

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

June 15, Sunday.—Trinity Sunday.
 „ 16, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 17, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 18, Wednesday.—SS. Mark and Marcellian,
 Martyrs.
 „ 19, Thursday.—Feast of Corpus Christi.
 „ 20, Friday. Of the Octave.
 „ 21, Saturday. Of the Octave.

Trinity Sunday.

To-day we are not asked to imitate the virtues of one saint, or to contemplate the merciful dealings of God with man. We are taken up, as it were, into the Holy of Holies, and invited to gaze on the radiant perfection of God as the Blessed see Him—one God in Three Divine Persons. Until the fourteenth century this feast was not generally celebrated in the Church, for the reason that all festivals in the Christian religion are truly festivals of the Holy Trinity, since they are only means to honor the Blessed Trinity, and steps to raise us to It as the true and only term of our worship. As Pope Alexander writes in the seventh century:—“The Roman Church has no particular festival of the Trinity, because she honors It every day, and every hour of the day, all her offices containing Its praises, and concluding with a tribute of glory to It.”

Feast of Corpus Christi.

As the Adorable Trinity is the essential and primary object of all religion and of all festivals, so the august Eucharist is the perpetual sacrifice and the holiest worship we can render to the Trinity. In other words, every day is a festival of the Trinity which we adore, and of the Eucharist by which we adore It. The special feast of the Blessed Eucharist, which we celebrate to-day, was instituted in the thirteenth century. “Without doubt,” says Urban IV., in the Bull of institution, “Holy Thursday is the true festival of the Holy Sacrament, but on that day the Church is so much occupied in bewailing the death of her Spouse that it was good to take another day, when she meant to manifest all her joy and supply for what she could not do on Holy Thursday.”

GRAINS OF GOLD.

“IF I'D BUT THINK.”

If I'd but pause to think, sweet, gentle Jesus,
 Each time an unkind thought rests in my heart,
 A pointed spear Thy tender side is piercing;
 And from the wound those precious blood drops start.

And if I'd pause to think, meek, loving Jesus,
 That every time an angry word I speak,
 A cruel thorn Thy noble brow is pricking;
 How quickly then a softer tone I'd seek.

And every time I act, O wounded Jesus,
 In deeds that all but love and kindness show,
 Thy sacred hands upraised for aught but blessing
 With nails are pierced till from them blood streams flow.

I'd strive to think, speak, act, to please Thee, Jesus,
 I'd place a rose crown where a thorn'd one lay;
 And comfort that pure Heart all bruised and aching.
 Then in my heart sweet peace would dwell alway.

ANNA MARY BORNMAN, in the *Catholic Columbian*.

REFLECTIONS.

A return to God can never be too late to be accepted. He is a Father, and loves His children as long as His love can reach them.

Adversity may be a stern preceptor, but is none the less a most efficient one. Crosses always point upward, revealing the hidden worth of things unseen.

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXVII.—VERONA.

In the meantime the years had been spent by Mr. Honeywood and Kevin in travelling over the greater part of the known world. On a certain summer day they turned their backs upon the Rhine, the banks of which they had thoroughly explored, and set their faces towards Italy.

Arrived in Innsbruck, they felt already the exhilarating spell of the mountains. Passing down the street where the famous gold-roofed house glitters against an Alpine wall of purple, they turned into the church, where furry-capped peasant women knelt at prayer, and a strange brown company occupied the centre of the nave.

“Who are all these people?” asked Kevin, hardly distinguishing between the brown-checked devotees in their wild head-dresses and the weird bronze figures, as large as life, that stood as if engaged in some solemn ceremony.

“These in the middle are royal personages,” said Honeywood, “and they are standing round a tomb. One would think they had come here to witness the burial, and had forgotten to go away again. The others are mere common-place peasants, who are so accustomed to the presence of all this splendor that they do not stop to wonder at it as we do.”

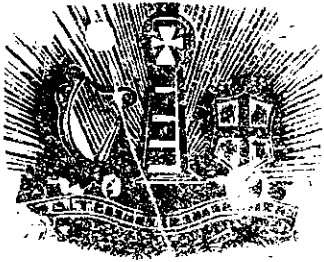
“It is like a witch-meeting, a Walpurgis-nacht,” said Kevin. “Fancy this church in the dead of night, with the moon glimmering through the windows, and all these bronze people standing gazing at each other.”

“You think they take hands and skip over the tombs and chase each other through the aisles?”

“They are too ponderous for that,” said Kevin. “They seem to me riveted to the earth with the weight of their own experience. Look at these massive robes of bronze, these jewels and headgear which they wear here still, long after they have been stripped even of their flesh, and have gone destitute into eternity. Knowing all they know, they are standing here aghast at the dreadful pageantries of life.”

A magnificent thunderstorm came on while our friends were on their way to Verona; the train sped through fire; the ancient city was weirdly illuminated for their arrival. As they drove through the streets at midnight the lightning furnished a royal torchlight; by it they could fitfully discern the yawning Roman arches, under which the horses passed, and which seemed to soar suddenly into a sky of flame and vanish; the black pile of the amphitheatre; the lofty towers; the tall medieval houses, with their shutters and balconies, their quaint roofs, and the long, deep shadows that lie about their base, surrounding them with grandeur and mystery. The great courtyard of the hotel was like a well of shadow covered in overhead with dark, intense purple, till a flash of lightning discovered the airy balconies hanging out above, with their clumps of flowering plants, and all the tiled intricacies of the roofs and chimneys, and the upper windows with their fantastic hoods and cowl.

Who can tell the delights of a first walk through Verona?—the rare old medieval city, strong and beautiful in its antiquity, though so hacked at and notched by time; set like a jewel among blue hills and mountains; its towers and spires hanging so high in the bright air, that one almost reels to look up at them; with its gigantic Roman gates and arches, its sumptuous tombs and palaces, its Gothic fountains and faded frescoed dwellings, and its solemn and venerable churches.



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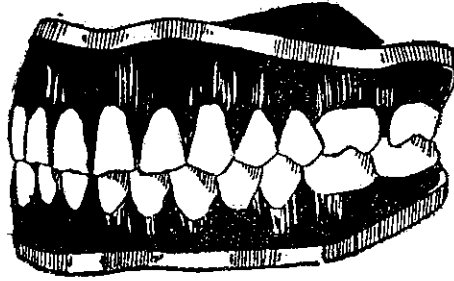
"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
'This is my own, my native land'?"

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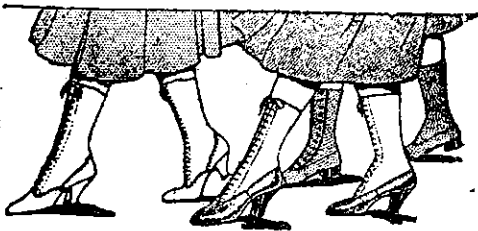
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CHILDREN LIKE IT

Kevin wakened in the morning with a thrill of recollection, and rose in great excitement. "I am in Verona," he thought, "where Juliet loved and Dante dreamed, and where the grand signori of the Middle Ages held their court. Here walked the poet of the Paradiso, guarded and watched by the mighty Mastiff lord."

It was very early, some hours before his friend was likely to appear, and he went out alone to ramble about the city. As he passed through the courtyard a flock of pigeons swooped across it, and the flash of their white wings startled him, like a message from the past. It had not needed this to bring Fanchea's little form to his side; he always called upon her in spirit to share any new joy that fell to his share; and now, side by side, he and the ghost of his child-love travelled through the streets.

In the Piazza delle Erbe business was already going forward; the Square, with its rich ancient architecture, its Palace of Justice, its old Market House and House of Merchants, looked as if the contents of a hundred gardens had been emptied into its lap, while countless huge, white umbrellas spread their grotesque wings over the treasures of fruit and flowers set forth for the buyer. Under the umbrellas sat brown-cheeked, dark-eyed women in brilliant kerchiefs, guarding their juicy merchandise, and making striking groups against the background of the surrounding buildings with their dim, rich frontage of time-worn sculpture and faded fresco. It was a gay, brilliant, noisy scene: loud chatter, ringing laughter, flashing colors; and above the heaps of green melons and groves of glowing oleanders, the squat forms of the quaint umbrellas, and the animated figures that moved among them, rose the marble sanctuary-column, the Gothic fountain, with its exquisite pinnacles, the soaring arches and lofty towers solemnly looking down, as on children at play, and tragically mindful of other scenes.

"Have you ever been here, little Fanchea?" asked Kevin. "These buxom, black-eyed women are like sisters of the fiend in human shape who took you out of my life. Are you lurking behind their baskets, under their absurd umbrellas? Will you come forward presently, and ask me in bad Italian to buy a melon?"

He almost felt inclined to ask some of them if they had seen a little girl, with blue eyes and long dark hair; but with a sigh shook off the folly, and passed under the mighty arch into the Piazza dei Signori.

This piazza was comparatively silent and empty, and Kevin leaned against a column and surveyed in peace the gorgeous palaces of the great Mastiff race, with their lofty cortiles, and gigantic Gothic arches; with their massive pillars, delicate, graceful *loggie*, and the huge, towering campanile that pierces the clouds and once threw its solemn shadow upon Dante's exiled head.

Thrilling with excitement, Kevin gazed on the rows of frowning and sculptured windows. "What eyes have looked out from them!" he thought. "At which of them did Dante's strong, sad face come and go, watching for the form of his beloved lady in the golden blue of the morning sky? He was happier than I, for he knew that his love was in heaven. He looked to her on high; I search for her vainly on earth. Come along, little imaginary Fanchea," he continued, "and we will pass on through this wonderful city; and I will tell you as we go of all the good things that have fallen to my share since I saw you; you are only a pale little ghost, but you are all I have to console me for the Fanchea I have lost. As Beatrice was to Dante, so you have been the inspiration of my life. The great Master, who knew so much of human weakness, will forgive me for my audacity in drawing the parallel."

Climbing the steps of the great amphitheatre, he sat down, and gave himself up to the imaginations it suggested. His thoughts were the dreams of a poet, and took forms that may hereafter give delight to the world; his eyes had wandered away to the deeply colored horizon against which, wrapped in ether, stood up the great fortress towers of the Scaligeri, and the dark cypresses like sombre sentinels, ghostly streaks

of shadow in the glowing landscape. He marked the paradisaical hills and the transfigured mountains, the rushing Adige with its bridges, and the rude, grand, lovely and picturesque masses of the city at his feet. Suddenly sounds from below caused him to look down, and see that some vulgar show was going on in the arena of the amphitheatre. A tent had been erected and gipsies were holding an entertainment for the benefit of some straggling spectators; a girl with floating hair was dancing and singing, and shaking a tambourine. A few notes from her fresh young voice rang up to where he sat; but he could not see her face. Startled out of his dreams, he thought he beheld the scene that was so often present to his thoughts; he rushed downward to claim and take possession of Fanchea.

The people gave way, and stood back, as the pale-faced gentleman advanced within the ring, with his eyes fixed upon the graceful little figure of the dancer. They thought he was going to give her money.

"Fan, little Fan!" he said, tremulously, "do you not know me?" A child's face with a bright brown skin, and white grinning teeth flashed suddenly round upon him; a flood of eager Italian was poured into his ears, and an outstretched hand was held out to him, to beg. He dropped some coin into it, and turned away to hide the tears in his eyes. What freak of madness was this that had surprised him? Seven long years ago Fanchea might have looked, from a distance, like this. He saw tall, coarse-looking young women standing round, with beads round their throats and rude laughter on their lips: "Oh, Heaven! could she grow into one like these!" he thought, with horror, and hurried away from the spot.

All the way home to the hotel a little song, Goethe's, rang in his ears:

Sie aber ist weggezoan

Und weit in das Land hinaus.

Yes; she was, indeed, gone far out into the world of time and space; and how could he any longer hope to follow her?

In the afternoon Mr. Honeywood and Kevin walked to see the tombs of the old lords of Verona, within almost a stone's throw of the palace, where successively they held Court and made their home. There in the Piazza dei Signori they lived and ruled; here, as if in the next chamber, they lie in death. An extraordinary Gothic pile of the richest beauty, crusted over with sculpture, and guarded and ornamented by screens of wrought metal, the tombs of the Scaligeri present an entirely unique appearance, startling and enchanting to the beauty-loving eye. One over another the rich piles of stone-work soar into the azure air, having their roots, along with an ancient church, in a lonely and deserted graveyard. There is a magnificent weirdness about the conception of the whole thing, and a barbaric splendor that takes away one's breath.

"Who were these wonderful Scaligeri?" asked Kevin.

"They were the great lords of Verona in the middle ages," said Honeywood. "The first was a mere soldier of fortune, elected by people weary of the rule of a tyrant. He was called by a strange name, Mastino della Scala, the Mastiff of the Ladder; and wherever he went he carried this extraordinary ladder, which, by the way, always reminds me of the story of Jack and the Beanstalk. He passed it on to his descendants along with his canine name, and you may see the dog and the ladder repeated all over these tombs. Mastiffs support each sarcophagus, and the ladder is everywhere, as indeed it is everywhere over Verona: see it woven into these wrought-metal screens."

"What a curious, startling design runs through these tombs!" said Kevin. "Below the solemn sepulchre with its reposing figure and the dark hollow of its Gothic arch; above the soaring pinnacle bearing a proud horse and rider aloft in the blue. The sharp contrast strikes one indescribably. One seems confronted by restless spirits that will not lie in death; and having broken the bonds of the tomb, still

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dominate arrogantly the city that once bowed at their feet."

"It always seems to me pathetic," said Honeywood, "that a painful lie, one of those lies that never get unearthed, is walled up in these sumptuous graves. You see this monument, the most splendid of all? It is that of Can Signorio; and he is said to have murdered the brother whose tomb is next to his: but dates prove the story grounded on a mistake. The people will tell you that Can Signorio died early, stricken by a disease which fell on him in punishment of the fratricide, and they will not part with their tradition. There lie the brothers between whom such cruel malice has been put by a mere freakish blunder. Near neighbors, they sleep in their splendor; and aloft yonder they ride, like troopers in single file, following to some aerial battle in the blue. Each soul, locked within its own stone prison-house: have they ever come to an understanding while the stars have gone wheeling round their heads in the course of the ages?"

"With all their extraordinary and fantastic beauty," he continued, "a strange blight has fallen on the neighborhood of these wonderful tombs. By a strange fatality this graveyard round their base is now set apart for the burial of criminals. It seems as if that lie had wrought inward and made an evil thing of the entire place, attracting the wicked to its centre."

"I feel your idea deeply," said Kevin. "Hark! how near to us is the hum of life, and yet how deserted, how isolated are these shrines of death!"

"Before we go, look well at the resting-place of Cangrande," said Honeywood, "for you will find marks of him wherever you go in Verona. He was the greatest of this sovereign race. His monument forms the entrance to the church behind. See, the door opens within the columns that support his sarcophagus. The tomb is in three stages: first, the lower columns; then the sarcophagus, supported by great dogs, and bearing the sleeping lord, who even in his death-robes is girt with the sword of State. His shield is decorated with the famous ladder, and the mastiff's head crests his helmet. The third stage rises fifty feet aloft, and ends in a pyramid, bearing on its pinnacle the statue of the full-armed warrior on his warhorse. His, as being the entrance of the church, is the most central monument, though it is not so sumptuous in sculptured ornament as that of Can Signorio, surrounded by his warrior saints."

(To be continued.)

"GO YE AND TEACH ALL NATIONS."

Speaking as chairman at the gathering at River-ton on the occasion of the farewell to Very Rev. P. Murphy, prior to his departure on a visit to the Old Country, Mr. H. McFeeley (Tuatapere) gave the following interesting example of the universality of the Catholic Church:—How wonderful is Mother Church. Here in the 20th century, how has that command been carried out. Just a little earlier than last year New Zealand soldiers knelt one day in a little French church in that old, old land of the Pharaohs. An English regiment was going into action, and this was their last opportunity of visiting a church. In those half a thousand soldiers were English Tommies, Scaforth Highlanders, Connaught Rangers, New Zealanders, Australians, French, Syrians, Arabians, Indians from Central India, Soudanese in their picturesque war dress—representatives of almost every race and colour under the sun. How truly and really has that Divine command been obeyed—"Go ye and teach all nations." As the missionary Irish priest, acting as chaplain, pronounced the Benediction over that varied congregation, one felt that the age of miracles was not past. I tell you this to show what the world does owe to those who travelled to the ends of the earth for their Master's sake.

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER XXVII.—HOW THE VAINGLORIOUS RICHARD OF ENGLAND AND HIS OVERWHELMING ARMY FAILED TO "DAZZLE" OR CONQUER THE PRINCE OF LEINSTER. CAREER OF THE HEROIC ART McMURROGH.

The close of the century which witnessed the events I have been mentioning, brought about another "Royal visit" to Ireland. The weak, vain, and pomp-loving Richard II. visited this country twice in the course of his ill-fated career—for the first time in 1394. I would not deem either worth more than a passing word (for both of them were barren of results), were it not that they inter-weave with the story of the chivalrous Art McMurrough "Kavanagh," Prince of Leinster, whose heroic figure stands out in glorious prominence on this page of Irish history.

If the McMurroughs of Leinster in 1170 contributed to our national annals one character of evil fame, they were destined to give two centuries later on, another, illustrious in all that ennobles or adorns the patriot, the soldier, or the statesman. Eva McMurrough, daughter of Diarmid the Traitor, who married Strongbow the Freebooter, claimed to be the only child of her father born in lawful wedlock. That there were sons of her father then living was not questioned; but she, or her husband on her behalf, setting up a claim of inheritance to Diarmid's possessions, impugned their legitimacy. However this may have been, the sept proceeded according to law and usage under the Irish Constitution to elect from the reigning family a successor to Diarmid, and they raised to the chieftaincy his son Donal. Thenceforth the name of McMurrough is heard of in Irish history only in connection with the bravest and boldest efforts of patriotism. Whenever a blow was to be struck for Ireland, the McMurroughs were the readiest in the field—the "first in front and last in rear." They became a formidable barrier to the English encroachments, and in importance were not second to any native power in Ireland. In 1350 the sept was ruled by Art, or Arthur I., father of our hero. "To carry on a war against him," we are told, "the whole English interest was assessed with a special tax. Louth contributed £20, Meath and Waterford 2s on every carucate (140 acres) of tilled land; Kilkenny the same sum, with the addition of 6d in the pound on chattels. This Art captured the strong castles of Kilbelle, Galbarstown, Rathville; and although his career was not one of invariable success, he bequeathed to his son, also called Art, in 1375, an inheritance extending over a large portion—perhaps one-half—of the territory ruled by his ancestors before the invasion."

From the same historian (McGee) I take the sub-joined sketch of the early career of that son, Art II. "Art McMurrough, or Art Kavanagh, as he is commonly called, was born in the year 1357, and from the age of 16 and upwards was distinguished by his hospitality, knowledge, and feats of arms. Like the great Brian, he was a younger son, but the fortune of war removed one by one those who would otherwise have preceded him in the captaincy of his clan and connections. About the year 1375—while he was still under age—he was elected successor to his father, according to the annalists, who record his death in 1417, 'after being 42 years in the government of Leinster.' Fortunately he attained command at a period favorable to his genius and enterprise. His own and the adjoining tribes were aroused by tidings of success from other provinces, and the partial victories of their immediate predecessors, to entertain bolder schemes, and they only waited for a chief of distinguished ability to concentrate their efforts. This chief they found, where they naturally looked for him, among the old ruling family of the province. Nor were the English settlers ignorant of his promise. In the Parliament held at Castledermot in 1377, they granted to him the

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customary annual tribute paid to his house. . . . Art McMurrough the younger not only extended the bounds of his inheritance and imposed tribute on the English settlers in adjoining districts during the first years of his rule, but having married a noble lady of the 'Pale,' Elizabeth, heiress to the barony of Norragh, in Kildare, which included Naas and its neighborhood, he claimed her inheritance in full, though forfeited under 'the statute of Kilkenny,' according to English notions. So necessary did it seem to the deputy and council of the day to conciliate their formidable neighbor, that they addressed a special representation to King Richard, setting forth the facts of the case, and adding that McMurrough threatened, until this lady's estates were restored and the arrears of tribute due to him fully discharged, he should never cease from war, 'but would join with the Earl of Desmond against the Earl of Ormond, and afterwards return with a great force out of Munster to ravage the country.' . . . By this time the banner of Art McMurrough floated over all the castles and raths on the slope of the Ridge of Leinster, or the steps of the Blackstair Hills: while the forests along the Barrow and the Upper Slaney, as well as in the Plain of Carlow and in the south-western angle of Wicklow (now the barony of Shillelagh), served still better his purposes of defensive warfare. So entirely was the range of country thus vaguely defined under native sway, that John Griffin, the English Bishop of Leighlin and Chancellor of the Exchequer, obtained a grant in 1389 of the town of Culroestown, in the County of Dublin, 'near the marches of O'Toole, seeing he could not live within his own see for the rebels.' In 1390, Peter Creagh, Bishop of Limerick, on his way to attend an Anglo-Irish Parliament, was taken prisoner in that region, and in consequence the usual fine was remitted in his favor. In 1392, James, the third Earl of Ormond, gave McMurrough a severe check at Tiscoffin, near Shankill, where six hundred of his clansmen were left dead among the hills.

"This defeat, however, was thrown into the shade by the capture of New Ross, on the very eve of Richard's arrival at Waterford. In a previous chapter we have described the fortifications erected round this important seaport towards the end of the thirteenth century. Since that period its progress had been steadily onward. In the reign of Edward III. the controversy which had long subsisted between the merchants of New Ross and those of Waterford, concerning the trade monopolies claimed by the latter, had been decided in favor of Ross. At this period it could muster in its own defence 363 cross bowmen, 1200 long bowmen, 1200 pikemen, and 101 horsemen: a force which would seem to place it second to Dublin in point of military strength. The capture of so important a place by McMurrough was a cheering omen to his followers. He razed the walls and towers, and carried off gold, silver, and hostages."

(To be continued.)

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THE CASE OF IRELAND

[Here is the statement of the case of Ireland as written for the information of the American people by Edward De Valera, head of the Sinn Fein, who has been called "President of Ireland." De Valera recently escaped from Lincoln Gaol, England, and is a fugitive. After writing this document in his hiding-place near Dublin, he handed it to a Sinn Fein member of Parliament, who conveyed it to Ralph F. Couch, the United Press correspondent, who found and interviewed De Valera. The correspondent brought it to New York in person, so there was no censorship.]

Somewhere in Ireland, February 25.—England has no right in Ireland. England's de facto Government here rests solely on the number of her bayonets.

We challenge England to allow Ireland the principle of free self-determination. Let that principle be applied to this island as a unit, and if a decisive majority of the whole people declare not for separate, independent Statehood, then we shall be silent.

If England accepts the principle of self-determination for this island it will settle the Irish question for ever.

If a decisive majority should declare for independence, would not Ireland be justified in claiming that? That and not something less represents the free choice of the people. The recent elections prove it.

On what grounds does England refuse Ireland's demand? England cannot pretend to misunderstand that the challenge we give her is the challenge of the Irish people. Let us hear why she refuses to meet it.

We can ourselves settle our minority question (Ulster), because we shall want to. England never will settle that minority question, because she desires to keep it unsettled. Let her remove her interfering hand.

Irish Spirit Will Remain Indomitable.

We ask the world to listen and to judge between Ireland and England, but if the principle with which the world has rung for the last four years shall prove to be a mockery, if Ireland's claim still is flouted, then she must find refuge once more in her own indomitable spirit—the spirit which has maintained her in the past. She can still at least endure, and depend upon it, there is a generation now grown up in Ireland that will see to it that if England wants to still rule her she must do so with a never-sheathed sword.

Do I believe the statesmen at Paris will force England to do justice to Ireland? Many people are asking that question. They are convinced, I suppose, that of herself England will not do justice to Ireland. They doubt, perhaps, that the delegates from the other nations will be either so disinterested or such determined champions of right as to risk a quarrel with England on behalf of a country which possesses less of the world's goods than England when nothing but the principles of justice are at stake. These doubters may be right; they may be wrong. I do not pretend to know. I do know that if this issue should unhappily be as the doubters are obviously satisfied it will be, then the cynic can feel that once more he has been justified and the simple and trusting obviously imposed upon. Then, indeed, there will have been deception.

Honest people everywhere will point the finger of scorn and indignation at these statements. They will have a right to ask: "Where now is that impartial justice that knows no favorites which recently you spoke so much about? Where now is this new order and these handsome foundations of lasting peace? Were all those beautiful professions of yours that, simple and grand, seemed tuned to the eternal verities of our souls, awakening in them a sympathetic response that we could not smother—were these beautiful professions but skilfully spun phrases finely woven to enmesh us?"

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ambitions that humanity has endured the horrors of the past five years and the entail of sorrows they have bequeathed to the future?"

I do not know whether the statesmen at Paris will be unworthy of the trust or whether they will be great enough to grasp the opportunity that requires so little to improve and found firmly now those relations between peoples on a basis worthy of our common humanity.

But it is surely a source of hope to know that at Paris there is one man at least who apparently realises his duty and who can accomplish what he wills if only he remain steadfastly determined and true. The Machiavellis may scoff at him, but he ought to know that he has the best of mankind everywhere at his back. Let him but be bold enough to lead straight on and that respectable portion of mankind, the plain people, whose spokesman he has been and whose hearts he has won, will be ready to march with him to the realisation of their common dream.

Why should he hesitate to see that America's aims be accomplished? Were those aims not stated unequivocally from the start? Is the cause less worthy now that its triumph is in sight? Are those who oppose it now less the enemies of that cause than those who were thought lately to oppose it?

Why should any of the statesmen in Paris even seek to oppose President Wilson in having the cause of justice upheld? Have their statements not been almost as explicit as his? Have they not vied with one another in proclaiming that the rights of the weak are no less worthy than the rights of the strong? How can any of them claim the privilege of condoning wrong? Should they attempt to do so, President Wilson should boldly save them from themselves. Wrong is no less wrong because it happens to be one of their own number that is guilty of it.

Asks Nothing of England but to Keep Out.

If President Wilson should by any chance prove too weak for his trust, he will have all the less excuse, because luckily America is strong enough not to allow herself to be cheated. She, at any rate, has no need to tremble when the British lion growls his intimidating warnings to those who might disturb him at his prey. I cannot believe that the President will be weak or will allow himself to be deterred from cutting away a vicious canker at the core of the new world order by the conventional diplomatic niceties that belonged to the order which the blood of millions was shed to destroy.

But whether Ireland be heard or not—whether the statesmen at Paris come forth as the most conspicuous failures in history or not—the duty of Irishmen and the duty of all lovers of liberty is clear. That duty is to see that oversight cannot be pleaded as an excuse.

England tries to bind and gag Ireland, to throw her into obscurity as of a dungeon. It is our duty to support all who would lend a hand at losing her. We must strive at least to let in the purifying light, to show Ireland as she is, struggling ever against the slavery in which England would confine her, fighting through centuries, maintaining in blood and tears communion with all who fight for liberty everywhere—battling for it as she ever is with the foe upon her own hearth at home.

Ireland seeks nothing from England but the removal of England's interfering hand. Her only demand is the fundamental right to live her own life in her own way with no limitations except those imposed by the necessity of respecting the equal rights of other peoples.

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FAREWELL TO VERY REV. P. MURPHY

PRESENTATION AT RIVERTON.

When the Very Rev. Father Murphy made it known to his people of the Riverton parish that he was going to visit Ireland, where his aged mother is still living, and that he also wished to take a holiday for the benefit of his health, after 14 years' service among them, they felt that they could not let him depart without some tangible token of their appreciation of his great self-sacrifice; hence representatives in each part of his wide parish got to work, and the sum of £213 was collected and handed to him, that he might be relieved of all anxiety with regard to expense on his trip (says the *Western Star*). It was a very fine representative gathering that met in More's Hall on Thursday, May 29, to honor Father Murphy. Among those present were Very Rev. Father Hunt, his Worship the Mayor (Dr. Trotter), Mr. J. C. Thomson, M.P. for Wallace, and Mr. A. E. Ward. Mr. H. McFeeley, of Tuatapere, presided, and Mr. M. O'Brien, of Otautau, acted as vice-chairman.

After the chairman proposed the toast of "The Pope and King," which was duly honored, he proposed the toast of "The Guest." In doing so the chairman said:—We are assembled here to-day to do honor to one who during his 14 years among us has shown himself to be an ideal priest, a Christian gentleman, and a worthy citizen. Our parting with the Very Rev. Father Murphy, even though it be but temporary, causes us deep sorrow. During his long residence among us over this wide parish of Riverton, no sacrifice that Father Murphy could make in the interests of his parishioners' spiritual welfare was ever too much. Each year but added to the love and strengthened the bond between priest and people. The erection of churches and necessary ecclesiastical buildings looms largely in country as well as in city parishes, and let me say that Father Murphy has done all that was necessary in this respect so far as his parochial district is concerned. Since his coming to Riverton two churches have been built, and the fine convent buildings in this town, fulfilling the noble aim of imparting a Christian education, owe their being largely to the self-sacrifice of Father Murphy, whom we delight to honor to-day. In conclusion Mr. McFeeley said: I have been asked, Very Rev. Father, on behalf of your parishioners, to present you with this cheque, as a small token of their regard and of their keen appreciation of all you have done for them. In doing this, I may say that you carry with you something better than any material thing we could give you—the love and grateful thanks of every man, woman, and child you have ministered to in this wide parish of Riverton. May God in His wisdom keep you in health and strength, and send you safe back to us.

Mr. M. O'Brien said he was pleased to be present to pay a tribute to Father Murphy's work amongst them. Their departing priest had labored for 14 years assiduously in the interests of his people, and was ever ready with a helping hand to assist those outside his Church. He had worked hard and was deserving of a good holiday, and all hoped he would return in good health to carry on his noble work. Father Murphy could rest assured that the good wishes and prayers of his devoted people would be with him during his journeyings.

Dr. Trotter said it afforded him very great pleasure to be present as a personal friend of Father Murphy's and also as chief citizen of Riverton. The acquaintance of Church and Medicine was a very close one. As members of the Church and the Medical Faculty they met on common ground, that was the cause of suffering humanity. During his work in Riverton he had been closely connected with their beloved priest and his predecessors, the late Fathers Walsh and Sheehan. Speaking personally, he could tell them of the faithful work of their beloved priest, how when the call came he was ever ready to attend

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to the patient; and many hard journeys he had had to make. As Mayor, he could assure Father Murphy of the appreciation in which he was held by the citizens. The public would miss for a time the well-known, erect figure with the kind and sympathetic countenance that daily walked their streets. As Father Murphy's medical adviser he was happy to know he was taking a holiday, because he knew the great strain was gradually undermining his system. He wished him a pleasant holiday, and furthermore that he would find his aged mother safe and well, and that he would return with renewed vigor. (Applause.)

Very Rev. Father Hunt said it was with mixed feelings that he rose to speak. On one hand it was sad to say good-bye to one he loved so well; but, on the other hand, he was glad to see so many present to honor one who so well deserved it. Speaking on his own behalf and that of his fellow priests, there was no one who stood so high in their esteem in the diocese as Father Murphy. The self-sacrifice of the guest had been mentioned, and he might say that self-sacrifice made the good priest, and without it his labors would be of very little value. He hoped that those around him would pray for Father Murphy that he might return in health and renewed vigor.

Father Hunt, on behalf of the priests of the diocese, presented Father Murphy with a cheque for £71, and in doing so conveyed to him their love and good wishes for a pleasant holiday.

Father Murphy, on rising to reply, was greeted with prolonged applause. He said that those present had honored him much more than he deserved. During the fourteen years he had spent among them he had received nothing but kindness. The chairman and vice-chairman had given him credit for building churches and the school, but he could have done very little if he did not have a faithful people at his back. He relied on their faith and their charity; and it was never in vain. From Catholics and non-Catholics alike throughout his wide parish he received the greatest kindness. He felt that the time had come when he must take a holiday. The first duty that devolved upon him was a sacred one, that of the dutiful son to his mother. And when his mother called on him he could not refuse, and therefore he made up his mind to hasten to her side. Dr. Trotter knew well the state of his health. He could not adequately express his gratitude to them who that day had left their businesses in distant parts of his wide parish by their faith to give him strength and courage to face the dangers of the sea and the journey, and present him with that which will, and more, relieve him of any anxiety. The friendship existing between himself and Father Hunt was a close one, and as time has gone on it has greatly increased. To their chairman and gentlemen of the parish who had so ably assisted him he extended his love and gratitude. Of Dr. Trotter and the hospital staff he could not say enough. The several matrons had always kept him in touch with the patients, and in fact had often made special effort on his behalf. Dr. Gordon he found always ready to assist him, and genuine friendship had sprung up between them. He hoped during his absence they would not fail in supporting the school and that they would continue to send their children regularly to school.

The toast of "The Member for Wallace" was proposed by Mr. John Griffin, sen., who mentioned the high esteem in which Mr. Thomson was held.

Mr. J. C. Thomson, M.P., in reply, said he had pleasure in joining with those present in honoring their worthy pastor. Father Murphy's parish was a very wide one, and covered almost half of his (the speaker's) electorate. Wherever he had gone he had heard nothing but good words of the guest. There was truly some attraction in Father Murphy, and it was his self-sacrifice that could attract so many around him that day. In kind words and kind thoughts he was leaving a monument behind him in the hearts of his people.

Father Murphy thanked Mr. Thomson for his expression of such kindly sentiments, and said he could

return the compliment. He had always found Mr. Thomson a hard-working man, most attentive to his duties, and he wished him many years of useful public life, and that he would reign long as the people's representative in Wallace. (Applause.)

The toast of "The Visitors" was replied to by Father Hunt, who said he was proud of the spirit of sacrifice shown by the good people around him, who had come to do honor to Father Murphy. Mr. A. E. Ward felt honored at being coupled with the toast and to assist at the function. He had known Father Murphy for some years, and could claim a personal friendship. He had always found him a thorough gentleman. He could join with everyone in wishing Father Murphy a pleasant holiday.

Mr. J. C. Thomson proposed the toast of "The Chairman," and eulogised the good qualities of Mr. McFeeley. He had risen by his efforts to C class, and from a small school of 13 pupils the attendance had risen to 95. He was sure to make a name for himself.

Mr. McFeeley briefly replied, thanking Mr. Thomson for his kind remarks.

Mr. McCann proposed the toast of "Mrs. Mooney and Staff," who had provided such an excellent luncheon. Father Murphy said Mrs. Mooney had been always a good worker in the Church.

The singing of the National Anthem brought a pleasant function to a close.

Many telegrams tendering good wishes were received, also apologies from Dr. Gordon, who was visiting Orepuki, and the Very Rev. Father Coffey, Administrator of the diocese, whose many duties withheld him from being present.

CHRISTCHURCH CELTIC CLUB.

At the meeting of the Christchurch Celtic Club, held on Tuesday evening, May 27, Father J. C. Murphy, B.A., delivered an interesting address descriptive of his recent visits to Ireland on the occasions of his being granted leave from duty as chaplain to the N.Z. Expeditionary Forces. In the course of his remarks Father Murphy referred to the growth of the national movement, not only in the South of Ireland, where practically the whole population is Sinn Fein, but also in the North, where the movement for the emancipation of Ireland is making rapid progress. The brutal methods of the authorities in their endeavors to enforce "law and order" were scathingly illustrated; and attention was drawn to the unsuccessful attempt by Lord French to suppress the Sinn Fein Party by ordering the arrest and imprisonment of the leaders on fictitious and ungrounded charges. The rev. lecturer remarked that the strength of the party was such that fresh leaders immediately stepped into position, and the movement continued to progress. The religious, social, and industrial conditions were alluded to, as was also Ireland's prospects under her own government. As illustrative of the growth of Irish sentiment in song, several of the latest compositions were rendered by Father Murphy and Miss M. G. O'Connor, Miss K. O'Connor playing the accompaniments.

The humble are truly the born rulers of men, for having won the victory over themselves they have learned to rule, and no one can ever accuse them of personal ends or unworthy motives. Single-minded, self-controlled, gentle, and always considerate, they win the world to their feet.

There's nothing like butter for bread,
There's nothing like leather for boots,
There's nothing for bullets like lead,
There's nothing grows timber like roots.
On foregone conclusions like these,
To argue is cussedness pure;
'Tis as certain for colds you'll find ease
In Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Current Topics

Irish News

The fablegrams are striving to sustain their reputation for idiocy. Some time ago we were told that Lloyd George—or, as those who respect him least contemptuously call him, Mr. George—was trying to arrange a meeting with the American delegates to the Peace Conference. The delegates did not come to see Mr. George, nor had they any reason to seek his company. As a result of that, we very soon had the fablegram issued that Mr. George would not see the delegates at all, at all. And a few days later, when the Americans had witnessed for themselves how England, the champion of small nations, is oppressing the Irish people, we were told that Mr. Lansing had something to say about not receiving delegates who could not look on scenes of horror and on exhibitions of Prussianism without betraying their feelings as humane, honest men on the matter. Now, whether or no Mr. Lansing did or did not say this is of no importance. What does matter is that the delegates have actually witnessed and felt what British rule in Ireland means. How can that matter? They have told us themselves. Mr. Dunne declared that they have behind them in their mission no less than one hundred million people. Mr. Walsh stated that if the Peace Conference persists in refusing to hear the delegation of the Irish Republic the mission will demand a hearing as American citizens speaking for the Irish nation. And if that request be denied, continues Mr. Walsh, the mission will go back to America to inform the American people that the pledges made to them have been broken. When we recall that Irish independence is demanded by Congress and by many State Parliaments, as well as by numerous mass meetings held all over the United States, it is not hard to conceive that the news that England has not only betrayed the Irish soldiers who fought for her, but that she has also betrayed the Americans who came into the war to secure the right of self-determination for small nations, will arouse a storm that is likely to wreck President Wilson and to cause intense hostility between England and the people who saved John Bull from the tender mercies of his Prussian cousins. If one could judge by ordinary rules of common sense there could be no doubt that Ireland's case must be heard at the Peace Conference, and that England should be most eager to bring it forward. But in dealing with John Bull one has to remember that he is led by the nose by a combination of No-Popery maniacs and profiteers who would cheerfully kill every Irish Catholic rather than keep their own pledges or respect the sacredness of a scrap of paper. Sinn Fein will never again submit to Castle rule in Ireland. It will never trust the word of a trickster like Lloyd George. And every blunder that the Government makes is making its case stronger. The irritation of a Queensland Cabinet Minister by a fool-policeman, the persecution of the people under the eyes of American witnesses, the illegal arrests, the brutal treatment of political prisoners are all combining for the same final good. In a coming hour England will find herself facing internal troubles which will make enemies outside her gates undesirable. Yet, she is determined to sow the seeds of hatred not only in Ireland, but in America and in her own Colonies.

How English History is Written

Cardinal Newman said "To be deep in history is to cease to be a Protestant." It was not until he found out the fundamental falseness and prejudices of English history that he was able to shake off his traditional misconceptions of Catholicism and to regard things frankly as they are. And there can be little doubt that the prevalence of biased views and false notions about the Church are the greatest obstacles to the conversion of many sincere searchers for the Truth. By the traditional lie in English history the Church has been misrepresented by scores of writers, with the

result that entirely false historical views have come to be accepted unquestioningly by the public. Beginning in the schools where prejudiced text books, explained by prejudiced teachers, imbue the minds of the young with anti-Catholic falsehoods, continued in the press which is controlled by men who have assimilated the wrong opinions, and in a literature which is often openly hostile to our doctrines, the traditional blindness is sustained and strengthened as a great bulwark against Rome. The lies in the press and in works of fiction act insidiously; the lies of historians are more directly injurious, especially if the historians have a vogue which they by no means merit—as is too often the case in England, where true historians are few and far to seek. The Histories of England are in the mass misleading and harmful. No nation is so misinformed of its past as the English. From the Reformation down to Froude the tradition that the great Catholic Church which civilised the world and preserved learning and culture is a human institution, more or less corrupt, is official. Minds warped by Protestant history cannot see in its true perspective the greatest fact in their own past. Truth, the one object of the genuine historian, is set aside at the very beginning by English writers, with the inevitable result that we have a tradition of error and bitterness and prejudice, owing chiefly to which English history is accounted of little moment by the scholars of Europe. Ifume, Gibbon, Macaulay, Froude, and Carlyle were all drenched in prejudices, and the history they wrote was anything you like but scientific. Lingard set the example of how history ought to be written, Gasquet, following in his footsteps, refuted many of the old lies and myths; but these men are not popularly read and the lie still holds the masses. Our encyclopedias are full of misstatements as to the Catholic position. The partisan and the enemy of the Church have the ear of the man-in-the-street as well as of the schoolmaster. In a well-known encyclopedia the article on the Papacy was written by an apostate priest. The chapters on the early Church in the *Cambridge Modern History* are by writers who were entirely prejudiced. The public are offered views about us by men who have accepted the traditional lies, and it is small wonder that the public should be deceived. Of late years Catholic writers have begun to combat the falsehoods. Gasquet, Lingard, Hilaire Belloc, Newman, and Ward have mercilessly exposed falsehoods that have been unquestioningly accepted by so-called scholars. But Catholics have not the public ear, and so strong is the tradition that people will refuse to accept Catholic witnesses when they testify against old views that have become part and parcel of the Protestant tradition. Indeed, they are to a great extent part of Protestantism; for in the Low Churches it is questionable if a congregation would tolerate a minister who would dare tell the truth about the Catholic Church. To a few non-Catholics we owe a very big debt of gratitude. Cobbett's merciless exposure of the falsehoods about the Reformation. G. K. Chesterton has recently published a popular essay to show how wrong are the received views of English historians. Dr. James Gairdner's *Lollardy and the Reformation* is another recent study which shows how religious prejudices warped the truth and how the real nature of the Reformation was sedulously concealed.

How the Orangemen Succeeded the Snakes in Ireland

The Irish fought and died for the Stuarts, as they have always done for lost causes. And when King James came to the English Throne it was not, in those far-off days ere the long lesson of British perfidy and dishonor had been thoroughly learned, unreasonable that the Irish should hope for fair play under a Stuart king. But with all our traditional attachment to the Stuarts, and in spite of all the romance of history, it must be said that they were never reliable friends. So James proved a broken reed for the Irish as soon as he saw that it was not good policy to be honest and true. Recognising that if he made any concessions to Ireland he would incur the hostility of his English

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friends, and not man enough to play a man's part, he began his reign by a proclamation to the effect that "liberty of conscience he could not grant" to the Catholics of Ireland. He assured them that the sword should be sheathed and that they should be ruled by English laws. And they were! They soon learned that the naked sword is preferable to the pen of a plotter when the latter is used to frame Acts of Parliament devised for purposes of wholesale robbery. The chivalrous English were now told that they must forego their morning sport of murdering the Irish. In their favor instead "beneficial" measures were designed with the usual foresight for her own interests and the usual disregard for common morality displayed by England in all her dealings with Ireland. Lord Bacon, who was a man of ideas, suggested one to the king. It was to the effect that a settlement of English husbandmen in Ireland would safeguard the interests of the Crown. Here was the germ from which the "Garrison" sprung. The question was where to plant the tools. O'Neill and Tyrconnel were dangerous men, but a pretext must be found for deliberately plundering them. A convenient letter (such as Lloyd George is skilled at inspiring to-day) was found near Dublin Castle. This document contained hints of a plot of the usual type that is made in England for Irishmen. The letter was certainly forged, but the excuse was good enough. O'Neill and Tyrconnel were proclaimed traitors and had to flee to the Continent. The king then appealed to the City of London to take up the lands of the Irish. He told the aldermen that the soil was rich and well watered; that fuel was abundant, and that there was promise of a fine opening for commerce. Six Ulster counties were confiscated (which is the remote reason why Orangemen still think they own six counties in Ireland). The plains and valleys of Fermanagh, Armagh, and Down passed from the hands of their lawful owners into those of the "scum of England and Scotland" fleeing from justice. As that peculiarly English historian, Froude, tells us, the planters got whatever land was worth getting, and the native Irish got the barren mountains and the bogs. To prevent the rightful owners from getting back their own by lawful means it was enacted that no planter should alienate his portion "to the mere Irish." In this manner the infamous plantation of Ulster was engineered. Naturally, the Irish were not pleased, and even from long-suffering people it was too much to expect that they should not occasionally trouble the "scum of England and Scotland" whom a paternal English Government had obligingly placed in possession of their property without consulting the wishes of the rightful owners. They spoiled the spoilers not infrequently and not gently, remembering that

The fertile plain, the softened vale
Were once the birthright of the gale.

True, there was an Irish Parliament at the time, and its consent was requisite as a mere formality for this royal act of robbery. Once more a high-souled English Minister of the Lloyd George type came to the king's aid and suggested that there was a way to overcome the opposition of the Irish Parliament. It was not an honest way, but that did not matter to a dishonest king and to his proteges. Honesty was not a word in their vocabulary. It is absent from English morality even still. Forty boroughs were created in a single day, "consisting for the most part of townships that had not yet been built." These boroughs were authorized to elect two members each, and when Parliament met, two hundred thousand English and Anglo-Irish Protestants were found to have more representatives than six times their number of Irish Catholics. We have had something like that in very recent times as a result of the friendship of Lloyd George for the German agent, Sir Edward Carson. To make matters still easier the representatives of the new boroughs were chosen from the Lord Deputy's servants, attorneys' clerks, bankrupts, outlaws, and other persons in a properly servile condition. And when the old representatives complained of this swindle the king's answer

was: "Too many members? The more the merrier." In a way that has become a tradition in English dealings with Ireland, the name and the appearance of freedom was granted to the Irish but the substance was taken away. When, further, it was pointed out that many of the mercenary tools thus chosen were unlawfully elected, being criminals and worse, the answer was that it would greatly prejudice public business to have a delay caused by an inquiry just then. And the bankrupt, the outlawed, the criminals declared that the lands of which O'Neill and Tyrconnel were robbed were duly forfeit to the Crown and in no way belonging to the mere Irish. James, acting again on the shrewd advice of his noble advisers, went another step. He paternally assumed unto himself the right of looking after the children of Catholic landholders. He had them educated in the "reformed religion." If they were girls he supplied them with Protestant husbands. And in time this policy gave him a little gang of renegades whom England found very useful in all her dishonest trafficking from that day to this. An O'Brien became Earl of Thomond, an O'Healy, Earl of Donoghmore, an O'Quin, Earl of Dunraven, and a new coterie of anti-Irish courtiers were ready to take their place at the Court and to fawn on the reigning monarch. "The chief, who lived among his people," says Gavan Duffy, "and who was a visible Providence, began to be replaced by an English cavalier who spent the revenues of the O'Brien's country, or the McWilliam's country, in playing hazard with Buckingham, or junketting with the accommodating ladies of Whitehall." What James began was carried on by Charles. Of the robbery under that Stuart king we may speak another day. Enough now to say that it was part and parcel of the general policy that has endured up to our own time. We have written sufficient here to show on what a title is based the claims of the noisy savages of Ulster who were going to kick the king's Crown into the Boyne a few years ago. The origin of the Orangemen's selfishness and want of patriotism is clear. They are to this day strangers in Ireland, holding by might the lands of the native people. They have not a shadow of right to speak as Irishmen. The only reparation that an honest British Government—if such could ever be—could make to Ireland is to drive them forth body and bones and send them back to the countries from which their criminal and outlawed fathers first came. An Orangeman in Ireland is simply the wrongful holder of stolen goods. He has no standing in law or justice. Prussianism is his title and Hunnishness marks all his ways. St. Patrick, we are told by an old legend, banished snakes and serpents from Erin. The Stuart kings introduced a breed that is tenfold worse. And one day the vipers turned and stung their royal patrons. They are always ready to do that. We saw it in the machinations of Carson with the Kaiser and in the speeches of the Ulster parsons four years ago. Disloyalty to all but their own selfish interests, immorality of the kind that Belloc tells us drove the Wexford peasants to rebellion, bigotry and savagery of a type unknown among Zulus and Sioux savages, cowardice which made a general say that his Orange soldiers were a menace to all except the enemy, have been the splendid traits of the men for whom Lloyd George sold his soul.

What is prayer for? Not to inform God, nor to move Him unwillingly to have mercy, as if, like some proud prince, He required a certain amount of recognition of His greatness as the price of His favor; but to fit our own hearts by conscious need, and true desire and dependence, to receive the gift which He is ever willing to give, but we are not always fit to receive.—Alexander MacLaren.

Like severed locks that keep their light
When all the stately frame is dust,
A nation's songs preserve from blight
A nation's name, their sacred trust.

—AUBREY DE VERE.

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MR. ASQUITH AND IRELAND

Mr. Asquith, speaking at a dinner of Liberals in London in April last, referred to the significance of the by-election results, and described the Coalition as a top-heavy structure resting upon foundations of sand. Dealing with the Irish question, he said:—What is the situation there? And how do we stand in relation to it, before either the tribunal of our own national conscience or that larger tribunal which is the spokesman and vehicle of international opinion? A Home Rule Act, admittedly in need of amendment before it is put into effective operation, is on the Statute Book. A little less than three years ago, after the abortive rising in Dublin, the Government of that day, the Government of which I was then head, attempted to achieve, and very nearly succeeded in achieving, a settlement by consent. A year later the present Government, with the hearty good-will of all parties here, summoned a representative national convention, which sat in Dublin for the best part of 12 months. Their deliberations resulted, I will not say in complete agreement, but in a far greater approximation to it than anyone could have anticipated, or even thought possible. It was, moreover, a striking and significant accompaniment of the sittings of the convention, that, as I remember pointing out at the time, there was a distinct set-back, manifested at by-elections and in other ways, in the authority and influence of the extreme, or Sinn Fein, Party in Ireland.

The necessity for immediate action, when the convention had reported, was acknowledged by no one in stronger terms, or with more solemn pledges, than by leading members of the Government. But with a shortsightedness for which I have never been able to discover any explanation or excuse, they chose that particular moment to insist upon the inclusion of Ireland for the first time in the compulsory provision of the Military Service Act. It was an abortive proposal, foredoomed to failure from the first, and bound to prove, and, as I predicted, it did prove, sterile of any military result. But its political consequences were immediate, overwhelming, and disastrous. The power and prestige of the Constitutional Party were fatally undermined. The waning authority of Sinn Fein was not only restored, but multiplied a hundredfold, and the recent election has given it, for the moment, though, as I believe, only for the moment, a majority of the Irish representation at Westminster. And there are now, as we were informed the other day, more than 40,000 troops kept in Ireland to preserve the peace, and to overawe unconstitutional agitation.

What is going to be done? That is the question which was put to the Government little more than a week ago in the House of Commons by the leader of

the Free Liberals—my friend Sir Donald Maclean. And what was the answer? It was given by the new Chief Secretary—one of the few Liberals who hold responsible office in the Government. (Cries of "Question.") As I read it—I have to read these things now—(laughter)—I rubbed my eyes, for in argument, and even in phraseology, it was an almost exact reproduction of what I used to hear night after night more than 30 years ago from the then holder of the same post, the most famous of all Tory Chief Secretaries, the champion crusader of coercion, Mr. Balfour.

"So long," says our present Chief Secretary, "as the condition of the country is what it is, no steps can be taken to alter the present system of government"; and this was followed, of course, by the venerable platitude that it is the first duty of a Government to maintain law and order. (Laughter.) It is sad, it is sad to me at any rate, to hear a young and promising Liberal lisping the obsolete accents of reaction. "It is," says he, "the first duty of a Government to maintain law and order." So it is. Who denies it? But I venture to tell my right hon. friend that the first condition for a durable basis for law and order in Ireland is to alter the present system of government. (Cheers.) That, at any rate—he may take it from me—is the Liberal doctrine, preached by Mr. Gladstone, and followed, in days when the condition of Ireland from the point of view of law and order was far worse than it is to-day, by all the great Liberal statesmen of my time. No wonder that even an enlightened Unionist, Major Hills, after hearing the Government spokesman, felt constrained to exclaim:—"Either the Government have got a policy or they have not. If they have not got a policy it is the bankruptcy of British statesmanship. If they have got a policy, in God's name let them tell us what that policy is."

We are engaged, and rightly and worthily engaged, in Paris at this moment in starting upon a new era of self-determined life for races and communities—none of them more gifted than the Irish—which have been too long denied the right and the power to control their own development and destiny. Some of their cases present difficulties, actual and contingent, from the standpoint of law and order, besides which those which confront us in Ireland fade into relative insignificance. But the Allied and Associated Powers, wisely preparing the road for a real League of Nations, are not going, I venture to predict, to allow themselves to be daunted by those difficulties into withholding or delaying the healing gift of freedom. It should be an object of paramount urgency with all true Liberals that we should do likewise here at home.

There is always room for workers in this world, and the will to advance will certainly find the way.

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ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

June 7.

Father Kennedy arrived recently from Ireland to take up duties in the Wellington Archdiocese. He is a native of Tipperary, and was educated at the Carlow College.

Father Barra, S.M., chaplain with the N.Z. Expeditionary Forces, writing recently to Father Hurley, S.M., Adm., stated that he would probably leave England for New Zealand about the end of May, and arrive here in July.

Mr John Duggan, who has just been discharged from the N.Z. Expeditionary Force, after service abroad, has left on a visit to the United States for the benefit of his health, which is seriously impaired through the rigors of the campaigns which he participated in.

The first meeting of the men's branch of the Sacred Heart Society, of St. Joseph's parish, re-formed during the recent mission, took place at St. Joseph's Church, Buckle Street, on last Tuesday evening. There was an excellent attendance. The meetings will take place monthly, on the Tuesday after the first Sunday of each month.

The combined parishes' annual schools' social will take place at the Town Hall on Wednesday, June 18. The first part will be devoted to picture films, kindly lent by the N.Z. Picture Supplies, Ltd. The refreshments will be provided by a committee of ladies from each parish. Mr. W. McLaughlin's orchestra will supply the music. Last year £180 was the financial result from this function, and it is anticipated that this amount will be exceeded this year. The proceeds are intended to augment the Catholic Education Fund.

The Dominion Executive of the Catholic Federation met at the Catholic Federation rooms, on last Saturday. Mr. P. D. Hoskins, in the unavoidable absence of Mr. D. L. Poppelwell (Dominion President), presided. Christchurch was represented by Mr. F. J. Doolan, and Auckland by Mr. Dromgool. The report of the Teachers' Conference in connection with the scholarship examinations, was received and adopted. The educational platform to be formulated by the Federation was discussed, and a committee was set up to consider the matter and report to the next Dominion Executive meeting. The sale of the Taherenukai Catholic Camp Hall, erected just prior to the Armistice, was considered, and the offer of the Right Rev. Mgr. McKenna was accepted. It was decided to keep the chaplains provided with sufficient assistance from the field service fund, to enable them to dispense comforts to invalided soldiers, and amounts were voted for this purpose. Arrangements were made for making Federation Sunday, which occurs on July 6, an occasion for an effective recruiting campaign.

Napier

(From our own correspondent.)

June 6.

Mrs. H. Burns, of Clive, left last week for Wellington, en route to Ireland, on an extended holiday visit. She sails by the Moana, and will be accompanied by her son, Mr. Leo Burns.

It is the intention of the combined congregations of St. Patrick's and St. Mary's churches to hold a bazaar towards the end of the year, for the purpose of raising funds to erect a new parish school. The various societies will each be in charge of a stall. A concert is being held at the Convent shortly for the purpose of augmenting the funds for the Convent stall.

At the Easter Competitions at Napier the Convent pupils were very successful, and gained the prizes in nearly all the musical sections. The positions in the various grades were as follow:—Church choirs, 1st and 2nd; school choirs, 1st; action songs, 1st and 2nd;

piano (champion contest), 2nd; piano (under 18), 1st and 2nd; piano (under 16), 1st; piano (under 14), 2nd; piano (under 12), 1st and 2nd; piano duet (open), 2nd; piano duet (under 16), 1st and 2nd.

On the afternoon of May 22 an outbreak of fire occurred at the Napier Convent, but fortunately without serious results. The fire started in a clothes cupboard in the main dormitory, but the origin is a mystery, as there were no children about the wards, and matches are not used. It was at first thought the fusing of an electric wire may have been the cause, but that was not so. The fire brigade promptly responded to a call, but the Sisters, with the aid of buckets of water, had the outbreak well in hand by then. Had the fire gained a hold the consequences would have been serious, as the building is a wooden one, and the water supply available is not adequate for fire-fighting purposes.

The impressive ceremony of the reception of new members into the Sodality of Children of Mary took place at the Napier Convent Chapel on Sunday, May 25. Our Lady's Altar was beautifully decorated for the occasion. There was a large and representative gathering of the Children of Mary, and Convent boarders. Prior to the reception Father Tymons delivered an appropriate discourse on Our Blessed Lady, and impressed on his hearers the great honor it was to become a member of the sodality and a Child of Mary. Fourteen members and 20 aspirants were then received into the sodality. The "Ave Marie Stella" and other hymns, in honor of Our Lady, were beautifully rendered by the boarders and Sisters.

Mr. Denis Crowley, an old and respected resident of Clive for the last 40 years, was killed in a motor accident at Clive on Sunday last. When crossing the road, deceased was run into by a motor car driven by a young returned soldier. He was run over by the car, and sustained injuries which subsequently proved fatal. Deceased, who was a native of Co. Cork, Ireland, arrived in New Zealand 46 years ago, and for some time worked on the railway at Clive, subsequently settling at Clive, where he resided till the time of his death. A man of upright character and great warm-heartedness, he was greatly esteemed throughout the district. He was a keen follower of all outdoor sports, and his family likewise follow in his footsteps. To his four sons and six grown-up daughters deepest sympathy is extended. At the inquest on deceased a verdict was returned that the driver had done everything to avoid the accident. —R.L.P.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Most Rev. Dr. Moeller, Archbishop of Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A., speaking in that city recently, said:—

In the reconstruction of the Old World now being effected at Paris, Ireland's rights must be vindicated, if the Peace Conference is not to be the veriest kind of a farce, a delusion and a snare. The "self-determination of peoples" is a happy phrase. It epitomises for nations the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." It is eloquent in diction, and pregnant with meaning. It is music in the ears of everyone who loves his neighbor as himself. Its notes were born in the travail of the world. The fingers of suffering had pressed upon the keys of humanity, and the chord of brotherhood responded to the touch. "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." And our illustrious President, God bless him! heard the music, and wrote for it the immortal words, "the self-determination of peoples, small as well as large, is our aim in this war."

Let us hope that the principle of this proposition will be put into beneficent practice in the case of Ireland.

If we wish to arrive at Divine union, we must think, pray, act, suffer, renounce, and immolate ourselves as did Jesus Christ, our Heavenly Mother, and the saints.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN CHRISTCHURCH

BLESSING AND OPENING OF NEW SCHOOL.

There was a large gathering on last Sunday afternoon at the Catholic Church and School grounds, Spencer Street, Addington, to assist at the solemn blessing and opening, by his Lordship Bishop Brodie, of the new buildings of the parish school. Two large and airy classrooms and cloakrooms have recently been built, and the paths surrounding the buildings have been asphalted, involving the expenditure of £1070. Members of both branches of the H.A.C.B. Society, wearing their regalia, formed a guard of honor to the Bishop upon his arrival. His Lordship was accompanied by Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., Father O'Hare (Kumara), and Father Long. The Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy congratulated the people of Addington upon the acquisition of such substantial additions to their schools, and read a statement of the financial position. This showed that, although the new buildings involved such a heavy expenditure, the present debt upon the whole of the parochial buildings and furniture was only £630. He also referred in kindly words to past benefactors of the parish, mentioning in particular the late Mr. D. Campbell and also Mr. L. Hickey, and commending the zeal and energy of Mr. Considine and Miss Bridget Sloan.

Addressing the assemblage, his Lordship Bishop Brodie said:—The ceremony at which we are assisting this afternoon marks an advance in the great work of Catholic education. It may be interesting to state that the Addington School is one of seven educational institutions in course of erection in the city and suburbs of Christchurch. Woolston School has just been completed and opened; the Cathedral Schools are now in course of erection; a new school has been opened at Riccarton under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy; another school will be furnished at St. Mary's, Manchester Street; Papanui School is being enlarged, and St. Bede's College is making steady progress towards completion. This activity in the construction of Catholic buildings can be considered very opportune and appropriate at this juncture of the world's history. The world is undergoing a process of reconstruction, and the greatest minds are deeply exercised as to the form that that reconstruction is taking in order that the calamity of another world-devastating war may be averted. In the earnest consideration which this subject is receiving, it is well to remember that the work of education plays a most important part in the organisation of the world, and in the work of reconstruction education must not be overlooked. The extent of the work of Catholic education in Christchurch may be understood from the fact that in the Cathedral parish alone there are schools providing accommodation for no less than 1000 Catholic children, and when it is realised that for such a work the State would be confronted with an outlay of no less than £7000 per year we can form some idea of the sacrifice this work must mean to the Catholic community of this city. The education question is indeed a burning one. For Catholics it has meant a long and hard struggle to meet the outlay occasioned by the work of erecting and maintaining Catholic schools in addition to the burden borne by our people, in common with other taxpayers of the community; but the burden has been courageously faced, the difficulties of pioneering days seem to have passed by, and Catholics, in their intense love and enthusiasm for their holy faith, take a pardonable pride in the progress and advancement of the work of Catholic education. If the financial sacrifice is great, it does not prevent Catholics from expressing their due appreciation of the greater sacrifice made by our religious Brothers and Sisters, who devote and consecrate their lives to the great cause of Catholic education. It would be well for our legislators, our public men, and all interested in the social well-being to make a study of the subject of education. Sometimes the denominational schools are made the butt

of unkind and hostile criticism, conveying the impression that denominational schools threaten the destruction of the State schools and constitute a barrier to true national education. Such criticism is the result of insufficient knowledge of the vast question of national education and its underlying principles. The study of national systems in various countries impresses us with the fact that denominational schools can, and do, form part of the national system, and tend to promote its greater thoroughness and efficiency. This we find verified in England, Scotland, and Ireland, in Holland and Belgium, in Canada and South Africa, where the national and denominational systems coexist and have reached a state of the highest efficiency. The primary end of denominational schools, as far as Catholics are concerned, is to ensure that Catholic children will be brought up with a thorough knowledge of their holy faith. Experience teaches that, under existing social and industrial conditions, it is impossible for the majority of parents to attend to the religious instruction of their children; the school then must supplement the work of the parents, and the ideal school conditions are those under which the child will advance in secular knowledge and, at the same time, receive a thorough course of instruction in the teachings of holy faith. The war has brought denominational schools before us in a somewhat new light. The impression seems to have been abroad that denominational schools did not foster a spirit of citizenship, but during the war the past pupils of these schools have had an opportunity of showing to the world that they possessed this spirit of citizenship in the highest degree. The numbers offering for service in defence of their country have been most creditable, and the results of the various religious schools in New Zealand have shown that the spirit of citizenship and patriotism existed in the highest degree. For example, St. Patrick's, Wellington, has on its roll of honor no less than 454 past pupils; the Sacred Heart College, Auckland, a younger institution, has 289; while the Marist Brothers' School, of Christchurch, with a roll of 288 old boys, sent no less than 200 of these to the Front before the introduction of conscription. Figures such as these—and these figures are equalled by all the denominational schools of New Zealand—show that in our denominational schools the State has a valuable adjunct and source of ready help should any national disaster or crisis arrive. When it is considered then that many of our boys have laid down their lives for the cause of the Empire, many have returned to their homes bearing the marks of wounds received in defence of their country, and that those who have survived the war will be the fathers of future generations of true and devoted citizens, it must be admitted that it is not in the interest of good legislation or good government to penalise or discourage institutions which have done such great work for the country's honor and defence.

Several of the Sisters of the Mission, by whom the school is conducted, were present, and had charge of the children, who sang several hymns. With the aid of a band of willing workers afternoon tea was served. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament concluded the ceremony.

MIKEEN'S QUESTIONS.

Can I tell you when will the days get long?
And the cold be gone, and the birds make song?
Little curly-head, with your eyes of blue
And your dimples two, and the smile of you!
Sure, 'tis Spring
When a man's boot can cover nine daisies.

Now can you tell me what time of the year
Far mountains seem near, and the skies are clear,
Bees hum their tune in the blaze of noon,
Small son, that will be a man all too soon?
Sure, 'tis June
When ten bare pink toes cover nine daisies!

—L. M. MCCRAITH, in *New Ireland*.

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Consider the ill-health that decayed or defective teeth cause! They harbour myriads of germs —agents of bad teeth in corrupting food, which in turn carries the germs throughout the system —and that means illness.

Yet how unnecessary. A little time spent under my treatment will remedy the trouble.

If the teeth are too far gone I will extract them painlessly. If it is at all possible to save them I will do it by means of fillings or crowns.

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HIBERNIAN SOCIETY, WELLINGTON.

The Wellington District Council of the Hibernian Society met at the Catholic Federation Rooms on last Thursday evening (writes our own correspondent, under date June 7). Brother J. J. L. Burke (St. Patrick's branch) presided, and there were present Brothers Hoskins (district deputy), F. Whitaker, P.P., O. Krohn, P.P., representing St. Patrick's branch; Barker, B.P., Sacred Heart branch, Thorndon; J. Fagan, P.P., St. Aloysius' branch, Newtown; and Sister Griffin, St. Mary's (ladies) branch. The chairman explained that now that the war was at an end it was necessary to continue to recruit for the society, and, so far as the Wellington district was concerned, to strengthen it. For this reason (he said) the council was again called together. Brother Hoskins pointed out that three important questions should engage their attention with the object of developing the society in this Dominion. The first was the establishment of sub-districts, as outlined by Wellington at the district meeting in 1916, with representative annual meetings instead of triennial meetings as at present; the second was the increasing of the death benefit so as to bring it up to £120. At the present time the death benefit was £20, but it could be increased to £70 by any member wishing to pay a slightly increased contribution under the special insurance scheme. By making the maximum £120, the society would compare with non-Catholic societies, and remove any excuse offered by Catholics that the Hibernian Society, as a benefit society, was not giving benefits equal to the least objectionable of non-Catholic friendly societies. The third question was that of consolidation of the sick fund. Already the funeral fund was consolidated, with excellent results, and the sick fund was, to a certain extent, partly consolidated through the foundation in 1913 of the district supplementary sick fund, to which branches had to contribute 4s 4d per year for each member—1s 8d less than what was paid per annum for each member to the district funeral fund. After some discussion it was agreed to consider these three questions with a view to submitting reports at the next district meeting. Brothers Burke, Giles, and Hoskins were elected to represent the council on the Education Board.

QUEEN CARNIVAL AT GREYMOUTH.

The Town Hall was packed in all parts on Thursday evening, May 29, on the occasion of the coronation festival in connection with the recent Queen Carnival, and those present were highly delighted with the way that the pageant was presented (says the Greymouth *Star*). Great credit is due to Mrs. J. W. Hannan, the mistress of the revels, on whom the bulk of the work fell, and she must be congratulated on the success of her labors. It is scarcely three weeks since the "Proclamation" ordering the Coronation to proceed was issued, yet everything was ready to the "last button." The mounting and dressing were on a most elaborate scale, and when the Queen and her retinue were assembled in the Coronation Chamber the scene was a very beautiful one.

The proceedings opened with an overture by the Peerless Pictures orchestra. The main business of the evening—the Coronation of the Queen—then took place. Those participating were—Pages to queen: Gerald and Girlie Callan; maids of honor: Misses Mamie Newman, Kathleen Higgins, and Marjorie Egden; pages to maids of honor: Sheila Wingham, Margaret James, Mortimer O'Grady, Freda Colloghan, Cecil Hannan, Desmond Heaphy; master of ceremonies: Percy Dooogan; crown bearer, Stan Rogers; sceptre: Kathleen Fogarty; orb: Jack McBrearty. The ceremony of crowning the queen was carried out according to ancient usage and with becoming impressiveness.

Mr. W. H. Parfitt, a participant in the carnival, congratulated No. 4 Stall in having won the coveted honor for their queen, and hoped the memory of the celebrations of the evening would long linger with

Queen Maureen and her court. He knew how proud all those who had worked for the object would feel now that success had been achieved, and the preliminary work in connection with the proposed memorial school, which, besides providing the Church with a school building, was tangibly perpetuating the memory of their revered pastor and friend, the late Dean Carew. (Applause.) He thanked all who had assisted in the great undertaking, specially mentioning Father Quinn, who had done yeoman service. The revels were then continued, a large number of young people contributing to the enjoyment of the audience.

OBITUARY

MRS. MICHAEL ROCHFORD, DILLMAN'S TOWN, KUMARA.

The death, on May 30, at the Westland Hospital, is recorded of Mrs. M. Rochford, of Dillman's Town, Kumara, after a severe illness borne with Christian fortitude. Deceased was the eldest daughter of Mr. P. Purcell, Bealey Street, Hokitika. She was born in Okarito, and was 46 years of age at the time of her death. The late Mrs. Rochford was a devout Catholic, and leaves a sorrowing husband and family of nine children—two boys and seven girls—their ages ranging from eight to 26 years, one daughter being Sister M. Felix, of the Institute of Notre Dame des Missions, Nelson—also two sisters and two brothers, to all of whom deep sympathy is extended in their sad loss. The funeral was very largely attended, mourners coming from all parts to pay their last respects to the memory of the deceased. The obsequies at St. Mary's Church, and at the interment in the Hokitika Cemetery, were conducted by Father Clancy, Father Fogarty, of Kumara, being also present.—R.I.P.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

June 6.

His Lordship Bishop Cleary is still an inmate of the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, but is now making satisfactory progress towards recovery.

On June 21, a mission will be opened in the Sacred Heart Church, Ponsonby, by the Marist Missionary Fathers, and will be continued for nine days.

Father De Volder, who was the guest of Right Rev. Mgr. Gillan for the past week, left on Wednesday for Dargaville, to take charge of his new parish.

Father Skinner, who has been absent with the N.Z. Expeditionary Forces as chaplain for the past two years, is expected to return on or about the 21st instant.

The choir of St. Benedict's Church, Newton, has secured the services of Mr. Harry Hiscocks as organist, and of Mr. P. Hiscocks as conductor. Mr. Harry Hiscocks commenced duty on Sunday, June 1.

Father Carran, Adm. Sacred Heart Church, Ponsonby, is still in the Mater Misericordiae Hospital. At present his condition is very satisfactory, and he hopes to be able to leave the hospital in a short time.

Very Rev. Father P. Murphy, of the diocese of Dunedin, arrived here last night, en route to Ireland, and leaves here for Vancouver by the Niagara. While in Auckland he is the guest of his Lordship Dr. Cleary at the Bishop's Palace, Ponsonby.

The Rev. Dr. Kelly, Editor of the *N.Z. Tablet*, who has been paying a visit to this city, left by the Main Trunk express last night for Dunedin. During his stay here he was the guest of Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook at the presbytery, Grey Lynn.

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on Sunday last at St. Patrick's Cathedral, and in the evening the usual procession and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, attended by a congregation of over 1500 people.

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BURNETT STREET,

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Last Tuesday evening Father Doyle, who recently returned from active service with the New Zealand Division in France, addressed the men's Confraternity of the Holy Family on prayer and trust in God. The discourse was entitled "The Three Great Men of the War," having reference to the King of the Belgians, Marshal Foch, and Cardinal Mercier.

In connection with St. Patrick's Cathedral bazaar, to be held in the near future, the Children of Mary of that parish held what proved to be a highly successful euchre social in St. Benedict's Hall on Wednesday evening, June 4. The prizes for the euchre were won by Mrs. Hooker and Mr. E. C. O'Brien. Father Forde, Adm., presented the prizes, and in a short address thanked all who had helped to make the evening such a social and financial success.

Playing on Saturday, May 31, in the Rugby football contest senior grade, Marist Old Boys defeated Ponsonby by 11 points to 5. In the junior contest, second grade, Marists (6) defeated Grammar School Old Boys (5), after a fast and interesting game. Tries were scored for the Marists by Watson and McNamara. The Marist third grade team won from Grafton by default. Fourth grade: Ponsonby (9) beat Marists (3). Fifth grade: Marists (9) beat Grafton (5). This was one of the best junior matches played on Eden Park for some years, and marked the end of the first round, the competing teams being thus placed: Marists, 1 point; Grafton, 2 points; Ponsonby, no score. In the primary schools' competition, Marist Brothers' (Vermont Street) A team (40) beat Richmond Road A (nil) in the first round, and Marists B (9) beat Newmarket B (nil). In the second round Marists A (32) beat Newmarket (nil), and Marists B (52) beat Napier Street B (nil).

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

June 9.

A Novena, preparatory to the Feast of the Sacred Heart, will be conducted by two Redemptorist Fathers, beginning on the eve of Corpus Christi. On the following Sunday the diocese will be consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

On Sunday, June 1, his Lordship the Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 231 children and adults at St. Mary's Church, Manchester Street. The Bishop gave an instructive sermon appropriate to the occasion, after which he officiated at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. There was a crowded congregation.

The recent garden fete, held in the presbytery grounds at St. Mary's, in aid of the Papanui church building fund, resulted in £662 being added to the fund. Very Rev. Dean Regnault expresses his gratitude and that of his assistant priests to all who assisted in making the fete such a financial success. The amounts from the various stalls were: Produce (Mesdames Heapy and Boloski and Miss O'Connor), £274 8s; fancy (Misses Rooney and Sisson), £141 12s 9d; refreshment (Mrs. Prendergast), £129 1s 2d; St. Mary's (Mesdames Evans and Smith), £74 17s 6d; Children of Mary (Misses Kelly and Riordan), £50 9s 2d; the side-shows were productive of £12 19s 6d.

Mdlle. Antonia Dolores, the world-famed French soprano, honored the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, of St. Mary's, Manchester Street, at the devotions on Sunday afternoon, June 1, when she attended the church and sang Mr. R. H. Rossiter's local composition, "O Salutaris Hostia," to a crowded congregation. Mdlle. Dolores some time ago had this song dedicated to her by Mr. Rossiter, a native of Christchurch, and she was so charmed with it that she promised she would sing it in Christchurch at the first opportunity. This she did with all the impressiveness that such an artist could infuse into the words. This is the only occasion during the present Australasian tour that Mdlle. Do-

lores has sung in a church, and Christchurch is thus particularly honored.

The accidental death of Clarence James Patrick (Pat) Gregory, which occurred on the night of Wednesday, May 28, occasioned widespread sorrow. Deceased was a very fine young fellow, and exceedingly popular among his comrades and acquaintances. An ardent footballer since his schooldays at the Marist Brothers' School, he was captain of the M.B.O.B. second grade team, and was actually on his way to attend a practice preparatory to the following Saturday's match when the lamentable accident happened. The deceased was the son of Mr. J. A. Gregory, of Barbadoes Street, Sydenham, and was 19 years of age. After leaving school he entered the Railway Department as a cadet. Although under age, he spent some time in camp with the Signalling Corps of the Expeditionary Force. Returning to Christchurch, he joined the office staff of the N.Z. Farmers' Co-operative Association. Deceased was an expert swimmer, was treasurer of the Waltham Swimming Club, and had won many trophies in swimming tournaments. Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of deceased was offered at the High Altar in the Cathedral on Saturday by Father Murphy, assisted by Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm. There was a crowded congregation. The Marist Brothers' School Choir, under Brother Emilian, sang appropriate hymns during Mass, and at the graveside. The "Dead March" from "Saul" was played by Miss K. O'Connor as the funeral procession left the Cathedral. Representatives of the various football and swimming clubs, Canterbury Rugby Union, and N.Z. Farmers' Co-operative Association were present. Father Murphy officiated at the interment in Linwood Cemetery, Very Rev. Dean Regnault being also present at the graveside. The deceased was for nine years among the most diligent sanctuary boys of the Cathedral. He was a brother of Mr. Arthur Gregory, an ecclesiastical student at Holy Cross College, Moggie. Much sympathy is extended to the bereaved parents and relatives in their sad loss. R.I.P.

JEW'S REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

Following upon the remarkable conversion of a young Jew named Jacques Walsh, of Lyons, a league of devout Israelites, composed of French, English, and American Jewish converts, and indeed of converts of the entire world, is to be formed, which will unite in prayer, charity, and every holy cause touching the glory of God and the salvation of souls (says the *London Catholic Times*). The pioneers of this league are no other than Jacques Walsh himself, his mother (a converted Jewess), his sisters, and others who have expressed a wish to join. The movement is in reality an act of gratitude for the conversion of Jacques Walsh, the story of which is related by his own mother.

Briefly told, he was lying at the point of death in a military hospital at Dijon, when he asked to be allowed to drink some Lourdes water and have some rubbed on his forehead. Contrary to the expectation of all, even of the doctor, he changed the next day for the better and asked for the grace of Baptism, at the hands of the Dominican Father in attendance. The consent of the young man's father had to be obtained, and he flew into a violent rage, refusing to allow the Baptism of his son. At length, persuaded by the mother and son, the father turned to leave the room, weeping like a child, and said:—"I shall leave you for a quarter of an hour; do what you like in my absence." No time was lost. The Dominican Father hastily asked the dying soldier a few questions concerning the doctrines of the Church. Four nuns, two priests, and his mother were at the foot of the bed while he was being baptised. Forty other cases in the same ward were witnesses of the event. An operation then became necessary, which the converted Jew passed safely through. On seeing what had taken place, his father remarked:—"It is a miracle such as God worked for our ancestors in Palestine."

The Dominican Father, addressing the young Jew, now healed in body and soul, said:—"God wants something of you, my son; this miracle is too great, too evident, for it to be possible that you alone should benefit from it. When God bestows so great a grace upon one of His creatures, He expects a great return. Listen to the Gospel of the day, 'This man went his way and proclaimed to the Jews that Jesus Christ had healed him.' God will achieve His end because He always completes a work that He has begun, unless we put an obstacle in His way."

The intention most cherished by the first converts of this League of Israelites is to organise a pilgrimage to Jerusalem which shall include visits to Paray-le-Monial, Lourdes, and Rome. There is, of course, already in existence a Guild of Israel, of which the Very Rev. Bede Jarrett, O.P., is chairman.

MR. DE VALERA'S POLICY

Mr. De Valera, M.P., on Saturday (says the *London Catholic Times* of April 5) gave interviews to a number of pressmen who called on him with reference to the message he was announced to deliver to the Irish people on the previous Wednesday before the military authorities interfered with the civic reception which was to have been accorded. His words, he said, would have been a call rather than a message. He intended to point out that the long struggle for Home Rule was responsible for much of the confusion that exists to-day in the minds of foreigners as to the wishes of the Irish people. It was not as clearly understood as it should be that the Nationalist minority which opposed Sinn Féin at the recent elections stood for the right of self-determination no less firmly than did the followers of Sinn Féin. It was all important that this should be demonstrated at once, and he would have asked the whole of Nationalist Ireland to range themselves behind Sinn Féin in Sinn Féin's demand for self-determination.

"Were we a free country," Mr. De Valera went on, "in our dealings with outside countries, the Irish Government of the day, representing the views of the majority of the people, would naturally ask for, and would count on, the support of the country as a whole. Our position now is perfectly analogous, and we ask those who may differ from us on points of view of what might be called internal policy to back us up, one and all, so that we might put our full strength into the fight."

When he spoke of self-determination, he meant that the people of Ireland should be allowed to choose freely—that was, without any outside pressure or dictation whatever—how they should be governed. He believed, and had always believed, that there was no Irish Nationalist who would not gladly choose independence if the choice were really given him. "When an Irish Nationalist chooses less," he said, "or seems to choose less, it is because he feels he has not a free choice." They wanted the Irish people to make that clear to the world.

"If we were able to work in such close unity, or perhaps I should say co-operation," he continued, "against conscription, I am perfectly certain that we can work in a no less close co-operation now when it is the greater question of striving to bring to complete success the age-long struggle for Irish freedom."

The time, without question, was one in which such close co-operation was necessary. For Nationalists to seem to be desiring different things was fatal, and he could not see any ground on which any Nationalist should refuse to give them support in securing that which he desired no less than they. In self-determination they had a goal towards which it was the interest of all to march, and he would ask the Nationalists who might differ from them when the time for disposing of themselves under this right came along to support them now in seeing that that right was not denied. "I do not believe," he emphasised, "that

there are any Irishmen who for purely selfish purposes will refuse to give us support now when they desire what we seek to achieve no less than we do."

When their right to self-determination was freely admitted they might differ on the purely domestic question as to what use they should make of it. For his part, he had no doubt that the Irish people would vote for complete independence, and he did not see how that could be exercised other than in the Irish Republic. On the basis of that demand he believed that the whole Irish race could be knit into one solid phalanx and organised so as to exhibit a strength greater than that wielded on any previous occasion. They could link up closely those of the Irish race in Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, no less than those in the United States, the Argentine, and elsewhere. Besides this claim being admitted by the greatest statesmen of other nations as a necessary basis for the future peace of the world, it would have the support of the lovers of peace throughout the world.

In addition to this, had not hostile forces intervened, he would have indicated certain immediate activities which he intended to propose should be undertaken—for example, the co-ordination of the various societies and other bodies interested in the advancement of Irish trade and industries, so that the material interests of Ireland should be properly looked after in the present period of general reconstruction.

For the forwarding of their political propaganda it would be necessary to establish representatives of Ireland in several foreign countries, and it would be an easy matter to associate with them trade representatives. The name of Ireland was prominently before the world now in connection with the political question, and advantage should be taken of this to bring Irish products into similar prominence. "In our work in that respect," he said, "we will propose to ignore all political or other difference, our sole object being the safeguarding and advancing of the material interests of our country as a whole."

But, of course, all that, no less than the forwarding of their political claim, required that the people should give them the necessary financial support. When they were threatened with conscription a large sum of money was forthcoming, and that chiefly because conscription was striking at Ireland's right as a distinct nation. He was certain, now that they were striving to get their national claim admitted in such a way as to secure not only that a menace such as conscription by a foreign country could never again threaten the country, but to secure to the full all the rights of separate statehood for which Irishmen had fought and suffered since the first coming of the Norman. When the Dáil next met, Mr. De Valera added, they would ask for a definite minimum sum, and meantime they hoped that the public would continue generously subscribing.

CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS IN BRITISH ARMY.

Some figures just published regarding the chaplains' service in the British Army give some interesting statistics as to the part taken by the Catholic clergy during the fighting. When the first British Expeditionary Force crossed to France in 1914 it was accompanied by 54 chaplains, about half the pre-war establishment of chaplains of all denominations. Among the number were four Catholic chaplains, among them Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew, better known by his pen name of "John Ayscough." At the time of the Armistice there were 3480 chaplains of all denominations serving, of whom 647 were Catholic priests, this number not including those chaplains holding Dominion commissions. The principal Catholic chaplain, Bishop Keating, who is *Episcopus Castrensis* and Ordinary for the Army, holds the rank of Brigadier-General.

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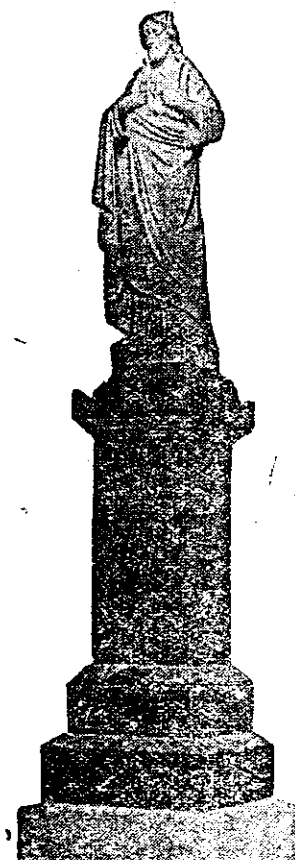
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MARRIAGES

BROPHY—FITZSIMMONS.—On April 30, 1919, at the Church of St. John, Methven, by the Rev. Father Price, Patrick, fourth son of the late Mr. and Mrs. K. Brophy, of Geraldine, to Rose, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Fitzsimmons, Methven.

HAYES—GILL.—On April 23, 1919, at St. Mary's Church, Manchester Street, Christchurch, by the Rev. Father Hanrahan (Darfield), William, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, Barbadoes Street, Christchurch, to Annie, seventh daughter of the late Mr. James Gill and Mrs. Gill, of St. Albans, Christchurch.

McMULLAN—MORRISON.—On May 14, 1919, at the Cathedral, Christchurch, by the Rev. Father J. Hanrahan, assisted by the Rev. Father M. J. Fogarty, John, the eldest son of Mr. J. McMullan, Kirwee, to Rose, second daughter of Mr. P. Morrison, The Oaks, Darfield.

MEAD—PLUNKETT.—On April 21, 1919, at St. Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin, by the Rev. Father Delany, William Daniel, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Mead, Port Chalmers, to Catherine, fifth daughter of Mrs. and the late James Plunkett, Musselburgh.

DEATHS

GREGORY.—On May 28, 1919 (result of an accident), Clarence James Patrick, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Gregory, of 33 Barbadoes Street, Christchurch; aged 19 years.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

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

McVEIGH.—On June 1, 1919, at Weston, Daniel, beloved husband of Julia McVeigh (late of Lincoln); aged 68 years.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

STEWART.—On May 25, at the Police Station, Addington (after a lingering illness), Rita Alexandra, dearly loved fifth daughter of David and the late Mary Stewart; aged 17 years.—May her soul rest in peace.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE

WALSH.—On May 27, 1919, at Dunedin, James Joseph Walsh (14th Reinforcements), youngest son of Francis and Margaret Walsh, York Street, Opawa, Christchurch; aged 26 years (accidentally drowned).—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

DALY.—In loving memory of Patrick Joseph, third son of Patrick and Mary Daly, Hinds, who was killed in action at Messines, on June 14, 1917.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his father, mother, brothers, and sisters.

HODGINS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Thomas, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Hodgins, "Wicklow Hills," Eketahuna, who fell at Messines on June 7, 1917.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

"Somewhere in France" our own dear boy is lying
"Somewhere in France," beneath its sunny skies;
Mary, who cares for the dead and dying,
Care thou for him, our love who silent lies.
—Inserted by his loving parents, brother, and sister.

MORLAND.—In loving memory of Patrick Morland, killed in action at Messines on June 6, 1917.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his parents, brothers, and sisters.

IN MEMORIAM

O'DONNELL.—Of your charity pray for the happy repose of the soul of Edmond O'Donnell, who died at his residence, Nen Street, Oamaru, on June 16, 1915.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his loving wife and family.

SANDYS.—At Dunedin, on June 13, 1917, James Berkery, second beloved son of Annie and the late E. W. Sandys.—O Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

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.—The Renascence of Ireland,—p. 25. Notes—"Pages from the Past"; Hardy and Meredith; Gerald Hopkins: Imagery and Word-Painting,—pp. 26-27; Topics.—Irish News: How English History is Written; How the Orangemen Succeeded the Snakes in Ireland,—pp. 14-15. The Case of Ireland, p. 9. Mr. Asquith and Ireland, p. 17. Archbishop Mannix: A Notable Address, p. 30. How Ireland is Slandered, p. 34.

[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 12, 1919.

THE RENASCENCE OF IRELAND



CARDINAL NEWMAN, in a magnificent piece of satire, showed how the popular notions about the Catholic Church were all derived from descriptions of her by people whose interest it was to misrepresent her and to discredit her greatness. A century-old Protestant tradition, backed by a powerful Protestant press, and by organised bigotry so widespread that even Dickens was caught in its meshes, appropriated to the Reformation whatever of great and good and beautiful

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there was in the Church, and then proceeded to tell the public that Catholicism—or, as the illustrious Professor Dickie, who is infallible in Dunedin about the Twelfth of July, would say, Romanism—had nothing to commend it, and stood for obscurantism and for ignorance. The tactics of Protestants in this regard were decidedly Protestant: no other word can be found to fit them. And what they have done with reference to the Church they have also done in a political sphere with reference to Ireland. Some day it may be worth while collecting a number of the contradictory things they have said about Irishmen, who, according to the mood of the anti-Irish writer, are "ferocious," or "cowardly," or "humble," or "proud," or "lazy," or "vain," or goodness only knows what not. For too long Irishmen were content to accept in a certain measure as true what their enemies said about them, just as they were satisfied to regard English papers and English books as worth reading. The false tradition deceived the people, and it needed a miracle to arouse them from their dreams.

*

They have been aroused. They have been taught to look into themselves and to examine in how far the traditions apply to them. For the past 20 years writers like D. P. Morgan have been scouring the Anglo-Saxon ideals out of them and teaching them to see West Britonism for the shoddy, contemptible thing it is in truth. The Gaelic League has come along and led them to turn back and regard everything from the standpoint of Celtic, and no longer from that of British, culture. It has dawned on them at last that they have a heritage and a record which puts them immeasurably above the conglomeration of races called Englishmen, and that spiritually, intellectually, and physically they are the superiors and the English the inferiors. And from this turning-point, when Irishmen began to see things for themselves and to take a right pride in themselves, dates the renaissance of the Irish nation. Twenty years is a short period in the life of a people, but what has been achieved in that span in Ireland is absolutely marvellous. One sign of it is the positive wonderment and astonishment of old people in this Dominion who were saturated with the old ideals and found it hard to realise the change and all it stands for. The vague notions about the Gaelic League, the dense ignorance about the activities of Sinn Fein with which we personally had to contend when we came to edit the *Tablet* over two years ago now, prove clearly how far Ireland has leaped forward ahead of old conditions. And as yet, far as she has gone, she is only on the threshold of her future greatness. So far she has in fact but gone back: back to the ancient ideals which were thrust aside by centuries of false English civilisation, which were vital enough to remake Ireland, which are the foundations of Ireland's prosperity and development in the years to come. Sinn Fein has now taken the lead, and more than fulfilled the highest expectations of its pioneers. Its maxim is *The Irish for Ireland*; its first commandment is *Thou shalt be Irish, not English*. The Rising of Easter Week, the incredible cruelty of Maxwell, the official protection of the murderer Colthurst, and the immoral attempt to impose the horrors of military slavery on a nation that never did and never will acknowledge English rule, strengthened Sinn Fein and made it the irresistible force it is to-day in Irish life. Under Sinn Fein the country is united as it never was at any time in its history. Owing to the dishonest chicanery of Lloyd George, the one danger that Irishmen might be caught in the trap of British promises is for ever removed. On the broad lines marked out by the Gaelic League, Ireland has begun her march towards freedom and prosperity.

*

Two movements will help to show what promise the future holds. The co-operative movement that began so quietly, now widespread, embracing in its activities "nearly every phase of national life from herring-fishing off Kileel to painting from life in Dublin," with branches from Carnsore Point to Lough

Swilly, has come to stay. It aims at the economic rebirth of Ireland, it transfers the idea of Sinn Fein from politics to political economy. It applies the commandment *Thou shalt not be English* to every department of trade and industry, and teaches Irishmen to wear Irish-made tweeds, to burn Irish coal, to light Irish matches, and to read books printed in Ireland on Irish paper. In literature Irish writers have discarded the hybrid Anglo-Saxon ideals and gone back to Celtic culture and to Celtic standards. All the old unreality, all the sunbursty, all the empty sweetness and sentimentality have been ruthlessly swept aside, and literature made to look straight at life as it is, and to become a real thing instead of a sham. The new Irish drama is intensely national—more national than anything of the sort in the world to-day. The new poetry is as Irish in its sincerity and directness as the hearts of the men who make it. The tide of life is flowing high; the literature to-day is the voice of a strong, healthy, regenerated people, conscious of power and proud of it. All this has been achieved under the misrule of a foreign power which has not a shadow of right to govern Ireland. But one thing is wanting now for the full flowering of the promise that has burgeoned so richly. When oppression and tyranny are gone, as they are going fast, the future will see a free Ireland developing to its full stature and taking a place in the sun beside the first nations of the world. We conclude with a quotation which Zygmunt Krasinski puts on the lips of his own oppressed country in circumstances not unlike Ireland's: "Not for hope—as a flower it is strewn; not for the destruction of our foes—their destruction dawns on to-morrow's clouds; not for the weapons of rule—from the tempests they will fall to us; not for any help—Thou hast opened already the field of events before us; but amidst the terrible convulsions of these events we beseech Thee only for a pure will within ourselves, O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

NOTES

"Pages from the Past"

One of these days we shall have a fine new book by John Ayscough of which possibly a few stray copies may find their way to this benighted land of retrograde schools and low ideals. We make no prophecy about the forthcoming book: it has been already begun and, in part, appeared serially in the *Month*, that fine old English Catholic paper which by its breadth of views and modernness reflects a damning discredit on the anti-Irish and Jingo London *Tablet*. The new Ayscough book will not be a popular book, so do not say that we did not warn you in time; but it will be a book such as every lover of literature will welcome, not only for its own intrinsic worth, but also for the sake of the interesting literary reminiscences of the author. We will be glad when we can place it on our shelves in a permanent shape, although we shall by that time have read it eagerly in its serial form. We know half-a-dozen others who will be glad to lay hands on it lovingly; and we wish we could say we knew hundreds of others—but we know nothing of the kind.

Hardy and Meredith

A sample of John Ayscough's critical acumen may be gathered from his causerie on the literary merits and contrasts of Hardy and Meredith—two names which will appeal like a trumpet call to the *cognoscenti*: "Hardy and Meredith are philosophers, at least as truly as they are novelists: but they are peculiarly unlike." [*En passant*, how many of our readers have noticed Ayscough's use of the colon?] They are equally intimate, but Meredith is as subtle as Hardy is direct. Their atmosphere is absolutely different. Meredith is all lambent fire of meteoric vagary; his lightning is

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all summer lightning and is never meant to blast anybody. It never does, and it only makes people skip. Hardy's is all cloudy emotion: he is most at home in storm and foul weather. Meredith's attitude is full of quip and aloof amusement: he is always enjoying himself even when his creatures burn their fingers a little. Hardy suffers in his creatures and is (suicidally perhaps) slain by their tragedy: the springs of his emotion lie in the great depths of human fate; the sources of Meredith's laughter are the incongruities of artificial civilisation. Meredith's genius was more subtle than Hardy's and, as I dare to think, more sane: but Hardy is greater; less seductive in feature, grander in stature. Like Emily Bronte he can be compared only with the Greek tragedians. He is not modern, and therefore cannot become old-fashioned."

"Meredith's style is polished to coldness, Hardy's is plain though admirably suitable."

"Finally: one is disposed, on completing one of Hardy's novels, incontinently to begin another, and to go on till one has read them all. With Meredith the best way is to read a chapter or two, and attempt no more at once: one cannot adequately assimilate a great deal of him at a time."

Gerald Hopkins

The Poet Laureate has recently published a volume of poems by his friend, Father Gerald Hopkins, S.J., who died before becoming famous. In a review in the *Month* Miss Guiney says of him: "Not since Francis Thompson have we had so disturbing a poet. The vocabulary is almost purely Saxon, against that of the 'Latinized Englishman'; and this muse is for harmony and sculptural effect rather than for symbolism and for Catholic philosophy. Let there be no doubt about the worth of Father Hopkins' literary work. It has winged daring, originality, durable texture, and the priceless excellence of fixing itself in the reader's mind." The newly revealed poet will not become popular. His untrammelled imagery, his liberties with metre, his daring word-creations will prove even greater barriers to easy reading than Thompson's. Above all he will never have a large audience of readers: he tells us himself that his verses are for the ear rather than for the eye; and only when accent, slur, pause, and syncope are given due attention can his verbal melody be realised. He holds "sprung rhythm as the most natural of things," using any number of weak or slack syllables for particular effects, so that "the feet are assumed to be equally long or strong, and their seeming equality is made up by pause or stressing." He pleads "Read me with the ears, as I always wish to be read." And melody in design is his aim all the time.

Imagery and Word-Painting

A few examples of his use of adjectives will illustrate how great an artist he is, and how he can fix an impression, even though it be with a strange phrase. When he speaks of the "wiry and white-fiery and whirlwind-swivelled snow" who cannot see a snow storm on a windy day? The "bright boroughs" and "circle-citadels" of the stars; the "heaven-gravel" flung by "hustling ropes of hail"; the "mazy sands all water-wattled"; the swimming trout's "rose moles all in a stipple"; the "burl" and "buck" of an angry wave, he strikes new notes, but strikes them as a master. For him the thrush

"Doth through the echoing timber so rinse and wring
The ear, it strikes like lightnings to hear him sing."

And as to the lark, he bids us

"hear him ascend

In crisps of curl off wild winch whirl and pour
And pelt music, till none's left to spill nor spend!"

Self-sacrifice and the giving to God of all things prized were themes dear to his priest's heart. When you have read aloud some ten times the following lines which

might be written for a girl making her vows as a nun their power and melody will come upon you:—

"Winning ways... sweet looks... going gallant, girl-grace,—

Resign them, sign them, seal them, send them; motion them with breath,

And with sighs soaring, soaring sighs deliver

Them! Beauty-in-the ghost, deliver it; early now, long before death

Give beauty back, beauty, beauty, beauty back to God, beauty's Self, and beauty's Giver!"

Nothing could well be more apart from the classic conventionality of Robert Bridges, who is the literary sponsor of the volume and whose name is a guarantee of its worth. Crawshaw, Thompson, and now a third Catholic poet, are crowned by the *cognoscenti*. But not one of them will ever be popular. For one reason because the world to-day has fallen too low to hear the beating of the wings of their Muse in her flight near the stars.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

Mr. Mortimer P. Reddington was among the successful students at the recent examinations at the Otago University, passing in all the subjects for the first professional examination in medicine.

There was a good attendance at the ordinary weekly meeting of St. Joseph's Men's Club, held on last Monday evening, the president (Father Ardagh) presiding. An interesting programme of impromptu speaking was carried out in a spirited manner, practically every member present giving his views on one or other of the instructive subjects advanced. It was decided to commence a billiard tournament (100 up and 200 for the final), on Tuesday, June 17, for members only.

On last Sunday (Pentecost Sunday) there was Solemn High Mass, commencing at 11 o'clock, at St. Joseph's Cathedral. The Rev. B. Kaveney was celebrant, Rev. E. Andersen deacon, Rev. F. Marlow sub-deacon, and Rev. C. Ardagh master of ceremonies. The music was Mozart's Second Mass, very capably rendered by the choir, with Mr. A. Vallis at the organ and Signor Squarise conducting. In the evening the Very Rev. J. Coffey, Diocesan Administrator, officiated at Vespers, and Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Rev. E. Andersen and Rev. F. Marlow being deacon and sub-deacon respectively. There were very large congregations both morning and evening.

At all the Masses and at Vespers on Sunday last, in St. Joseph's Cathedral, the congregations were addressed, in the interests of the Maori Missions, by the Very Rev. Dean Van Dyk, Superior of the Missionary Fathers of St. Joseph, laboring among the Maoris in the diocese of Auckland. The subject of his discourse at the Solemn High Mass was the ever-increasing needs of the Maori Missions, and at Vespers he vividly described the life and experiences of the Maori Missionaries. He explained in conclusion that, although the collection proper, as the outcome of his appeal, would be taken up on the following Sunday, yet, in view of the large number of visitors to the city for the holiday week, an opportunity would be given such of these who desired to do so, to subscribe forthwith. The result was a very generous response to his appeal. Dean Van Dyk will make an appeal to the congregation of the Sacred Heart Church, North-east Valley, on Sunday next, and at Middlemarch and Hyde on Sunday, June 22.

At the Savoy Lounge on last Monday evening, Mrs. M. A. Jackson, ex-president of St. Joseph's Ladies' Club, entertained a large party of guests on the occasion of a farewell tendered to Miss Eileen Murphy, who was vice-president of the club for a number of years, prior to her departure for Wellington. A musical and elocutionary programme was contributed to by Misses M. Lemon, R. Graves, E. Schoen, K. Sullivan, N. O'Sullivan, and Miss E. Murphy, and

Messrs. M. Coughlan, Ahern, M. O'Sullivan, T. Anthony, and J. Higgins (songs), Miss Heley, Mrs. M. Coughlan, Father Kaveney, and Master F. Foster (recitations), and Miss Chiaroni (piano solo). Misses L. Hawke and K. Sullivan were accompanists. Dainty refreshments were dispensed, and at an interval Father Kaveney, on behalf of friends of Miss Murphy, presented her with a silver jewel casket, suitably inscribed, as a memento of the high esteem in which she is held. Mr. L. Woods made appropriate acknowledgment on behalf of Miss Murphy.

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHEDRAL CHOIR.

The members of St. Joseph's Cathedral Choir met in St. Joseph's Hall after the 11 o'clock Mass on Sunday last to wish farewell and make a presentation to one of their most energetic and valued members, Miss Eileen Murphy, who has been a member of the choir for the past five years, for some time past soprano soloist, and secretary since Mr. H. Poppelwell's departure on active service. Miss Murphy, who is removing to Wellington, has proved herself one of our most popular and successful vocalists, and her loss to musical circles in Dunedin, not alone as a member of St. Joseph's Cathedral Choir, but as a zealous helper in most of our concerts (notably the annual St. Patrick's Night concert), and social functions, will be sorely felt. Father Ardagh, on behalf of the choir, in asking Miss Murphy's acceptance of a silver-mounted umbrella, suitably inscribed, voiced the sentiments of all present, and friends generally, in her regard, and wished her a full measure of health, happiness, and prosperity in her new scene of operations. Mr. A. Vallis (organist) and Signor Squarise (conductor) also spoke in appropriate terms. Mr. L. Woods replied on behalf of Miss Murphy.

DEATH OF FATHER JAMES PATTERSON

Rev. Father James Patterson, who had spent many years of his sacred ministry in New Zealand, and had been in failing health for some time, passed away on Tuesday evening, June 3, at Takapuna, Auckland, at the age of 70 years. He arrived in New Zealand in the eighties, being then connected with the College of St. Joseph's Missionary Fathers, Mill Hill, London. Subsequently he returned to New Zealand shortly after Bishop Luck had been appointed to the diocese of Auckland. Father Patterson was first appointed to the archdiocese of Wellington, and was stationed at Palmerston North. He was appointed to the parish of Howick after the death of Mgr. Walter McDonald, and was subsequently Administrator of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and of St. John's parish, Parnell. He was from there transferred to Takapuna, where for the last few years he lived in retirement. Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the deceased priest was celebrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Auckland, on last Friday. Very Rev. Dean Lighthead was celebrant, Father Kelly deacon, Father Buckley subdeacon, and Father O'Byrne master of ceremonies. Clergy present in the choir included Right Rev. Mgr. Mahoney, Right Rev. Mgr. Gillan, and a large number of city and suburban priests. The funeral left the Cathedral (where the remains of the deceased priest had lain in state since Wednesday evening) for the Parnum Cemetery, where the interment took place, the Right Rev. Mgr. Gillan and Right Rev. Mgr. Haekett officiating.—R.I.P.

WANTED

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MARIST BROTHERS' OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION, WELLINGTON.

The annual general meeting of the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association was held on the evening of June 4, in the Marist Brothers' School, Tasman Street, Wellington, the president of the association (Mr. L. Sievers) presiding. There was a fair attendance of members.

The annual report stated that the matter of obtaining club rooms was considered during the year, but owing to the unfavorable conditions prevailing and the insufficiency of funds the matter was allowed to remain in abeyance. But as the association was now in a fairly good position financially, it was strongly recommended that the incoming executive should give the question serious consideration. In the 1917-18 season the association was represented by a team in the junior and third grade cricket. The junior team were runners-up in the championship, being beaten by a team which had been in the previous year's senior competition. For the season just ended the association was represented by a junior and third grade team, the junior team being third and the third grade team runners-up in their respective competitions. In the 1918 Soccer football season the association entered teams in the senior, third grade, fourth grade, and fifth grade. The senior team suffered defeat in the championship final. The third grade team were runners-up in the championship and Charity Cup competitions, and were winners of the six-a-side competition. The fourth A grade team were runners-up in the championship and third in the Charity Cup. The fourth B team played off three times for the Charity Cup, and were defeated in the third game. The fifth A grade team were third in the championship and runners-up in the Charity Cup.

With respect to the finances, the year commenced with liabilities amounting to £16 1s 7d. This amount had been liquidated during the year, and there was now a credit balance of £57 1s 3d.

The president, in moving the adoption of the report, congratulated the members on the fact that the past year was a most successful one in every respect. The membership had increased, and the finances were sound. In the sports section the association had done very well. He thought that the time had arrived when the association should make great progress. The war was now over and most of their members who had gone to the Front had returned or were returning shortly, and these men would again take their places in the association.

The report and balance sheet were adopted.

Office-bearers were appointed as follows:—Patrons, his Grace Archbishop Redwood and his Grace Archbishop O'Shea; vice-patrons, Brothers Louis and Eusebius; president, Mr. L. Sievers; vice-presidents, about 50 who held office last year were re-elected and the executive was given power to add to their number; secretary, Mr. L. Harvey; assistant secretary, Mr. F. Burton; treasurer, Mr. J. Haydon; executive, Messrs. R. Ferris, G. Davis, R. D. Hickey, H. Marshall, R. Hayes, J. Devlin, W. P. Lennon, W. P. Gamble; auditors, Messrs. P. D. Hoskins and H. McKeown.

Paeroa

(From our own correspondent.)

The mission conducted by Father O'Leary at St. Mary's Church, Paeroa, which was brought to a close on Sunday, June 1, was considered to be the most successful ever held in the goldfields district. Although the weather was stormy, the church was well filled, and all, without a single exception, approached the Holy Table, while at the evening devotions the church was crowded. There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament during the closing day of the mission, and the concluding discourse was listened to by a thronged congregation.

Father O'Leary (Marist Missioner) left for Karangahake on Monday last, where he opened a week's mission.

THE LATE SIR MARK SYKES AND IRELAND.

Many have held for the last two or three years that Sir Mark Sykes would have been an ideal Chief Secretary for Ireland (says the London *Daily Chronicle*). Though he was a Conservative by classification, he was singularly open-minded, and he enjoyed the confidence of Liberals.

Son of Sir Tatton Sykes, the Anglican church-building squire of Sledmore, he took his religious creed from his mother, and was a zealous Catholic; but it was a Protestant and indeed predominantly Nonconformist constituency which returned him to Parliament repeatedly from 1911 onwards by great majorities.

Ireland would have welcomed him more cordially than any other British politician has been received in that country since 1886, for, though he was opposed to Home Rule, he was a warm champion of the Irish people, and in the end he did, in fact, advocate a system of federal Home Rule for the United Kingdom. The mishandling of the Irish question in the course of the war caused him much grief, and he wrote:

"The political division in Ireland is an enemy asset. The martial instinct and the intense enthusiasm of the Irish people are the two British assets which, by hesitation, prejudice, and folly, we have succeeded in stifling and curbing until almost all that is left of them are the little crosses which mark the Irish graves in France and Flanders."

The April number of *Lloyd's Magazine* has a very striking sketch of Sir Mark, written before the tragedy of his death, by Mr. James Douglas. We quote a passage:—

"The Irish question is an 'acid test' of statesmanship. Sir Mark Sykes, in November, 1916, was present at the Requiem of the Irish Guards in Westminster Cathedral. When he returned to his house he sat down and wrote an indignant protest against a leading article in the *Morning Post*. It is creditable to that incurable and incorrigible journal that it published his letter. Sir Mark said that every line of the article must lacerate the hearts of the Irish soldiers, among whom he had stood with *sacra indignatus* such as Swift himself cannot have endured. A Prince of our Royal House was in the cathedral. 'As I looked about me,' wrote Sir Mark Sykes, 'and saw the tears standing in the eyes of those thousands of Irishmen, each wearing the King's coat, many scarred with honorable wounds gained in the King's service, many bearing on their breasts distinctions granted them by the King's will, I could not help wondering: Are there none here whose hearts are searched and sorely tried when they think of the relations which subsist between this country and Ireland?'"

The world's history is a divine poem, of which the history of every nation is a canto and of every man a word. Its strains have been pealing along down the centuries, and, though there have been mingled the discords of roaring cannon and dying men, yet to the Christian philosopher and historian—the humble listener—there has been a divine melody running through the song which speaks of hope and halcyon days to come. History is but the unrolled scroll of prophecy.

—James A. Garfield.

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ARCHBISHOP MANNIX

A NOTABLE ADDRESS AT CASTLEMAINE.

His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, Archbishop of Melbourne, was accorded a magnificent reception recently, on the occasion of his visit to Castlemaine to open St. Mary's new hall (says the *Tribune* of May 15).

The audience rose and cheered lustily as the Archbishop rose to address the gathering. He said he was very glad to find himself back again in Castlemaine, especially as he was getting better treatment than he got on another occasion. Then he could not get into any public hall. Now they had a hall of their own—St. Mary's Hall, or "Liberty Hall," as he might call it—the finest hall in Castlemaine; and, moreover, they had the gracious permission from the council to take over all the thoroughfares of Castlemaine for their great demonstration. That was a great change for Castlemaine—and he hoped it would continue. It was said that the erection of their hall, which reflected so much credit upon the pastor and his generous people, was really due to the senseless opposition of a section in Castlemaine. If so, Catholics were grateful to them, and they would repay them by giving them the use of this fine hall for any legitimate purpose whenever they had an audience to fill it.

When he was here before the people were asked to believe that he was an enemy of Australia and of the Empire; that he had betrayed the Australian soldiers; and that his mission to Australia was to foment sectarian strife and set up Rome rule in the Commonwealth. He knew that the vast body of non-Catholics did not believe these things. He had ample proof of that. But he would not dwell upon the matter just now. He would just read a letter received within the past few days from a Protestant soldier who had been, as he said, ploughing the battlefields of Europe for four years. The writer was not an Irishman, nor was he of Irish descent, and had no connection with Ireland, but whilst on furlough he visited Ireland. He writes:—

"Permit me to convey to you my appreciation of your attitude during the conscription campaign in Australia in 1917, and your logical utterances as a citizen of the Commonwealth who should win from Australian democracy the warmest appreciation. I am not a Catholic. I have been 'ploughing' up the battlefields of France during the past four years. . . . The military authorities forbid the Australian soldiers to take their furlough in Ireland. Ireland and Scotland are easily first favorites for the members of the Australian and American forces."

You would think, when reading the newspapers here sometimes, that it would take all the police in Castlemaine to separate the Australians from the Englishmen. They made it appear that they were falling upon each other's necks. That is not the view of this Australian Protestant soldier, and he makes no secret of it. He goes on:—

"It is just possible that, in the view of the military authorities, we were becoming too sympathetic with the aims and national aspirations of the Irish people. I hope to see the day when in sunny Australia there will be the same democratic ideals that I have discovered in Ireland."

Concluding the letter, the soldier said:—

"Briefly, I have given my impressions of your own country. I have no interest whatever in it, except that I am actuated by a sense of justice for one of the small nations for which we were told we were fighting."

Continuing, his Grace said, the soldier signs his number and his name, and gives his Australian address, and adds:—

"You will please observe that owing to military discipline, my name, for the present at all events, may not be made public."

That, said his Grace, was only one of many letters he had received from time to time from people who did not belong to his Church—from people who could

not be charged with being bigoted Catholics and hare-brained Irishmen. In the face of so much public criticism, he sometimes was tempted to ask who he was. He did not know whether he was an Irishman, an Australian, or an Austrian. In certain camps the prevailing theory was that he was an Austrian. It might be well for him if he were an Austrian or a Hungarian. The Czecho-Slovaks and the Jugo-Slavs were great favorites at present.

The Archbishop dealt at length with his attitude during the war, and contended that all, or most, of his statements had been justified by events.

Continuing, his Grace said he was not a politician, nor did he have any desire to be one; neither was he an orator or a poet, but had at all times tried to speak the truth on subjects, as it seemed to him, and he had succeeded in speaking the truth, for many of his statements had already been verified, and if they lived long enough they would see them all verified. It was learned that there were 25,000 honors to be conferred by the British King, and if that were so it would be hard to escape one of them. If they were to be conferred upon people for speaking the truth, then he (Dr. Mannix) would claim one of them. There were some people, he said, who picked up the *Age* and the *Argus*, and believed absolutely everything that was printed therein. They had no more intelligence or discrimination than a sheet of blotting paper. Even when the letter had gone to the fire or to the waste-paper basket, the writing was still on the blotting paper. The *Age* and the *Argus*, with the wrangling of the Peace Conference before them, would be ashamed to repeat all they wrote about the "little nations," and making the world "safe for democracy" and the pure, lofty ideals of the Allies. But, their dupes, the human sheets of blotting paper, still repeat the brave things said at the beginning of the war.

Speaking of the situation in Ireland, he said:—Ireland had always been the most crimeless country in Europe. If Australian people had put up with the same treatment as the Irish people, there would not be one rebellion in a generation, but one and only one rebellion, because they would settle the matter for all time. "As for ourselves at home," quoted the Archbishop from a letter he had just received from Ireland, "we are pounded into cinders by British oppression. Soldiers are everywhere. The gaols are full, and in these gaols the young fellows are treated in the most horrible and abominable manner." Fancy 100 of these Irish boys in Belfast Gaol, handcuffed day and night for the last eight weeks—these handcuffs never taken off even for the purposes of nature's functions—(cries of "Shame")—these men never left out of their "cells." They might talk about the Armenian and Turkish atrocities as long as they liked, but they could not beat that the world over. The writer of the letter concluded that the "determination of the Irish people was fixed, and they would yet succeed, and get the free government that Australia had."

People say why does Dr. Mannix constantly harp on these things. He would perhaps say less about them if the metropolitan dailies did not systematically defame his country. They told their readers that Ireland had no grievance at the present time; that Ireland was the "spoiled child of the Empire." Yes, but they tell nothing about the infamies now being perpetrated in Belfast Gaol under the shadow of the Union Jack. They are silly enough to think, or to pretend to think, that they can make people loyal by displaying the Union Jack at every corner and waving it in every procession. No doubt the Englishman, the Scotchman, the Welshman, and the Australian may look upon the flag as a symbol of the freedom they enjoy; but when an Irishman looked upon the flag it did not remind him of freedom, but of oppression. It did not remind him of justice, but of injustice. He wished the flag well in any place in which it ought to be. But there was no welcome and no room for it in Ireland. Of course he would be accused of holding extreme views and of having no good word or kind thought of England. Why, honest

Englishmen have not a word to say in their own defence. One of their most prominent and respected politicians, writing for Englishmen in an English review, writes as follows:—"M. Clemenceau has declared that the Peace Conference will listen to all the little nations who before this August tribunal must make good their claims to nationhood. Ireland will be there excluded from inside, yet always knocking at the door. The deepest prison cannot exclude consciousness of her presence; with a demand from more than three-quarters of the inhabitants of that little island, and twenty millions of Irish descent scattered throughout America and the Dominions. If, under the remodelling of the world out of its present chaos, they may give nationhood to Jugo-Slavs, with large alien minorities, who will hate their rule, or give self-government to Czechoslovaks, with far greater national minorities than any proportion in Ireland, and if nothing is done towards self-government for Ireland, the British delegates may emerge with the loot of German colonies, and the possible promise of gigantic indemnities, but they will emerge also with the deepening of the accepted tradition of British hypocrisy amid the contempt of the civilised world." He (Dr. Mannix) could not say anything stronger than that. His own contempt for British hypocrisy could not add much to "the contempt of the civilised world," but with all his soul he made his contribution to the world-wide execration in which this English writer says that his country will be held if justice be still denied to Ireland.

He thanked them all, the people of Castlemaine and the district far and wide and the people of Bendigo, for the magnificent demonstration of that day; and once again he congratulated Father O'Farrell and his people in the erection of St. Mary's Hall, a monument to their generosity and of their fixed resolve to assert their legitimate rights in Australia.

The proceedings terminated with the singing of "God Save Ireland."

IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

Captain Oliver Moriarty, 4th Royal Munster Fusiliers, has been appointed a Judge under the Egyptian Government at Cairo. Captain Moriarty, who is a son of Mr. David Moriarty, Clerk of the Crown and Peace for County Kerry, was a member of the Irish Bar. He joined the army at the commencement of the war, and served with the 2nd Munsters in the First Division in France. He was seriously wounded by high explosive at the battle of Loos. Subsequently he received the appointment of Principal Court-Martial Officer to General Allenby's army in Palestine, and also acted for a time as Judge Advocate-General in Egypt.

During the hearing of a case at Cork Assizes, before Lord Justice O'Connor and a city common jury, Sergeant Sullivan, for the defendant, said in the case they had an illustration of a person greatly concerned about the observance of public convention and not caring twopence for the real morality of life. It was characteristic of the religion that was springing up in the country. His lordship, addressing the jury, said Mr. Sergeant Sullivan had made use of some remarks with which he entirely disagreed. He saw nothing in the history of the country, or in that case, to show that the strong moral tone of the country was in the slightest degree weakened. Our morality and sense of personal chastity, continued his lordship, are above reproach. One of the brightest jewels in the character of Irish women, and, indeed, of Irish men, is that chastity is not on the decrease, but that the highest sense of honor and purity in the sexes is on the increase in this country. (Applause in court.)

IRISH CENSORSHIP MAINTAINED.

The *Manchester Guardian* says it will probably be information to most people that the censorship of news from Ireland is still actively continued. It ridicules

the idea of Britain affecting to settle the affairs of half of the world in Paris on the principles of nationality and justice while all the time the Irish skeleton is being pushed back into the cupboard. The continuance of this censorship is denounced as "futile, wrong, dangerous." The Irish question must be dealt with directly and it is better to have an enlightened public opinion in Britain to deal with it. "The situation in Ireland demands the fullest publicity, and there is no sort of use in denying it," concludes the *Guardian*. Quite true (comments the *Glasgow Observer* of recent date). But there is no sort of use in saying this now to a Government which the *Guardian* did its part in establishing and entrenching, and which will hold office in spite of all such belated remonstrance.

ANTI-IRISH SMOKE SCREEN.

In the course of a remarkable editorial article on "Ireland," the *Chicago Herald and Examiner*, one of the most powerful of American daily papers, says:—

"An unbiased American endeavors to examine on his own account 'the Irish question.' Before he has gone far he finds himself in a maze of statements, deductions, charges, counter-charges, misrepresentations, and political prattle, with a dash of irrelevant religious discussion thrown in. It is all very confusing. It is intended to be confusing. The complexities are created purposely to hide the truth. They constitute a smoke screen.

"The only 'Irish question' is a simple question of right and wrong. The sincere searcher after truth will find no reason at all for argument. Nothing could be plainer than this: If any subject European nation has the right to be free, Ireland has the right.

"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. The world cannot live in peace half-slave and half-free."

Chicago Citizen.—"England's crimes against Ireland must end now, no matter how English gold may have corrupted our venal press. Let the press be silent, but we will speak; we shall be heard in spite of the conspiracy that has been hatched in America."

Mr. Geo. B. Shaw, in an article in the *Chicago Herald and Examiner*, says:—"The Irish question is very simple. Home Rule is nonsense, and has been nonsense. Neither Gladstone nor Parnell, Redmond nor Asquith, could draft a Home Rule Bill that had any sort of constitutional logic in it, and this not because they were overrated statesmen, especially Parnell, but because ropes of sand are as impossible in politics as in physics.

"Ireland must choose between being in the British Empire or out of it. If she chooses to be out of it, it must be as a nominally independent State, like Greece or Belgium, whose recent experiences of nominal independence and actual subjugation are hardly encouraging. And to attain this position the Irish must wait for a miracle which will reduce the British Empire to impotence. . . .

"If Ireland decides to remain in the British Empire voluntarily, it may fairly claim to be in it on the same terms as England. It cannot reasonably demand more, or honorably accept less. . . . Mr. Wilson had better declare that 'the Federal solution is impossible,' and then reintroduce it in a false moustache as 'Dominion Home Rule.'"

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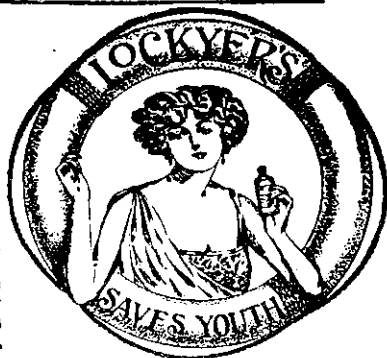
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PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT

The Bishop of Salford, Right Rev. Dr. Casartelli, has been admitted an honorary member of the Royal Asiatic Society. The honor is an uncommon one, and in granting it the society specified a desire of expressing sympathy with the University of Louvain. Dr. Casartelli is a former Professor of Zend and Pehlevi at Louvain. He is now lecturer on Iranian languages in the University of Manchester.

At the last meeting of the Adelaide (S.A.) University Council Rev. Brother Purton, M.A., of the Christian Brothers' College staff, was appointed lecturer in logic for the remainder of the year. During his own course at the University Brother Purton was the Roby Fletcher Scholar in psychology and logic. He fills the place of Professor Mitchell, Vice-Chancellor of the University, who has left on a visit to Europe. Brother Purton has received many congratulations on the compliment paid him by the University.

The Christian Brothers in Ireland have recently sustained a great loss by the death of the Rev. Brother Joseph Butler, late Superior of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Cabra, and manager of the Arlane Industrial School from 1890 to 1909. He was born at Callan in 1840, and had had a long and distinguished career with the Christian Brothers. He was sent to Kingstown after completing his training, and after some years was appointed Superior in Fermoy, and later filled a similar position at Athy. In 1880 the members of his congregation elected him as Assistant to the Superior-General, in which office he remained for ten years. During his term he visited not only all the houses of the institute in Ireland, but also all the houses of the Congregation in India and Australia. In 1890 he was appointed Superior of Arlane Industrial School, a position he resigned 19 years later, following which came his transfer to Cabra, where he labored for nine years, until his retirement a year ago.

The *North-West Review* (Winnipeg) says:—The ceremony of congratulating the oldest priest in Christendom was an important epoch in Catholic Church circles on Sunday, March 23, in St. Boniface. Rev. Father Damase Dandurand, O.M.I., who celebrated his 100th birthday on Sunday, received early in the morning a cable from Pope Benedict XV., congratulating him on the occasion and blessing him. Four archbishops, two bishops, 130 priests, and 3000 people were present at the celebrations, which included a Mass celebrated by the centenarian, followed by a banquet. Father Dandurand's experience of life as he related it in replying to congratulations, is worth giving:—"I have had a great deal of experience, travelled much and seen many people. A small group of these strove for honors, but they were not happy; another large group strove for riches, but they were not satisfied and wanted more and more; a still larger, far larger group, strove for pleasure, and they were neither satisfied nor happy. There were still other groups scattered here and there that were not intent on these things, but loved God and strove to do their duty; these were the only ones that felt happy and looked well."

On November 1 of the present year, his Lordship Right Rev. Dr. Gallagher, Bishop of Goulburn, will celebrate his golden jubilee. He was ordained on November 1, 1869, in Maynooth, by the Right Rev. Dr. Lanigan, late Bishop of Goulburn, and came to Australia the following year. The present Bishop of Goulburn and the late Father Slattery, of Goulburn, were the first Maynooth students ever ordained for a foreign mission. Dr. Gallagher was born in Castlederg, where he received his early education. Then he went to the seminary in Monaghan, where he was associated with the late Cardinal Farley. From there he went to Maynooth, where he was associated with Cardinal Logue and the late Archbishop Carr, Archbishop Fen-

nelly, and Father Michael Murphy, of Marlborough, Ireland. A few years ago he visited Cardinal Farley at New York, and they talked over the early scenes of their youth. On that occasion, Cardinal Farley made him a present of a pectoral cross and ring, which were given to Cardinal Farley himself by his predecessor, Archbishop Corrigan, and his Lordship wears those emblems to-day. Dr. Gallagher's career in Australia is too well known to need recapitulation. Dr. Gallagher is a profound classical scholar. The late Dr. Badham, the first Professor of Classics at the Sydney University, said that Dr. Gallagher was the finest Greek scholar south of the line. Suffice to say he is greatly revered and admired, especially by the poorer classes, for there is no more ardent champion of democracy in all Australia than the venerable Bishop of Goulburn.

We are officially informed (says the *London Catholic Times* of April 5) that his Holiness the Pope has appointed the Rev. Donald Martin, Adm., the Pro-Cathedral, Oban, to the vacant See of Argyll and the Isles. The new Bishop is a native of the Western Highlands, having been born at Arduamurchan in 1873. He entered the Scots College, Valladolid, in 1899, and was ordained in 1905. His first appointment was to Castlebay, Barra, but most of his priestly career has been spent at Oban, where he has won the esteem of all sections of the community. He is a fluent Gaelic speaker, and this, of course, has enhanced his popularity in a district where the ancient language of the Gael is still widely spoken. The ancient See of the Isles is said to have been founded about the year 447 by St. Patrick, who appointed Germanus as its first Bishop. The See of Argyll is of much more recent origin, having been cut out of the diocese of Dunkeld about 1200. Both Sees were vacant from about the year 1553 until 1878, when the Right Rev. Angus MacDonald was appointed Bishop of the united dioceses. He was succeeded by the Right Rev. George Smith, who died in January of last year. Prior to his death, the Rev. Hugh Cameron, who was then serving with the Forces, had been nominated Auxiliary Bishop by the Holy See, but with characteristic modesty he successfully appealed to the Pope to be relieved from this high honor. Since the death of Bishop Smith the duties of the diocese have been performed by the Right Rev. Mgr. Alexander Mackintosh, Vicar-Capitular, Fort William. In a later issue the *Catholic Times* says: "The Right Rev. Donald Martin, the new Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, made his first public appearance since his appointment to the episcopacy at a meeting in connection with the election of the new Education Authority, which was held in the Free Church Hall, Oban. Provost Black presided, and the platform party included his Lordship the Bishop, a number of Protestant clergymen, and other prominent local people. The chairman, referring to the appointment of Bishop Martin to the See of Argyll and the Isles, said that a more popular selection could not have been made."

Gisborne

(From our own correspondent.)

May 30.

A number of children will receive their First Holy Communion on next Sunday.

The mission now being conducted in St. Mary's Church by the Marist Missioners was opened on Sunday at the 10 o'clock Mass. The children's mission, which had been given by Father Ainsworth, was concluded the same day by a general Communion of all the children of the parish. Father McCarthy arrived on Tuesday to assist in the mission. Large congregations throng the church and approach the Holy Table at each of the three Masses celebrated daily, thus affording ample proof of the success of the mission. At the evening devotions the powerful sermons preached by the eloquent missioners are listened to by crowded congregations.

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HOW IRELAND IS SLANDERED

The English propagandists are still busy in slandering Ireland (says an exchange). These highly-paid agents of the Lloyd George Government have their headquarters in London, and they have hundreds of representatives throughout the world, and particularly in the United States. In Australia, it may be remembered, hundreds of thousands of Ian Hay's *Oppressed English* were specially printed and circulated. The pamphlet contained so many infamous lies that it was excluded from Great Britain and Ireland. The Government, when challenged in regard to the publication, made this admission in the House of Commons. It was calculated to gull people abroad, who didn't know any better.

All through the war we were told that German gold was at the root of Irish discontent in Ireland. Now we are told it is Bolshevik gold. The Russian Bolsheviks, it was cabled to the Sydney *Sun* recently, have set aside £50,000,000 monthly for propaganda work in foreign countries, and the first instalment of many millions has been set aside for Ireland. Where the Bolsheviks get all this money no one has explained. Already, if the papers are to be believed, they have spent enormous sums in Germany. Yet other cables tell us the Bolsheviks are bankrupt, and are turning out paper-money by the cartload. Are we asked to believe that this paper is negotiable abroad?

"For this year the money for the 'secret services' has amounted to no fewer than £1,010,000 sterling." Thus Mr. J. G. Swift MacNeill, K.C., opens an article in the *Contemporary Review*, on "The Agent Provocateur in Ireland." It traces the work of the service in Ireland, and exposes the terrible system which led to so many young men being induced to commit deeds for which they were subsequently punished. The names of many of the agents are shown and the description of their work is well given. In the 1848 movement, spies revealed to the Government every project and plan of the young Irishmen. Mr. John Blake Dillon, the father of the late leader of the Irish Party, when advising against an armed outbreak at the meeting of the Young Ireland Party, was denounced by a fire-eating patriot, who declared that Irish liberty could only be obtained by the shedding of blood. "It is blood that the country wants for her redemption." Mr. Dillon heard that outburst with patient dignity, but when the crisis came Mr. Dillon risked his life in an insurrection, whose wisdom he doubted, while the patriot who reproached him with timidity was perusing his briefs in the law courts in confident expectation of a place from the Crown, which was bestowed on him.

The agent provocateur was in evidence in the Fenian insurrection in the persons of the informers Massey and Corydon, who both urged insurrection when in the pay of the Government, and of an indescribable wretch named Talbot, a head constable in the Irish Constabulary, who actually swore some 1500 persons into the Fenian Brotherhood, which he persuaded them to enter, and, in order to increase confidence in himself, partook, although he was a Protestant, of Holy Communion in Catholic churches.

A notorious agent provocateur who figures prominently in Irish history, though he operated chiefly in America, was Henri Le Caron. Of a swarthy foreign complexion, he passed for a French-Canadian; but he was really an Englishman named Beach. He took an active part in the Irish revolution of the United States, and was one of the three men known as the "Triangle," before whom came all the most serious, and sometimes tragic, issues. He was nominally a chemist in a small town near Chicago; but attended to the revolutionary organisation with the most scrupulous care. Many important proclamations and other incriminating documents came into his hands, and by the next post were sent to a private address in England, and within a few hours afterwards were in the hands of Sir Robert Anderson, then head of Scotland Yard.

Le Caron enjoyed the confidence of Parnell; but

attempted on occasions to trap the Irish leader into some dangerous and, perhaps, fatal admissions, which might have landed him in gaol or dragged him to the gallows. He played a great part in the Parnell Commission, where it was shown, when Parnell was fighting for his life, that every interview he had given Le Caron was communicated a few minutes afterwards to Scotland Yard.

Mr. Dillon, speaking in the House of Commons on July 30, on the Secret Service vote, said:—"I will relate an anecdote in reference to myself as to the Secret Service fund of this country, when the Land League was busy, and when that money was used by the Government of that day to suborn men to swear that I had organised a conspiracy in Clare to get a man murdered. The agent who worked that plot was brought up in the court in Clare, and put into the witness-box; he was examined by the police. He gave evidence that he was present at a meeting of one of the secret societies which were then rampant in Ireland, and that it was there and then agreed, under the circumstances stated, to carry out the murder. He said that the circumstances which decided him to go on with the murder were that one of the young men present said that he had Mr. Dillon's special instructions to carry out this murder. This man was put into the box, and my life was in imminent danger. The counsel defending the prisoner had got a dossier of the gentleman in the box, and on cross-examination it was proved and admitted that this man in the box had been in the pay of the police for several years, that he had been convicted over and over again of the most scandalous crimes, including unnatural crime, but that the police still kept him in their pay. On the night on which the murder was planned the police had sent him out to plan it, and had paid him. They then went on patrol duty, and found him lying drunk in the gutter with the money which they had paid him to go out and plan the murder. They picked him up, washed him, and put him to bed until he was sober, and then sent him out again to plan the murder. What happened? The police and their agent were waiting in a house. The police rushed down from behind the door, and in the struggle which ensued the head constable was killed who had planned the whole iniquity. It was a judgment of God on him. Afterwards the whole of that iniquity came out—that this was a deliberate plot. This was done by the Secret Service. They tried to take my father's life and the lives of many of my colleagues in days gone by."

In August, 1901, it was admitted by Mr. Wyndham, in the House of Commons, that two men had been convicted of crimes of which they were wholly innocent—crimes which were perpetrated by police witnesses, who bore evidence against them, and were complimented by the bench for their zeal in the public service, while a third man pleaded guilty of a crime perpetrated by the police by whom he was arrested, in the hope that his confession of guilt would shorten the term of his imprisonment.

"Ireland to-day," said Mr. Dillon, "is honey-combed with spies." The facts stated in this article, which are incontrovertible, and taken, haphazard, out of a vast category of sinister occurrences, demonstrate that agents provocateur have been employed in Ireland at times directly by Prime Ministers, Lord Lieutenants, and Chief Secretaries, and at times by subordinates, for whose action the Government of the country was responsible. The present state of Ireland, where a policy of exasperation has been adopted, aimed at the destruction of constitutional agitation in order to maintain the discredited regime of Dublin Castle, makes everyone acquainted with public affairs view with the very gravest apprehension the placing at the disposal of the Irish Executive of sums of public money for secret services—sums whose amount and contemplated expenditure are unknown, which are capable of being appropriated, as history proves, to purposes of indescribable infamy.

Mr. Shortt, the late Irish Secretary, speaking in the House of Commons on July 30, a few weeks after

his appointment to the Irish Secretaryship, not having had any previous experience of Irish administration, said:—"I am the person responsible for secret service in Ireland. There is no underling who is able to spend secret service money in Ireland at his own discretion. There has not been, since I knew anything about it, any agent provocateur or anything approaching it in Ireland. What there may have been in the past I do not know, and am not answerable for." I make no imputation on the absolute *bonae fidei* of Mr. Shortt and on his belief in the truth of these words. In view, however, of Mr. Shortt's ignorance of Irish affairs, and of the character of the instruments with whom he had to deal, the position, in my judgment, of the Irish Executive in reference to secret service expenditure is more accurately described by Mr. Dillon in the same debate. "I do not believe," said Mr. Dillon, "that Lord French goes into the details of this secret service in Ireland. I am quite sure the Chief Secretary (Mr. Shortt) does not, because he would not have the knowledge to do it. How in the name of goodness could he handle secret service money? He would not know the agents. He must be some individual who is acquainted with the dark places and the dubious characters of Irish life, and has all the threads of it in his hands. . . . If unknown sums of this secret service money are to be placed in the hands of irresponsible officials, they may in the course of the next six months produce a condition of things where no man's life or reputation will be safe if he is obnoxious to Dublin Castle."

N.Z. CATHOLIC FEDERATION

WELLINGTON DIOCESAN COUNCIL.

The monthly meeting of the Executive Committee was held at the Federation Chambers, Willis Street, on Wednesday, June 4, Mr. J. A. Scott presiding in the unavoidable absence of Father Hurley, S.M. (president of the council). The following members were present:—Major Halpin, Mr. J. E. Gamble, Mr. J. P. McGowan, Mr. P. E. Cairns, and Mr. W. F. Johnson (hon. secretary). The treasurer (Major Halpin) reported that there was every prospect that last year's revenue on general account would be largely exceeded, as several important committees had yet to make returns. The net credit balance was the highest on record, and the position of the federation in the archdiocese was most satisfactory. The council's representatives on the Hostel Board reported that the house was still full, and expressed the board's appreciation of the assistance given to the building fund by the Diocesan Council. Some discussion arose as to the disposal of the surplus of the field service fund, and eventually it was resolved that the Dominion Council be requested to devise a scheme for the allocation of the balance to credit of the field service fund, with the recommendation that scholarships be founded for the benefit of sons of members of the Expeditionary Force. The report of the conference of headmasters of Catholic secondary schools with reference to examinations for scholarships was laid before the executive, and approved. The report recommends the adoption of the Junior National Scholarships examination, with a special examination in Christian Doctrine. Further arrangements for the annual meeting of the Diocesan Council, on July 10, were approved, and it was decided to hold a special meeting of the executive on June 30, to consider the report, and also the balance sheet; and the secretary was directed to request parish committees to forward remittances not later than Wednesday the 25th inst. The Federation Mass will be offered at the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, Hill Street, at 9 a.m. on the day of the meeting.

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THE SUFFERER.

Pain drove his lancet in her side;
 "Thou art the friend of Christ," she said,
 "Thou art my friend"; he touched her head;
 "Lord, I am blessed in this," she cried,
 "Thy love crowns me"; he touched her face:
 The petal beauty that had been,
 Withered as blows a little space
 A flower, and withers: "Now by men
 I am rejected"; and God smiled;
 The beauty hidden in His child
 Shone to high Heaven like a star,
 Uprose the incense of her prayer
 More fragrant than June meadows are;
 God said: "Lo, pain that is My friend
 Since the first days of sorrow were,
 Pain shall not leave thee till the end,
 Nor till the end shall these things cease,
 When thy soul garmented in peace
 Shall come to me." She bowed her head:
 "I am Thy handmaid, Lord," she said.

—CATHAOLIC O'BRAONAIN, in *Studies*.

Nelson

(From our own correspondent.)

June 3.

An enthusiastic meeting of convent old pupils was recently held, when it was resolved to form a hockey club, to be affiliated to the local ladies' association. The club has been accordingly established on a good footing, considerable keenness being displayed in the matter of training. Teams were entered for the King's Birthday tournament, when the honors were with the Convent A team. This team defeated the representatives of the Rewa, Motueka, and Kia Ora Clubs.

The classes in nursing, instituted with a view to meeting epidemic conditions, should such again occur, have been largely attended, and have proved the wisdom of the Hospital Board's action. Father McGrath, as a member of the Epidemic Defence Committee, urged on the congregation the advantages of these lessons, a fair number availing themselves of the opportunity to secure this useful training.

The press announces the early closing-down of the Boys' Industrial School at Stoke. At the last meeting of the Education Board it was resolved to protest against the menace of boarding out inmates, who were undesirable in ordinary public schools. There are now only 40 boys at Stoke. Mr. L. B. Bradstock lately resigned from the staff, and Mr. M. D. Flaherty is acting-manager. It will be interesting to see the effect of the board's representations to the department.

Mr. A. J. Muller, postmaster at Reefton, has been promoted to the position of inspector of the Midland district, with headquarters at Nelson, where he will be cordially welcomed.

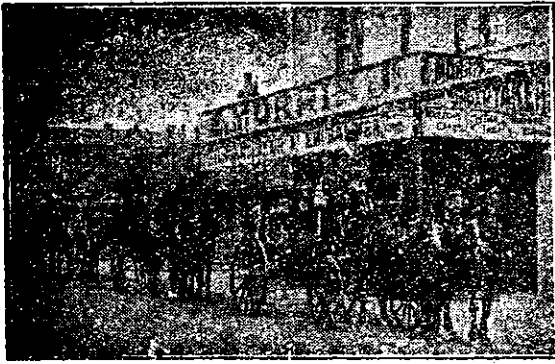
MERITED RECOGNITION.

Catholics are receiving merited recognition here and there (says the *Catholic Bulletin* of St. Paul, U.S.A.): General Robertson, the new Commander-in-Chief of the British Army of the Rhine, will find on his arrival in Germany a fellow-Catholic in the person of General Dickman, American Commander-in-Chief; Major-General O'Ryan is to head New York's military forces; Rear-Admiral Glennon, U.S.N., assumes command of the 3rd Naval District at New York, and Rear-Admiral Fechteler that of the 5th Naval District, while Lieutenant-Commander Dinger is appointed Commander, U.S.N.; Judge Baker, of Phoenix, is the lately appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Arizona; Mr. Francis P. Garvan succeeds Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer as Alien Property Custodian.

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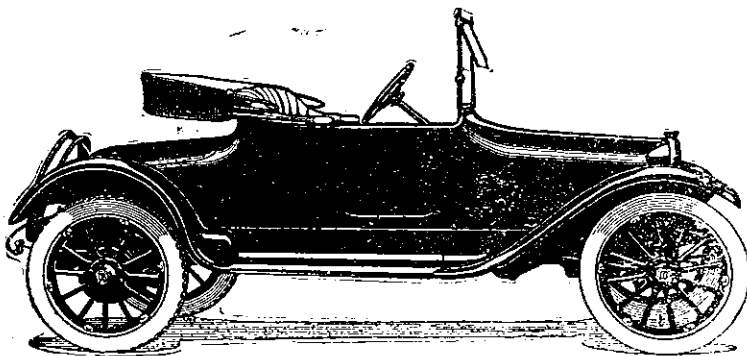
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THE LAY APOSTOLATE IN ENGLAND

(Concluded from last week.)

In subsequent letters to his uncle (his Grace Archbishop Redwood), Mr. Vernon C. Redwood (London) wrote:—Since last writing, our work has been steadily going on every Sunday from 3 p.m. till often past 10 p.m., and our average attendance of hearers numbers 300. Sometimes 600 to 800 persons congregate around our platform, so that it is reasonable to assume that we address—coming and going—over 3000 people each Sunday. We have now, generally, eight speakers, who discourse on as many different Catholic subjects, and answer dozens of questions. Very inclement weather has been experienced on recent Sundays, but this does not deter people attending; listening and questioning all the time. We have no intervals. Ample proof is afforded that our platform is regarded as the leading one in Hyde Park. From it by far the greatest number of people are addressed, and it commands more respect than any other in the Park. We teach all the time, and denounce no one's personal views; thus the people are getting used to the crucifix, and to our prayers, and we are breaking down the prejudice entertained towards the Catholic Church. We have, privately, numbers asking us about the truths of the Church, and, in connection with our lectures, we have established just outside the gates of the Park a system of selling the Catholic Truth Society's publications. (We are not permitted to sell inside the Park.) One of our ladies carries a light contrivance, strapped to the shoulders, upon which are displayed 50 or more booklets on different subjects, and from this another lady sells. We have a good stock on hand, and sell about 100 books each Sunday—and this in the depth of winter. At Tyburn Convent during the afternoon, while the lectures are being given, members of the guild are praying before the Blessed Sacrament. In addition, the Holy Rosary is recited by several hundred associates each day for the success of our work. We have now 12 lecturers in connection with the guild, and six others going through a preparatory test. Several others, although not yet released from the army, are studying. The lady lecturers are quite as successful as the men, probably our best lecturer being a lady—a Miss Ward, daughter of the late Mr. Wilfrid Ward, a former editor of the *Dublin Review*. She is splendid; so also is her brother, Leo. We want hundreds of lecturers, men and women. Our mission is to break down the deep-rooted prejudice against the Catholic religion, and then the clergy will complete the work. The day is not far off when thousands will return to the fold. We have a system established in different parts of London whereby we keep in touch with our converts, assisting, instructing, and advising them, and eventually bringing them to the priests to receive the final instructions preparatory to their reception into the Church.

In conclusion, Mr. Redwood writes:—Our crucifix now stands without anyone having to stand by to protect it, as was our experience at first. Our sales of Catholic Truth publications are rapidly increasing, and our progress, generally, is steady and sound. It is apparently only a matter of getting enough men and women workers, with the help of Almighty God, to convert this country.

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CHRISTCHURCH CATHOLIC CLUB

On Monday evening last the Christchurch Catholic Club entertained the members of No. 17 Company Cadets at a social evening (writes our own correspondent, under date June 2) Amongst those present were Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., Fathers Kilbride, C.S.S.R., Long, Murphy, and Seward, the Marist Brothers, and Sir George Clifford, Bart. The president (Mr. J. R. Hayward) presided. Over 100 boys were present under Lieutenant Amos, who is in charge of the company, and he was accompanied by Sergeant-Major Pound and Sergeant-Major Sullivan, both staunch friends to the Marist Brothers' Old Boys. A musical and elocutionary programme was contributed to by Father Murphy, Masters Upjohn and Pawson, Messrs. Banfield, Mannix, J. Noonan, and D. Dugay. Mr. Lawrence officiated as pianist. Sir George Clifford, who was enthusiastically received, expressed his pleasure at being present at the pleasant assemblage, and after relating some of his personal experiences of Volunteer life in his early manhood, gave the lads some sound advice. "Wherever you be act the part of a man" was the speaker's concluding remark. The chaplain (Father Murphy), who was accorded an enthusiastic greeting, emphasised the importance of Catholic boys living up to a Catholic standard. He had witnessed the horrors of war (he said) and paid a special tribute of praise to the men from Stonyhurst—Sir George Clifford's old college—as being typical of patriotism and Catholicity. Continuing, Father Murphy pointed out the necessity of following a manly course of conduct; that always resulted in popularity as well as happiness. Rev. Brother Justin said it was his first acquaintance with No. 17 Company as a fully representative unit, and expressed his gratitude, as head of the school, to Lieutenant Amos and his fellow officers for the amount of time and labor expended in the interests of the boys. Lieutenant Amos said he was proud of good boys, and complimented those under his charge on their discipline. He would like (he said) to see more unity amongst the Catholic boys of the Dominion. If they kept together, they would merit many honors which were necessarily lost to what should be a united Catholic company. The secretary (Mr. Dugay) deserves to be complimented on the success that has attended his efforts in promoting entertainments for the boys. The club membership has been considerably increased by the inclusion of a number of young men who manifest a very live interest in the welfare of the organisation.

The worst of tyrants is the man who attempts to proscribe and persecute another because of religious differences. His is a worse than Prussian despotism, and those who advocate and support it are not only odious and detestable, but poisonous to the atmosphere of free government.—*Baltimore Sun*.

When children come home from the pictures
Through the damp of a winter's night,
All parents who care and of colds beware,
Take measures to keep them right.
They tuck them warm and snug in bed,
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WEDDING BELLS

MEAD—PLUNKETT.

At St. Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin, on April 21, Mr. William Mead, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Mead, Port Chalmers, and Miss Kitty Plunkett, fifth daughter of the late James Plunkett and of Mrs. Plunkett, of Musselburgh, were united in the bonds of holy Matrimony. The bride, who was given away by her brother, looked charming in a dainty frock of white crepe-de-chine and georgette; her veil was arranged in mob-cap fashion, caught in with clusters of orange blossom, and she carried an exquisite bouquet of white flowers and maidenhair fern. The bridesmaid (Miss Clare Plunkett, sister of the bride) was attired in a frock of fawn crepe-de-chine, fawn velour hat, and carried a pretty bouquet of pink flowers and autumn leaves. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Thomas Mackie, of Port Chalmers, as best man. After the wedding ceremony the guests were entertained at the residence of the bride's mother. Later the happy couple left by motor for the north, where the honeymoon was spent. The bride's travelling costume was of dark saxe blue, with fawn velvet hat relieved with pink, and black furs.

HAYES GILL.

A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnised at St. Mary's Church, Manchester Street, Christchurch, on April 23, when Mr. William Hayes, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, Barbadoes Street, Christchurch, and Miss Annie Gill, seventh daughter of the late James Gill, formerly of Darfield, and Mrs. Gill, St. Albans, Christchurch, were united in the bonds of holy Matrimony. Father Hanrahan, of Darfield, officiated at the ceremony, and celebrated the Nuptial Mass. The bride, who was given away by her brother, wore a wedding robe of white crepe-de-chine and georgette; a beautiful hand-embroidered veil (the work of her sister, Mother M. St. Maxentia) fell from a cluster of orange blossoms, and she carried a bouquet of choice white flowers. Miss Cis Gill (sister of the bride) was bridesmaid, and wore a smart tailored costume, hat of black velour, and carried a bouquet of pink and white roses. Mr. B. Hayes (brother of the bridegroom) was best man. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a pretty diamond ring, and to the bridesmaid a gold bracelet. The bride presented the bridegroom with a gold watch chain. After the ceremony a reception to relatives only was held at the residence of the bride's mother, Cranford Street, St. Albans. Subsequently the newly-wedded couple left for the North Island on their wedding tour. The bride's travelling dress was a navy tailored costume and black velour hat.

ST. COLUMBA CLUB, GREYMOUTH.

A numerously attended smoke concert, tendered by the St. Columba and Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Football Clubs to those of their members who have returned from the war, was held on Monday evening, May 2, at the St. Columba Club rooms (says the *Grey River Argus*). The evening was spent most enjoyably in toast, song, and story, and the hope was expressed, at the conclusion, that when the remaining members return there should be another reunion. In proposing the health of the guests of the evening, the chairman (Mr. M. Daly) referred to the very creditable war record of both clubs, a very large proportion of whose members had gone forth on active service and had worthily upheld the fame of their clubs wherever they went. That not a few of them would never return was a cause of regret with one and all, but a source of pride was the splendid record of their deeds on the battlefield, and likewise that of their comrades who had survived the great campaign. These would retain a lasting and honored place in the traditions of both clubs. Sergeant Tom McBride, M.M., in responding, said his colleagues and himself were all glad to find themselves back again among their fellow club members. While away they had—and he thought suc-

cessfully—done their best to discharge their duty, and this cordial welcome was greatly appreciated by them on their return. Others of the returned men present to respond were Messrs. C. Clarke, H. Trouland, H. Brown, and C. Heaphy. Other toasts honored were—"St. Columba Club," proposed by Mr. F. Hargreaves, and responded to by Messrs. W. Duffy and R. Heffernan; "Marist Football Club," proposed by Mr. M. Keating, responded to by Mr. T. O'Donnell; "The Clergy and Marist Brothers," proposed by the chairman, responded to by Brother Herbert; "Sport," proposed by Mr. H. Bowman, responded to by Messrs. J. Malloy, A. Breen, T. O'Donnell, and D. King; "The Ladies," proposed by Mr. C. Heaphy, and responded to by Messrs. W. Reid and A. McCarthy; "The Press," proposed by Mr. A. Heffernan, and responded to by Messrs. E. King and D. James; "The Musicians," proposed by the chairman, and responded to by Messrs. E. Franklyn and C. Fraser; "The Chairman," proposed by Mr. F. Hargreaves. During the evening a presentation of a handsome travelling bag was made to Mr. S. Birmingham, one of the founders of the Marist Football Club, on the eve of his departure to reside in Australia. In making the presentation, Mr. T. O'Donnell referred to the regret the members all felt at losing Mr. Birmingham, who had been one of the best players, and had always shown a fine sporting spirit. Mr. Birmingham suitably replied, thanking the club and expressing regret at leaving the West Coast. Songs were contributed by Messrs. A. Giffney, A. Breen, T. Hogan, J. Malloy, J. Gieseking, M. Lynch, W. Reid, and B. Williams, while recitations were given by Messrs. T. Condon and F. Hargreaves.

BEQUESTS FOR MASSES.

Judgment was reserved in the House of Lords in the test case in which his Eminence Cardinal Bourne and the Rev. Terence Donnelly, S.J., are appealing against decisions of the courts below that bequests for Masses are void in England as being illegal (says the *London Catholic Times* of April 5).

At the conclusion of his arguments on behalf of the appellants, Mr. Russell, K.C., who had urged that the Act of 1860 treated as legal the Sacrifice of the Mass, with the consequence that any gift for the furthering of the Mass was valid, said Catholics were deeply grateful for the attentive and careful hearing which their lordships had given to the arguments, and they hoped and prayed that, convinced by those arguments, their lordships would be able to remove a stain for it was a stain—from the spirit of tolerance in this country.

The Lord Chancellor said the appeal raised grave and important matters, and it was their duty to consider it with every degree of patience.

A cable message to the press, under date, London, June 3, states that the House of Lords has decided that bequests for Masses for the dead are legal, thus reversing the judgment of the Court of Appeal given on July 22, 1918.

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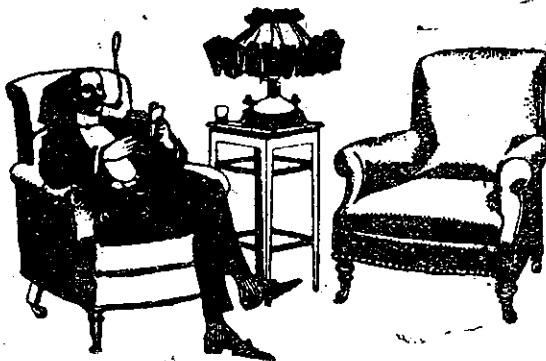
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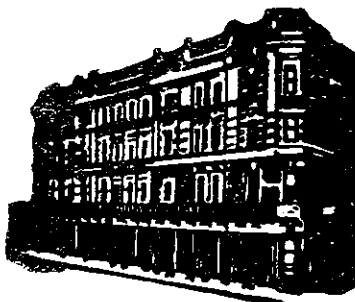
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DOMESTIC

(By MAUREEN.)

Apple and Honey Pudding.

Any pieces of old bread, the harder the better. Fry them in butter and honey. Put them into a deep dish, and cover with milk till soaked up. Have some warm stewed apples, which spread on top, then cover with about half an inch of custard. Bake for one hour.

Lady Cake.

Whites of 4 eggs, a cupful of sugar, half a cupful of butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of baking soda, quarter of a teaspoonful of sweet milk, essence to taste. Add a pinch of salt to the whites, then beat to a stiff froth. Cream the butter and sugar. Mix the cream of tartar through the flour, then sift. Dissolve the soda in the milk, then work a little of this at a time into the cream, butter, and sugar. Add the essence. Work in the beaten whites. Add the flour gently and gradually. Requires a fairly hot oven.

Gingerbread.

Two breakfast cupfuls of flour (half a pint equals a breakfast cupful), half a breakfast cupful of treacle, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of ground ginger, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, half a pint of sour milk or milk soured with two teaspoonfuls of vinegar. Mix all the dry ingredients, sieving or rubbing down the soda till no trace of a lump remains, or the cake will contain yellowed specks. Warm the treacle and sugar. Stir them in. Add the mixture, beat well together, turn into the shallow baking-dish, lined with greased paper, and bake carefully in a rather sharp oven for about three-quarters of an hour.

Scones.

Three breakfast cupfuls of flour, a piece of butter as big as an egg, one teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, milk to mix. Rub the soda and

cream of tartar with a little flour through a fine sieve, and sift it with the flour and salt into a basin. Rub the butter well into the flour, and mix the flour into a moist dough with milk. Use a knife to mix with. Turn out the dough on a floured board, shake flour over it, roll out, cut into small scones, and bake for 10 or 15 minutes in a very hot oven. Scones should be made and got into the oven very quickly. If sweet scones are wanted, add three-quarters of a cupful of sugar to the flour before rubbing in the butter.

Shoulder of Mutton with Potato Stuffing.

Half a shoulder of mutton, half a pound of mashed potato, two ounces of fine oatmeal, one large cooked chopped onion, two teaspoonfuls of powdered sage, seasoning. Wipe the meat, remove the bone as neatly as you can, laying it aside for the stock pot. Make the stuffing next. Mix well together the potato, oatmeal, sage, and onion. Season well, and mix again. Should the mixture crumble, add a little of the onion water stock. Now press the stuffing into the cavity made in the joint by the removal of the bone. Tie or skewer the edges together, and make the meat into a neat shape. Place it on a baking tin with an ounce of dripping, unless the meat is quite fat. Bake the joint in a hot oven, allowing 20 minutes for each pound the meat weighs and one extra 20 minutes. Be sure you baste the meat well. When cooked, remove the string, place the joint on a hot dish, and prepare a slightly thickened gravy in the usual way. Serve with the meat.

Household Hints.

To clean a saucepan after boiling porridge, fill with boiling water. Then empty out and fill with cold water. The porridge will fall away from the sides, and the saucepan becomes clean without any trouble.

Pie-dishes that have become brown from baking in the oven may be made quite clean by soaking in a strong solution of borax and water.

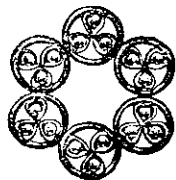
A tablespoonful of vinegar added to the water in which meat is stewed or boiled will make the toughest meat tender.



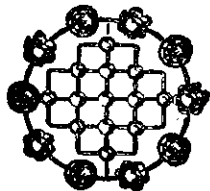
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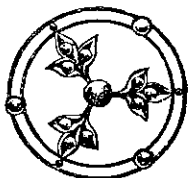
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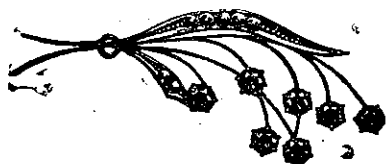
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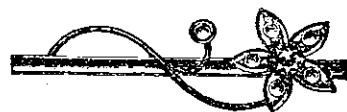
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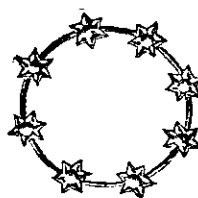
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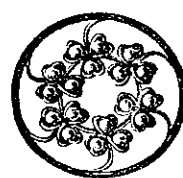
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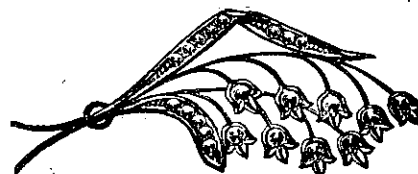
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DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

June 2.

The Cathedral Sodality of the Children of Mary held its first social of the season in the Hibernian Hall on Wednesday evening, May 28. The social, which was well patronised, proved a most successful and enjoyable function, credit for the excellent arrangements being due to the president (Miss Whelan) and her energetic committee. The prize-winners in the euchre tournament were Misses Dobblyn and Wood, and Messrs. J. Farrell and P. Commons. The Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., in presenting the prizes, complimented the sodality on its very successful initial social, and conveyed the warm-hearted support of the chaplain (Father Fogarty), who was at present on the West Coast. The valued services of the retiring president (Miss Grace Jarman) were referred to eulogistically by the Very Rev. Administrator, and on behalf of her fellow-members of the sodality he asked her to accept a framed picture of Our Blessed Lady as a memento of esteem. Accompanying this gift was a framed certificate presented by Father Fogarty.

The many friends of Dr Ardagh are pleased to know that he is resuming the practice of his profession on June 16, at his old address, 31 Carlton Street, Merivale.

The fortnightly meeting of St. Matthew's (Ladies) Branch of the H.A.C.B. Society was held in the Hibernian Hall on Monday evening last, Sister E. Jacques, B.P., presiding. The attendance of members was most satisfactory. Sick allowance £2 was passed for payment. One new member was initiated, and one nomination for membership was received. Sisters were reminded that the branch has undertaken to conduct the Irish stall at the forthcoming bazaar in aid of the schools' building fund, and that their support, coupled with that of the members of St. Patrick's branch, will, it is hoped, be available.

The Victory Fair, which is being promoted to augment the Cathedral schools' building fund, is now receiving the attention of an energetic committee, under the direction of Mr. T. Cahill as secretary. The Coliseum has been engaged for a fortnight, including Grand National Week, and a varied and attractive programme is being arranged. In conjunction with the fair, an art union is also being promoted, and the tickets are now in circulation. Amongst the valuable prizes are two gold nuggets, and some very fine copies of the works of the master painters. A Victory Fair Queen competition is part of the committee's plans, and this has already created keen interest. Special attention is being devoted to the musical arrangements, and apparently nothing is being left undone to ensure success.

[This letter arrived too late for insertion in our last issue.—Ed. N.Z.T.]

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WEDDING BELLS

McMULLAN—MORRISON.

A wedding of interest to many was celebrated on May 14, at the Cathedral, Christchurch, when Miss Rose Morrison, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Morrison, "The Oaks," Darfield, and Mr. John McMullan, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. McMullan, were united in the bonds of holy matrimony. The Rev. Father J. Hanrahan (Darfield) officiated, assisted by Father Fogarty. The music for the ceremony was rendered by Mr. H. Hiscocks, and Miss Birdie Morrison (sister of the bride) sang a solo. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a lovely bridal robe of white crepe-de-chine, hand-embroidered in silk, a beautiful veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums entwined with maiden-hair fern. She was attended by two bridesmaids—her sister (Miss Gertie Morrison, chief) and Miss Eileen McMullan (sister of the bridegroom). Each wore dainty white frocks, black silk toques trimmed with little pink rosebuds, and velvet ribbon streamers, and carried bouquets of choice hot-house flowers. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Jack McKendry, as best man, and Mr. W. Morrison, as groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison entertained a large number of relatives and intimate friends at Broadway's, when the usual toasts were honored. Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. J. McMullan left by the express for the south on their wedding tour.

TIMARU CATHOLIC RED CROSS GUILD.

During last month a meeting of all interested in the work recently carried on by the Timaru Catholic Red Cross Guild was held, at which Father Bartley presided. As Red Cross work has now been abandoned, it was decided to continue the guild under the name of "The Catholic Social Guild," to assist in parochial work. The guild is now organising a social in aid of the building fund of the boys' shelter at their school, which is being erected. During the last three months of the war, the Timaru Catholic Red Cross Guild handed over to the local Red Cross Society approximately £100. The guild also, under the presidency of Mrs. Loughnan, very successfully conducted several socials, and also a sweets stall at the South Canterbury Agricultural Show recently, which resulted in a very considerable addition to the guild's funds.

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OTAGO A. AND P. ASSOCIATION: WINTER SHOW.

Favored by beautifully fine weather, which fortunately continued throughout the week, the 27th annual Winter Show of the Otago Agricultural and Pastoral Association, which opened on Tuesday and closed on Friday of last week, was among the most successful undertakings of the kind of the many now placed to the credit of the association. Very large numbers of people were attracted to Dunedin for this annual exhibition, and, as a consequence, the attendance on the opening day established a record. Brydone Hall and other annexes to His Majesty's Theatre, where the Winter Show is housed, was continuously thronged with interested spectators of the fine, varied display. The entry of exhibits totalled 1433, as against 1338 last year, all displayed in perfect condition.

The official opening by the Hon. W. D. S. MacDonald, Minister of Agriculture, took place in the Victoria Hall on Tuesday afternoon. In prefacing his address, the Minister told his crowded audience how deeply he appreciated the opportunity of meeting them all at the opening of the Dunedin Winter Show. He had (he said) been asked on four different occasions to come to Dunedin to open the show, but owing to war matters he had been unable to attend. He was delighted to be able to accept the invitation that day, and he wanted to congratulate the people of Dunedin and Otago on their magnificent show, which was an absolute education, especially to the younger generation. The old pioneers had taught them an education faithfully and well, and he wished to say that during the recent great world crisis the farming community—the producing community—had been a great factor in winning the war. The men, women, and children of this country had risen to the occasion, and had done their very best. In concluding an interesting address, the Hon. Mr. MacDonald said we were on the eve of a new era, weaving a nation upon the loom of time, and we wanted the new nation built on liberty, justice, and sanity. He congratulated the people of the province and the city on the excellence of the show, and had pleasure in declaring it open. (Applause.)

The arrangements made for the show by the energetic and obliging secretary (Mr. H. V. Fulton) and his staff of able assistants, were most satisfactory in every detail; ample evidence being given by the happy crowds as to their interest in, and enjoyment of the attractions provided.

TREES OR SETTLEMENT.

An important memorandum on the forestry policy of the Dominion was submitted by the Minister in charge of the Forestry Department (Sir Francis Bell) to the conference of Commissioners of Crown Lands which had been sitting, with the Minister of Lands (the Hon. D. H. Guthrie), in Wellington for the whole of a recent week.

The point at which the policies of the two Departments may infringe is in determination of the use of lands now bearing forest. The purpose of the Lands Department is to settle bush lands if it appears that the returns from farming will be greater than from the

timber that may be grown upon them. The policy of the Forestry Department is to save timber trees, except on such areas as are suitable for farming. The two Departments may come to the same conclusion in most cases, but they will approach the questions always from different points of view. It may be remembered that the suggestion of Sir Francis Bell was in effect that all forest lands should be given to the Forestry Department, and that this Department should decide the future use of the lands. The other point of view, which was put to the conference, was that the Lands Department should retain control of the areas, handing over to the Forestry Department only those areas of bush which it might not consider profitable at present to cut out for closer settlement.

The memorandum was very fully considered by the conference, and it was generally approved. But the point was made in the course of discussion that the Crown Lands Department would have to be exceedingly careful in these times when there was such a great, and only partly-satisfied, demand for land, about making any provisional proclamations placing under the control of the Forestry Department lands which might be suitable for settlement.

IMPORTANCE OF WINTER SPRAYING OF FRUIT TREES.

Fruitgrowers are reminded that from now until the buds begin to break is the time to clean trees covered with moss or lichen (says a writer in *Farm, Field, and Fireside*). The fruit plantation or orchard must be kept in a thoroughly sanitary condition if insect and fungus pests are to be controlled; in the first place, because the growth of moss and lichen has a stunting effect on the trees, and makes them less resistant to diseases, and secondly because the number of insects which can hibernate actually on the trees is greatly reduced. A thorough drenching with a caustic soda solution (1lb caustic soda to 5gals of water) is the most satisfactory manner of ridding the trees of moss and lichen. On trees which are not very foul, but which still require cleaning, lime wash or lime-sulphur solution (winter strength) may be substituted. Lime washing should be deferred until as near the end of the dormant season as possible; the attacks of aphid and similar pests are thereby controlled by the coating of lime preventing large numbers of eggs from hatching. In fact, the most effective applications are made when the buds are just breaking and showing green. Lime-sulphur (winter strength) can be used for cleansing the trees, whilst they are quite dormant, and for this purpose 3 quarts of concentrated lime sulphur solution (1.3 sp. gr.) should be diluted with 10gals of water, or as the buds are just breaking, when the strength should be 3 pints of concentrated lime-sulphur to the same quantity of water. Before the application of any of these washes, all dead branches and diseased wood should be removed from the trees and burnt. After using a lime or lime-sulphur wash, care must be taken to clean thoroughly all valves and internal parts of the spraying machines before putting them away. If a lime-sulphur wash is used, care should be taken not to use a machine with a copper container, as the copper and sulphur will re-act and render the machine useless for further work.

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The Family Circle

THE BABY'S ROSARY.

Before our Lady's shrine she knelt,
Our little blue-eyed girl.
Enwreath'd about her rosebud face
Was many a golden curl,
And in her dimpled hand she held
A rosary of pearl.

A baby quite—of summers three—
She bowed her shining head;
And as she told the beads she lisped,
With lips of cherry-red,
Her only prayer (two words!) she smiled,
And "Haily Mary!" said.

Again, again, and yet again,
The baby breathed her prayer,
Her face outshining, like a star,
From clouds of golden hair,
The while she press'd the polish'd beads
With meek and rev'rent air.

Her azure eyes on Mary's face,
A look of rapture wore,
Such as the eyes of Gabriel,
The great Archangel, bore
When first he hailed the Virgin Queen
In Nazareth of yore.

'Twas "Haily Mary!" on the cross
(God bless the little fairy!),
And on the Pater-Noster grains
A chant that could not vary;
On Aves and on Glorias
'Twas always "Haily Mary!"

"Come hither, May!" her mamma cried,
And learn to say it rightly.
No one could understand such prayers;
You blunder, darling—slightly."
"Ah, B'essed Muzzer 'stands it all!"
The baby answered brightly.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

DON'T BE A FAULT-FINDER.

Because you are able to point out real faults and shortcomings in the life and actions of your friend or neighbor is no sure proof that you are profitably or helpfully engaged when you are doing so. It may be, for instance, that he knows as much about them as you do, and is even more concerned for their elimination or improvement than you can possibly be. You are not, therefore, helping yourself greatly. For instance, we have found that the man who spends a great deal of his time criticising the morals or manners of others is almost sure to neglect his own to some extent. At best, that is the only explanation we have been able to find for the well-known fact that most strenuous and persistent fault-finders usually have as many and as serious faults as ordinary people, with a few added. We have about concluded that to find fault with other people helpfully and without neglecting ourselves or getting into the habit of a fault-finder is one of the hardest things for any man to do.

—Catholic Bulletin.

THE STORY OF LITTLE MARY.

It's scarcely eight years since a little French girl was carried from Lorraine to the hospital of the poor in Lourdes. Many doctors had been tried and much money spent, but the verdict of all always read the same: "incurable." One doctor alone remained who could promise success, the great "Lady Doctor of Lourdes," and accordingly she also now was to have her trial. A helpless little cripple, little Mary lay in her cot at Lourdes. Morning after morning she

was carried to the sacred well and to her devotions at the grotto. The rest of the day was spent in prayer and patient suffering. A week passed and still no relief. One morning she kindly asked the nurse who had carried her back from the well to her bed to wait a little. "My little miss, not now; I am too busy." "But you will return when your work is done?" "Certainly, if you can wait so long." Another hour or two and our nurse was again at the bedside of the little sufferer. "Well, now?" "I want to ask you a favor. I have begged Our Lady for a big boon. She has granted it, and now I want to keep my promise." "Well, what is it?" "I want to buy a big candle to burn at her altar." "I understand. You want me to buy it for you, as you have no money?" "No, not at all; that would be too easy. Here, take all I possess. Sell them well, and then buy the biggest candle you can find." So saying, she thrust a pair of little earrings into the hands of the astonished woman. But, alas! they were worth very little. Made of brass, a little piece of glass was their only jewel. But what was she to do? To return them would have meant a bitter disappointment to little Mary. Whilst she was still hesitating, she met Countess B—. To her she told her story. "Give them to me. It is the sacrifice of a little sufferer and perhaps the wearing of them will bring better health to my own little Rose." In exchange she gave a gold piece of 20 francs. The happy nurse bought the candle. It cost her five francs. She brought it to the little sufferer and at the same time brought her the change. The very sight of it brought tears of joy to the eyes of little Mary. "I see you are satisfied. Now I will take it to the grotto for you." "No, no, I must take it myself. Come, please help me." Off the two hastened to the hallowed spot. There little Mary placed it on the altar, but before leaving she dropped the remaining 15 francs into the collection-box. When the little patient was once more in her bed, the nurse could not suppress her curiosity any longer. She was determined to find out the nature of the favor that made the little one so generous. "Now, Mary, I have done all your errands. You in return be kind enough to tell me what prayer of yours the good Mary has answered." "Well, you see, a few days ago they brought another little sufferer into this very ward and placed her in a bed near my own. She was so poor, and suffered so much, that I asked our Good Mother to heal her. In return I asked to remain the little cripple I am, and promised her besides a big candle for her altar. My prayer was answered. Yesterday morning my little companion was completely cured at the well. Now I am so happy." Little Mary remained a cripple. A few weeks after she returned to her home, and there, after two more months of patient suffering, the good God at last called her to her reward. This is a true story of a little French child at Lourdes, and certainly there could be no brighter example of unselfish generosity. The heart of the Good Lady of Lourdes could not but be moved by such gratitude and devotion.

MISTAKEN.

"What do you mean, sir?" said the angry man in the crowd, "by sticking your umbrella in my eye?" "Oh, no," replied the cheerful offender; "you're mistaken, I assure you."

"Mistaken!" roared the aggrieved one. "Do you mean to say that I don't know when my eye is hurt? Why, hang it, sir, I saw you do it! How can I be mistaken?"

"I assure you that you are, nevertheless," was the easy rejoinder. "You may know when your eye is hurt, but you don't know my umbrella. This isn't mine—I borrowed it!"

NO TIME WASTED.

The match between Weltering Wanderers and Ruffley Rovers was in progress. Excitement ran high. The sides had the memory of some old scores to wipe off, and were paying rather more attention to each other than they were to the ball.

WALL PAPERS

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Early in the second half a tremendous kick sent the ball spinning to the edge of the field, where it lodged high up in a tree.

The task of recovering it seemed hopeless, and when some 15 minutes had passed spectators and players alike waxed impatient.

Then it was that the captain of the Rovers approached the skipper of the Wanderers.

"Look here," he said, "don't let's bother about the ball. Let's get on with the match!"

WHAT HE WANTED.

A stranger dropped into a greengrocer's and inquired of the shopkeeper if he had any nuts.

"What kind do you want?" asked the man.

"I don't know. Just name them over to me, will you?"

"Well, we have Brazil nuts, walnuts, almonds," and he rattled off a number of other varieties, but the stranger shook his head.

"Filberts?" suggested the man.

"No, not filberts."

"Chestnuts?"

The stranger smiled. "That's it, thank you."

"How many do you want?"

"I don't want any. I've been trying to think of the name of that street for an hour. I want to get to Chestnut Street. Can you direct me?"

SMILE RAISERS.

They were choosing a name for the new baby.

"I think Esmeralda is too sweet," said one of the infant's aunts.

"Alfreda is better, and more uncommon," said another.

"How would Alvina do?" asked a third.

"Hardly," said the fond father. "You seem to be getting away from the idea that this is a baby, and not a new kind of cigar."

He went into a shop to buy a comb. He was a man careful of other people's grammar, and believed himself to be careful of his own.

"Do you want a narrow man's comb?" asked the assistant.

"No," answered the careful grammarian, "I want a comb for a stout man with tortoiseshell teeth."

A young woman going with a party of visitors through the parks and gardens of a famous castle lingered behind to admire the gorgeous peacocks.

"Do these birds ever drop any of their tail feathers?" she asked of a gardener who stood by.

He looked round, lowered his voice, and replied:—"They're obstinate birds, miss, but they drops 'em heavy at the sight of a shillin'!"

Harry came running home with a book under his arm. "Why, what's that, Harry?" his mother asked.

"It's a prize, mother."

"A prize? What for?"

"For natural history, mother. Teacher asked me how many legs an ostrich had, and I said three."

"But an ostrich has two legs."

"I know that now, mother; but the rest of the class said four, so I was the nearest."

First Mess Cook: "What pudden shall we put on to-day, Bill?"

Second Ditto: "Oh, tapioca."

First Ditto: "Right-o!" (Making entry.) "T-a-b-b-i— Oh, blow it, that won't do! Suggest something else."

Second Ditto: "What about semolina?"

First Ditto: "Ah, 'ere goes! Z-e-m-m-e-r— No go; can't be done, Bill."

Second Ditto: "Well, make it rice."

First Ditto: "Ah, that's better! R-i-s-e."

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT."

What American Cows Discovered.

The *Scientific American* recalls that in severe winter weather range cattle in the Bad Lands of western North Dakota are seen now and then congregated about a great fissure in a red, naked hillside. Investigation shows that a warm current of air rising through the fissure from a burning coal bed underneath has attracted them. It is not difficult for the herds to find such natural warming places in the Bad Lands. The 1400 square miles comprising the "Terres Mauvaises," as the early French travellers named the region, are underlain with lignite coal beds varying from an inch to 40ft in thickness. There are few of these beds that have not been burnt, at least where they outcrop at the surface. Some are entirely consumed; many, it is believed, have been burning for hundreds of years; others have been set afire accidentally by ranchers and campers in recent years. Prairie fires undoubtedly have ignited some of the beds. Whatever the cause, the fires are there, creeping farther and farther back through the region and annually consuming thousands of tons of coal. As they burn, the clay beds above the lignite coal settle and great cracks open. Air enters through these cracks, giving impetus to the fires. Meantime, the intense heat melts the clay, changing it into a jagged mass of red and pink clinkers. These beds of clinkers so frequently and so brilliantly cap the buttes and crags of the Bad Lands as to give the entire region the appearance of "having been deluged with blood," as one traveller has expressed it. Sometimes the clay bakes in place of melting, and then beds of natural brick are formed. The Northern Pacific used great quantities of this natural brick in building through western North Dakota. The presence of these beds of burnt clay and clinkers has led many to believe that the Bad Lands are of volcanic origin, but the geologists say that running water, not volcanic force, is responsible for the vast tumbled waste of bare flat-topped buttes, the deep valleys and coulees with sides so steep that even wild beasts find them impassable, the countless smaller cone-shaped hills piled one atop the other or clustered like beehives in an apiary, and the fantastic groups of pinnacled and tabled rocks. The hills, whatever their shape, are nearly all downward-streaked with deep crooked furrows and lined horizontally in precision with layer upon layer of grey shale, black coal, red clay, and yellow and white sandstone. In past ages the turbulent Little Missouri River and its many branches, big and little, ably assisted by frost, heat, rain, and snow, have wrought this stupendous havoc. So rapidly does erosion go on that vegetation is baffled in its attempt to take root on the slopes, and the hills stand bare of even a trace of green the year round.

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