ("Oh, Breathe Not His Name"), Miss C. Dillon; duet ("What the Bee Is to the Flow'et"), Miss K. Leonard and Mr. D. Fogarty; song ("Love's Young Dream"), Mr. J. Higgins; song ("Erin, the Tear and the Smile in Thine Eye"), Miss A. McCready; double quartet ("I'd Mourn the Hopes that Leave Me"), Mrs. W. Murdoch, Misses A. McCready, C. Dillon, and J. Toomey, and Messrs. M. Coughlan, R. A. Power, F. Fogarty, and W. Olson; song ("Fill the Bumper Fair"), Mr. W. Olson; song ("The Harp that Once"), Miss K. Burk; part song ("Go Where Glory Waits Thee"), St. Joseph's Glee Club. Mr. T. J. Anthony was the musical director, and Mrs. C. Fennell accompanist. The business arrangements were efficiently carried out by Mr. M. Coughlan (secretary).

At an interval, Father Ardagh, in thanking the crowded audience for the generous and encouraging support extended to the Glee Club on the occasion, very warmly complimented the members of the club on their spirited enterprise in inaugurating the Thomas Moore celebration in Dunedin, and in presenting and artistically rendering so comprehensive a programme of Moore's melodies. The Glee Club (he said) deserved the warmest thanks of all lovers of Irish national music, and such a talented performance would assuredly attract an audience which would fill the largest local theatre, and next year's celebration, he trusted, would be given under such conditions.

At the conclusion of the concert, the members of the Glee Club presented the conductor (Mr. T. J. Anthony) with a gold-mounted walking-stick, the mounting bearing an inscription appropriate of Dunedin's first celebration of Thomas Moore's anniversary. Mr. Anthony, who was greatly surprised at this mark of appreciation on the part of the club members, made suitable acknowledgment. A gift was also made to Mrs. Fennell (accompanist), who was heartily thanked for the very efficient discharge of her arduous and exacting duties.

WELLINGTON.

The Thomas Moore anniversary celebrations in this city were a great success (writes our Wellington correspondent). The competitions amongst the pupils attending the Catholic primary schools were held on Saturday, at the Sydney Street schoolroom, and the talent displayed reflected much credit on the devoted teachers, both Marist Brothers and nuns, who patiently, and at considerable sacrifice of leisure time, trained them. Mr. Frank J. Oakes, conductor of St. Gerard's Choir, was adjudicator for the musical section, and Mr. P. J. O'Regan acted in a similar capacity for the elocutionary section. Both judges, in announcing their decisions, expressed themselves as agreeably surprised at the excellent standard which the children had reached. The fine total of 78 entries were received for the various sections. The following was the result:—Choirs—Begg Challenge Shield: Test pieces, "Erin, the Tear" (unaccompanied), "The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me" (accompanied)—Marist Brothers, Tasman Street, Newtown, 1st; Marist Brothers, Hawkestone St., Thorndon, 2nd; St. Patrick's Convent School, Kilbirnie, 3rd. Girls' Special Challenge Shield: Test pieces, "Oft in the Stilly Night" (unaccompanied), "Love's Young Dream" (accompanied)—Petone Convent School, 1st; Guildford Terrace Convent School, 2nd. The Bristol Challenge Shield: Test pieces, "I Saw from the Beach" (unaccompanied), "Canadian Boat Song" (accompanied)—Marist Brothers, Hawkestone St., Thorn-

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don, 1st; Marist Brothers, Tasman St., Newtown, 2nd; Petone Convent School (boys), 3rd. Soprano solo (girls): Test piece, "The Young May Moon"—Molly Keating, Petone Convent School, 1st; Irene Ward, Petone Convent School, 2nd. Soprano solo (boys): Test piece, "She is Far from the Land"—Thos. George, Marist Brothers, Thorndon, 1st; John Watters, Marist Brothers, Thorndon, 2nd. Alto solo (boys): Test piece, "O Breathe Not His Name"—Cecil Watters, Marist Brothers, Thorndon, 1st; Eric Murphy, Marist Brothers, Newtown, 2nd. Girls' solo (open): Test piece, "The Last Rose of Summer"—Irene Ward, Petone Convent School, 1st; Millicent McKay, Guildford Terrace Convent School, 2nd. Boys' solo (open): Test piece, "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms"—John Watters, Marist Brothers, Thorndon, 1st; Thomas George, Marist Brothers, Thorndon, 2nd. Girls' duet: Test piece, "The Meeting of the Waters"—Molly Keating and Mazie Gaynor, Petone Convent School, 1st; M. Keating and K. Cairns, 2nd. Boys' duet: Test piece, "The Harp That Once"—John and Cecil Watters, Marist Brothers, Thorndon, 1st; Frank Whitley and William Cate, Petone Convent School, 2nd. Elocution (girls): Test piece, "The Pilgrim"—Eileen Higgins, Guildford Terrace Convent, Thorndon, 1st; Millicent McKay, Guildford Terrace Convent, Thorndon, 2nd. Elocution (boys): Test piece, "The Dying Warrior"—C. Knight, Marist Brothers, Thorndon, 1st.

The Concert.

The concert was held on the date of the anniversary (May 28), at the Town Hall, which was well filled. Amongst those present were his Grace Archbishop O'Shea and many of the clergy. The winners of the competitions mentioned above repeated their respective test pieces, and thus provided the first part of the programme, which was much appreciated by the large audience. The second half of the programme was contributed to by the following:—Mesdames Beauchamp, O. Ellis, and Emmerson, Misses Teresa McEnroe, Eileen Driscoll, Nellie Strickland, Gladys Watkins, and F. Outtrim. Mrs. Beauchamp, Miss Strickland, and Miss A. J. Fogarty sang as a quartet "The Minstrel Boy" most effectively, and responded to a recall. Messrs. A. J. Fogarty, E. B. L. Reade, E. J. Healy, and A. C. Melvin sang as a male quartet, in first-class style, "Let Erin Remember." Misses Eileen Driscoll and F. Outtrim and Messrs. A. J. Fogarty and A. C. Melvin formed another quartet, and sang most pleasingly "The Last Glimpse of Erin." Much appreciated solos were contributed by Misses Teresa McEnroe ("She is Far from the Land") and Eileen Driscoll ("Silent O Moyle"). Messrs. Fogarty and Reade sang, with pleasing effect, "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms." Mr. Kevin Dillon gave "Erin! Oh, Erin!" "Oh for the Swords of Former Times," and "Ave Patria Hibernia," the latter being a recall item specially composed for the occasion by Rev. Brother Fidelis. The final item was given by the combined competing choirs, prior to which the shields and cups were presented to the winners by Mr. P. D. Hoskins, on behalf of the committee. The office-bearers in connection with the celebrations are:—Patrons, his Grace Archbishop Redwood and his Grace

Archbishop O'Shea; president, Mr. J. J. Troy; vice-president, Mr. M. J. Cleary; committee of management, Messrs. J. P. McGowan, J. D. McPhee, H. McKeowen, M. J. McGahey, J. Stratford, J. Clarke, A. J. Fogarty, and W. P. McLachlan; musical committee, Rev. Brothers Eusebius and Fidelis, Messrs. F. J. Oakes (conductor St. Gerard's Choir), E. J. Healy (conductor St. Mary's Choir), and Mr. E. B. L. Reade (conductor St. Anne's Choir); treasurer, Mr. J. J. L. Burke; secretary, Mr. P. D. Hoskins. The proceeds of the anniversary are to be devoted to the Catholic education fund.

PAPAL HONORS FOR CHANCELLOR HOLBROOK

A telegram from our special correspondent at Auckland states that the Very Rev. Chancellor H. Holbrook (pastor of Grey Lynn), of the Diocese of Auck-



land, has been decorated by his Holiness Pope Benedict XV. with the Cross Pro Ecclesia Et Papa, as a reward for zeal and ability.

Commenting on the Gregg system of shorthand, a contributor to a publication says:—"I am not here to write of an angular, patched (yes, patched by many hands) system of phonography, but I wish to take my share in a shorthand revolution which is slowly but surely gathering force in these islands. And Gregg shorthand is our only hope. After carefully working twice through the Gregg "Manual," which is a model of simplicity, I devoted my time to "Speed Studies," the finest book of its kind ever published. Then I read most of the Gregg publications in book form, besides the monthly issues of the "Gregg Writer" and the "Gregg Magazine." In less than six weeks from the start—a matter of about two hours daily—I could take down at 80 words per minute, and read Gregg shorthand with ease. What a difference! How I blessed John Robert Gregg! What a genius! Eureka! Shorthand learning, shorthand writing, shorthand reading, made easy! What of the future? The horizon is glowing with the prospect of a new dawn."—ADVT.

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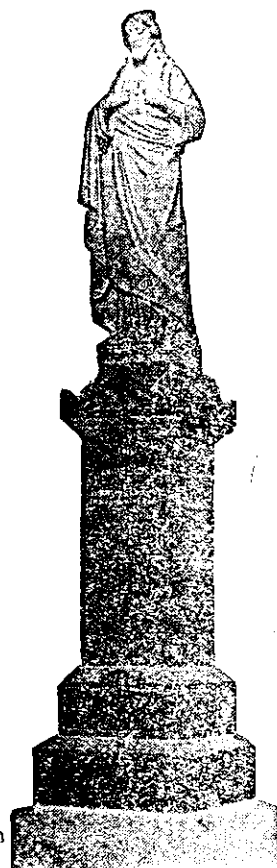
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Students twelve years of age and upwards will be admitted.

Candidates for admission are required to present satisfactory testimonials from the parochial clergy, and from the Superiors of Schools and Colleges where they may have studied.

The Pension is £35 a year, payable half-yearly in advance. It provides for Board and Lodging, Tuition, School Books, Furniture, Bedding, and House Linen.

The Extra Charges are: Washing, £1/10/- a year; and Medicine and Medical Attendance if required.

Students will provide their own wearing apparel, including the Soutane, as well as Surplice for assistance in Choir.

The Seminary is under the patronage and direction of the Archbishops and Bishops of New Zealand, and under the immediate personal supervision of the Right Rev. Bishop of Dunedin.

Donations towards the establishment of Bursaries for the Free Education of Ecclesiastical Students will be thankfully received.

The course of studies is arranged to enable students who enter the College to prepare for Matriculation and the various Examinations for Degrees at the University.

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APPEAL

MATATA CONVENT SCHOOL

The present School has been condemned, it being too small, badly ventilated, and on wet days is anything but pleasant, as the rain comes pouring down on the children. Dear reader, all I ask of you is to buy an Art Union Ticket (One Shilling), which you may obtain from *Tablet* Office, or from Secretary, and help us to build a new School. There are close on 100 native children appealing to your charity. Begging St. Joseph to inspire you to help in the good work and obtain for you and yours God's holy blessing.

Yours sincerely,
DILLON SHAW, *Secretary*.

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.

DEATHS

QUINN.—On May 21, at Dunedin, Cecilia Evelyn (Tottie), the dearly beloved sixth daughter of William and Rose Seguin, Mosgiel Junction: aged 27 years.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy. Deeply mourned.

MARTIN.—On March 21, at Hawera, at the residence of her daughter (Mrs. J. Harrington), Railway Hotel, Margaret Martin: aged 72 years.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

O'CONNOR.—On May 17, at his residence, Southland Hotel, Revell Street, Hokitika, fortified by all the rites of Holy Church, Edward, the beloved husband of Bridget O'Connor, native of Rathcommane, Killarney, Co. Kerry, Ireland: in his 74th year.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

BURKE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Richard, dearly beloved husband of Catherine Burke, who died at Dunedin, on May 31, 1914.—Inserted by his loving wife and family.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE

IN MEMORIAM

FRIEL.—In loving memory of Edward Friel (Ted), who died of wounds in France, June 2, 1917.

O, Immaculate Heart of Mary,
Thy prayers for him extol:
Most Sacred Heart of Jesus,
Have mercy on his soul.

—Inserted by a relative. Subscribers to *N.Z. Tablet*, pray for him.

O'CONNOR.—In loving memory of Michael John, fourth son of James and Jane O'Connor, 117 York Place, Dunedin, who was killed in action at Messines, on June 7, 1917.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his father, mother, brothers, and sisters.

WANTED

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

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—Houses and Homes,—p. 25. Notes—The Coming of Patrick: How the Monks Lived at Lough Derg: A Dark Page,—pp. 26-27. Current Topics—Class-War: The Italian Popular Party: America and Ireland,—pp. 14-15. Time and the New Task, p. 9. Ireland Has the Right to be Free, p. 13. Moulders of Public Opinion: Mr. G. K. Chesterton, p. 17. The Religious Struggle in the New Prussia, p. 18. Italy and Ireland, p. 33. The Lay Apostolate in England, p. 34. Wearing of the Green, p. 39.

[A CARD.]

P. A. ARDAGH, M.B., Ch.B.

Will resume practice at his residence, 31 Carlton Street, - - Merivale, Christchurch, on MONDAY, JUNE 16.

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, JUNE 5, 1919.

HOUSES AND HOMES



WE are a nomadic people. The fever of movement is in our blood. Of us indeed may it be said that we have here no lasting city. There is probably no country in the world in which people travel so much in proportion to the population. And quite apart from ordinary casual journeying, there is hardly any one in which people change their abode so often and so easily. To-day a family finds itself living in Auckland, to-morrow it moves to Wellington, and, perhaps, before a year is out, to Christchurch. And worse than all, when our people have by hard labor and years of toil made a little money on the land, the call of the town comes to them, and they too often sell out and betake themselves to a life of weariness of doing nothing in some of our unattractive towns or cities. To one who comes from a land where homes were sacred things and where the ancient Roman appeal to hearths and fire-

sides had its full force, all this seems not only a pity, but a sin. It is a pity, for one reason, because too often the old people who move at the instance of the young are never more happy, and, for another, because people who never strike root, who are *deracinés*, as Maurice Barrès would say, are seldom the stuff out of which much good comes to a country. And it is a sin to cut off old associations and old memories of home from children, who lose more thereby than anyone who does not know what home means and how powerful in after-life its appeal can understand.

*

In the old world, how different it was. The solid people, the heart of the nations, were those who clung to home. The home was a sanctuary for them; it was consecrated and blessed by a thousand unspeakable and tender memories. We have led wanderers from America to pray beside a stone on which the names of our grandfather's grandfathers were almost obliterated by time: we have walked with them in fields which came down from father to son for centuries; and we could feel how, because of all they had heard from their parents of this old home, before they ever saw the waves whitening on the Irish coasts, every field and tree and hill was sacred to them. Home thus becomes a spiritual thing, a centre of gravity for all time to which nameless, superhuman forces draw across the world. A sign of it is the familiarity of the sons and daughters of exiles with the places they never saw, places that mean more to them than the palaces and the cities of which the old world is rightly proud. They have that tradition because their fathers and mothers had homes in the real sense, shrines of peace, refuges from the cares and the sorrows of life, sacred centres of faith and patriotism more powerful in their influence than any schools. In Italy pilgrims go in thousands to visit the model of all homes at Loreto, in France to the home of Joan of Arc. In the Holy House of Loreto the Divine Lord of us all lived in subjection to Mary and Joseph, to teach us the value of home-life and its importance for Christianity. In her home Joan was bred and reared on the principles which her parents learned from Nazareth, and so became France's saviour and her noblest type of patriotism and purity. The humble homes of green Erin have sent forth across the world the priests and nuns and the pious men and women to whose faith is due whatever of true religion is in the new world to-day. And if in the past there had been no home traditions and no home training of the old kind who can tell what the Church and the world would have lost? No doubt there is home-life wherever good parents are found, but stability and tradition help in untold ways and a lasting place of abode on this earth is in some way a help towards attaining the spiritual home for which we are all destined hereafter in Heaven.

*

The wise Irish Prelate who founded the *Tablet* used to exhort his flock to settle on the land and to stay on it. Time has shown how sound was his advice. Were he alive to-day his great heart would bleed at the sight of so many Catholics who after hard toil and years of industry have given up their farms in order to live in towns where they die of dry rot and where their children in all likelihood help to swell the frivolous throngs that support the debasing picture-shows. Back to the land would be his call did he live to-day, and whosoever shall succeed in persuading our people that to have and to hold the land is the best contribution they can make towards our future here will accomplish a great work. But whether on the land or in the cities it should be the aim of heads of families to found a home that will be to their children what the homes of the old world were to the children that were brought up in them. A home means a house to live in, and the first thing secured for that house ought to be the blessing of God without whose aid all labor is vain. The home of Nazareth is the model of all homes; and a fixed dwelling that would prove a focus of spiritual associations to every member of the family is something worth while striving for. We are a long way off

yet from the spirit that built the old homes; but with God's help parents can do much to revive the spirit of their forefathers and to establish here in this new land homes that shall be like the tree Isdragil in the course of years, with their roots deep down among the graves of the dear dead and their flowering branches spreading towards Heaven.

NOTES

The Coming of Patrick

This week we select a few fine word-pictures of the Celtic past from Shane Leslie's *St. Patrick's Purgatory*. The first is from a sketch which tells us how to an old warrior-king on his death bed there came a Druid, and how they foresaw the end of paganism and the birth of Christianity in Ireland:—

On a sudden a white figure rose at the lowest of the earth-walls and came slowly up the height. He was a tall man with the crooked neck of age upon him and angry eyes in his wise face. . . . As he passed the fighting men turned to watch him, but shivered as they let him by. "It is Torna, the Druid," they whispered. He had reached the palace door by now. Under the heavy log lintels he passed, with his white robe gathered in his fingers.

The King lay in a restless slumber, and saw not his visitor entering. In his hard agony he turned this way and that. Gouts of blood crawled down his stiffening limbs and dyed the badger skins and fox skins of the bed. Torna waited beside him as an old crane that stands near the ebbing tide. At last the King woke.

"Torna, I am very glad of thy coming: Torna, I have cried for thee since I was borne from the battle."

"I am not glad: little glad am I to see the hand that was once full of gifts bitten by the sword." There was a pause, and the King spoke.

"Torna, there are strange clouds gathering over my eyes, not the joyous mist that rises in the wine-cup, but the blackness of rain in the night time. . . . Torna, Torna of the Druids, Torna, wiser than wisdom, is it death that is come upon me?"

"A smaller wisdom than mine can see that thy cloud is one that cometh but once over a man."

With a cry the King turned back to his troubled slumbers. He seemed to mutter, and after a while . . .

"Strange dreams come over me and lie before me and behind me, Torna, for already I think I see my own spirit sitting at the cold hearth of the dead: and it is not well with them. Again, I see strangers sitting among the High Kings of Erin. . . . Torna, I see grief for you and for all the white magic of the Druids."

"Long have I known that grief is coming upon us, O King! . . . There cometh an adze-head, with a crook-head staff in his hand, and he will chant a song unholy from his table, and his household will be answering. Amen."

"I see a Druid that is no Druid sitting with the wise men of Ireland and his robe is as brown as the peat."

"That is he, O King! That is Patrick, the fisher of men."

"Who is Patrick, and what is the way of his fishing?"

"He is the love-friend of Jesus, whom men call the King of the Wounds, but I can tell thee little of his fishing save that he hath nets laid over the high hills of Ireland."

"Torna, would my sword be easy cutting the nets of Jesus?" and the King folded his cold bed-fellow, for in those days the Kings of Ireland honored their swords by night as well as by day.

"No, O King! your sword cannot avail you, for the Queen of Heaven has woven the nets out of the floating treasures of the sea, and the spirits of men will be lying in them like the silver herrings in the folds of a rope-net."

For the last time the old warrior drew himself up from his clotted couch:

"Torna, what is the wild music that reaches my ear from every hill in Ireland? I know well the red music that plays men into battle and the white music that sings to us feasting, but this is neither one or the other."

"It is the bells that the friends of Jesus are ringing throughout the land." . . . The Druid sobbed—"They are ringing them against the death of the Druids."

How the Monks Lived at Lough Derg

From the story of "The Vision of Dabhecc" we quote the following beautiful picture of the labors of the early Irish monks:—

"There was a band of young men who made their way over the mountains to join the rule. Though they found it hard enough to the body, it seemed sweet to the soul. But their number increased and no little strength and prosperity was added to them. The younger brethren built huts of strongly woven twigs, and laid out an apple-garden and a herb-garden. Above all the work of their hands was the great chapel of timber wood. They had raised every beam by their own labor, and they had filled it with the untiring song of their lips. Day by day, like the bee folk in the heather, they followed out their chosen rule, and kept their lives sweet with activity. Some had turned to the digging of the soil, and planted seeds and herbs, till they won to themselves the wisdom of plants and the healing of leaves.

"Others betook themselves to writing on parchments and painting the Gospels with colors they had picked off the rocks. In those days the making of books was long and troublesome, even to the wearing of men's lives. First, there were designs to be pencilled by the best craftsmen in the monastery. And then others would sit day by day over one smooth page spreading the little rivers of red and yellow through and round the lettering, little rivers that wound about the pages, with bright purple banks curling and folding in and out, yet never breaking over the line or letting a purple soul drop into the yellow stream.

"It was on the initial of Christ that they lavished the whole wealth of their brushes. Round the Sacred Letter with an unbroken exactitude they twined the glorious bordery, line upon line, curve out of curve, wreath into wreath. They gathered into one page the colors of the sky and the beauty of the earth, the burnished mail of dragons, and the slender shapes of mountain grass. If men wonder to-day at the love and endurance that wrought such books to perfection, it is because they do not understand the mind of the writers who would have deemed their whole lives too short, and the very blue of heaven and the red of their own blood unworthy stuff to emblazon the name of the Eternal.

"In aftertime these same books with their metal coverings were found as far apart as the plains of Italy and the white flocks of Iceland. A strange and lovely witness to those same children of Patrick, who mingle their sleep in the vineyards of the south and in the ice-beds of the north."

A Dark Page

There was one dark page in the annals of Lough Derg. Here it is:—

"Upon an ill day was sin done in the island of the cave itself. It happened in this wise. There was a certain Crusader, Ugolino, who, with his humble squire, had fought valiantly against the hateful Saladin. In time the squire became the bosom friend of his master, but the latter was no little displeased when he learned that his sister, Madeleine, had turned eyes of love upon him. In the bitter end their love continued, and Ugolino, rather than let his proud blood mingle with any of lowlier stock, slew his own sister. Filled with anguish of remorse he fled out of his own country to the ends of the world. As he had won glory

in the east he now turned for his penance to the west. By land and sea and fen he made his way to the islands that lay in the setting sun. Yet one followed him by every path and journey, his once faithful squire, bearing in his bosom a dagger still stained with Madeleine's blood. . . . When he reached Derg the avenger was upon him, and missed slaying him at the ferry but by a minute's breath. . . . The next day Ugolino was praying on the stone beds at sunset, crying for peace even at the price of his own blood. His prayer was heard. Quick as a hawk a figure passed aside from a passing train of pilgrims and buried a dagger to the hilt in his shoulders. Then it leapt into the shadowy water and disappeared for ever."

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

A Novena, preparatory to the Feast of Pentecost, was commenced in St. Joseph's Cathedral on Friday last, and will conclude on next Sunday evening.

A social (euchre and musical), which is being promoted by the Christian Brothers' Cricket Club, will be given on next Tuesday evening, in St. Joseph's Hall.

The stall holders and their assistants at the recent sale of work and fete held in aid of the funds of the Sacred Heart School, North-East Valley, are to be entertained at a social on next Wednesday evening, June 11, in the schoolroom there.

The Very Rev. Dean Van Dyk, Superior of the Fathers of St. Joseph's Missionary Society in the Auckland diocese, who is at present in the diocese of Dunedin, in the interests of the Maori missions, will address the congregation of St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday next.

The authorities of the St. Vincent de Paul Orphanage, South Dunedin, are anxious to get suitable homes in Otago and Southland families for boys. Foster-parents who will undertake the care of such boys will be paid the Government allowance of 10s per week towards their support.

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in St. Joseph's Cathedral after the 11 o'clock Mass on Sunday, and many of the congregation attended in adoration during the afternoon. In the evening, after Compline, and sermon preached by the Very Rev. J. Coffey, Diocesan Administrator, there was the usual procession and solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The ordinary monthly meeting of St. Joseph's Cathedral Parish Committee of the Catholic Federation was held in St. Joseph's Hall after devotions on last Sunday evening. The Very Rev. J. Coffey, Diocesan Administrator, presided. The secretary (Mr. E. Sandys) was instructed to arrange for the annual meeting of the branch, Sunday evening, July 6, being the date decided upon.

The Very Rev. Father P. Murphy (pastor of River-ton) passed through Dunedin at the beginning of the week, en route to Auckland, to join the Niagara, which is timed to leave the northern port on June 10. Father Murphy, who is on a trip to the Home Country, was farewelled on Thursday last by his parishioners and friends at Riverton, particulars of which event will be given in our next issue.

Playing on Thursday of last week, the Christian Brothers' B football team defeated High School C by 5 goals to nil. Last Saturday four of the Brothers' teams were successful. The A team won by default from Technical B. In the B grade the "Greens" easily defeated High School B, scoring 9 goals to nil. L. Roughan scored 8 goals and B. Roughan 1. The "Greens" D team defeated Kaikorai A by 3 goals to nil. In the D grade the Christian Brothers' School's youngest team—the E's—defeated Mornington B by 2 goals to nil. This team shows great combination.

THE ORIENT AND ROME.

The Rome correspondent of the *Catholic Times* (London) writes:—"Professor Iakir Behar, secretary-general of the Israelites' Society of the Benè-Behar at Constantinople, fulfilled the mission upon which his co-religionists on the Bosphorus had sent him—i.e., to thank Pope Benedict for the aid and protection which he had afforded the Jews in the Turkish Empire during the war. The Jews had performed this duty already through the columns of their newspapers in Constantinople, but they did not feel content with this, and accordingly delegated Professor Iakir Behar to come to Rome to express the gratitude which they feel for the kindness of the Vicar of Christ.

On the same day the Holy Father received in audience a group of Greek journalists representing the chief newspapers in Greece. In the course of a brief address his Holiness said:—"We encourage Greek culture, and not only by words, but by facts, have we shown our benevolence towards the Orient. We are glad to have manifested it by choosing a Greek as Assessor of the Sacred Oriental Congregation. I have no doubt but the Greeks will appreciate this fact at its true value. The name of Athens has ever been united to that of Rome. May God bless your country."

The Greek to whom the Pope referred is the Right Rev. Isaiah Papadopoulos, Titular Bishop of Graziopolis.

ST. JOSEPH'S MEN'S CLUB,
DUNEDIN.

A large number of members attended the weekly meeting of St. Joseph's Men's Club on last Monday evening. The president (Father Ardagh) stressed the necessity of increasing the membership, and hoped that all the young men in the parish would join the club. A mock banquet was held, the principal speakers being the president, Rev. Brother Bowler, Messrs. G. Brown, F. Donnelly, V. Sheehy, M. Miller, J. P. Dunn, A. Tarleton, E. Sandys, J. Toomey, and W. Kennedy. A debate has been arranged for next Monday, and the club will be pleased to welcome any new members.

RIGHT REV. HENRY WILLIAM CLEARY, D.D.
BISHOP OF AUCKLAND.
AS CHAPLAIN WITH THE NEW ZEALAND
EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

His Lordship Bishop Cleary, whose name appears in the birthday list of honors as being appointed by the King Officer of the Order of the British Empire (O.B.E.), for services rendered in connection with the war, served as chaplain with the New Zealand Forces in the firing and support lines on the Western Front, during part of 1916 and 1917, and returned to his diocese at the end of October in the latter year.

What you keep by you, you may change and mend:
but words once spoken can never be recalled.

Honesty is one of the foundation stones of character, but honor is finer than honesty, because it transforms honesty into a spiritual quality by lifting it above all considerations of policy or advantage.

There is no limit in the demands of the Christ when character is at stake: everything else is mere dross. Life itself does not count in the balance when character is in the other scale. There are great joys by the way in this life, but society will become safe only as it becomes just and merciful and self-sacrificing.

To recognise a duty and fail to do it means the decay of the sense of obligation and results in personal ruin. One ought to be afraid of not doing what he ought to do.—Selected.

A humble prayer, made with confidence and true love, obtains for us the grace necessary for the present moment, and it is then easy to sanctify all that we offer to the Divine Heart of Jesus.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

CARSONITE ANARCHISTS.

In reply to a question put by Mr. McVeagh in the House of Commons, Mr. Samuels, the Attorney-General for Ireland, has made a remarkably honest admission (says the *London Catholic Times* of March 1). Two volumes, entitled *The Handbook for Rebels* and *The Grammar of Anarchy* were published some time ago. They consist entirely of extracts from speeches delivered by Unionist politicians—the Right Hon. Bonar Law, Leader of the House of Commons; Sir Edward Carson, ex-First Lord of the Admiralty; the Right Hon. Lord Birkenhead, Lord Chancellor of England; the Right Hon. Sir James H. Campbell, Lord Chancellor of Ireland; the Right Hon. Walter Long, First Lord of the Admiralty; the Right Hon. Lord Milner, Secretary of State for the Colonies; the Right Hon. Lord Curzon, Leader of the House of Lords; and others. Copies of the two works, restricted to quotations from the speeches of these eminent public men, have been seized and confiscated by the police in all parts of Ireland, and Mr. McVeagh wished to know the reason why. The Attorney-General for Ireland frankly answered that “the volumes, as their titles proclaim, are intended to instigate rebellion and create anarchy. They are seditious publications under the Defence of the Realm Regulations.” That is just what we have been urging ever since the speeches were delivered. Are the preachers of rebellion and anarchy to go unpunished, nay, to enjoy high rewards for their teaching, whilst other men are kept in prison month after month without trial on suspicion of being parties to a German plot long exploded?

THE ISRAELITES' GRATITUDE.

The *Aurore*, organ of the Israelites in Constantinople, expresses the gratitude of Hebrews for the Pope's intervention on their behalf during the war, through the Apostolic Delegate in the Turkish capital, in the following terms:—“We are happy to render homage of respectful gratitude to his Holiness Benedict XV., for his noble and generous initiative, inspired by high moral criterion and the most sublime humanitarian principle. The Holy Father has been ably seconded by his worthy representative, Archbishop Dolci, who in his conversations with some members of the Hebrew community of Constantinople expressed himself in terms flattering to the Hebrew people. With pleasure we recall how during the war Archbishop Dolci, in the Pope's name, founded a society entitled ‘Hidden Tears,’ the object of which was to relieve the anguish of decadent and needy families without distinction of race or religion. This helped a great number of our co-religionists. . . . We learn that a number of Israelites, as a proof of their gratitude, will interest themselves in the work of succor founded by the Apostolic Delegate in our city, especially in the foundation of an orphanage for Armenian boys, victims of the war.”

There is one flower necessary in the garden of life: it is the flower of faith. Where this heavenly plant grows not, many other flowers wither away quickly, especially the flower of true happiness.—Monsignor Langriot.

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COMMONWEALTH NOTES

NEW SOUTH WALES.

His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate and the Archbishop of Sydney were received by his Excellency the State Governor at Government House on Tuesday, May 13.

Terrible though the influenza scourge has proved, it has performed at least one good service to the community. It has separated the wheat from the chaff, so to speak (says the *Catholic Press*). Henceforth, we shall know and appraise at their true worth that type of citizens who monopolise the limelight in times of security, and flee like rats to their holes when occasions arise demanding practical proofs of courage and sincerity. Where, oh where, were the valiant V.A.D.'s when the call went forth for succor for the sick and dying? Where were the "Flag-Flappers" and the "High Society" dames when the alarming ravages of the plague prompted the Government to send forth "S.O.S." calls on behalf of the sufferers whose numbers were so great that the available nursing and medical facilities were entirely inadequate. Like magic, the V.A.D.'s, the "Flag-Flappers," and the "High Society" dames vanished in the mists of obscurity, and no longer were heard their voices in the land. It was then that our noble clergy and nuns once more proved to the world their magnificent courage and devotion to the cause of humanity. They did not hesitate for one moment to encounter the deadly dangers of nursing the victims of the plague, and to bring the last sweet consolations of religion to those who were fatally stricken. The influenza epidemic that has swept through New South Wales, causing so much misery and desolation, has at least proved the intense reality of religion. It has served to bring home with telling force to the minds of the multitude the great unselfishness and devotion of the priests and nuns of the community who have so valiantly refused to think of personal danger in the performance of their sacred duties. The community realises now that the spirit actuating the nuns and priests in their noble actions during the influenza epidemic, emanated from the loftiest ideals and inspirations of true religion. It had for its object no earthly reward or recognition; but merely the alleviation of the sufferings of humanity. The Government of New South Wales has always been singularly prejudiced and unfair in its treatment of the Catholic clergy and nuns. But in the crisis which recently arose, the authorities found themselves wishing that the numbers of the clergy and nuns were far greater than they are at present, for in that event the epidemic could have been fought far more effectively. The V.A.D.'s, the "Flag-Flappers," and others of that kind made a tremendous lot of noise, and attracted quite a lot of attention in times of security; but when the real menace arose, they cut a very sorry figure. They were like the little dog that barks so furiously at one from the safe side of the fence; but, coming unexpectedly to the open gate, lowers its tail and scampers away to safety.

VICTORIA.

While a guest of Mr. H. Armytage, of Mt. Sturgeon, his Excellency the Governor-General paid an unofficial visit to the Loreto Convent, Hamilton. He was accompanied by Mr. Harold Armytage, Senator Fairbairn, Messrs. Manifold, and White, M.L.C.'s, Mr. Slater, M.L.A., and the Mayor of Hamilton (Cr. McCluckie). The visitors were received by Right Rev. Mgr. Shanahan, the Reverend Mother and Community, and some representatives of the Catholic laity of Hamilton. His Excellency visited the children of both high and primary schools, and spoke for a short time in each school. He paid a tribute to the great work being done by the nuns in Australia. He had once been privileged he said, to be present when his Holiness Pope Pius X. raised some archbishops to the dignity of Princes of the Church in that most wonderful chapel in the world—the Sistine. It was one of the most impressive sights

he had ever seen. His Excellency told the children they bore in their faces the hall-mark of good homes. He congratulated them on their good manners, pointing out that just because Australia was a democratic country, they had the greater need of care in that respect. France, he told them, was the most democratic of all countries, and its people had the finest manners in the world. Most of the gentlemen who accompanied him also spoke a few words, one of them remarking it would be a bad day for Australia if religion were eliminated from the schools. The children sang for the visitors, and both they and their teachers were highly complimented by his Excellency. Before his departure he again commented on the splendid training which the children showed.

The second anniversary Requiem for the repose of the soul of the late Most Rev. Dr. Carr, Archbishop of Melbourne, was celebrated on Tuesday morning, May 6, in St. Patrick's Cathedral. The Solemn Office began at 10.30 o'clock. There was a large congregation, including the various Sisterhoods and their pupils and representatives of organisations connected with the Church. A catafalque had been placed in the chancel, on which was the insignia of the episcopal office. His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne, the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, presided at the throne, and was attended by the Very Rev. Dean Hegarty, P.P., V.F., and the Very Rev. Dean Rooney, P.P. His Lordship the Bishop of Sandhurst, the Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy, occupied a seat on the episcopal side of the sanctuary. At the conclusion of the Solemn Office Pontifical Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Sandhurst; assistant priest, Dean Carey; deacon, Rev. J. Toomey; sub-deacon, Rev. A. J. Martin; master of ceremonies, Rev. P. O'Brien. The Final Absolution at the catafalque was pronounced by the Bishop of Sandhurst. Members of the clergy were present in very large numbers.

QUEENSLAND.

To aid in staying the ravages of pneumonic influenza which has now attacked Queensland, St. Laurence's School, South Brisbane, and the residence of the Christian Brothers there have been placed at the disposal of the health authorities (says the *Catholic Advocate*). These will be used as headquarters for nurses, and will be utilised for patients if necessary. In the meantime, the Christian Brothers at South Brisbane will take up residence at Gregory Terrace or at Nudgee College.

Already an enormous strain has been thrown on the staff of the Mater Misericordiae Hospital by the reception of outdoor patients from the General Hospital, and in order to cope with the greatly increased work thus involved, voluntary offers of assistance from several ladies have been received and accepted. This is a pleasing contrast to what took place in Sydney.

During the war (says the *Federal Independent*) Sydney ladies went absolutely off their pretty heads in their eagerness to knit socks (even in church) and other modes of patriotic activity. To-day urgent appeals are being made to those same patriotic ladies to give help at some of the plague depots, and assist in furnishing clothing to the poor of Surry Hills and elsewhere—but the appeals fall on deaf ears. The plague is the result of the war, but it's one thing to work for something 12,000 miles away and be in the limelight, and quite another to help people dying at your doors. What a shoddy thing is patriotism! Who called it the refuge of the scoundrel?

The Bishop of Limerick having forwarded to the Pope, through Mgr. O'Riordan, the Peter's Pence Collection from the diocese, which reached £1236 18s 7d, his Holiness has, through the Cardinal Secretary of State, sent a letter of grateful acknowledgement, and imparts the Apostolic Benediction as a token of his good-will.

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IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

English dominion in Ireland is taking no risks. Almost daily the Irish papers report arrests on suspicion or on specified charges of such "crime" as "unlawful assembly on the occasion of a funeral" or failing to answer questions concerning events. And some of the captives are still of school age. The latest development of the Irish Police was the seizure of a motor cycle belonging to a Catholic priest at Philipstown. It is suggested that the motor bike was "back-firing."

A Dublin correspondent, writing in the *Manchester Guardian* with regard to the Home Rule Act, says tersely that Parliament must shortly decide whether Ireland "is to be paid or to be cheated." Unless Parliament should agree to deliberate and formal repudiation, the advent of Home Rule must be automatic. The Home Rule Act received Royal assent on September 18, 1914. Its application was postponed till "the end of the war." That date will legally arrive on the day when the Peace Treaties are signed. Thereafter the Ministry must either acquiesce in the operation of the Home Rule Act or ask Parliament to repeal or modify or extend the Act.

IN IRELAND'S CAUSE.

Striking proof of the growth of the movement for Irish self-determination amongst the Irish people of Liverpool was afforded by the size, character, and enthusiasm of the great St. Patrick's Eve demonstration held in the Stadium (says the *London Catholic Times*). The building, which comfortably accommodates 5000 people, was crowded to overflowing, the huge gathering including many priests, professional men, members of the City Council, and other public bodies, and a large number of officers and men of the colonial and American armies and navies.

In front of the platform hung a flag of gold and white and green, bearing the inscription:—"Sinn Féin sets no bounds to the march of the Irish nation." National songs of the most vigorous type were sung in Irish and English, the choruses being heartily taken up by the huge audience, whilst a special feature of this portion of the programme was the presence, in old Irish costume, of the Irish pipers' band from St. Joseph's School, Manchester, whose playing and dancing evoked the warmest appreciation.

The more serious side of the meeting opened with a tribute to the memory of those who had died for Ireland since last St. Patrick's Day, and the according of a vote of sympathy to the relatives of Mr. Pierce McCann, M.P., a deported political prisoner who recently passed away. Then a resolution was adopted demanding the release of the men and women still imprisoned on political charges, calling for the withdrawal of martial law and the army of occupation in Ireland, and asserting Ireland's right to self-determination.

Mr. P. J. Kelly, city councillor, who presided, declared, in a speech which the audience punctuated with cheers and other expressions of approval, that the Irish were a fighting race, and were to-day surrounded by an atmosphere which fitted in with their racial characteristics. England had fought the Germans for four years, and had beaten them; but she had not conquered Ireland after more than 700 years, and the Irish people were determined that they would be the victors in the end. In her appeal to the impartial tribunals of the nations, Ireland was not crying out for help. She was asking for justice. Whatever the result might be, England, though her armed forces might enable her to oppress Ireland, could never hold the Irish people spiritually.

Mr James Moran, proposing the resolution, pointed out that the guilt of the Government which imprisoned men and women on false charges and ill-treated them in prison was shared by those Irish in Great Britain who condoned these acts by their silence, and who made no effort to secure that justice should be done. It was

their duty to support Ireland in her struggle for national existence, and they should be proud of the privilege of helping to win freedom for their own land.

Mr. C. O'Callaghan seconded the resolution, which he described as part of Ireland's declaration of right and of her determination that justice, long delayed, should prevail at last.

Alderman Luke Kenny, ex-Mayor of Hyde, commenting on the treatment of Irish prisoners, said that, with one exception, there could be found in the records of no nation, civilised or savage, an instance of Catholics being compelled to approach the Holy of Holies with manacled hands. The Irish people were determined that Ireland should be the mistress of her own destinies.

Dealing with President Wilson's part in the Peace Conference, Mr. Kenny said his coming to Europe meant freedom for many small nationalities which would otherwise have been left in bondage. His departure must not see Ireland the only small nationality still in slavery. Ridiculing the "German plot," he declared that Ireland wanted German rule as little as she wanted Lloyd George rule. Her desire was not to introduce new task masters, but to get rid of old tyrants.

The singing of "God Save Ireland" by the vast audience terminated the proceedings.

CREED TESTS AND IRISH RAILWAYS.

A luminous example of how Protestant ascendancy is maintained in Ireland emerged at a meeting of the Great Northern Railway Company of Ireland in Dublin last week (says the *Glasgow Observer* of March 8). It may be remembered that some years ago when the Great Northern Railway Company of Ireland was promoting a Bill in Parliament, one of the Irish members compelled the company to agree to the exclusion of any creed test in its bestowal of clerical employment. The undertaking was given. The company agreed to make its appointments by competitive examination, imposing no creed test, and giving situations strictly in accordance with the result of the examination in educational subjects which it agreed to hold. But apparently it has been possible to discover "a way round." For at last week's meeting of G.N.R. shareholders Mrs Sullivan said she had been informed that doctors conducting medical examination of candidates for clerkships asked as a first question what school the candidate had attended. One applicant, Andrew James Doyle, who had taken first place at the examination, replied to the doctor's question by saying he had attended the school of the Christian Brothers in Belfast. He was rejected on "medical grounds." Two days after he sought medical examination from a leading Ulster physician, Sir Alexander Dempsey, of Belfast, who stated that he was in good health and sound constitution and physically and mentally fit. Another candidate, W. A. Deeney, who took the 13th place in the examination, was asked by the doctor what school he attended. He replied, "Christian Brothers' School, Omagh." He, too, was medically rejected, and on seeking independent medical examination afterwards was certified "in a very healthy condition in every way." No candidate educated at any Christian Brothers' School was admitted in the appointments following the last examination.

The chairman of the company admitted that the candidates had been questioned as described. The statement of the medical men was that they were obliged to enter into conversation with each candidate in order to ascertain his nervous condition, and the first question naturally asked was, "Where were you at school?" The company "must be guided entirely by the advice of their own medical expert," was the last word of the chairman. In that case the company's undertaking to refrain from creed test is absolutely valueless in face of the facts adduced. And Catholics in Great Britain may learn from the incident how it is that Protestantism and Unionism are in Ireland synonymous terms.

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ITALY AND IRELAND

Hitherto a profound silence has reigned in the European press on the subject of Ireland's national aspirations and intentions (says *Nationality* of recent date). The censorship, the refusal of passports, and the poison of anti-Irish propaganda have blinded Europe to the facts of the Irish situation. England has everywhere been represented as the apostle and defender of liberty. Ireland, if remembered at all, was not supposed to be a distinct nation, but a sort of discontented Yorkshire, inhabited chiefly by law-breakers and criminals. But the silence is being broken at last. The truth at last is beginning to leak through. A week or two ago long and carefully considered articles were published in Italy, full of facts, quotations, and arguments, in which the Irish cause was set forth in great detail, and was boldly advocated.

The *Popolo d'Italia*, one of the most widely read papers in Italy, printed two articles, each a column and a-half long, with double headlines extending across two columns. In the first of these ("Towards an Irish Republic") the overwhelming triumph of the Republican Party at the General Election is made clear. Dr. McCartan's communication to the United States is given in full. No one (says the writer) understands anything about Sinn Fein because the leaders are kept shut up without trial in English gaols, while the Irish people are held down by martial law as in a straight jacket, and are prevented from communicating with the outer world by a censorship of the severest kind. Arthur Griffith is quoted on the "wall of paper," and the writer asks whether the Sword of Justice, which has hewn down so many barriers of granite, is to be baffled by this trumpery and immoral obstruction. The antiquity of Ireland's nationality and culture is emphasised, her age-long struggle for freedom is described, and the pamphlet on the ethics of Sinn Fein is cited to show the lofty character of the national ideal. On the other hand, the *Times* is quoted to show that the English are still relying on the system of forcible repression they practised generations ago, and particulars are given of the army of occupation in Ireland, its numbers and equipment. The meaning of the tricolor is explained, as well as Ireland's resolve to hold out against English tyranny to the last; and finally, the article, in which argument is piled upon argument and quotation upon quotation, affirms the right of Ireland to present her case to the Peace Conference.

The second article ("Can Ireland Stand Alone?") deals at length with the allegation made by the *Morning Post*, and by ignorant politicians of the type of Walter Long, that English tyranny is the only alternative to Irish bankruptcy. The area and population of Ireland are compared with those of other small European nations, and figures are given to show how Irish revenue is drained away remorselessly into the English Treasury, and the implacable thoroughness with which Irish development has been suppressed is indicated. The Irish Nation (says the writer), whom the English revile as bankrupts and beggars, but whom in truth they have bled white, "pays England every year an enormous sum for the privilege of having maintained over them an alien tyranny which they abhor." The nationhood of Ireland is again insisted on and England is warned that "not with fetters and the prison will you ever extinguish the eternal flame of patriotism in the heart of a proud and ancient nation."

Another Italian newspaper, *L'Italia*, in its "Notes on International Politics," devotes the greater part of a column to a discussion of the Irish situation. It says that on the Continent you may meet with people of every nationality—even from China, Japan, Siam, or Lithuania—"but a Sinn Feiner you will never see, for the very simple reason that he requires a passport in order to cross the Channel, and England will never allow him to have a passport." The threat of the *Times* that the Irish Republican movement will be crushed as effectively as the movements of '29, '48, and '67 is again reproduced with scorn, and a sharp contrast is drawn between England's professions as "the

liberator of oppressed nationalities" and her secret oppression of Ireland. The paper says that the result of the General Election and the proclamation of the Republic are facts "too eloquent to admit of reply," and urges that the same principles of justice should be applied to Ireland as to other oppressed nationalities.

England is not likely to welcome the frank discussion thus initiated in Europe on her secret treatment of the Irish Nation. As the *Statist* lately pointed out, she is now the only Great Power left who, contrary to the opinion of the whole civilised world, is holding down millions of unwilling subjects by the sheer power of the sword. But the damning revelation, so long delayed, could not be postponed for ever. It is coming at last. "Just a little exposure," said President Wilson at the Sorbonne University, "will settle most questions." May the God of Nations grant that it may be so in the case of Ireland.

OBITUARY

MRS. JOHANNA NOLAN, KUMARA.

There passed away peacefully at her residence, Tui Street, Kumara, on April 16, a widely-known and highly-esteemed resident in the person of Mrs. Johanna Nolan, who had attained the ripe age of 75 years. The late Mrs. Nolan had suffered a great deal with heart trouble, and was receiving medical attention up to the last attack, which caused her sudden and unexpected death, in the presence of her family. The deceased was an exemplary Catholic, and being of a kind and generous disposition, she was held in the highest esteem by all who knew her. She also held a warm place in the affections of the Sisters of Mercy, who were so often summoned to her bedside during her sudden illnesses. The late Mrs. Nolan was predeceased by her husband some years ago. One daughter and two sons—Miss Nolan and Messrs. William and John Nolan—are left to mourn the loss of a devoted mother, and to them the sympathy of the whole community is extended. The last sacred rites of Holy Church were administered by Father O'Hare, who also officiated at the interment in Kumara Cemetery.—R.I.P.

MR. EDWARD O'CONNOR, HOKITIKA.

The death occurred on Saturday, May 17, after a brief illness, of Mr. Edward O'Connor, of the Southland Hotel, Hokitika. The deceased, who had reached the age of 74 years, was born in Kilkenny, Co. Kerry, Ireland. He came out to Melbourne in the ship *Champion of the Seas*, in 1866. In the following year he came to Hokitika, where he engaged in goldmining and contracting till 1879. He then became licensee of the Imperial Hotel, and six years later bought the Southland Hotel property, opposite, which he successfully conducted up to the time of his death. Deceased was married in 1879, and leaves a widow, four daughters (Sister M. Bernard of the Convent of Mercy, Lyttelton, Misses Mary, Catherine, and Johanna O'Connor), and three sons—Edward and Patrick (on active service) and Martin, and two brothers—Mr. Patrick O'Connor, of the police force, Dunedin, and Mr. William O'Connor, Rimu, to mourn their loss. The deceased's eldest son, James, made the supreme sacrifice on Gallipoli as a member of the N.Z. Expeditionary Force. The very large gathering at the funeral on May 21 testified to the esteem in which the late Mr. O'Connor was held. The Hibernian Society was strongly represented at the obsequies, which were conducted by Father Clancy.—R.I.P.

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THE LAY APOSTOLATE IN ENGLAND

Writing to his Grace Archbishop Redwood, Mr. Vernon C. Redwood (London) gives the following interesting account of the latest phase of Catholic religious activity in England:—

I have been fighting for the Crucifix. The members of the Catholic Evidence Guild were frightened, but I persevered, and Mrs. Eyston (Henry Vavasour's sister) gave a beautiful carved wooden crucifix about 2ft 6in across and about 5ft long—must have cost about £12 or £15—also a platform, so I had a three-legged stand about 10 or 11 feet high, made for it; and when we officially opened, I erected the crucifix in Hyde Park—the first time, it is said, for 400 years—as our banner, having some of our members near to protect it. No doubt we should have been refused if we asked permission, but I determined to trust implicitly to Almighty God, believing all would go right. A few extreme bigots yelled out at it and shouted "Idolatry!" and tried to upset our meeting, but failed, and all went well. The next Sunday they tried again, came close to us, and told their crowd to pull it down, but did not succeed. For about three more Sundays the opposition continued now and then. Thank God the crucifix will be now our banner, and I feel certain, in a few years, thousands of platforms will be spoken from under that banner, and all will teach the principles of the true Church, and this country, as well as others, will gradually come to be Catholic. The Jesuits, Dominicans, and members of other Orders that I have spoken to believe this. In the highways and byways God's truths will be taught. I have determined to open all meetings with prayer. Some of our men were in favor, others against; however it is now settled that we open with "Come Holy Ghost," the "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and "Glory be to the Father," and finish with the "Apostles' Creed"; and now the Protestants (many of them) say it with us. I believed that once we were speaking with the crucifix for our banner, and prayers to start and finish with, we should commence to get converts, and I have not been disappointed. We go on till dark, in the long evenings till after 10 p.m., and now till between 8 and 9. Then they come round for advice. Last Sunday week I opened at 3 p.m. and spoke for over an hour and a quarter on what the Catholic Church is and what she teaches. A grand crowd. I was followed by several other speakers. Then two of our men arrived from Brockwell Park—Mr. Syman and Mr. Moreley, and the former went on till after 7. As it was a fine evening, I decided, there being a good crowd, to give another lecture on the "Marks of the Church." I spoke for over an hour, I think the best effort I have yet made. As I walked away from the platform, a young man came up to me and said, "I am a Protestant, but after your discourse I am going to become a Catholic"; and he is now reading our books, which we give to many inquirers. He is most impatient to become a Catholic, and we sent him for instructions to the clergy. On the following Wednesday evening, just before our meeting, I was saying a prayer (before going to the Hall) in Westminster Cathedral, and a man came up and said, "I was at your lecture last Sunday, and I am a Lutheran, but now I want to be a Catholic; can I come with you to where you study on Wednesday evenings?" I said, "Well, it is not yet settled whether Protestants can attend our study classes, one way or another; so you may come this time." And now he is being instructed along with many others. So you can judge that our work has already begun to be felt, and some bad Catholics listening to us have become reconciled to the Church, who had not been to their duty for years. We teach, and do not enter into controversy, and allow no one on our platforms but those who are licensed. We do not criticise other religions, but speak straight out on all the principles of the Church, morals, etc. How the poor people thirst for knowledge! Not satisfied after we close down, they gather round us and ask questions,

till we are tired out. Oh, what a glorious work it is for God!

Every week our guild grows. A Mr. Bartlett gave us another crucifix, worth about £15, carved oak; and yesterday Lady Vavasour gave me another, and we are able from subscriptions to pay our way, and have now good platforms—portable ones—a patent. These platforms are very light, can be taken anywhere, and the speaker is three feet from the ground and can command his audience well. For big crowds in Hyde Park we shall have one made even higher. Two of our men have been to a small town named Ware, on Saturday afternoons for a few weeks. When we have the men and women in sufficient numbers, we shall have in big centres men and women speakers out every evening. The Cardinal has approved of women lecturers or speakers. The lay apostles will be licensed before they can speak, and must be obedient, and the Ordinary of the Diocese is president and can remove anyone. So we are governed by the Church. Our constitution is approved by the Cardinal.

Recently we had our first general guild meeting, presided over by Cardinal Bourne. It was a great success. His Eminence was very pleased, and said our progress was remarkable, and he asked the clergy of London to help us in the work. Father Bernard Vaughan would have spoken, but was engaged in the north. He wrote a beautiful letter to us and said he deeply regretted being unable to attend and speak. But we had another Jesuit, a Father Pollen, I think, was the name; and two Dominican Fathers—Pope and McNabb, two noted men, and they both said that this work, if earnestly supported, would be the means of making the truths of the Catholic Church known, of breaking down prejudice and of bringing the country back to the Faith, and that lay apostles or catechists, would do it. At the meeting before the general meeting I was elected Master of the Guild for the ensuing year. It is a great honor to be allowed to teach the truths of our glorious Faith, and every week I impress upon our members the necessity of leading very holy lives, to be fitted for the work. That is all-important, or we shall never have our work blessed by Almighty God.

The atheists in Hyde Park a few Sundays ago said that if there was any religion it was the Platform with the Crucifix, because if one listened to us we did not abuse others, but taught what the Catholic Church teaches, and that the Catholic religion had been doing so for 2000 years, that no other religion had any unity or authority. A naval doctor came and said to me, "I am going to be a Catholic, as your lectures have convinced me that the Catholic Church has authority—no other Church has." Dozens of questions are asked us on many subjects, and so far, thank God, we have been able to answer them all. The atheists and Protestant Alliance used to bother us, but now do not trouble us much. Some of our lectures are on subjects such as the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, etc.; but they are never so well attended as the lectures on the Church. The bulk of the people believe in God. One of the principal atheists is now reading one of the best works on Apologetics, and often comes and listens to us. We have now created a position of respect, and, no matter what insulting remarks extremists make, we always control ourselves. About 100yds or less from where we speak is the spot where a great number of Catholics suffered death for their faith. A slab is inserted near the street where the scaffold used to be (Tyburn), and near the spot is a Convent of Perpetual Adoration, where there are many relics of those that were put to death.

We are going to make a big effort to get a good number of speakers ready for the work as soon as possible. It is so hard now on account of the war. We want hundreds of speakers; there is unlimited work to be done. I am convinced it is the best way to convert this country to its ancient Faith."

(To be continued.)

DESTRUCTION OF BATHURST ISLAND MISSION

Seven long years' devoted work swept aside in one day! The first blossoms put forth by a promising mission tree cultivated by seven years of hardship blasted, and the tree ruthlessly torn up, within the space of a few hours! The cup of happiness gradually filled by seven years of unrelenting sacrifice suddenly dashed from the lips of the gladsome, expectant laborers!

Towards the end of March a terrific hurricane, accompanied by a frightful tidal wave, swept over the mission station on Bathurst Island. The tempest rushed rapidly from the sea upon the island. While the nuns were in their little convent, the storm, which had been quickly growing in vehemence for some hours, lifted the roof from the building. Father Gsell, the Administrator of the Mission, was at the time busily engaged in striving to save the few articles and provisions he had in the presbytery, which was situated nearer the sea, and was fast being submerged. On learning that the Sisters were in distress, he rushed up to the convent, but, even with the willing assistance of the blacks, failed to save the convent from destruction. As the sheets of iron flew from the convent living room and the waters poured in on all sides, the Sisters fled for refuge to the kitchen; but soon the roof of this building also disappeared. Cold and drenched, the Sisters passed a miserable night, while the waters rose and the tempest howled furiously on all sides. Father Gsell exerted his utmost efforts throughout the night both in assisting the nuns and in trying to save at least a few provisions and goods from the presbytery. Had it not been for the assistance of the natives, he would have been carried out to sea.

While the storm was raging at Bathurst Island, mercilessly sweeping everything away and flattening the buildings to the ground, Father Henschke, one of our young Australian missionaries, accompanied by a lay Brother, was making a perilous voyage to Port Darwin. Brother Alphonsus succeeded in anchoring the lugger near the shore. During the night another lugger was dashed into the St. Francis, and at once sank under the Darwin jetty. At dawn the Brother described the wrecks of several other vessels, but a kindly Providence had saved his own from destruction. The anchor chain, however, soon snapped, and the lugger was borne forward irresistibly, through a clump of mangroves, and stranded on the rocks. But, thank God, at high tide the skipper succeeded in getting the boat out to sea.

When the St. Francis, which was, of course, badly injured, had been sufficiently repaired, Father Henschke, under the guidance of his missionary skipper, struck out for Bathurst Island, where they arrived safely. As their dinghy had been smashed, the natives of the island rowed a canoe to meet the St. Francis. On the way to the shore the canoe somersaulted, and Father Henschke swam vigorously ashore, and, after drying himself as best he could, offered the Holy Sacrifice in a spirit of deep gratitude for God's goodness in not allowing one life on the mission to be lost.

"On looking round," writes Father Henschke, "I could see a great change had taken place during my absence. Most of the buildings, including the presbytery, the convent, and the church, were flat on the ground. Many trees were blown over, and those that remained standing had very few leaves or branches on them. Some of the fences were blown over, and the cattle, goats, and pigs had finished all we had in the garden. We had a couple of hundred logs ready for the sawmill, and all these were carried out to sea. The engine and mill were covered with sea-water. All our provisions, books, clothing, medicines, etc., were either buried or carried out to sea."

After giving the various details of the destruction wrought, Father Henschke adds:—"This means that we must begin to rebuild our mission. Seven years of material work was destroyed in a few hours. We are reduced to real poverty. The Sisters are living in a small bark house until we are able to build a new con-

vent. Father Gsell and myself are occupying a small storeroom that escaped the hurricane. The school, although leaning very much to one side and with a few holes in the roof and walls, is our temporary chapel. But we are unable as yet to preserve the Blessed Sacrament. I made an altar and a few seats in our former chapel, but these were all smashed under the falling building. Every book I possessed has been destroyed, even my breviaries and theological books. Like all other missions, we must expect our trials. In other parts of the world we read of places destroyed by fire, floods, or storm, and after such misfortunes everything seems to flourish. Success seems to follow failure. The Church in the early centuries was openly persecuted, and this only strengthened the foundations. And when the enemies of Our Lord thought they triumphed in crucifying Him, their misdoing saved the world.

"So we must simply keep up courage. Exteriorly our work so far has come to nought: our labor has been in vain. But our Divine Saviour only considers the working of grace. If by our labors, our disappointments, our privations, we have aided the souls of these poor natives, we must be contented. We will make a fresh start. After having erected a few buildings in which we will be able to live, we trust to be able to continue the work of evangelisation."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

S.M.M. (Palmerston North).—The *Tablet* Company is not a medical association. Like yourself, we would be often pleased to know where to find remedies for chilblains, neuralgia, and warts raised on the proverbial good temper of the Editor by idiotic queries from his correspondents.

"BARNEY."—The Tetrarch was of a brilliancy, but only for one season. Therefore it is hard to compare him with consistent performers. Eclipse belonged to one Colonel Kelly. When a horse wins by such a margin that the other runners are not placed, one can conceive the meaning of Colonel Kelly's challenge, "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere." Manifesto and Jerry M. were two champions across big country. We shall not be "at home" if you write to us on such topics for at least six months to come. But don't be lonely.

"LUTETIA."—Most modern French novels are of a light kind—to put it mildly. René Bazin is always safe and interesting. Henri Bordeaux, less interesting, is usually sane and healthy. You will find the short story at its best in O. Henry's works without going to Maupassant, who is brilliant, but too often more than coarse. Louys is the same—only more so.

"READER."—Yes. We say it here and now again. The parent who neglects the opportunity of sending his children to a Catholic school is a stumbling-block as far as the child's soul is concerned. The game of trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds where salvation is at stake is an overrated amusement. "Because ye are neither hot nor cold I will begin to vomit ye out of my mouth" is the last word on the subject, even if it was said 2000 years ago.

"SUBSCRIBER."—More than one Catholic has lost his hair because we hold that Ireland is as important as Belgium. It is too much to expect that all our readers are reasonable. But we are Irish, thank you, and we will die in our boots. Cheer up, anyhow, and don't worry.

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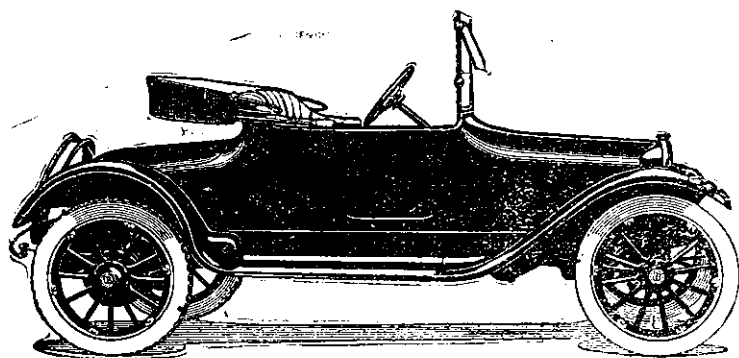
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PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT

Rev. William Hickey, Bishop-Coadjutor of Providence, U.S.A., succeeds the late Bishop Lowney. He will be Auxiliary Bishop to Bishop Harkins, now in advanced years. He was formerly rector of St. John's Church, Clinton, Mass.

Rev. William Turner, D.D., recently appointed Bishop of Buffalo, U.S.A., has been Professor of Philosophy at the Catholic University, Washington, for many years. He has written several books. Brooklynites who have visited the Catholic Summer School are acquainted with him. Bishop Turner has a brother a professor in St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie. He succeeds Bishop Dougherty, now Archbishop of Philadelphia.

Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew, who is well known to many thousands of readers under his pen-name of "John Ayscough," is retiring from service as an army chaplain. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew has spent more than 30 years in the British Army, being appointed acting-chaplain only two years after his ordination to the priesthood in 1884. He was appointed six years later a regular chaplain, and was stationed at Plymouth for seven years. In 1889 he was made senior chaplain to the garrison at Malta, and 10 years later was appointed senior chaplain at Salisbury Plain, a post he held until the outbreak of the war, during which he served in France, being twice mentioned in dispatches.

Sir James Eric Drummond, who has been appointed first secretary of the League of Nations, at a salary of £5000 a year with a similar amount for expenses, is a Catholic. He is the son of Viscount Strathallan, and half-brother and heir-presumptive of the Earl of Perth. He is 43 years of age. Educated at Eton, he entered the Foreign Office in 1897, and in 1903 was received into the Catholic Church at Downside Abbey. A year later he married the Hon. Angela Mary Constable-Maxwell, youngest daughter of the 11th Lord Herries. Sir Eric was made a K.C.M.G. in 1917. Among previous appointments held by him were those of precis writer to Sir Edward Grey, private secretary to Mr. Asquith (Prime Minister), to Sir Edward Grey (Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs), and latterly to Mr. A. J. Balfour.

The Catholic Church in Scotland recently lost one of the most interesting members of her priesthood through the death of Canon Stevenson Lyle, of Peebles. He was a saintly man, quiet and unassuming, and most zealous for the salvation of souls. Canon Lyle, who was a convert to the Catholic Faith, was ordained in 1889, and began his career as a priest in Scotland as a curate in Falkirk under the late Mgr. Grady, V.G. From Falkirk he was transferred to the pastoral charge of Hawick in 1892. Thence he passed to the more important charge of Peebles, which he held for the past seven years. A short time ago he was raised to the dignity of a Canon in the Cathedral Chapter of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. Canon Stevenson Lyle had many warm friends among the priesthood of Scotland, and his funeral was attended by clerical mourners from many parts of the country, and leading non-Catholics of the district assisted at the obsequies.

The *New York Sun* reports that Judge John J. Goff has retired from the Supreme Court, after 23 years' service, on passing the age limit of 70 years, and now takes his place among the official referees. Judge Goff was born in Co. Wexford in 1847, and as a boy was a play-fellow of Parnell. Emigrating to America in

his 16th year, Goff became noted as an amateur boxer, and subsequently passed for the Bar, proving himself a successful criminal lawyer, and being regarded as "one of the most merciless cross-examiners New York had ever seen." He was later elected Recorder. In 1906 he was elected judge on the Tammany ticket. In this capacity he presided at many famous trials. Always enthusiastic in Irish affairs, he took a deep interest in those suffering for political offences in the Old Country, and was one of the committee which arranged for the escape of John Boyle O'Reilly from Australia. He was a strong supporter of the Parnell movement, and his services were always at the disposal of the Irish leaders visiting the States.

ROLL OF HONOR

ENGINEER SUB-LIEUTENANT E. C. R. YOUNG.

The relatives of Engineer Sub-Lieutenant E. C. R. Young, R.N.R., of H.M. Auxiliary-Cruiser *Ten-tonic*, were recently notified of his death in England. The deceased naval officer contracted influenza on December 13 last, and was removed to Haslar Naval Hospital, where, to the great grief of the officers and of his immediate companions, he died on December 19, after receiving the last rites of the Church at the hands of Father MacDonald. With full naval honors the obsequies were conducted by the Catholic chaplain of the naval barracks at Portsmouth. Several New Zealanders attended the funeral, and officers walked at either side of the coffin. The late Sub-Lieutenant Young was engaged in war service from the very commencement of hostilities, had taken part in some perilous work, and rendered good service to the Empire. The deceased officer was married in 1914 to a daughter of Mr. Lynskey, Rangiora, but his wife died in 1915. He was the elder son of Mrs. E. C. Young, Wellington.—R.I.P.

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WEARING OF THE GREEN

The festival of Ireland's patron saint was observed this year with religious and patriotic fervor wherever in Great Britain are to be found the scattered sons of the Gael. Special services were held in many places and the churches were crowded. At numberless social gatherings the Irish claim to self-government was put forward, and the oratory was supported by the powerful appeal to sentiment which the songs of Erin made to responsive audiences.

London Celebrations.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in London with undiminished fervor and many functions which had lapsed owing to the war were revived. At the Church of St. Patrick, in Soho, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Bishop Butt. Canon Vere, the veteran rector, was the preacher, and in a noble panegyric he emphasised the fact that Ireland had suffered all forms of persecution, domination, and tyranny in the attempt to stamp out the Catholic religion, but to-day it was the most Catholic entity in the world.

Admiral Sims was the guest of the Irish Club at its dinner, in the course of which Mr. Morris, a Welsh M.P. who sits for a division of Battersea, said that the Catholic community in Wales were respected throughout the principality for the high ideas and devotion which guided their conduct. The Union of the Four Provinces of Ireland Club held a dance at Prince's Restaurant which was largely attended, while the Gaelic League had its usual national concert and distinguished artists at the Queen's Hall. The A.O.H. had a similar successful entertainment. There was also a special concert at the Catholic Hall, Copenhagen Street, King's Cross, in connection with the mission. At many other parishes, entertainments were given.

Lord Ashbourne and Gaelic.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in Birmingham by a great demonstration in the Town Hall, held under the auspices of the United Irish League, the Irish National Foresters, and the Irish Institute. Canon Villiers presided, and he was supported by Lord Ashbourne, the Rev. B. J. Hogan, and others of the local and district clergy. Messrs. D. Lyons, H. E. Keating, and T. Connolly. The meeting was preceded by an organ recital.

The Very Rev. chairman explained that he was acting for Father Hogan (president of the Irish Institute), who was suffering from the effects of an accident. The feast of St. Patrick had brought them all together, whether they were Hibernians, Gaelic Leaguers, Nationalists, or Sinn Féiners. (Loud and continuous applause.) He saw that he had touched the spot. Whatever they might be, they had come together for Ireland's sake. They were out to-day for peace all the world over, peace in the political world and peace in the economic world; but they could have no peace so long as Ireland was not at peace. The Irish question was the test question of peace all the world over. Something would have to be done for Ireland, and be done quickly.

Lord Ashbourne then gave an address on the Irish language and its importance in the work of rebuilding the nation. The earlier part of his lordship's address was delivered in Gaelic, to enable him, as he said, to gather courage. He emphasised the urgent need for the cultivation of a knowledge of the Gaelic language,

and appealed to his audience to do their share in that way to set Ireland on her feet again. The battle they were fighting was not so much for the body as for the soul of Ireland. In the rush and turmoil of Irish politics that fact was not always realised.

A vote of thanks to Lord Ashbourne was proposed by Father Hanrahan.

The Rev. James O'Hanlon moved the following resolution, which was carried by acclamation—"That this meeting of the Irish of Birmingham, assembled for the celebration of the national feast, claims for Ireland a hearing at the Peace Conference, and asserts her right, in justice, to self-determination, in common with the other small nations of Europe; and desires that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to M. Clemenceau, President of the Peace Conference, President Wilson, and Mr. Lloyd George, Prime Minister of England."

On the eve of St. Patrick's Day, the Irish people on Tyneside held their annual demonstration and concert in the Hippodrome Theatre, Newcastle. The theatre was crowded in all parts, and the proceedings were enthusiastic throughout.

Mr. T. Hayes, B.A., who presided, said that of all the people clamoring for self-determination, none had a worthier claim than glorious Ireland. Her case was indisputable and unanswerable. No force would ever be able to prevent Ireland's achieving her aim, and surely it was the bounden duty of all Irishmen to organise in order to secure that by united demand. Behind their unity they had the support of the great democracy of Great Britain, and they had also the full knowledge that the Labor Party was with them, and would help them to attain their ambition.

Miss M. McDermott, who is the first woman speaker to address the annual demonstration, moved—"That this meeting, representative of the Irish race on Tyneside, endorses the demand of the Irish people for the right of self-determination, and pledges itself to give every legitimate support to this demand." The resolution was carried with cheers.

Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P., said that the spirit of Irish nationalism was ineradicable and indestructible, and it would never be satisfied until that degree of freedom for which Irishmen had lived and died was conceded. Some people had thought that the way to settle the Irish question was to make her more prosperous. He believed the material prosperity of Ireland was never better than now, but it was at the very moment when her material advancement and prosperity were greatest that there was the deepest disgust with the methods of British government in Ireland, and greater determination than ever not to let the question rest until it was settled in accordance with the desires of Irishmen. Some people feared that if Ireland got Home Rule and self-determination, that power might be abused to interfere with the faith of the Protestant minority in Ireland. There was no more freedom-loving people than the Irish Catholics, and though they in former days in Ireland had suffered bitterly for their faith, they harbored no desire to interfere with the full freedom of conscience on the part of other people.

Mr. Chas. Diamond and Mr. Wm. O'Brien, secretary of the Irish Labor Party and Trades Union Congress, also addressed the gathering. There were enthusiastic celebrations and demonstrations, also, at Sunderland, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other chief centres.

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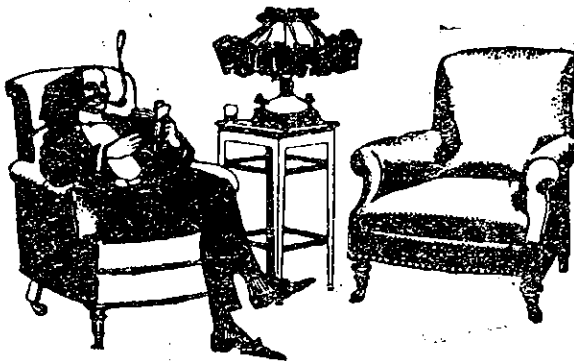
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NOTES ON HEALTH

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buying inferior food when they can get the very best at the same price. More particularly does
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Ironmonger and
Cutler.

A. H. Wilson
Napier

Special Value
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Table Cutlery

DOMESTIC

(By MAUREEN.)

Chocolate Mould.

Soak an ounce of gelatine in two tablespoonfuls of milk, and melt four ounces of chocolate in a pint of milk. When perfectly smooth and at boiling point, add the gelatine and quarter of a pound of sugar and a little vanilla essence. Pour into a mould and leave to set.

Ginger Snaps.

Rub four ounces of butter into half a pound of flour, add half a pound of moist sugar, half an ounce of ground ginger, and the grated rind and juice of a lemon. Mix the above ingredients into a paste with a little treacle. Spread the paste thinly on greased tins and bake. When cooked cut into strips and roll round the fingers. The snaps should be kept in a tin in order to retain their crispness.

Chocolate Square.

Two cupfuls of sugar, half a cupful of butter, half a cupful of milk, a dessertspoonful of cocoa. Boil all for about eight minutes. Take off the fire, and stir till thick. Put into a plate, and when cool cut into squares.

Apple Custard.

Two pounds of apples, two ounces of butter, a lemon, four ounces of sugar, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs or biscuit crumbs, pastry. Pare and cut up the apples, and stew them in a saucepan with the butter, sugar, and the juice and grated rind of lemon. Pulp them and add the well-beaten eggs and grated breadcrumbs. Line a pie-dish with some good pastry. Reserve a little of the white of one of the eggs to spread over the pastry before putting in the apple custard, which must be cold before placing on the pastry. For a change the yolks only can be

used to mix with the apples, and the whites of the eggs beaten up with a little icing sugar and essence, and spread over the top of the custard.

An Economical Almond Icing.

One pound of desiccated cocoanut, half a pound of icing sugar, the yolks of three eggs, a teaspoonful of essence of almonds. Work into a stiff paste. Mix well on a board, sprinkle with icing sugar, and spread on cold cake.

Household Hints.

The white skin that lines the shell of an egg is a useful application for a boil.

Keep a lump of kitchen salt in the sink. It will dissolve slowly and keep the pipe clean and the sink fresh and wholesome.

To prevent milk boiling over, place an ordinary pie-chimney in the centre of the saucepan. When the milk starts to boil it boils up through the funnel, and there is no danger of boiling over the side of the pan.

When trousers are baggy at the knees, turn them on the wrong side, damp thoroughly, and press, repeating the process again and again till the cloth has shrunk back to its original size. This is the plan always adopted by tailors.

When milk is scorched while boiling, remove the pan from the fire and place it in cold water. Put a pinch of salt in the milk and stir up, and the burnt taste will disappear.

Salt rubbed on fruit, tea, or coffee stains, whether on linen or cotton, then washed in quite hot water and black soap, is a good detersive. In fact, it will take out almost any stain but ink.

THE MOST OBSTINATE

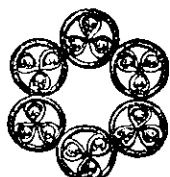
Corn must quickly yield to BAXTER'S RUBY CORN CURE. Once this remedy is applied there is no escape for the corn—it must give in. Price, 1/-, post free, from Baxter's Pharmacy, Theatre Buildings, Timaru.



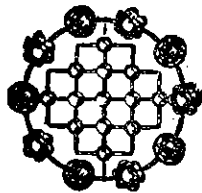
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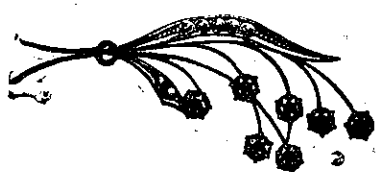
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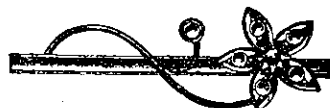
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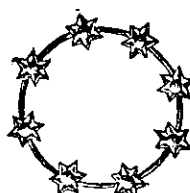
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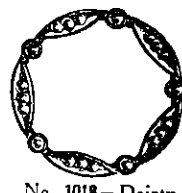
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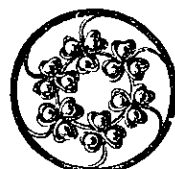
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VILLANELLE OF A FLORENTINE GARDEN.

Within Lorenzo's garden long ago
Between green myrtles and dark cypresses
Down a mysterious path I saw you go

With hair of starlit gossamer and so
Strange eyes—your curv'd mouth of tenderness
Within Lorenzo's garden long ago.

Seemed like a flower some gracious God might throw
To earth to heal the Spirit's weariness.
Down a mysterious path I saw you go

A live flame in the darkness. Like the snow
The lilies brushed against your golden dress
Within Lorenzo's garden long ago.

And I who watched beside the fountain's flow,
Heard then its mocking song of silveriness.
Down a mysterious path I saw you go.

"O heart, O heart, now weep, for well I know
Thou'rt snared within her fingers' sweet duress!"

Within Lorenzo's garden long ago
Down a mysterious path I saw you go.

CYRIL CREVEQUER, in *New Ireland*.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN CHINA.

Some very interesting details regarding the Catholic missions in China are offered by Father Peter Chan, S.J., a native Chinese priest who has just completed his studies in Europe and is conversant with French, Spanish, Portuguese, and English (says *America*). China, with its 430,000,000 inhabitants, is at present supplied with only 2267 priests, while Protestant missionaries number more than 25,000. The total Catholic population is about 2,000,000, and there are about 400,000 Protestant Chinese. The time for reaping a rich harvest of souls is now at hand, and the total number of conversions to the Catholic Church during the past year was 130,000. There is need only of priests, nuns, and the necessary financial aid. Father Chan thus describes his own special mission field:—

"In the year 1912 a new mission was established in the south of China, with headquarters in the town of Shiu-Hing, 70 miles from the great city of Canton. In this district the pagans number 6,000,000, and the Catholics 1000 only, with 300 catechumens preparing for Baptism. The mission is the work of Portuguese Jesuits, exiled from their native country, and illustrates the truth that persecution results in spreading the faith to other lands. There are five Jesuit Fathers and one secular priest, and six native Chinese scholastics of the Society of Jesus. There are also six nuns, Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, two being Irish, who carry on a school for girls and a house of the Society of the Holy Childhood for the rescue and education of abandoned children. Up to the present time, in the territory of 6,000,000 inhabitants, there is no church worthy of the name, but only two poor and very small chapels.

Father Chan is anxious that a church should be erected in honor of the Sacred Heart, together with a small college and seminary for the education of boys and the preparation of candidates for the priesthood. It is estimated that 25,000 dollars might accomplish this purpose. The family to which Father Chan belongs has been Catholic for 250 years, clinging to the faith

during more than a century of persecutions and afflictions. They now have the joy of seeing the ancient faith resuming new life and vigor.

BY WHAT RIGHT?

In the light of the many utterances that one hears of England's right to govern Ireland, there occurs the query: If a just cause for aggression, physical occupation, and an acquiescence of the inhabitants are necessary to establish any right to govern that might grow out of conquest, has England any right in the face of facts to exert such government? There never was any just cause for aggression (comments the *Boston Pilot*). The history of the invasion of the twelfth century establishes the truth of this. For centuries after the invasion there was no physical occupation of Ireland, and there was only partial occupation at any time. As to the acquiescence of the Irish people in the rule of the English, the cry of the Irish for the restoration of their stolen sovereignty has been incessant through seven and a-half centuries. Where, then, did England get her right over stricken Ireland? Prescription has no value when it is made a title against the united protests of an entire people and in defiance of an inherent right that the national consciousness of a whole people continuously claimed from the beginning of its nationhood. Did Britain, then, gain this right over Erin through treaty? This treaty was called in history a piece of "base turpitude." It was obtained through the worst corruption that has ever blemished English diplomacy. The treachery of the Union of 1800 was and is unique in the history of the world. Where, then, does England find a title for governing Ireland? She finds it in might. And we went to war with the avowed purpose of crushing might and emancipating small nations that were cursed with its unscrupulous exercise.

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THAMES STREET

:: OAMARU.

ON THE LAND

THE CALIFORNIAN THISTLE.

The Victorian Agricultural Department's official journal says, regarding this pest:—

"Californian thistle (*Carduus arvensis*, L).—Plough deeply in autumn and spring, raking out the rhizomes after harrowing and rolling to break the clods. Summer fallow, ploughing when necessary. Next season plant a potato or other root crop which allows working between the rows, after adding ten to fifteen tons of farmyard manure per acre. This should be followed by any crop (drilled maize, cabbage, etc.) between the rows; then a grain crop, after which the land can be seeded down again in grass or clover, or both mixed. After this, any thistles reappearing will be from seed blown in from adjoining land or from impure seed. Where there are only a few thick patches, these can be dug deeply and the rhizomes forked out, piled, and burnt, the thinner patches being hand-pulled after rain or out as often as possible. Only continuous and well-directed labor extending over two or three years can clean land of this thistle."

A correspondent of the *Age* who has a thoroughly practical acquaintance with this thistle, and recognising the wrong character of the above directions, wrote to the department describing the issue of such advice as cruelty to landowners, and offered to send details of his practice, which had been proved successful by its results. The reply was a curt letter to the effect that the directions were by one of its officers who, it was suggested, probably knew more about the subject than the writer of the letter.

A main point in the foregoing is that anyone who has had experience with this thistle knows that the one thing to be avoided is any attempt to get rid of this pest by digging it up. That only makes it grow more vigorously, in sending out a network of roots extending from each plant to the other underground. Any breaking of the land only increases the growth, and grubbing out this thistle is impossible. The only effective method is to shave off the tops with a sharp, broad share as often as they emerge through the surface. A sharp, broad share in the plough without either coulter or mould-board is used. The result of this continued shaving-off process is that the plants die of asphyxiation, and afterwards the netted root growth, which extends deeply and in all directions, dies and rots in the ground.

A special circumstance in connection with this matter is the fact that some years ago, when the rich lands at Bungaree were threatened with ruin owing to the spread of this thistle, the Department of Agriculture expended a considerable sum of money in the employment of a Canadian expert, who was the first introducer of the asphyxiation method, and whose operations were entirely successful. In his report to the Government that officer explained that the ravages of the pest had been greatly increased owing to the attempts made by farmers to dig the thistles out before they were made aware of the proper practice. That report was supplied to the department, and doubtless could be found if searched for.

POTATOES FOR SEED.

Now that potatoes have all been lifted, and the tubers sorted and stored for the winter months, growers should turn their attention to the selection and treatment of tubers intended for seed purposes (says a writer in *Farm, Field, and Fireside*). Any that are to be planted early should be laid out thinly in any light place, with the object of rendering the young shoots or "spears" short, stout, and well coloured. The long, pale-coloured, and weakly shoots that are often seen are quite useless, and, as a general rule, it may be taken that they may be removed; but, on the other hand, the old maxim, "prevention is better than cure," will be well observed here.

Many people advise that seed tubers should be placed in heat for a time to start them, but though

this may be advisable in cold weather, and when time is an object, and the tubers are to be planted indoors, I do not encourage the practice of utilising a warm house or frame for starting tubers to plant subsequently in cold and possibly damp soil.

For all the earlier plantings the best plan is to lay out the seed in shallow trays or boxes of wood, which admits of direct or ready transport to the drills or furrows, the risk of breaking off any of the "spears" being thus reduced to a minimum.

The seed should be placed close together, each with the eye uppermost, and time should be devoted to the rubbing off of all growths but one, the strongest, of course, being allowed to remain on each tuber. The extra trouble will be well repaid by the result.

SUCCESS IN DAIRYING.

Success in dairying is dependent on at least three factors—namely, the feeding, the feeder, and the cows (says a writer in *Hoard's Dairyman*). It would be difficult indeed to say that any one of these is more essential to complete success than the other. These factors are so closely allied and so intricately interwoven that one can hardly be discussed without giving due consideration to the other two. "It always pays to feed a good cow up to her capacity of production, no matter how high-priced feed may be." Assuming this statement to be scientifically correct, it obviously becomes the duty of the farmer to ascertain first whether he has good or poor cows. From the standpoint of production there is only one way to ascertain this all-important matter, and that is by the scales and Babcock test. It seems well-nigh unbelievable that farmers will go on groping in the dark on this important matter, and guessing at the good and poor cows instead of making an effort to learn the facts. The complete satisfaction in knowing whether a herd is a liability or asset comes only to those who are diligently weighing and testing the milk from their individual cows and feeding according to milk production. The heavy producer is fed to her capacity; the low producer is fed commensurately with her production or eliminated from the herd. This knowledge of the individual cows in a herd antedates the relation which exists between the true dairyman and his herd. The dairy cow has been characterised the foster-mother of the human race. As a mother she is deserving of the consideration that can only come from those who know and understand her. This intimate knowledge is withheld from those who guess. The personal element enters as vitally in a dairy barn as in a schoolroom. A herd of dairy cows can no more be treated as a unit with complete success than a classroom of boys and girls can be taught and disciplined with the same tactics. That inadequate feeding is responsible for low production and unprofitable cows cannot be gainsaid, but before the method of feeding will be changed the feeder must undergo conversion. No doctrine will effect this conversion so completely as "business methods"—not an elaborate set of books nor a specialist to keep them, but just ascertaining by a few simple records whether Betsy is keeping the dairyman or the dairyman is keeping Betsy. These facts compiled by the dairyman from his own herd, and with his own knowledge, will make him a good feeder quicker than the most eloquent lecturer or longest array of experimental station data. When the dairyman begins keeping records on his herd his vision clears. He learns from hard facts and figures that cows have individuality and must be treated as individuals. This knowledge is the forerunner of better feeding, better care, greater interest, and ultimately greater profit.

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if your eyes are defective—
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before you are old.

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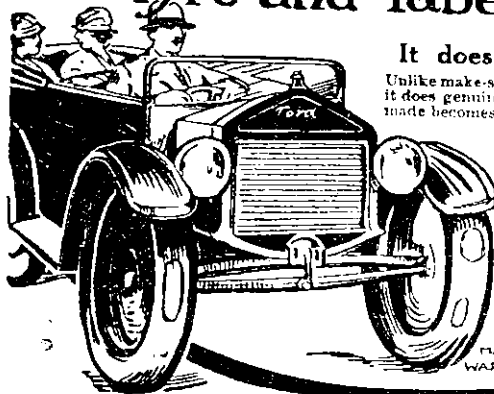
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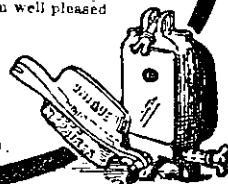
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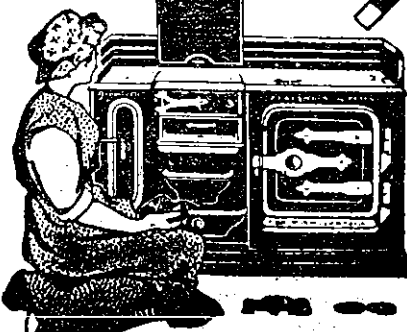
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The Family Circle

THE SMALL BOY'S TROUBLE.

Before they had arithmetic,
Or telescopes or chalk,
Or blackboards, maps, and copy-books—
When they could only talk,

Before Columbus came to show
The world geography,
What did they teach the little boy
Who went to school like me?

There wasn't any grammar then;
They couldn't read nor spell,
For books were not invented yet—
I think 'twas just as well.

There were not any rows of dates,
Or laws, or wars, or kings,
Or generals, or victories,
Or any of those things.

There couldn't be much to learn;
There wasn't much to know,
'Twas nice to be a boy
Ten thousand years ago.

For history had not begun,
The world was very new,
And in the school I don't see what
The children had to do.

Now always there is more to learn—
How history does grow!
And every day they find new things
They think we ought to know.

And if it must go on like this
I'm glad to live to-day,
For boys ten thousand years from now
Will not have time to play!

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

O Catholic Church, when we kneel before thy altars raised in every clime, our eyes behold thy years—thy labors, and thy glory. We see the children of every age, of every tribe and nation bending low before thy Eucharistic God, raised on high in thy myriad temples. We see the princes, statesmen, sages, leaders of thought and action of the great and historic races—those noble sons of mankind whose names are bywords in the great world story—with their gentle heads bent low in adoration before "The Presence" of Calvary's eternal King. We see the fathers, the mothers, and the little children kneeling beside the great ones of the earth to share in the benediction of those who believe.

We see the holy martyrs whose blessed feet followed thy Christ up the road of the Cross, and by their blood have beaten a path for the children of the Church to tread to God's own country.

We see thy labors, O Catholic Church, for the poor—for the weak—for the unprotected—we see thee standing between the cruel oppressor and voicing the rights of the voiceless.

We see thy institutions of learning in every clime to bring to the youth of the world the lights of Sacred learning, and to lead them with gentle hands to the foot of the throne of God.

With thy golden ring of chalices encircling the world—thy Cross—the Cross of that Divine Founder raised under every sun—thou art indeed the wonder of wonders for the eyes of men to behold.

O Catholic Church, thou art the one haven of peace for the human soul—thou art the garden filled with flowers whose hues have been blushed from the altar lights of Heaven—who knowing thee would not cry aloud, Open O Gates of the City of God, and let me know that peace which the world cannot give.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

The day of the famous battle of Bull Run, during the American Civil War, General Smith with his division arrived too late to learn the password. Foreseeing that if he advanced he would be exposed to the fire of his own party, he asked if any man was willing to sacrifice his life. A youth left the ranks.

"You will be killed."

"Yes, general."

Therefore Smith wrote on a bit of paper:—

"Send me the password. General Smith."

He gave the note to the soldier, saying to himself at the same time:—"Should this messenger be killed, they will find this paper upon him."

Having reached the outposts, the young soldier was challenged:—

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Give the sign."

He advanced in silence, all the guns being pointed at him. Quickly he makes the Sign of the Cross and lifts his hand to heaven.

The sign of the Catholic soldier recommending himself to God was, by a strange coincidence, the sign that the Catholic General Beauregard had given in the morning to his army.

THE SINLESS ONES.

It is related of a learned magistrate that, finding himself in the company of a country priest, he thought it to be his duty to show his mental superiority—usually the vanity of the inferior. Turning the conversation to the subject of the Confessional, he asserted boldly:—"Monsieur le Cure, I don't confess for the very reason that I never commit any sins." The good Cure smiled, lifted his head a trifle, looked squarely into the eyes of the pretended sinless one, and said:—"Monsieur, only two classes of persons do not sin; those who have not found their reason and those who have lost it."

TIME AND THE BOY.

Warm little hand in my hand!

Music of pattering feet,

Eyes that are clear as the day—

Time of his march I would cheat.

Warm little hand in my hand,

Can we not bid him to stand?

Warm little hand in my hand!

That were as foolish as fond.

Feet must be taught how to step,

Stepping to march tune respond.

Then, when aside I must stand,

Dim-eyed I'll open my hand.

Now when alone you can stand,

Walk with a firm boyish tread.

Join in life's march without fear!

God be your guide in my stead;

But you and I must not part,

Heart that once beat 'neath my heart!

A. M. PIKE, in the *Irish World*.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

"Was I wounded?" exclaimed the exasperated Tommy in surprise. "No, mum, not at all. You see, there's a careless chap in our company, and the night I got hurt he'd been eating oranges and throwing the peel all over the battlefield. So, of course, when I went to ask 'Aig if the night was dark enough to have some fireworks, blow me if I didn't slip on one of them bits o' peel and cut my finger on a salmon-tin."

BUSINESS AS USUAL.

A North Country miller, noted for his keenness in financial matters, was in a boat trying his best to get across the stream which drove his mill.

The stream was flooded, and he was taken past the point at which he wanted to land; while, farther

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WALL PAPERS

on, misfortune again overtook him, to the extent that the boat was upset.

His wife, realising the danger he was in, ran frantically along the side of the stream, crying for help in a pitiful voice; when, to her sheer amazement, she was suddenly brought to a standstill by her husband yelling out:—

"If I'm drowned, Molly, don't forget that flour's gone up two shillin' a sack!"

SERVICES RENDERED.

He entered the station-master's office in an I've-got-no-business-here sort of manner, and quietly asked the busy man if he could speak to the station-master.

"I am he," replied the official, without raising his eyes from the desk. "What do you want?"

"One of your trains killed my dog a few days ago, and I thought I would step in and —"

"Well, he had no business on our line. You should have kept him tied up."

"Yes, I know," meekly responded the caller, "but I didn't, and he got on the line and was killed, and I thought you ought to —"

"But we won't! We don't pay for killing dogs on this line!"

"Who said anything about pay?" replied the ex-dog owner. "I'd been trying for a month to get someone to drown the brute, and as the railway has killed him for me I thought you ought to be paid for the job. Here's five bob."

SMILE RAISERS.

Schoolmaster: "Robert, here is an example in subtraction. Seven boys went down to the pond to bathe, but two of them had been told not to go into the water. Now, how many went in?"

Robert: "Seven, sir."

"Tommy," said the hostess, "you appear to be in deep thought."

"Yes'm," replied Tommy; "ma told me somethin' to say if you should ask me to have some cake or anything, an' I bin here so long now I forget what it was."

Phrenologist: "This large lump running across the back of your head shows that you are inclined to be curious to the point of recklessness."

Client: "You are right. I got that by sticking my head into a lift-shaft to see if the lift was coming up, and it was coming down. My curiosity was more than satisfied."

Last Christmas a vicar was invited to dinner at the house of one of the leading men in the town. At the dinner table he was placed opposite a goose.

The lady of the house was seated on the vicar's left. Seeing the goose, he remarked:—

"Shall I sit so close to the goose?"

Finding his words a bit equivocal, he turned round to the lady and said, in a most inoffensive tone:—

"Excuse me, Mrs. Blank, I meant the roast one."

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT."

Are You a Barometer?

Undoubtedly there is a great relation between the elements and certain complaints, in the same way that some seasons of the year render certain people liable to illness more than others.

The lower we investigate in the animal world the more prone are its subjects to be affected by the weather. A cat for as much as three days beforehand feels a coming storm; a horse's fine nostrils can sniff approaching rain in an uncanny manner. The birds of the air have but to be watched to see the way in which they seek their nests at a hint of danger in the air.

The very trees and plants tremble in a peculiar manner before a severe storm. Many human beings are just as sensitive to the march of the elements, but do not always realise the significance of their sensitiveness. People who suffer from gout, rheumatism, or neuralgia know at once when bad weather is approaching.

Old wounds make themselves felt at certain times, and the stumps of members long since amputated give pain.

Medical men have never satisfactorily explained these strange phenomena, neither can they tell why some people instinctively become restless and excited, or moody and sullen, before a thunderstorm.

King Platinum.

Nobody with metallurgical knowledge has any doubt about it. Platinum is the King of Metals, and likely to remain so. Had they been acquainted with oro blanco—white gold—as the natives of Colombia originally called it, the old-time alchemists, who wasted valuable years and tons of charcoal in vain endeavors to transmute base metals into gold, must promptly have devoted their crucibles, their alembics, and their alembroth to its service. Not that the last, a concoction of mercury and ammonia, or any other tools of their mysterious craft, would have greatly affected platinum, for it is pretty certain that if the ancient transmuters had been familiar with the metal, which is not very likely, it would not have been amenable to any heat in their power to generate. Its transmutation into gold, or the present equivalent, however, is the simplest thing in the world. Old arithmetic books call the process exchange and barter. Five times the value of gold, or thereabouts, is the present market price, and "first catch your platinum" the only essential preliminary to a swift and satisfactory exchange transaction.

A writer, advocating the disuse of gold for currency, recently suggested that platinum might take its place, dethrone the yellow metal, and usurp the most important of its functions. But as the maximum annual production of the world during the last decade has not exceeded 300,000 troy ounces, the supply would only suffice for a yearly distribution in metal coinage of one-quarter of an ounce of platinum amongst every 1000 people in Europe, all the rest of the world having to do without. In Russia, the chief source of supply, platinum has already been used for currency purposes, but was discontinued for various reasons, one being that it was easy to counterfeit, and another that it became too costly.

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