

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- June 22, Sunday.—Within the Octave of Corpus Christi.
 „ 23, Monday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 24, Tuesday.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
 „ 25, Wednesday.—Of the Octave of Corpus Christi.
 „ 26, Thursday.—Octave of Corpus Christi.
 „ 27, Friday.—Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
 „ 28, Saturday.—St. Leo II., Pope and Confessor.

Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Since the Person of Christ, including His human nature, is the object of divine adoration, the worship which is due to His Person is due to all that is united to His Person. For this reason the Fifth General Council condemned the Nestorians, who introduced two adorations as to two separate natures and to two separate persons. The Council affirms that one adoration is to be offered to the Word united to His humanity. The material object of this divine adoration is Christ, God, and man; the formal object or the reason for which this divine adoration is given to Him in both natures is the divinity of the Incarnate Son. Thus the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the human heart which the Son of God took from the substance of His Immaculate Mother, is adored with divine worship in heaven and on earth—at the right hand of His Father and in His real presence in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. "Devotion to the Sacred Heart reveals to us the personal love of our Divine Redeemer towards each and every one for whom He died. It is a manifestation of His pity, tenderness, compassion, and mercy to sinners and to penitents. Nevertheless, its chief characteristic and its dominant note is His disappointment at the return we make to Him for His love."—Cardinal Manning.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

HEAR THE HEART OF JESUS PLEADING.

Hear the Heart of Jesus pleading,
 "Come and sweetly rest in Me,
 With a peace and joy exceeding,
 Meek and humble ever be:
 In My Heart, serene and holy,
 All your selfish cares resign,
 Dearest Jesus, meek and lowly,
 Make, oh, make our hearts like Thine!

Purer than the lily's whiteness,
 Fairer than the fairest snows,
 In the beauty and the brightness
 Of your soul I seek repose;
 Calmly keep your hearts before Me
 From the stain of passion free.
 Heart of Jesus! we implore Thee,
 Make, oh, make us pure like Thee.

Heart of love: in Thee confiding,
 We shall learn to do Thy will;
 In Thy sacred wounds abiding,
 Burning love our breasts shall fill.
 We shall bless Thee and obey Thee,
 Ever serve Thee faithfully;
 Sweetest Heart! we humbly pray Thee,
 Let us live and die in Thee!

—Eleanor C. Donnelly.

Work tends to make a man healthy, virtuous, and cheerful. If a man does not apply himself to doing something good, he will turn to evil. Vice and idleness always go hand in hand.

Let us accept our trials in a spirit of humility, of penance for our own sins and for those which are committed around us. To suffer for God is a happiness.—
Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

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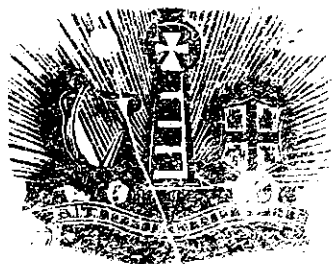
(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.—IN THE OLD CHURCHES.

Besides the sensations produced by the mere presence of vastness enriched with beauty felt by the wanderer in foreign churches, he will often, if at all peacefully minded, be conscious of an influence which grows on him as he proceeds, and springs from the continual association with the large and gracious company of the saints, whose images people the walls. Gathered from all ends of the earth the faithful servants stand in God's house, their sculptured faces shining with the smile of the glorified spirit that is far away, sunned in the light of paradise. Enshrined high above our heads, clothed with strength, their feet lifted for ever out of thorny ways, they would seem at first to be not of our kind, till presently the sword, the palm, the wheel remind us of the toils and wounds with which they fought the battle of life and scaled the heights of eternity. Cecilia, with sword and lyre, Vincent de Paul and his clinging babes, Dorothea blooming among the roses, the great Christopher stemming the torrent—who shall call the roll of the beautiful army? Far over our heads, our thoughts, they are gazing, wrapped in the contemplation of their ineffable secret, or they look down pityingly on pilgrims still faring below. Weary, poverty-stricken, heartbroken, they dragged themselves to God's gate, too feeble even to knock: what they knew when it opened to them is not told. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard" aught of the mystery whose sweetness lies locked behind the silence of their marble lips; but whither they have penetrated we too may come; the bliss they taste we also may share. Passing from church to church the Christian will find himself eagerly looking for certain angelic countenances, as the links of a living litany followed by his heart. Beauty. Fortitude. Meekness. Fervor, each embodied virtue has a face that he has learned to greet as the face of a friend. Stately Barbara, with her tower of strength; delicate Elizabeth among her cripples; Francis surrounded by his lepers and birds; the meek and mighty Paul—every one stands serene in his own place. Happy are the feet that linger reverently before their sculptured semblance, blessed the hearts that muse on the lovely lessons of the imperishable lives they recall.

Even a mind little given to religious thought will find a soothing influence from the presence of this white company. Gradually and almost unconsciously the hearts of Honeywood and Kevin were swayed by the silent meanings of holy faces, whose smile when living had given help and hope to humanity; of folded hands, whose toil had been the charity of Christ. Great must be the Master whose servants are such, is the thought such meanings lead up to, and eyes of those whose work may still be waiting for them, whose pilgrimage is far from its close, will turn, laden with it, to the face of the Redeemer, whose behests these strong ones have fulfilled.

Day after day our travelling friends explored the strange old churches of Verona. Leaving the noisy, deep-colored streets and piazza where the strong sun burned fiercely down on haughty palace, ancient dwelling, and tower frowning with all the arrogance of bygone warlike days, the strangers raised the heavy curtain meant to shut out a world of passion, and stepped from glow and glare into dimness and mystery. As strange, in their own way, as its colossal fortresses and fantastic tombs, are the churches of Verona, with a solemn, half-barbaric splendor all their own.



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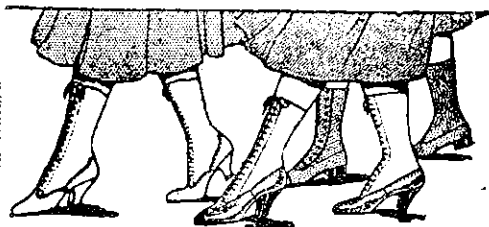
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One afternoon Honeywood and Kevin stood before the portal of San Zeno, that curious portal, with its columns supported by leonine, sphynx-like creatures that seem to guard jealously the hoarded treasure of nine centuries accumulated within. Rich, bizarre, unique, are the outer forms and expressions of this old church. A sort of magnificent grimness in the design of the building, lightened and softened by the delicate quaintness of the ornamentation encrusted upon the entrance and front, takes a curious hold upon the imagination. Weird sculptures enrich the portal, including a version of the story of the wild jager, Theodoric, at a stag-hunt, surrounded by hounds; the demon, to whom he has sold his soul for pleasure, grinning at him from a corner; Scripture subjects surmounting and emphasising this uncanny legend; while a strange benediction surmounts all—the hand of the Almighty raised in blessing and warning, carved out of the stone above the door. Higher still the wheel window, with beauty to attract the eye, startles the fancy with its almost mocking meaning, showing Fortune at her pranks, a king at top of the wheel, a beggar at bottom. The whole seems the work of a Christianity powerful and gigantic, but only half-tamed, with a soul vividly awake to God, but an imagination still darkened by influences of paganism, and crossed by an innocent and child-like freakishness: a Christianity still of the sword and club, needing and receiving angelic visions to soothe its savage fervor into peace, a Titan with one foot in hell and the other in heaven, but both arms grasping the cross.

CHAPTER XXIX. THE AMPHITHEATRE.

By night Kevin and Honeywood would sit together on the summit of the amphitheatre in the moonlight, and their talk was of the great poet and exile whose footprints are all over Verona.

Said Kevin:—"If we could call the spirit of Dante to our presence, there would be no more fitting place than this. Imaging the glorified vision rising from the circular, almost fathomless pit of shadow into these upper rings of light, with a gleam from paradise on the strange, strong brow—all harsh lines of pain and bitterness smoothed away for ever."

"You feel sure it would be a glorified vision?" said Honeywood.

"I do. I feel sure he has long since passed through that fire he describes, which pains and purifies, yet consumes nothing but sin; and that he is safe in the fields of bliss."

"In all that I have read of him lately," said Honeywood, "nothing struck me so forcibly as his description of the shock of inward revelation, by which the soul in the Purgatorio became suddenly aware that it was thoroughly pure and fit for the presence of God. Enough had been suffered, the trial was ended, and the last soil of sin having vanished, had left the spirit free to perceive its own perfection and the immediate happiness awaiting it—without voice from above or below to convey the blessed news."

"It is believed," continued Honeywood, "that the spectacle of this amphitheatre, seen as we see it now in the moonlight, suggested to Dante the plan of the *Inferno*, with its ever-narrowing and descending rings: light circling round the top, getting gradually lost in an all but bottomless pit. It is easy to imagine the sad exile, with his proud, sore heart and burning imagination wandering about here by night, when the great nobles, his patrons, were either feasting noisily or sleeping off the effects of their dissipation. We are told that Can Grande said to him one day, with a savage rudeness that seems to belong to his rough name, 'How is it that you who are so inspired and so learned amuse the Court of Verona less than the buffoon who is just now delighting?' And Dante answered, in his own lofty, scathing way, 'People are usually pleased with those who resemble themselves.' After such a little passage of bitterness as this between him and the rude man whom he loved and whose bounties he accepted, he may have turned on his heel, and, scaling these solemn heights, have plunged into the depths of his

Inferno, there forgetting the pains of this world in the more intolerable woes of another."

"Then you think Can Grande was not a real friend?" said Kevin.

Truly his friend, but the Mastinos were a savage race; and when the Great Dog barked, doubtless, Dante writhed in his dependence. I am glad to find, however, that there is one writer of modern days (Ampère) who refuses to believe in the cruel play upon the word 'scala' in the sad lines:—

Thou shalt by trial know what bitter fare
Is bread of others: and the way how hard
That leadeth up and down another's stair.

Doubtless, Dante, in his weary wanderings, hurled down from his high place, separated from 'each beloved thing,' banished under pain of a fiery death from his adored Florence, found the bread he ate bitter, and the road he travelled hard. The way ever up and down another's stair must be at times a sad pilgrimage even to the meekest feet, and Dante was not meek; but I for one am glad to agree with the thoughtful and eloquent writer who denies that a great soul could revenge itself on a benefactor by means of the stiletto, and plant a covert sting in the hand that had shielded him."

"How these two cities, Florence and Verona, are bound to the name of Dante," said Kevin. "Florence was the one beloved by him, and yet it seems to me that the mark of his presence is more impressed upon Verona."

"I feel with you. Florence had him in his youth, in the days of his love-dream; the mystical atmosphere of the Vita Nuova surrounds him there. She also possessed him in the days of his political life, in the hours of his triumph and power. But the Dante we best know, the sad, strong face, seamed with suffering and crowned with laurel, haunts Verona, and is more visible here than anywhere else in the world. This is the spot that knew him in the zenith of his great fame, when Florence cruelly rejected him. Had he remained in his high place in Florence, who can say whether the *Divina Commedia* would ever have been written?"

"Was it not begun before his exile?"

"Begun, but tossed aside in the storm of active political life. Five years of turmoil in banishment had passed when his nephew found in an old family receptacle a scroll of some few cantos, the beginning of the *Divine Comedy*, and sent it to the exile. Receiving it, all the poet awoke in his passionate, disappointed heart, so torn by worldly strife, and, as if called by Heaven, he threw himself into the task and accomplished the real work of his life."

"Are we not told that he wrote *Inferno* among the hills of Lunigiana, at the castle of the Baron Malaspina?"

"He may have written part of it, have finished it there; but I believe that the plan of it was conceived in Verona. The hills had their share in supplying the scenery, I dare say. Take this moon-gilded amphitheatre and lose it in some strange, lone, hollow wilderness of Nature,

Within a forest dark,
For the straightforward pathway had been lost,

and you can gain some idea of the first suggestion of that 'desert slope at a mountain foot' where the firm foot ever was the lower.

Said Kevin:—"Long before I ever heard of Dante, when I was an almost unlettered boy on an Irish mountainside, I knew by heart the strange tale of the voyage of St. Brendan, a saint of my land, 'a holy man of Yrlonde,' who sailed in search of an island peopled by the souls of the blessed, and who met with strange adventures upon islands of Purgatory and islands of the damned. Many a time I lay in the heather, looking earnestly along the sea-line for a glimpse of Hy-Brasil, the Island of the Blessed, which our people believe is sometimes visible for a moment in the evening light. I was also familiar with the stories from

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St. Patrick's Purgatory, having learned them, of course, in the Irish language. All those Irish visions, beautiful, poetic, and sublime as they are, as well as those of other countries on the same supernatural theme were, doubtless, well known to Dante from his childhood. What his genius had to do was to build up a perfect and splendid arch, which should span all time, out of the exquisite rainbow fragments that were floating round his head."

"What strikes me as very remarkable," said Honeywood, "is the difference in matters relating to the spiritual world between you Irish and all other nations. No one thought of believing that Dante had really seen the visions he relates so precisely, but your people made a reality of the legend of St. Patrick, and staked their faith and devotion on its circumstantial truth. Nay, they do so still, as you have told me you yourself, when a child, performed devotions at this spot."

"It is true that with us Irish faith in the unseen is a passion which is as strong as it is indescribable. Neither sin, pleasure, sorrow, nor affliction can root it out of us. We have been called 'a poetic nation, to whom credulity is easy,' and long may religion hold its sway over our souls. But remember that St. Patrick was a saint of God. Dante, a mighty poet, was no saint. The legend of what St. Patrick saw was of an earlier age, and had been accepted as truth by simple and unquestioning Christians. At this present day God alone could tell us how much foundation of truth was at the bottom of the tale, or from what mysterious source came the first of those poetic rumors which later went to build up our Dante's fame."

"What sort of place is St. Patrick's Purgatory now?"

"At present a few bare white-washed buildings stand on an island, one of which is a humble church, the rest are lodgings, the most barren species of lodgings, for visitors. The pilgrims 'bring their fast with them,' as the poor say, and a very scanty measure of bread and water is all they taste while they stay. Their sleeping-place is the bare rock, but some keep vigil all the time. A very few pence will defray the expenses of the pilgrimage. No one lives on the island, except during the period of the pilgrimage, which is performed once a year."

"This island in its lonely lake, is it surrounded with beautiful scenery?" asked Honeywood.

"The lake is set in the midst of a wilderness of heather, locked among dreary, moorland hills. The rugged, forlorn landscape, such as it is, seems to me to suit the strange history that hangs around it."

"And the people go, you yourself have gone, a child, to fast and pray in this desert region, painfully, because your saint may have seen visions on the spot?"

"Because they feel themselves there in the track of holy feet, and think they breathe an atmosphere that draws them nearer to God."

(To be continued.)

OAK AND IVY.

Ground-ivy crawled upon her native earth

With discontent: aloft she fain would rise--

But how?—then looking up she near espies

The Regal Oak, and hastens with glad mirth

Unto his feet!—and he, her humble worth

Disdaining not, makes stronger the frail ties

Wherewith she mounting clings! . . . I deem her wise

That such a lover wins for leaving dearth.

Dear God!—more kind to us than kind Oak-tree

To Ivy! Discontented here below

We climb that would: for Thou rejectest never

The arms of little ones that cling to Thee!—

Thou wouldst us draw, till highest height we go:

And Oak and Ivy wedded be for ever!

—EDWARD BADGER, in *Studies*.

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

From the first sentence in the concluding passage of the foregoing extract it will be gathered that it was at this juncture the vainglorious Richard made his first visit to Ireland. He had just recently been a candidate for the Imperial Throne of the Germanic Empire, and had been rejected in a manner most wounding to his pride. So he formed the project of visiting Ireland with a display of pomp, power, and Royal splendor, such as had not been seen in Europe for a long time, and would, he was firmly persuaded, enable him to accomplish the complete subjugation of the Irish kingdom after the manner of that Roman general who came and saw and conquered. Early in October he landed at Waterford with a force of 30,000 bowmen and 4000 men-at-arms; a force in those days deemed ample to overrun and conquer the strongest kingdom, and far exceeding many that sufficed to change the fate of empires previously and subsequently in Europe. This vast army was transported across channel in a fleet of some 300 ships or galleys. Great pains were taken to provide the expedition with all the appliances and features of impressive pageantry; and in the king's train, as usual, came the chief nobles of England—his uncle, the Duke of Gloster, the young Earl of March (heir-apparent), and of earls and lords a goodly attendance, besides several prelates, abbots, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries. But with this vast expedition King Richard accomplished in Ireland just as much as that king in a ballad, who "marched up the hill, and then marched down again." He rehearsed King Henry and King John on Irish soil. The Irish princes were invited to visit their "friend" the mighty and puissant King of England. They did visit him, and were subjected, as of old, to the "dazzling" process. They were patronisingly fondled; made to understand that their magnanimous suzerain was a most powerful, and most grand, and most gorgeous potentate, own brother of the Sun and Moon. They accepted his flattering attentions; but they did not altogether so clearly understand or accept a proposition he made them as to surrendering their lands and chieftaincies to him, and receiving, instead, royal pensions and English titles from his most gracious hand. Many of the Irish princes yielded, from one motive or another, to this insidious proposition. But foremost amongst those who could not be persuaded to see the excellence of this arrangement was the young Prince of Leinster, whose fame had already filled the land, and whose victories had made the English King feel ill at ease. Art would not come to "court" to reason over the matter with the bland and puissant king. He was obdurate. He resisted all "dazzling." He mocked at the Royal pageants, and snapped his fingers at the brother of the Sun and Moon. All this was keenly mortifying to the vainglorious Richard. There was nothing for it but to send a Royal commissioner to treat with Art. He accordingly dispatched the Earl Marshal (Mowbray) to meet and treat with the Prince of Leinster. On the plain of Balligory, near Carlow, the conference took place, Art being accompanied by his uncle Malachi. The Earl Marshal soon found that he had in Art a statesman as well as a soldier to treat with. Art proudly refused to treat with an *inferior*. If he was to treat at all, it should be with the king himself! Mowbray had to bend to this humiliating rebuff and try to palaver the stern McMurrough. In vain! Art's final answer was, that "so far from yielding his own lands, his wife's patrimony in Kildare should instantly be restored to him; or——." Of course, this broke up the conference. The Earl Marshal returned with the unwelcome news to the king, who flew into a rage. What! He, the great, the courtly, the puissant, and gorgeous King Richard of England, thus haughtily treated by a mere Irish prince! By the toe-nails of William the Conqueror, this astounding conduct should

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meet a dreadful chastisement! He would wipe out this haughty prince! The defiant McMurrough should be made to feel the might of England's royal arm! So, putting himself at the head of his grand army, King Richard set out wrathfully to annihilate Art.

But the Lagenian chief soon taught him a bitter lesson. Art's superior military genius, the valor of his troops, and the patriotism of the population soon caused the vastness of the invading English host to be a weakness, not a strength. Richard found his march tedious and tardy. It was impossible to make in that strange and hostile country commissariat arrangements for such an enormous army. Impenetrable forests and impassable bogs were varied only by mountain defiles defended with true Spartan heroism by the fearless McMurrough clansmen. Then the weather broke into severity awful to endure. Fodder for the horses, food for the men, now became the sole objects of each day's labor on the part of King Richard's grand army: "but," says the historian, "McMurrough swept off everything of the nature of food—took advantage of his knowledge of the country to burst upon the enemy by night, to entrap them into ambushes, to separate the cavalry from the foot, and by many other stratagems to thin their ranks and harass the stragglers." In fine, King Richard's splendid army, stuck fast in the Wicklow mountains, was a wreck: while the vengeful and victorious Lagenians hovered around, daily growing more daring in their disastrous assaults. Richard found there was nothing for it but to supplicate Art, and obtain peace at any price. A deputation of "the English and Irish of Leinster" was dispatched to him by the king, making humble apologies and inviting him to a conference with his Majesty in Dublin, where, if he would thus honor the king, he should be the royal guest, and learn how highly his valor and wisdom were esteemed by the English Sovereign. Art acceded, and permitted Richard to make his way in peace northward to Dublin, crestfallen and defeated, with the relics of his grand army and the tattered rags of the gilt silk banners, the crimson canopies and other regal "properties" that were to have "dazzled" the sept of McMurrough.

(To be continued.)

Gisborne

(From our own correspondent.)

June 7.

The mission now being conducted by Fathers Ainsworth and McCarthy (Marist Missioners) is proving a great success. At the various Masses on Sunday last 825 members of the congregation approached the Holy Table, and 60 children made their first Holy Communion. At the fourth Mass, celebrated by Father Lane, the Holy Sacrifice, as it proceeded, was explained in detail by Father Ainsworth to a crowded congregation. At the evening devotions the church was crowded to excess, and accommodation had to be found in the sanctuary, sacristy, and choir gallery; even then, many were unable to gain admission. Father Lane congratulated the parishioners on the excellent manner in which they had responded to the exercises of the mission, and thanked the missionaries for the wonderful results manifested during the first week of the mission. Father Ainsworth expressed the pleasure of himself and fellow-missioner at the people's splendid response. A very fine discourse on "Faith" was then given by Father McCarthy. A nicely arranged breakfast was provided in the morning by the Children of Mary for the young people who made their first Communion.

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THE PRESENT WORLD-WIDE ECONOMIC DISCONTENT

(By ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD.)

That there is to-day world-wide economic discontent is obvious and undeniable. Whence does it arise? What is its primary cause? The ready answer is: inordinate self-regard, which has become odious selfishness. Of course, there is a proper and becoming self-regard which is nothing else than a radical instinct of the rational creature prompting it to seek its own well-being. But a regard for self, going the direful length of ignoring other people's rights, has degenerated wofully into the odious vice of selfishness; and selfishness is the basic moral disease of the present largely de-Christianised world. It is the baneful abuse of a natural endowment, and its remedy is simply justice, justice all round, a virtue which curbs self and reminds it of other "selves" and their claims. It is easy, no doubt, to define justice—the rendering to everyone his due: but of no virtue is the violation more common and glaring. If one does not carefully discipline self-regard, it blunts and deadens our perception of the rights of others; because men always start with a strong prejudice on behalf of self, a potent tendency to self-preference, which must be subdued, or else to do justice to our neighbor becomes impossible. The world's well-being demands, of course, more than strict justice; to complete fair dealing with our neighbor requires the further exercise of charity. But the return of justice would largely contribute to reconstruct the tottering world.

Since, therefore, selfishness is the root of the present disorders of the world, the reconstruction of the world, now aimed at on all sides, needs the suppression of unjust selfishness in the community and in the individual; and, consequently, the inculcation of the motives and methods for keeping self-regard within its due limits. Now, as good Christians are aware, it is religion that must effectually supply those motives and methods. For no one can discharge fully his duty to God without also incidentally fulfilling all he owes to his neighbor and his country. Nor can anyone realise his obligations to society, or carry them out, unless he ultimately refers them to God's law. To take in steadily this life and all its bearings, we must needs view the next life as well.

Are, then, all plans and devices for reconstruction bound to fail in this unbelieving world? By no means. An appeal can be rightfully made to all reasonable men before and after Christianity. Before the advent of Christianity there existed the natural law, expressed by the Ten Commandments. By this natural law is meant, not what are called the laws of Nature, classified by scientists as the observed uniformities of tendency and operation of forces in the material universe, but the reflection in the mind of man of the eternal law, regulating the conscious actions of the creature to God's glory and its own welfare. It is to that law, enforced, no doubt, illustrated, expanded, and fulfilled in Christianity, but not otherwise specifically Christian, we look as the basis of social reconstruction. The prohibition of the Decalogue does not bar man's liberty, but only guides it from falling into the abyss. The highest human development must result from the directions of the all-wise Creator. Why does the human heart crave for justice and resent injustice? Because God who made it is essentially just. Man's unperverted mind is naturally Christian. All men truly zealous to reconstruct the world, and re-establish the foundations of civilisation, so grievously impaired by the world war, are bound to welcome the support of religion.

The reconstruction demanded by the times concerns not this or that State only, but all States—the world at large. The task set before us is to substitute trust for suspicion, good-will for hostility, justice for self-interest, co-operation for competition, law-abiding liberty for lawless license. Now, this programme is sheer impossibility unless we practically recognise that

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there is something higher, even here on earth, than the Sovereign State, that the essential interests of each nation, just as in every community, the common good transcends all but the inalienable rights of the individual. Prussia's terrible threat to civilisation, now providentially overcome, has awakened the world to the fact that it has common interests to preserve, has united the great majority of nations for their mutual preservation.

"We are provincials no longer," aptly said President Wilson in one of his great pre-war speeches (March 5, 1917). And again: "The world is no longer divided into little circles of interest. The world no longer consists of neighborhoods. The whole is linked together in a common life and interest such as humanity never saw before, and the starting of war can never again be private and individual matter for nations." In past ages up to the present century selfishness has been the besetting sin of Sovereign States. National action has invariably been reducible to self-interest. The great lustre round Belgium, for her splendid self-sacrifice in 1914, arose mainly from the fact of its extreme rarity. The State exists for the very purpose of promoting the national welfare, and previous generations, misled by a false and unchristian philosophy, became convinced that competition, and not co-operation, was the primary condition of success: national selfishness was erected into a virtue, and usurped the name and credit of patriotism. To-day men have come to have at least the chance of learning that national division—given one common aim—need not prevent comradeship and association. By blending into one common family, nations may, indeed, miss some opportunities of enlargement, and meet with some checks to freedom, but the sacrifices demanded under the League count as nothing to the sacrifices required without it.

But the needs of the day claim that the restoration of the world's order on a common basis of justice, ought to be accompanied by a similar process in each individual State. Peace should be secured at home as well as abroad. Now, to be candid, can we truly say that we are governed in accord with justice? We are a democracy, but are we not going down more and more into a plutocracy. The political side of Government is nowadays far less important than the economic. It is in economics that reconstruction is necessary, if we hope to reach social peace. Of what avail are the widest possible franchise and the fullest participation in Government, so long as common control, that is, control over the means of human livelihood and welfare, is in the hard grasp of a small and irresponsible minority of capitalists? The legitimate aim of organised Labor, in this and every other country, to secure right control over industry and self-government, becomes a sham, if it leaves the control of economic power in the hands of an autocracy, or a plutocracy. Politics is a minor part of man's life; his daily work—the conditions of his existence in the shop, factory, and field—is an immense part; and there can be no genuine self-government until the Government extends to the control of these things. In other words, Capitalism in its modern development, and its patent abuses, stands in the way of a just reconstruction of society. The practical and all-important question of the day is how can we preserve the present industrial system in its essence divested of all its drawbacks?

Let us glance at the abuses of the present industrial system. As things are, the inequalities of human conditions are obviously very great. The good things of life are very unevenly distributed: not more so in reality than at other periods of the world's history, but more keenly felt to be so, because of the better education of the masses and their sad loss of the support of the Christian faith—man's supreme consoler in affliction.

Why—demand the lower classes—why is it that the few should have opportunities of education, recreation, travel, culture? Why should they so easily acquire positions of power and social consideration? Why are they so free from the necessity of hard work? Why should they, accordingly, claim to belong to a higher

caste, and should subordinate so many of their fellow-creatures to their needs and their luxuries? It is no adequate answer to appeal to Providence which has so arranged this social hierarchy. Because it is undeniable that so much is manifestly unjust in individual conditions. It is unthinkable that God could approve of it. In the past and for centuries the multitude was unorganised and untrained to think. It was blindly led by immemorial tradition, it was powerless to make persistent and effective complaint. It had little or no voice or weight in the Government. But now men are not content with social subjection, a lifetime of toil, the stigma of hired service, an inferior education, a lower culture and quality of life. They justly refuse to willingly support a parasite body, a class which produces no wealth itself, but only consumes it, lives upon the past and present labor of others, and causes others to labor the more, because it chooses to be idle. Are not these aspirations justifiable? And if so, are we not compelled to admit that there is much in our present economic conditions that is grievously unjust, since they necessitate the subjection and impoverishment of such multitudes?

"If a spirit of rapacious covetousness" (said that shrewd observer, Disraeli) "desecrating all the humanities of life, has been the besetting sin of England for the last century and a half, since the passing of the Reform Act (1832), the altar of Mammon has blazed with triple worship. To acquire, to accumulate, to plunder each other by virtue of philosophic phrases, to propose a Utopia to consist of only Wealth and Toil—this has been the breathless business of enfranchised England for the last twelve years, until we are startled from our voracious strife by the wail of intolerable serfage." (*Sybil*.)

The working of the old Economic Liberalism, here so scathingly denounced by Disraeli, was an odious industrial Prussianism. It replaced morality by fitly styled "iron laws," that is, sundry embodiments of cupidity converted into immutable axioms. It appealed for support to atheistic philosophy involving the denial of freewill, and the assertion that all human betterment resulted from ruthless competition; "the free play of natural forces"—the elimination of the weak and the unfit. For over a century this devil's doctrine of avarice prevailed in England's economic life, grinding the faces of the poor, lifting Britain to the foremost place in industrial nations, hoarding vast heaps of wealth in the hands of a few, and pitilessly bringing down degraded herds of landless workers to the status of slaves. The misery, appalling beyond description, wrought by such perversion that condoned and excited man's innate selfishness, so prone to excess, is chronicled in the dark pages of Blue Books by the score. While it is a familiar theme to the economic student, it is ever present in the long memories of the poor. And alas! this industrial Prussianism is still rampant in Britain and elsewhere, as the world war sadly shows. Listen to the noble words uttered but yesterday by Cardinal Bourne:—

"There are millions of people, for whom the necessary conditions of life are never realised. All their lives they are forced to be content with dwellings that are badly built and equipped, unfit for a growing family and wanting in ordinary conveniences. They are tied by the exigencies of their daily toil to a particular locality, and must perforce put up with the accommodation that they can find. Their weekly income will never rise beyond a miserable pittance; before their eyes is ever the spectre of the possibility of unemployment. But *there is nothing in the nature of things to render such a condition in any way necessary.* It cannot be urged that the goods of this world are insufficient for the maintenance of all those who dwell therein. On every side there are evidences of wealth and plenty. Money is acquired and heaped up in the ownership of individuals to such an extent that it must be quite impossible for the possessor adequately to control *either its acquisition or its outlay.* Such conditions are clearly unnatural and abnormal. The poor man is forced to struggle for his living wage, obtained

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too often at the cost of strikes which paralyse industry. The rich are led to think that the *acquisition of wealth is the main object of life*, and the strike is fought by the lock-out. Meanwhile there is wealth in plenty to satisfy both workers and capitalist. The problem to be solved is to find a way of *distributing the surplus wealth* so that the poor man, manual worker or inferior clerk, may have the additional remuneration that he so urgently needs; and the rich man no longer receives the heaped-up increment, which he in no sense requires, and cannot efficiently control."

All praise to his Eminence for thus denouncing that excessive self-regard which is the fountain-head of social injustice! Catholics are convinced, and may lawfully boast, that whatever is fair and just in the Socialistic demand will find a surer basis and more prudent application in the teaching of the Catholic Church, which has never failed in due course to condemn the selfish individualism responsible for the present unrest and disorder. The war has proved the worship of Mammon to be still supreme in the commercial world. The set of greedy profiteers who grow rich by the nation's needs and woes, may now profitably reflect that they have hastened on a reformation most urgently required. Profiteering, and the many forms of usury, by which capital has exceeded its fair share of the wealth produced by its association with labor, are equally iniquitous in peace and war. Labor is coming to its own. It will no longer tolerate its treatment as a mere commodity to be paid for at the market price. The wage system, as a mere wage system, is, we hope, soon to end. Instead of degrading the holy spirit of man to its sordid material exigencies, commerce must amend its ways, and adjust itself to the human needs and rights of those on whose labor it depends.

This article affords no space for adequate treatment of the ways by which this desirable consummation may be effected, and, accordingly, it must be reserved for a future contribution.

CENTENARY OF GREAT CATHOLIC SCIENTIST

To those who love to accuse the Church of hostility to science and of a desire to "put back the hands of the clock," the Cardinal-Archbishop of Pisa, himself one of the foremost scientists in Europe, presented a striking picture at Reggio Emilia when this Padre Secchi's native place celebrated the centenary of the great astronomer's birth.

Cardinals, bishops, prelates, and theologians of fame to the number of 300 were there: laymen of every calling, proud of the lustre shed on their city, attended in multitudes, says *Southern Cross*.

Before tracing the famous Jesuit's scientific activity and referring to his stay at Stonyhurst, and afterwards at Georgetown University, America, on the occasion of the abandonment of Rome by the Company of Jesus at the outbreak of the revolution in 1848, Cardinal Maffi recalled the day, over half a century ago, when, in presence of Cardinals and the elite of the world of science in Rome, Padre Secchi passed two hours in a hall of the Collegio Romano recounting his most recent discoveries in the heavens.

This episode was not new in the traditions of Rome. On the same spot in 1611 Padre Maicot, in presence of a learned audience—among whom sat Galileo—described the first stellar conquests made by the telescope. And many years before this, in 1533, Pope Clement VII. and the Roman Court listened to Widmanstad propounding his theory of the movement of the earth around the sun.

Many of Cardinal Maffi's hearers knew Padre Secchi to have been a prolific writer in his branch of science, but few had an adequate idea of his great activity in this respect until the number of his works had been recounted by his Eminence.

THE IRISH CLERGY: DE VALERA'S TRIBUTE.

The following tribute to the Irish clergy occurs in "Letters from Ireland and from Lincoln Gaol, England," by the Irish leader, Professor Eamon De Valera. It is part of an interview given to an American press representative:—

Clerical domination! How little they think who use that phrase of what a tremendous tribute it is to the Irish priests. What is the secret of the priests' influence with the people? It is nothing but the recognition by the people of a truth that in Ireland the priests have been what ministers of religion should be everywhere, the fathers and guides of their flocks. In Ireland the priests have always stood beside the people, comforting, encouraging, and helping them in the dark days—their safest, most unselfish, often their only leaders. Let the Protestant minister by similar deeds secure similar influence over his people, no Catholic will seek to diminish it. Would you deprive a minister of religion, because he is such, of his rights as a citizen, and of his influence as a man, an educated man, a good man? Would you rob him of the secular influence that traditional service has merited for his cloth? Finally, should we not be honest with ourselves and recognise that if religion is not a mere pretence with us, it is the most important thing in life, and should influence our every action? It is not something to be put outside the back door whenever we choose. A minister of religion, then, if he is at all a worthy one, is entitled to special regard as such, and his advice has a special value even in what might be considered very mundane affairs.

WINTER.

There's a corner in the orchard where the children used to play
Underneath the apple tree any springtime day;
Pearly blossoms sprinkled down at every rustling breeze
And happy children's laughter rang like music in the trees.

The winter winds go whimpering around the orchard now;
The fruit has all been gathered in, and bare is every bough;
And only dead leaves whisper where children used to play
And pearly blossom scattered in the springtime day.

The corner of the orchard will be white again in spring,
But I'll never hear the voices of the children ring;
And dead leaves falling is all that I shall see
Where the children played together by the old apple tree.

—BERNARD MOORE, in the *New Witness*.

APPEAL

MATATA CONVENT SCHOOL

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

Yours sincerely,
DILLON SHAW, Secretary.

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Current Topics

Good News

Readers do not need a long memory to recall how our press told us a few months back that Sinn Fein represented only a few cranks in Ireland and a few seditious persons (like the Editor of the *Tablet*) outside Ireland. And when the elections made it clear, even to the editors of the Harmsworth league of liars, that Sinn Fein represented all the sane people in Ireland, as well as all those to whom the cause of small nations was not a mere hypocritical catch-cry, the press began to tell us that it was unthinkable that Sinn Fein should be heard at the Peace Congress, and that no matter how just and how right Ireland's cause was the dominant interest of England must prevail, and Ireland must still serve, for the truly Prussian reason that her servitude is useful to the champion of small nations. If Ireland had only England to deal with the press would have been right. However, there were a few other Powers to be considered. America wanted to know why her soldiers were asked to fight for self-determination if Ireland was to be denied that right. Paris, too, had something to say about the sincerity of British war aims and the rights of small nations. The result is that we have now strong reason to hold that Ireland will be heard at the Peace Congress, and that the almost indecent haste made by Lloyd George to facilitate the sending of Sinn Fein delegates to France is the consequence of his conviction that the game is up and that England must face the awkward situation created by her constant oppression of Ireland in favor of an Orange gang of outsiders who are more Prussian than Prussians.

Some Details

We have already pointed out that America was so much in earnest about securing Irish freedom that not only did Congress and the Senate urge the Peace Conference to take up the Irish problem but also special delegates were sent to Europe to see that Ireland's case was not neglected. Reading between the lines of the fablegrams that have reached us since the arrival of the American delegates, it is easy to see that their presence is already felt and that it is now a question of how much Ireland will consent to take by way of settlement. Although the first thing to be demanded in justice ought to be the hanging of Lloyd George and Carson, and although Ireland's right to complete independence is beyond argument, we have no doubt that Sinn Fein will accept a full measure of self-government on colonial lines, but nothing short of this will meet the case. Recall that a few days ago the censored cables revealed to us that one of the Tory lords was very angry on account of some step taken by Paris with regard to Ireland. What that step was we can only surmise. Very probably it was that Paris had the "impertinence" to suggest that there was no reason why John Bull should not be reminded that a champion of small nations ought to put his own house in order. At any rate, something was done in Paris, and clearly that something was the result of the activities of Sean Ua Ceallagh and of the American envoys. New light is thrown on the situation by a letter from the Bishop of Killaloe from which we are able to quote a very interesting passage now. His Lordship, writing to Father Fogarty, said that *Paris was sending a delegation to Dublin to invite De Valera to the Peace Conference and to find out what he wanted*. As the Bishop points out, this means that Lloyd George has knuckled down and that we may be certain that Ireland will get full self-government at least. Taking this letter from so authoritative a source with the hints that can be gathered from the cables, we conclude with great satisfaction that Sinn Fein has won. And from our heart we say *Deo gratias!*

Ourselves

We never had any doubts as to the final victory of Sinn Fein. When we were fighting a lone hand for the cause, and when people who thought they knew more about Ireland than we did went on telling us how far mistaken we were, we never hesitated once. Our belief, like Pearse's and like De Valera's, was based on the certainty that a united people who are ready to make the last sacrifices for their just cause can never be beaten. Ireland was Sinn Fein long before the elections made the fact clear to the world, and we knew that when priests and people, men and women, were working as one man for Ireland victory might be delayed but it was assured. Possibly we have made a few enemies because we did not allow them to dictate our Irish policy to us, but on the other hand we receive, month after month, testimonies from Ireland which make it clear to us that what little we have done for the Old Land is appreciated there by those who love Ireland best. Here is what the Bishop of Killaloe thinks of the *New Zealand Tablet* and its services to Ireland:—

"Your letter arrived with a bundle of *Tablets*, which I read with pleasure. It is a very able paper, and I rejoice to see that it is Irish of the Irish. Please remember me to the Editor, and may God bless him."

A little word like that from the man who stepped into Dr. O'Dwyer's shoes is more to us than the praise of a million Imperialists. To know that we have done our duty according to our lights is consolation enough, but still we are human enough to be pleased when a tribute comes our way from such an authority. More than once an adviser of the ordinary colonial infallible type has said to us that the *Tablet* is too Irish, and that it does no good to give so much attention to the wrongs of Ireland. Apparently the people in Ireland who are best judges are not of that opinion. Apart from their approbation, it is clear that our own people here would be sadly misinformed if we did not in season and out of season devote ourselves to the task of contradicting the reports circulated in the British press about Sinn Fein. From that point of view alone it has been a matter of simple duty to dwell at considerable length on Irish affairs during the past few stormy years. Moreover, the *Tablet* is a Catholic paper, and, although some persons do not like to be reminded of the fact, Ireland's cause is vitally connected with our Catholic interests. It is a curious psychological puzzle that the persons who owe most to Catholic Ireland are often the first to show their ingratitude. As time goes on, and when Ireland has come to her own, we will devote more space to various other topics that have had to be passed over hurriedly of late. When things settle down again and when the task of contradicting official liars is not so imperative, we hope to be able to do more than we have done in the past towards inculcating those sound Catholic social principles which lie at the root of the world problems with which Democracy must grapple in its efforts to reconstruct society on a sane and safe basis. We have now come to the dawn of a more hopeful day than any we have known in our lives. Unless we read all the omens wrong, the future is Ireland's, the long night of sorrow is drawing to an end, the crown is ready for the heroic people who so bravely bore the cross. And when an authoritative voice from overseas tells us that we may be prepared to rejoice for Ireland's victory, it is not a little thing to be told by the same voice that we too have done our part towards it.

The Catholic Mind

Just as there is a worldly mind and a business mind, there is also a Catholic mind. A person may be in the world and not of it, engaged in business with a mind far removed from it, a member of the Catholic Church and in no wise of a Catholic mind. One may subscribe to every doctrine that the Church requires her children to believe, go regularly to Mass and to the Sacraments, and at the same time be very un-Catholic in mind. The Irish people, the pious French and

Italian Catholics, do more than subscribe to a creed and scrupulously fulfil their obligations. They feel as Catholics ought to feel, they act as Catholics ought to act in every conceivable situation. They do not have to reason about it; the right thing to do comes to them by a sort of instinct. They have the Catholic mind. By heredity and by custom and by environment they are so saturated with Catholic feeling that they act on it spontaneously. If our readers want a concrete illustration of this, let them consider the lives and the habits of thought of the old French people and of the old Irish who brought the faith to this country, and let them contrast with them the lives and habits of thought of the average Catholic boy or girl of this Dominion. The difference is surely clear to those who have eyes to see. And what is the explanation of it? First of all the young people have not had the same thoroughly Catholic home life as their parents had. They have not learned to keep the Fourth Commandment, which is the all-protecting law of the Home; they have not been brought up to habits of unquestioning obedience and to deep, loyal, sincere reverence for their parents. From childhood they have been immersed in an anti-Catholic atmosphere which acts as fatally and as surely as slow poison. The papers they read every day are hostile to our religion in spirit. They are edited and owned by persons who have been imbued with the traditional lies about us; they can never repress an ill-mannered sneer at the Pope and his policy when opportunity arises: at their very best they are totally ignorant about us and totally incapable of conceiving how vital a matter religion is to us. Here, where Government, schools, public opinion are of a frankly secular tendency, the most we can expect from the press is impartiality, and taking the world as we find it, impartiality would be a miracle from men who are traditionally biassed against us. English literature at its best is bigoted too. Even Dickens professed that he would never publish anything that might lead sincere persons to approach the Catholic Church, and Dickens is held up to us as one of the safest and soundest of our novelists. In most novels that touch at all on the Church we find falsehoods or lies. The bias is there always: innuendoes, sneers, covert and open attacks on our doctrines are part and parcel of the literature which grew up on the great Protestant lie which started when lying about us became the official policy of Protestantism. Quite apart from the gutter literature of people like Chiniquy, Robertson, or Maria Monk—whose outrageous calumnies are nevertheless accepted as Gospel by many of our benighted Protestant neighbors—there is a vast body of fiction and so-called history which could hardly have been worse were it written for the express purpose of blackening the Catholic Church in the eyes of the public. Books of this sort find their way into State schools; we have known such used as text-books; we have seen them given as prizes. Even in Scott, even in Thackeray you will find the snake in the grass. Men write as they think, and habits of thought among Protestants are certainly not fair to us. An environment such as this cannot fail to react on Catholics. If even harmless light reading is ultimately bad because it relaxes the mind and enervates the intellect, how much more deleterious is poison thus subtly instilled in small doses day by day and week by week. The environment is enervating; it causes what might be called Catholic form to run down: it lowers the tone of Catholic mentality. Therefore to counteract all such influences and to raise Catholic tone is an apostolate for us all, whether lay or cleric. The harvest is great and the workers few.

The American Hierarchy and Social Reform

Some short time ago the American Bishops issued a Manifesto dealing with Social Reconstruction. This striking document is worthy of a place beside the great pronouncements of Leo XIII. It does not aim at being a complete programme of economic reform, or the last word on the subject. It is a helpful, thoughtful

summary of reforms that are necessary and it indicates the broad Christian lines on which the reforms ought to proceed in order to produce their full fruit in a regenerated, stable society. Among a few points of the Manifesto may be mentioned the declaration that no woman should retain any occupation harmful to health or morals, that female employees should receive the same wages as men for equal amounts and qualities of work, and that there is no reason why workers should not have more than a living wage if the industry will support it. It declares against bad housing, monopolies, middlemen profiteers, and advocates that workers should have a share in industrial management. The Bishops are mindful of the words of Leo that "Society can be healed in no other way but by a return to Christian life and Christian institutions," and they advocate earnest action by the Catholic Church towards making Christian principles more widely known and appreciated among the masses. The Manifesto has made no small stir in the United States. It is described by Frank P. Walsh, former Joint-Chairman of the National War-Labor Board, as "one of the most significant and far-reaching developments of recent years, a triumph for true religion as it is a triumph for the cause of economic democracy." John Fitzpatrick, the recent Labor candidate for the office of Mayor of Chicago, writes that the Manifesto "is virtually the programme of organised Labor as expressed in the official declaration of the American Federation of Labor," and goes on to say that "its declaration in favor of maintaining the present wage-rate and progressively raising it, while at the same time taking steps to reduce the cost of living and to control large fortunes, constitutes the strongest possible support for the position taken by organised Labor. It should be printed in its entirety in every Labor journal in the country. Nothing will do more to strengthen the cause of orderly but fundamental economic reform as opposed to the plans of those who would destroy our entire civilisation at one blow in the hope of bettering the conditions of the masses." Socialist papers in many instances are loud in appreciation of the wisdom of the Bishops. Upton Sinclair, writing in the *New Appeal*, calls the Manifesto "a Catholic miracle." The *Seattle Union Record* says: "We are glad that the Catholic Church sees the coming of a new day. . . . This official pronouncement of the Catholic Church can be held up to strengthen many who are starting on the road to an understanding of the new world that is to be." In the *New York Nation*, Raymond Swing writes that the Bishops have taken a courageous step, "possibly one that some day will be designated as the most serviceable that Catholicism has recently ventured in America." We have seen some months ago that Cardinal Bourne issued in England a Pastoral much on the same broad lines. The Church everywhere is wide awake to the need of reform and her only anxiety is that through the erroneous views of demagogues who are dominated rather by greed than by Christian principles the attempts at reconstruction may be rendered futile or even harmful. The Church calls on her children to insist on the necessity for basing reform on the principles of Christian charity and true brotherhood, and the task of Catholics in the present hour is to do all in their power to help in the remaking of the new world on the only lines that guarantee stability and good order. Priests can do much, the Catholic press can do even more, but here is peculiarly the harvest which invites the zeal of the Catholic laity whose hour it is now.

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CATHOLIC MARRIAGE LAWS: EXPLAINED BY ARCHBISHOP MANNIX

An explanation of the *Ne Temere* Decree was given by his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne, the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, at the 8 o'clock Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral on Sunday morning (says the *Tribune* of May 22), and it should lead to a better understanding of the Catholic position in the community. His Grace said:—

There must be a dearth of new charges against the Church. For the various Protestant bodies, with an unanimity which is striking and suggestive, are returning to the old worked-out grievance of the *Ne Temere* Decree. Even when the Decree was new, it made little change in the previous discipline of the Church. But, yet at this late date, Protestants are once more invited by their spiritual guides to become very angry because about ten years ago the Pope, for reasons that seemed to him sufficient, decreed that, where a Catholic is concerned, marriage, to be valid, must be contracted in the presence of the local parish priest, or the local ordinary, or of a priest delegated by either of these, with two witnesses. It seems quite a reasonable law. Marriage is a Sacrament as well as a contract, and, if the Church is what she claims to be, there is no reason to be surprised or angry when she defines the conditions of the sacramental contract of marriage, just as the State defines the conditions of the civil contract.

No doubt certain persons who have never read the Decree, or do not understand it, speak of it as a direct and deliberate attack upon Protestants. The fact, of course, is that the Decree is directly and expressly intended for Catholics. If the Pope had his wish, that Decree would never touch a Protestant. For, like the heads of the Protestant bodies, the Pope is altogether opposed to mixed marriage, and the *Ne Temere* Decree never affects a Protestant unless in case of a mixed marriage. It regulates all marriages, however, between Catholics. If, for example, two Catholics were to comply with all the requirements of the civil law in a registry office, their marriage, though valid before the civil law, would be invalid before God and His Church. And, if these Catholics wish later to receive the Sacrament of marriage and to live as practical Catholics, they must renew their marriage consent in the usual Catholic form before the local parish priest and witnesses.

But one hears the complaint. Why was not the Pope content with legislating for purely Catholic marriages: why did he not exclude mixed marriages, just as he excluded purely Protestant marriages, from the operation of his Decree? He could have done so, of course, for the matter is a disciplinary one. But,

surely it is a rather extravagant demand to make of the Pope. In order the better to safeguard the contract and the Sacrament of marriage, he thought it wise to insist upon the conditions laid down in the *Ne Temere* Decree, when a Catholic is marrying a Catholic. It is not easy to suggest a reason why he should provide an easier option for a Catholic who, in spite of the warnings of the Church, marries a Protestant. At all events, it is evidently very wide of the truth to say that the *Ne Temere* Decree was aimed at Protestants. Perhaps the Pope hoped that the Decree would discourage mixed marriages. If it has had any effect in that direction, one would expect the heads of the Protestant bodies to be grateful to the Pope for lessening the number of those marriages to which they themselves are altogether opposed, however powerless they may be to prevent them.

Another view of the *Ne Temere* Decree is that it is intended as a wanton and brutal insult to Protestant ministers. Excitable persons grew very wrath to think that the Pope would dare to declare invalid a marriage—a Catholic or a mixed marriage—contracted in the usual way before an Anglican, say, or a Methodist, or a Baptist minister. That, they think, is intolerable. In their anger they forget, perhaps, they do not know, that under the *Ne Temere* Decree no priest, no matter what his ecclesiastical dignity or his civil credentials may be, can assist at the marriage even of two Catholics, unless he be the parish priest or the ordinary of the place where the marriage is contracted or the delegate of the parish priest or the ordinary. Has the Pope, therefore, hurled a wanton and brutal insult at his own priests? A little common sense and mother wit would save much angry resentment.

But the silliest objection to the *Ne Temere* Decree comes from those of hazy thought, and they are many, who assert that the Catholic Church in this Decree defies the law of the land. Now does she? What are the facts here among ourselves? First of all, every one of our priests who assists at a marriage is not merely the representative of the Church, but he is also the legally appointed representative of the State, and he carries out faithfully all the requirements of the civil law, as well as of the ecclesiastical law. There is certainly no defiance of the civil law where the terms of the Decree *Ne Temere* are complied with. Again, if two Catholics, or a Catholic and a Protestant, ignore the *Ne Temere* Decree and resort to a Protestant minister or to a civil registrar, does the Church put itself in defiance of the laws of the State? Not at all. These people are legally married in the eyes of the State; their marriage contract has all the civil effects of any marriage contract, and these facts are not disputed by the Church. Surely, it is a gross misuse of words, therefore, to say that the Church defies the law.

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The Catholic who does not comply with the conditions of the *Ne Temere* Decree can contract a marriage valid in the eyes of the State. If he is satisfied with that, there is no more to be said. But it is the duty of the Catholic priest to remind such a man that, though he has satisfied the law of the State, he has not received the Sacrament of marriage and that, before God and the Church, he will not be married until the laws of the Church are complied with and the marriage consent renewed in the manner prescribed by the Church. That duty every Catholic priest will perform with all the tact and delicacy that the circumstances suggest. He will give no needless offence to anybody. But he will obey God rather than man.

Whether the civil authorities wish to register the marriage consent renewed before a priest by persons whose civil marriage has been already registered, is a matter on which I have no information and with which, indeed, I have little concern. No sufficient reason occurs to me why the civil authorities should not rest content with the registration already effected. But it is for them to say whether there should be a second registration and, if there should be, then, what form it should take.

The root offence in this whole matter, of course, is that the Catholic Church claims to be founded by Christ and be divinely invested with teaching and legislative power within her own sphere. Unlike most of her assailants, she holds that marriage is one of the Sacraments instituted by Christ and, therefore, that it is one of the things to which her power extends. While recognising the authority of the State over the marriage contract, as a civil contract, she is not prepared to relinquish her own authority, nor is she too timid to use it. That claim, no doubt, will be regarded groundless and arrogant by many outside the Church. They make no such claim for their own religious body; or if they do, they recognise that it would be futile to attempt to use it. They talk of their Church, of the Bible, of their synods and assemblies. But, when Parliament has spoken, every cause for them is ended. They may have had their own views antecedently about divorce, for example, or the marriage of a man with his deceased's wife sister. But, once a Parliamentary majority—it may be of agnostics or infidels—has spoken all the oracles are silent and a divorced man, or a man wishing to wed his deceased wife's sister, will not lack a Protestant blessing upon his new union. If absolute Prohibition were carried here to-morrow, you would have some people casting about for a substitute of the wine which Christ prescribed, but the law of Victoria forbade, in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The Catholic Church does not sit fearful and expectant on the doorstep of Parliament. She gives to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; to God the things that are God's. She does not take her teaching or her disciplinary laws from Parliaments, or Privy Councils, or Kings, or Emperors. Still less will she alter her teaching or practice, at the bidding of those who, themselves having no authority, no effective authority, at all events, would like to bring the Catholic Church down to their own level. There is no need to accuse her assailants of bad faith. Many, I am sure, are quite sincere. Their attitude is intelligible, but it is none the less regrettable.

Attitude of the Ministry: "No Legal Status."

A reply by the Premier to a deputation from the Protestant Federation regarding the *Ne Temere* Decree sets out the attitude of the Ministry toward the subject. In the course of his reply, Mr. Lawson said: "The Crown Law officers have made exhaustive inquiries into the matter of the *Ne Temere* Decree, and have viewed the question from all standpoints. The result of these inquiries, shortly put, is that there is no infringement of State laws. In any special instances in which such an infringement may be committed, the onus of applying for any civil remedy must lie with the persons interested. The Government would have no legal status in the matter. The question of amending the law to deal with that subject is a very delicate and

difficult one. In modern times it has been an accepted principle, in English-speaking countries at least, that the Legislature will not concern itself with matters of religious belief. Any interference by Parliament with religious matters would be resisted, even by persons who have no sympathy with those who believe in the principles of the *Ne Temere* Decree. It is not intended to introduce legislation dealing with this question."

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

June 14.

The sum of £250; being a bequest from the late Mr. J. P. Bourke, of Kilbirnie, towards the Wellington Catholic Education Board Fund has been received by the Board from the trustees of the estate.

The second of a series of socials, promoted by the residents of the Catholic Hostel, was held in the Alexandra Hall on June 7. The function was a complete success, the hall being crowded. Cowley's orchestra provided the music, and an excellent supper was dispensed by a committee of girls, under the matron. The next social will be held on July 17.

Great activity is being displayed by the parishioners of Thorndon and St. Joseph's, in the preliminary arrangements for the combined monster bazaar, which is to be held in the Town Hall, in October. St. Joseph's will devote its portion of the proceeds towards paying off the new girls' school now being erected in Buckle Street, and Thorndon will utilize its share for the general purposes of the parish.

A very pleasant little function took place at the monthly meeting of the board of management of the Catholic Women's Hostel, Wellington, on Tuesday last, when the chairman (Major Halpin), on behalf of the members of the board, presented Miss Wheeler, who lately resigned the office of secretary (a position she has held since the inauguration of the hostel in 1915) with a handbag containing a purse of sovereigns. Major Halpin spoke of the great loss sustained by the board in the resignation of Miss Wheeler, the greater in that ill-health was the reason. He wished her a speedy return to good health. Mr. W. F. Johnson, secretary of the Diocesan Council, expressed the appreciation of his council of the work done by Miss Wheeler. Miss Wheeler thanked members for the pleasant things that had been said, and hoped to be able to take an active part in the work of the board at some future time.

The Wellington Catholic Education Board met on last Wednesday evening at the Catholic Federation rooms. His Grace Archbishop O'Shea presided, and Father S. Mahony, S.M., was amongst those present. Accounts totalling £160 were passed for payment. Arrangements were made for the annual meeting, which will take place early in August. His Grace Archbishop O'Shea congratulated the members on the success of their efforts in the past. The formation of the board would prove to be one of the most successful undertakings in the archdiocese, and would place the work of Catholic education in the city on a sound financial basis. He was very pleased at the progress of Catholic schools in the archdiocese, and, provided they could obtain the necessary teachers, he laid it down as a principle, that wherever there was a parish, or district of a parish where there were 50 Catholic children of a school age, a school must be provided. Consideration of the report of the finance sub-committee was deferred for a special meeting of the board.

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

June 11.

Father Bowden is getting on very well, so much better than anyone expected. The serious operation has been successful, but Father Bowden will be in hospital for a little time yet.

Last Sunday, Feast of Pentecost, was the 42nd anniversary of the opening of St. Mary's Church—that is to say, of the old portion. The church was built during the administration of the late revered and much beloved Dean Kirk, and was the centre building of a group consisting of presbytery, church, and convent. As time went on the church was enlarged and altered, and the Brothers' school was added to the group, but now all the buildings except the central figure have disappeared to make room for busy shops and theatres. Only the church remains, mellowed with age, but as sound as a bell, the living monument of the faith and generosity of the pioneers of St. Mary's and their good pastor.

Father A. McDonald, S.M., has been good enough to promise us a series of lectures dealing with the campaign of the mounted men in the East, and so far we have had two most interesting discourses on Sunday nights instead of regular sermons. The story as Father McDonald tells it has to do mostly with the life of the men and the work of the chaplains, and deals with the religious rather than the military side of things. Much of it is so new to us that it has the effect of adding to, rather than taking from, what we already know of the grit and ginger of our soldiers, and the devotion of our priests. As the life and actions of our men in the Sinai desert have not been written up to any great extent, and as few of us are even on nodding terms with the Holy Land, the details of this twentieth century pilgrimage—for indeed they were weary pilgrims—are what we have been wishing and waiting for.

The Marist Brothers' Old Boys held their second annual social at the Druids' Hall last week, it being a tremendous success. The secretary (Mr. C. Morgan) and the boys worked untiringly to have everything in perfect working order, with the result that the evening passed off in the most enjoyable manner possible. Good music was provided, the M.C.'s, Messrs. La Roche and Corliss (3), left nothing to be desired, and a delicious supper was arranged and presided over by Mesdames Richardson and Coxon. So well did these ladies succeed that the boys declare that they could not have managed without them. The sum of £23 goes to the club against travelling and entertaining expenses at some future date.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McArtney, Bell Street, have official word that their only son, Mervyn, is on his way home per Prinz Essen, due in a couple of weeks. Corporal McArtney went out with the 20th Machine Gunners, and during last year was seriously wounded. He made a good recovery though, got back to the field again, was in at the death, and with the N.Z. Division when they traversed Belgium and on to the Rhine. The many friends of the family rejoice with Mr. and Mrs. McArtney, and will be glad to welcome Mervyn when he comes to his home town.

During the past fortnight death has been busy in our midst, three families in the congregation being bereft of loved ones. Mrs. Mary Morrow, relict of Hugh Morrow, both old and well-known residents of Wanganui, died at the grand old age of 87. For some years Mrs. Morrow had been in failing health, and had been living with her kinsfolk, Mr. and Mrs. Stephens and little ones. The end, not unexpected, was quiet and peaceful.—R.I.P. Mr. J. G. Morgan, Gonville, died after a short and sharp attack of pneumonia, at the early age of 39, leaving a wife and five little children. Much sympathy is extended to his widow, also to his mother, Mrs. Morgan, sen., of Dublin Street, and his brothers and sisters.—R.I.P. Died also after a painful illness borne patiently, Mrs. W.

Dow, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Trainor, of Pitt Street. Only 28 years of age, Mrs. Dow has left a small daughter and her husband, Private Dow, now on his way home from active service, whose loss is a sad one. Much sorrow is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Trainor, who also lost their son Peter some little time ago, on the field of honor.—R.I.P.

Mail news is to hand from Father Barra, who, when writing, was still on military duty at Walton-on-Thames. By this time probably the well-known and energetic chaplain will be leaving for, or on his way to, New Zealand, the country of his adoption, and many will be glad to hear of his safe return. While on active service Father Barra has had some, although not a great deal of, opportunity of looking up his own relations in far-away France, and the quite natural sorrow of his warm heart when he has to leave them will be lessened perhaps by the thought that we over here will be glad to welcome him back again.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

June 13.

Father O'Malley is now in charge of the Avondale parish.

Last night at St. Benedict's Hall, Newton, St. Benedict's Men's Club held a highly successful social, the proceeds of which go to the Marist Brothers.

His Lordship Bishop Cleary, though still a patient in the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, is making good progress towards recovery.

Father Bowen, of the Mill Hill Fathers, made an appeal at St. Patrick's Cathedral on last Sunday, on behalf of the Maori Missions.

In the Rugby football contest last Saturday, at Eden Park, after a strenuous game, Sacred Heart College defeated Grammar School by 3 points to nil.

On June 25 a bazaar will be opened in the Parnell parish, the object being to augment the parish funds. His Lordship the Bishop of Christchurch will be present at the opening ceremony.

Father Doherty, who came temporarily to labor in New Zealand, has left Puhoi, and will shortly return to his native diocese. He has been replaced by Father Lynch, who was recently stationed at Te Awamutu.

Very Rev. Father Carran, Adm., Church of the Sacred Heart, Ponsonby, has recovered from his recent illness sufficiently to allow of his departure from the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, and is now back among his parishioners.

Last week reference was made to a mission which is to begin in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Ponsonby, on June 21. It is now definitely known that this mission will take the form of a Novena to the Sacred Heart, and will be conducted by the Marist Missionaries, Fathers McCarthy and O'Leary.

At evening devotions at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Auckland, on the four Sundays during May a very impressive procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin took place. The parish priests, preceded by the members of the Children of Mary, Guard of Honor, and Altar Boy Societies (clad in regalia), together with the convent school children (in their usual spotless white) comprised the procession, and a statue of our Lady, tastefully decorated, was carried round on a small platform by four Children of Mary—the whole presenting a very pretty spectacle. Our Lady's altar was also beautifully decorated.

There has been some considerable agitation lately in Auckland concerning the lack of sufficient accommodation in the various public schools. Some of the Catholic schools, too, require more space for the rapidly increasing number of pupils, and to meet this constantly growing want two schemes of extensions are now well advanced. The one consists of plans for the addition of two classrooms to the Dominion Road parish

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school, and the other to increase the accommodation of the parish school of St. Benedict's by the addition of one large classroom over the stage. Both schools are under the control of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The plans have been approved by the Education Board's architects, and the work should be well under way in the course of a few weeks.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

June 16.

Father O'Hare has returned to Kumara, his health being very much benefited by his visit to this city.

Rev. Dr. Kelly, Editor of the *N.Z. Tablet*, was a visitor to Christchurch during the week, and was the guest of his Lordship Dr. Brodie.

Miss Kathleen Goulding has been appointed secretary to the Catholic Girls' Hostel and Club, replacing Miss W. Harrington, who is retiring from the position.

The collection in aid of the Seminary Fund took place on Sunday, June 8, at the Cathedral. A circular by the Bishop on the subject was read, and the amount realised was upwards of £60.

Students of St. Bede's College, in the Wednesday competition under Rugby Union football rules, played their initial game last week with Christ's College, and had a handsome win—29 points to nil.

The annual parade and Holy Communion of the members of the M.B.O.B. Association take place on Sunday morning next, at the 9.30 o'clock Mass in the Cathedral. The chaplain and officers request a full muster.

A number of children of the Woolston portion of the Cathedral parish made their First Holy Communion on Sunday in their own church (St. Anne's), which was crowded on the occasion. They were afterwards entertained to breakfast by their teachers, the Sisters of the Mission.

His Lordship the Bishop leaves this week on a visit to Auckland. He will remain there about a month, and will be the guest of Bishop Cleary at Ponsonby.

The Sacrament of Confirmation was administered on Monday evening last by his Lordship the Bishop at the Cathedral to a number of adults, chiefly converts recently under instruction with the local clergy.

Rev. Brother Emilian left Christchurch on Wednesday evening for Fiji, via Auckland. A great many friends and well-wishers were on the railway platform to say good-bye, which they did with regret. Brother Emilian was very popular, and his return, restored to health, will be eagerly looked forward to. The boys at the school presented him with a nice hand-bag as a token of their good will.

Marist Old Boys on last Saturday scored five wins out of six contests. Seniors defeated High School Old Boys by 9 to nil. The Marist team was not so strong as usual, and J. Mullins, the brilliant back, unfortunately had his ankle sprained. Third grade beat Albion by 33 to nil. Fourth grade were good enough to notch 32 points against 6 scored by Christ's College. Fifth grade, playing Sydenham, won by 16 to 5; whilst Sixth grade put up 50 points against Albion, who were unable to score at all. The juniors lost to Linwood by 33 points. This team has had very little luck this season, so far, but with assistance that will be forthcoming should be a better side in the second round. They are game anyhow.

The programme at the fortnightly meeting of the Celtic Club, held on last Tuesday evening, took the form of a mock mayoral election. Three candidates were nominated—Messrs. J. Flannelly, M. Kennedy, and T. P. O'Rourke. The candidates touched upon many matters of interest in municipal politics, and introduced others that were altogether new. Various questions were put to them, some of which were of a

most amusing nature. The answers, however, were forthcoming with a promptitude that showed the speakers' keen knowledge of municipal and social affairs. On a vote of the audience Mr. O'Rourke was elected, Mr. M. Kennedy just beating Mr. Flannelly for second place. Advantage was taken of the presence of Rev. Brother Emilian to wish him *au revoir* on the eve of his departure for Fiji on a health trip. The president (Mr. J. Curry), in wishing Brother Emilian God speed, spoke of the active and willing assistance he had always given in the interests of parochial institutions, and asked him to accept a watch, as a small token of the great regard and respect in which he was held. Father Long added his meed of praise to the guest of the evening, and mentioned the assistance he had received, when requiring aid, in many of the functions which, he as a priest, had to take in hand. Brother Emilian, said Father Long, possessed great tact as a teacher and as a guide of the boys, and personally he (the speaker) felt he was losing a companion as well as a friend. It was his sincere wish that Brother Emilian would return to Christchurch fully restored to health, and with new vigor to carry out the good work for which he had shown himself so admirably suited. Messrs. J. M. Coffey and M. Grimes, on behalf of the Hibernian Society, and Mr. H. Sloan, representing the Addington portion of the Cathedral parish, endorsed all that had been said by the previous speakers. A short musical programme concluded the evening.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

June 14.

Father Moloney, S.M., ex chaplain to the Forces, is at present in Timaru, pending the return of Father Murphy, S.M., who is at present on his way to New Zealand.

Fathers Whelan and Langley, C.S.S.R., have just concluded a most successful renewal mission at the Church of the Sacred Heart. At every Mass, and also at the evening devotions during the week, very large numbers attended, and the mission concluded on Sunday evening, when a most impressive sermon was preached by Father Whelan, followed by the renewal of Baptismal Vows.

On the afternoon of Sunday, 25th ult., at the invitation of Rev. Mother, the members of St. Anne's Guild and of the Sodality of the Children of Mary met at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. An excellent musical programme was rendered by the pupils, after which a dainty afternoon tea was dispensed by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, bringing to a conclusion a most enjoyable afternoon.

ELTHAM ART UNION

The drawing of the Art Union in aid of St. Joseph's, Eltham, took place on Whit Monday. The following are the winning numbers:—

1st prize—B3343 (Karori). 2nd prize—D2331 (Kingston, Invercargill). 3rd prize—A202 (Oamaru). 4th prize—B1284 (Geraldine). 5th prize—A4293 (Masterton). 6th prize—C2362 (Wellington). 7th prize—A3776 (Manuka Creek, Dunedin). 8th prize—B4794 (Hawera). 9th prize—B297 (Washdyke, Timaru). 10th prize—C2135 (Auckland).

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N.Z. CATHOLIC FEDERATION

CHRISTCHURCH DIOCESAN COUNCIL.

The monthly meeting of the executive of the Christchurch Diocesan Council was held on June 10 at St. Mary's Presbytery, the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., presiding. There was an excellent attendance of members. Mr. W. Hayward reported on the very satisfactory nature of the visit to Darfield, and of the great progress and interest taken in Federation affairs in that parish. He also referred in terms of appreciation of the work of the parish secretary, Mr. P. Morrison, and of the generous hospitality extended to the delegation by Father J. Haurahan, parish priest. The secretary was instructed to convey to Father Haurahan the warm appreciation of the executive for his valued services. Mr. F. J. Doolan referred to his attendance at the annual meeting of St. Mary's parish committee on Sunday last, making special mention of a competition recently held among the school children for prizes given by the committee for an essay on the Federation. Judging by the one awarded the first prize, which was read at the meeting, a thorough knowledge of the subject was clearly shown, and the movement is one worthy of imitation throughout the diocese. Several remits were received and were ordered to be placed on the agenda paper for the consideration of the annual meeting of the diocesan council, to be held on Tuesday, July 15. The report of the conference of the head teachers of Catholic colleges and secondary schools, recently held in Wellington, dealing with scholarship examinations, was received and favorably commented upon, and will be finally adopted at the annual meeting. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the Very Rev. C. Graham, S.M., M.A., Rector of St. Bede's College, who attended the conference as representative of this diocese. The secretary reported having attended a meeting of the Dominion Executive on May 31, and gave a detailed account of the business transacted. His remarks on the educational policy, scholarship examinations, arrangements made for Federation Sunday (July 6), and of business dealt with in connection with the Field Service Fund, met with the warm approval of the meeting. A financial statement covering the past three months was read by the treasurer, showing receipts £42 3s 5d, and expenditure £47 1s 11d, leaving a very satisfactory credit balance in hand. Last year's membership has been exceeded, and the scholarship fund is now in credit to the extent of £70, this announcement being received with applause. At the conclusion of the meeting an acknowledgment was made to the Very Rev. chairman for the very comfortable meeting-room provided during the past twelve months, and for the warm welcome and hospitality extended to members on all occasions, the Dean suitably replying.

TIMARU BRANCH.

On June 4, the annual meeting of parishioners in connection with the Catholic Federation was held in the Browne Street Hall, which was filled to the doors. Very Rev. Dean Tubman (president) occupied the chair, and congratulated Father Bartley, to whose zeal the exceptionally large and enthusiastic gathering had responded. On the motion of Very Rev. Dean Tubman, Father Bartley was elected president for the ensuing year. The report and balance sheet for 1918-19 were read and adopted. Father Bartley, ex-chaplain with the Expeditionary Force, gave an interesting account of the means of distributing the Field Service Funds in the trenches, showing that they filled a very real want among the soldiers, and moreover that they reached their destination in their entirety, nothing whatever being deducted for administration, etc., as was the case with other funds. Father Bartley went on to urge on those present the need for renewed activity on the part of the Catholic Federation, in view of the bitter campaign which is now being waged, mainly on our education system.

Dr. J. R. Loughnan (vice-president) outlined the Federation scholarship scheme, which undoubtedly should claim the generous support of every Federationist.

Messrs. T. Cronin, M. J. O'Brien, and J. P. Leigh also addressed the meeting, emphasising the need for increased membership, and urging the people to exercise their franchise rights. The election of parish representatives resulted as follows:—President, Rev. Father Bartley; secretary, Mr. J. P. Leigh; treasurer, Mr. T. Cronin; committee, Dr. J. R. Loughnan, Messrs M. J. O'Brien, W. Gillespie, A. McDonald, P. Downey, and Sergeant Egan.

A POPULAR OFFICER

WELCOME HOME TO CAPTAIN P. A. ARDAGH, D.S.O., M.C.

A welcome home to Captain P. A. Ardagh, D.S.O., M.C., who has recently returned from the Front, was, on Wednesday evening, June 11, given by the St. Mary's branch of the Hibernian Society, Christchurch, in the Art Gallery. Amongst those present were the Mayor (Dr. Thacker), Sir George and Lady Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. Ardagh, sen., Lieutenant J. J. Ardagh, Dr. and Mrs. A. B. O'Brien, Dr. Morhane, Superintendent and Mrs. John Dwyer, Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., Very Rev. Dean Regnault, Very Rev. Dean Hyland (Rangiora), and Rev. Fathers Graham, Murphy, Long, and Roche. His Lordship Bishop Brodie, who was unable to attend, sent an apology for his absence.

Mr. J. H. Johnston, secretary of the St. Mary's branch of the Hibernian Society, in welcoming Captain Ardagh back, said that no words of his could express the great appreciation which they felt for him. Captain Ardagh had left his business to go away and attend to the sick and wounded on the battlefields of France. The speaker also referred to the excellent work of Mrs. Ardagh in her capacity as nurse. On behalf of the society he extended to them a hearty welcome home.

The Very Rev. Dean Regnault said that he had great pleasure in extending to Captain and Mrs. Ardagh a welcome back to their city. Captain Ardagh had gone away without being compelled to do so, and had done noble work on the battlefields of France and Belgium. Although wounded three times, he did not give up his work of attending to the sick and wounded. They were all very proud of the great part played in the war by the members of the medical profession in New Zealand. The Dean also mentioned Lieutenant Ardagh, who volunteered for service, and had been promoted from the ranks. He was also pleased to see there that night Mr. and Mrs. Ardagh, sen., whom he had known over twenty years.

The Mayor said that he was delighted to be present on such an occasion. He spoke feelingly as a brother medico of Captain Ardagh. It was quite true what Dean Regnault had said, that the medical profession did not receive the appreciation to which it was entitled. In speaking of the medical profession, he included the women members of the profession, whom he referred to as "angel sisters." Captain and Sister Ardagh, as she was called in the hospitals, had done noble and self-sacrificing work. Excellent work had been done by the Army chaplains. They had one amongst them that night. He would not mention his name, because if he did he would bolt for home. When Field Marshal Haig said that New Zealand produced some of the finest soldiers in the world, he included the Army chaplains. The speaker again extended a hearty welcome to Captain Ardagh and his wife, and hoped they would remain in Christchurch.

Captain Ardagh, who was loudly applauded, thanked them on behalf of his wife and himself. He described some of his experiences in the firing line.

An enjoyable musical and elocutionary programme, under the direction of Mr. A. P. De La Cour, was heartily appreciated by the large audience. Mrs. Frank O'Brien, Misses E. McDavitt and M. Riordan, and Messrs. W. Brittenden, A. Macdonald, R. Lafferty, and Master Bert Upjohn contributed songs, and Mr. Allan Young recitations. Misses A. Lawlor, K. O'Connor, and C. O'Brien played the accompaniments. An energetic committee of ladies banded round supper. Docherty's Band supplied the music for the subsequent social, Mr. E. Daly being M.C. The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" terminated the evening's proceedings.

IRISH HISTORY COMPETITIONS

We had two busy days examining the essays which came to us in great numbers in response to our invitation to our young readers. We certainly did not grudge the labor entailed in sorting out the winners, and it was no easy task. Many of the essays were very good. After the first two in each section it was hard to decide which should be placed next. Some fine attempts were disqualified for various reasons. There were some sent in without any name attached to them. Others were carelessly written, and had misspelled words. Others, again, were written by pupils who were too old for competition in the junior division. Finally, with great reluctance that we could not include many more in the prize list, we made the following awards:—Senior section: 1st, Isobel M. Quilter, St. Catherine's College, Invercargill; 2nd, Louise Harris, St. Dominic's College, Dunedin; 3rd, J. L. Hjorring, Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin. Junior section: 1st, William Herlihy, St. Joseph's School, Dannevirke; 2nd, Mary Noel O'Kane, Convent School, Alexandra; 3rd, Mary Hussey, St. Dominic's College, Dunedin. The first and second prize-winners in the junior division were 11 years old, the third was only nine. The following are highly commended, and deserve prizes, even if they do not get them for this time:—Bryan Lynsky, Nancy Rice, Katie Bourke, Walter Campbell, James Moore, Mary Phelan, Molly Cullen, Charles Devlin, Mary Rohan, Thomas Murcadha, and William Montgomery.

HIBERNIAN SOCIETY, CHRISTCHURCH

LECTURE BY DEAN REGNAULT, S.M.

The fortnightly meeting of St. Mary's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society was held on Monday evening, June 9, at Ozanam Lodge. In the absence of the president (Bro. F. A. Roche), who is in hospital, Bro. Gardiner, V.P., occupied the chair. There was a good attendance of members.

At the close of the meeting Very Rev. Dean Regnault delivered a lecture on the "Present State of Ireland" to the members and their friends. The lecture, as is characteristic of the Dean's platform speeches, was full of interest and instruction, and the story was so nicely linked up that the hour and a-half slipped by all too quickly. The Very Rev. lecturer after showed the possibilities of Ireland by reason of her geographical position and natural advantages, spacious harbors, waterways, scenic attractions, rich soil and mineral deposits. The Very Rev. Dean was frequently applauded during the course of his lecture. A song typifying a Sinn Féin lover's fidelity and sacrifice, entitled "The Three-Colored Riband," was very tastefully sung by Miss Ford.

Mr. H. Johnston, in moving a vote of thanks to Dean Regnault, expressed the hearty appreciation of those present for the treat that had been given. Mr. Gallagher, in seconding the motion, expressed the hope that the interesting and instructive lecture would be the forerunner of others of a similar nature. Father Roche, S.M., as chaplain of the society, related incidents that proved the Dean's devotion to Ireland and to the cause of Hibernianism. The singing of "God Save Ireland" brought the proceedings to a close.

THE NEW SIGNIFICANCE GIVEN ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

In St. Louis, as throughout America, St. Patrick's Day this year was marked by a celebration extraordinary. And when detailed reports are returned from other distant centres, no doubt we shall have an amplification of the statement (says *Church Progress*).

Everywhere that Irishmen dwell—which is everywhere that God set land into the seas and where civilisation has ensued—the cause of Ireland's freedom has fanned Irish enthusiasm and unity of purpose into a conflagration. The justice of that cause is flaming the convictions of all men who love freedom. And this is the thing which made St. Patrick's Day this year a celebration extraordinary.

Throughout the land, as the accounts are assembled, thousands of eloquent voices pleaded self-determination for Ireland, and millions of people applauded. And not all the voices, nor all the applauding people were of Irish birth or Irish ancestry. Both groups had their proportions of other races. But the common bond uniting them was the love of freedom—the conviction that it is the inherent right of all peoples to fashion their own form of government.

They have witnessed the silence of official America at the Peace Conference on this great principle, insofar as it applies to Ireland. They feel that peace, with Ireland an English vassal, is a falsification of American principle and American declaration. As the friends of freedom, therefore, they have joined with American Irishmen to secure freedom for Ireland.

The cause of Ireland never before in this country had such championship. And as the declaration of assistance found its most forceful expression on the feast day of Ireland's patron saint, the civic observance of that day was given a new significance.

Will Mr. Wilson heed the new alignment? Will he measure the force that is behind it? Will he explain to the Peace Conference what it means? Will he bring home to the reconstructors of a new world that the principles he enumerated and which they accepted must not preclude Ireland alone? Will he tell England that the American people are overwhelmingly and intensely for Ireland's nationhood, and that there can be and will be no compromising the matter?

This is the new significance given to St. Patrick's Day in America. How it is going to be transmitted in Paris remains to be seen.

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP O'SHEA'S MOTHER

A telegram, received in Dunedin on Wednesday morning, announced the death, at her residence, Hawera, of Mrs. O'Shea, mother of his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, S.M., Coadjutor-Archbishop of Wellington. The funeral is to take place on Friday morning.—R.I.P.

St. Augustine remarks that, while the Church celebrates the feasts of other saints on the day of their death, as being that of their entrance into eternal life, she keeps as a festival the day of St. John the Baptist's birth, because he came into the world, not as a sinner, but as a saint, having been sanctified in his mother's womb by Our Blessed Lord. Of St. John the angel foretold, "He shall be great before the Lord, and shall drink no wine nor strong drink, and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb. And he shall convert many of the children of Israel to the Lord their God. And he shall go before them in the spirit and power of Elias . . . to prepare unto the Lord a perfect people." The Son of God, speaking of St. John the Baptist, says:—"There hath not risen among them that are born of women a greater than John the Baptist."

J. M. J.

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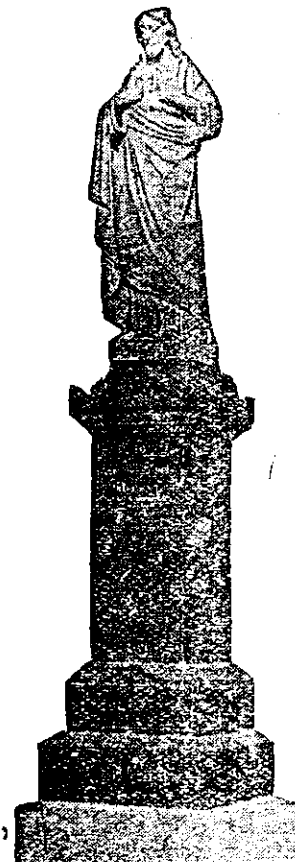
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IN conformity with arrangements made at the First Provincial Synod, held in Wellington in 1899, this Seminary has been established for the Education of Students from all parts of New Zealand who aspire to the Ecclesiastical State.

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[A CARD.]

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

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

DEATHS

FLANAGAN.—On May 27, 1919, at her residence, Alma, fortified by all the rites of Holy Church, Catherine, relict of Edward Flanagan, in her 72nd year.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

LOUGH.—On May 28, 1919, at Te Rehunga, Dannevirke, at the residence of her daughter (Mrs. W. Campbell), Catherine Lough, native of Co. Armagh, Ireland, in her 77th year.—R.I.P.

McALOON.—On May 31, 1919 (suddenly), at her residence, 35 Rogers Street, St. Martin's, Christchurch, Mary Teresa, widow of the late John McAlloon; aged 56 years.—R.I.P.

MULLAN.—On June 6, 1919, at 6 Pitt Street, Palmerston North, James Mullan, dearly beloved husband of Mary Ellen Mullan.—R.I.P.

POWER.—On June 7, 1919, at 424 Oxford Terrace, Christchurch, James, eighth son of the late Maurice and Catherine Power, Dromore, Waterford, Ireland.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

IN MEMORIAM

CASSERLY.—In loving memory of Margaret Casserly, beloved wife of John Casserly, who died at Lime Hills, on June 9, 1913.—O Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

KEARNEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Patrick Kearney, dearly beloved husband of Mary Kearney, who died at his residence, "Derry Farm," Ranfurly, on June 15, 1916.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his loving widow and family.

LIPINSKI.—In loving memory of Cecilia Lipinski, who died on June 14, 1918.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.
—Inserted by her loving daughter.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE**IN MEMORIAM**

DUNNE.—In loving memory of Sergt. William Patrick Dunne, who died at Codford Military Hospital, on June 19, 1918.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

—Inserted by his parents, sister, and brother.

McNEECE.—In loving memory of James McNeece, dearly beloved eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. McNeece, Waikiwi, Invercargill, who died of wounds in France, June 21, 1917.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his father, mother, brothers, and sister.

O'DONNELL.—In sad and loving memory of Private Denis O'Donnell (Main Body), second son of Timothy and Margaret O'Donnell, Thornbury, who died of wounds received at Gallipoli in Heliopolis Hospital, Egypt, on June 15, 1915; aged 28 years. On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

REDMOND.—In loving memory of Sergt. William John Redmond, only beloved son of W. and M. Redmond, Carterton, who died from wounds in France, on June 9, 1918.—R.I.P.

RYAN.—In loving memory of James Sarsfield Ryan, who died at Featherston Military Hospital, on June 11, 1916.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his parents, sisters, and brothers.

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART, TIMARU

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

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

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

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

Deaths, Marriages, Wanted, etc., will be charged as follows:—Up to 20 words, 3/- minimum; up to 30 words, 4/- minimum; up to 40 words, 5/- minimum. *Strictly Cash in Advance.*

Verses added to Deaths or In Memoriam Notices will not be accepted in future.

In order to insure insertion in the following issue the copy for above advertisements must reach the office at noon on Tuesdays.

General advertising rates on application to the office.

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Holy Communion—p. 25. Notes—Thackeray; Manning; Newman—pp. 26-27. Current Topics—Good News; Some Details; Ourselves; The Catholic Mind; The American Hierarchy and Social Reform—pp. 14-15. The Present World-wide Economic Discontent, by Archbishop Redwood, p. 9. Catholic Marriage Laws Explained by Archbishop Mannix, p. 17. Army Chaplains as Seen From the Ranks, p. 33.

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 19, 1919.

HOLY COMMUNION

FROM the beginning God's love for mankind was manifested by a desire for union with the creature whom He had created to His own image and likeness. Not content with breathing into Adam a living soul which reflected as in a glass darkly the Divine Beauty of the Godhead, the Creator in His love proceeded still further and raised that soul to supernatural heights by informing it with sanctifying grace, which in plain and never-to-be-forgotten words means nothing else than that God dwells and abides in the man who is in the state of

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grace. The first work of creation was surely stupendous and ineffable: when into that mortal form which was the crown of terrestrial creation an immortal spirit was breathed something was done beside which the making of the hills and the seas and the fashioning of the starry firmament was as nothing; something which as a pious tradition would tell us made, by its very anticipation, Lucifer rebellious with envy. And yet a greater work remained, for the soul into which sanctifying grace has entered is as far above the soul in its state of natural innocence as Adam was above the animals that passed before him in the Garden of Eden in the far-away morning of life on earth. The creation of Adam proved God's love, but the regeneration of Magdalene proved it still more, and meant a closer and more intimate union than ever between God and man. Another and a higher proof remained. God so loved the world that He sent His own Son amongst us to become our brother by taking our human nature to Himself and becoming man in the virginal womb of Mary Immaculate; so that the Son of God was also true man, and the mother of the man who was called Christ was also the Mother of God. And yet another proof was possible. Another union was conceivable. When He who became man in order that He might die for us was to leave the world He instituted the Blessed Eucharist whereby He might still remain amongst us, not only to receive our visits and to hear our prayers, but even to become the food of our souls in the Sacrament of His Body and Blood.

*Se nascens dedit socium,
Convalescens in edulium,
Se moriens in pretium,
Se regnans dat in premium.*

Our brother in His Incarnation, our food at the Last Supper and for ever after in Holy Communion, our redemption in His Death, and our sure reward in glory: thus in a phrase St. Thomas sums up all the wonderful mysteries of which surely the culmination is the miracle of the Lord's Body, after which to-day's feast of Corpus Christi is named. What man of faith on hearing of this last proof of God's love for the first time would not ask how best to make some return for all that God has done? The return He wants is none other than to make, as He wished, the Blessed Eucharist the food of our souls. "Unless ye eat the Flesh of the Son of Man ye shall not have life in ye. My Flesh is true meat. My Blood is true drink." All that God wants from man is that he should avail himself of this food and drink and come freely and lovingly into that union for which Christ lingers in our midst to-day. The best return we can make is to go to Holy Communion as often as the Church permits, and that will be every day if through our own sinfulness we place no obstacle in the way that would render us unworthy to make of our hearts the temples which Christ wants them to be. The Church exhorts her children to practise daily Communion; all that is required on their part is that they be in the state of grace, which means freedom from grievous sin. And there can be no better proof of the depth of our faith or of the sincerity of our religion than our response to the yearning call of Our Lord in the Tabernacle of the Altar. For many reasons those who need it most remain away from Communion. In a striking parable Our Divine Lord Himself sums up the obstacles—the same now as when He spoke the words. One man would plead that he bought a farm; another that he had to try a team of oxen; a third that he had married a wife. *Villam emi, Juga boum quinque emi, Uxorem duxi*: ambition, desire of getting on, preoccupation about business, the accursed thirst for money, inordinate attachments, and the fettering chains of the passions are all covered by these three excuses which are as real and as new now as they were nearly 2000 years ago. For such men the Church had to make a law in past times, in order to make it clear that they who stayed away from Holy Communion could not be regarded as Catholics and as followers of Christ. The severity of the law is relaxed but its force in the court of heaven remains the same.

No man who refuses to go to Holy Communion at least once a year is a Catholic, if by Catholic we mean a living member of Christ's Church. No man who refuses to be united with Christ by means of His Body and Blood is a true member of His mystical body, the Church.

Again, no man who desires to save his soul can remain away from Holy Communion. Unless ye eat the Flesh of the Son of Man ye shall not have life in ye. And no man who wishes to advance spiritually and to grow in the favor and love of God can stay away for long. Communion at least once a year is necessary for all who would be saved; Communion every week and even every day is the surest means of bringing about that close and unending union between the soul and its Creator for which Christ longs. In this age of the world God is forgotten save of the few faithful ones. For all His boundless Love the only return He receives is from them. In the early mornings in our churches you will see them going up to the Altar rails to receive Him, during the day in the dim twilight of the sanctuary lamp you will find them on their knees before Him. Wherever there is a Catholic church they are there, the faithful and the few who do not forget, who are not ungrateful, whose love is warm and real, and who remember so many others who will not remember themselves. But, alas! how few—how few compared with the millions outside whose minds are bent on the eternal preoccupations: *Villam emi, Juga quinque boum emi, Uxorem duxi*: they have their pleasures and their profits and they care little about Christ Who died for them. One other word, and that a terrible one, was said to such: *Nemo virorum illorum qui vocati sunt gustabit coenam meam*—Not one of them that were called shall taste my supper. There, then, is a thought and a warning for this last fortnight of the Paschal season.

NOTES

Thackeray

Concerning the first-rank writers of English prose there is always some difference of opinion among the critics. Although not read universally, and by no means so great a popular favorite as Dickens, there is almost unanimous agreement about the great merit of Thackeray's prose. Personally we put him before Dickens even as a story-teller; but that is a matter of taste about which it is idle to argue. As a writer of good English it seems unquestionable that Thackeray is easily first of the two. "Nobody in our day, I should say, wrote with such perfection of style," was Carlyle's verdict on Thackeray. Frederic Harrison's praise of him is unqualified: "This mastery over style—a style at once simple, pure, flexible, pathetic, and graceful—places Thackeray among the very greatest masters of English prose, and undoubtedly as the most certain and faultless of all the prose writers of the Victorian Age." Henley pronounced Thackeray to be the master of one of the finest prose styles in literature: "Gentle, yet vigorous; adorably artificial, yet incomparably sound; touched with modishness, yet informed with distinction; easily and happily rhythmical, yet full of color and quick with malice and meaning; instinct with urbanity and instinct with charm—it is a type of high-bred English, a climax of literary art." All this praise refers to his style. Many critics find fault with him for looseness of construction as a novelist; but there are others who put him on a pedestal even as a maker of fiction. Lafcadio Hearn describes him as "the greatest of all English novelists, the very giant of the art of novel-writing," and he compares the vividness of Thackeray's characters to that of Shakespeare's: "What distinguishes Thackeray's work from all other novel-writing of the century, except Miss Austen's, is the quality that distinguishes Shakespeare's characters in English drama. They are really alive;

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and to make a character really live is the greatest feat of which human genius is capable."

Manning

In a recent issue of the *Month* (London) John Ayscough gives us some interesting reminiscences of Cardinal Manning. The Cardinal's opinion on the literary merits of the Douay Bible is worth recalling:—

"He was reading the Douai Version, and he praised me for saying that its inferiority to the 'Authorised Version,' from the mere point of view of beauty, seemed to me much exaggerated, and chiefly due to habitude and custom.

"Most of those who abuse the Douai Version," I suggested, 'have become so wedded to the Authorised Version by old use and custom that they could not suffer any other translation, and so they fall tooth and nail on the English of the Douai, which is not always inferior. It seems to me that "because a man shall go into the House of Eternity" is much more beautiful and poignant than "because man goeth to his long home."

"So it does to me. I cannot say that "Esau roared out with a great cry" is more beautiful than "Esau cried out with an exceeding bitter cry," but I suspect it is more characteristic of Esau. . . . But some of our converts never leave Oxford behind when they set out on the *iter Romanum*."

Exactly the same thing was said about himself at times. For instance:—

"He thoroughly admired General Booth's aims, and particularly the dragging of religion out into the slums from its clinging to the sanctuary in the churches, and the preaching of 'Faith without fringe.' Many years after the Cardinal's death I quoted this to a most eminent French Ecclesiastic, who thought it splendid. *Où? Où? Voilà ce qu'il faut aux coins des rues—un foi sans garniture!*"

"To a most reverend Italian prelate I also quoted it, but his comment was different:—

"Manning! Yes. A most sincere man, and full of zeal. But always a Protestant. No doubt he was in invincible ignorance."

Here is an interesting comment he made on certain verbose Lives of the Saints, in Italian:—

"They are mostly divided into chapters, each of which deals with some special virtue of the saint, such as 'The Gratitude of the Saint.' 'Such,' it will say, 'was the singular gratefulness of our saint that even for the slightest service from the most insignificant person he would invariably express his sense of gratitude were it at table or abroad in the city.' Which probably means that he said 'Thank you' if anyone passed him the salt."

Newman

If you are not one of those persons who cannot read anything better or higher than the latest novel turned out by a modern mediocrity you ought to have at least a few of Newman's works on your book-shelves. It has been said more than once in this column that the art of writing good prose is a matter that one must learn by the study of the masters. And to no writer can we go with more advantage than to the great English Cardinal whom John Morley crowned with the high praise that he was the most winning writer of English that ever existed. It may well be that such books as the *Grammar of Assent* or *The Development of Christian Doctrine* are too deep for the ordinary reader; but surely we all have intelligence enough to read *Loss and Gain* and the many volumes of *Essays and Historical Sketches* with profit and pleasure. Thank goodness it can never be said that Newman is a popular writer; for popularity is the mark of mediocrity. Yet for those who want to keep their eyes on the stars instead of on the earth popularity will always be a danger signal.

Newman as a Poet

Some critic once said that *The Dream of Gerontius* came near being a very great poem. If that

means anything it is that it is a really great poem, only that the critic was afraid to say so. For it is one of the laws of criticism (with few exceptions) to follow the beaten track and to say what the public want to hear. Therefore with all due deference to the critics we may be assured that Newman was a great poet, and that he wrote many very good poems, apart from *The Dream of Gerontius*. His prose reveals that he had the vision. Even in the *Grammar of Assent*, which is usually regarded as a dry treatise, for our part we find passages that awaken responses in our aesthetic sub-consciousness as surely as the sight of the sea bathed in the long glories of the moon, or that unspeakable and indefinable impulse from a vernal wood which Wordsworth alone could interpret for us. Those whose hearts have been stirred by the beauty and pathos of the dedication of the *Apologia*, and who love that glowing tribute to his friend, Ambrose St. John, will appreciate these lines in which Gregory tells of his affection for Basil what time they were schoolfellows in Athens:—

*May I not boast how in our day we moved
A truest pair, not without name in Greece;
Had all things common, and one only soul
In lodgement of a double outward frame?
Our special bond, the thought of God above,
And the high longing after holy things.
And each of us was bold to trust in each,
Unto the emptying of our deepest hearts,
And then we loved the more, for sympathy
Pleaded in each, and knit the twain in one.*

The story of the friendship of the two saints of olden days is as beautiful as that of Jonathan and David; and no less was that friendship between the Cardinal and his brother of the Oratory which touched so deeply poor George Eliot's lonely heart. We may be pardoned for thinking that the following little song deserves remembering too:—

*I wander by that river's brink
Which circles Exeter's dear domain;
I feel the chill night-breeze, and think
Of joys which ne'er shall be again.*

*I count the weeds that fringe the shore,
Each sluggish wave that rolls and rolls;
I hear the ever-plashing oar
Of Charon, ferryman of souls.*

IRISH HISTORY ESSAYS

We stated clearly that essays for our competitions should be received by June 15. We regret to say that not less than 50 essays from all parts of New Zealand reached us on the 17th and 18th, after the awards were made.—Ed. *N.Z. Tablet*.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

A successful euchre social was held in St. Joseph's Hall one evening last week, in aid of the funds of the Christian Brothers' Cricket Club. There was a large attendance, and the function proved very enjoyable.

A Triduum, during the Octave of Corpus Christi, will commence to-day (Thursday) in St. Joseph's Cathedral, and conclude on Sunday evening. The "Te Deum" will be sung during the closing ceremonies of the solemnity.

The annual meeting of St. Joseph's Cathedral branch of the Catholic Federation will be held in St. Joseph's Hall after devotions on next Sunday evening. The committees of the Federation attached to the various suburban churches of St. Joseph's Cathedral parish will hold their annual meetings after Mass on Sunday morning, and the delegates to the parish committee will thereat be appointed.

The appeal made to the congregation of the Church of the Sacred Heart, North-East Valley, on

Sunday last, by the Very Rev. Dean Van Dyk, in the interests of the Maori missions, was most generously responded to, the sum of £140 being the result of the Dean's appeal in St. Joseph's Cathedral parish. The Very Rev. Dean will make an appeal, in aid of the same worthy object, at Hyde and Middlemarch on Sunday next, at Ranfurly on the following Sunday, and then successively at St. Bathans and Ophir, Alexandra and Cromwell. Father Bowen, also of the Fathers of St. Joseph's Missionary Society, will arrive next week to assist Dean Van Dyk in his collecting efforts in the interests of the Maori missions. Father Bowen will be at Lawrence on next Sunday, and at Invercargill on the Sunday following.

The usual weekly meeting of St. Joseph's Men's Club was held on Monday evening, the president (Father Ardagh) presiding. The programme was a debate as to whether a Labor Government is desirable in New Zealand. The affirmative was supported by Messrs. C. L'Estrange, J. Twomey, and E. Sandys, and the negative by Messrs. W. Kennedy, J. P. Dunn, and F. Donnelly. A vote of the members present declared in favor of the affirmative. Messrs. J. P. Dunn and C. L'Estrange were appointed the club's representatives on St. Joseph's Cathedral Parish Committee of the Catholic Federation.

At a social gathering, held in the Sacred Heart Schoolroom, North-East Valley, on Wednesday evening, June 11, the Very Rev. J. Coffey, Diocesan Administrator, read the balance sheet in connection with the recent fete and sale of work in aid of the local Catholic school funds. This showed the successful financial result of £660 3s 10d. The takings at the various stalls were:—City Stall, £207 5s 9d; Children of Mary, £135 11s 1d; refreshments, £127 6s 3d; Opoho, £56 13s 3d; side-shows, £28 1s; door takings, £5 6s 6d. Father Coffey very sincerely thanked the stall-holders and their assistants, the members of the committee, and those who had so generously patronised the fete.

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE SACRED HEART

Addressing the congregation at the Church of the Sacred Heart, North-East Valley, Dunedin, on last Sunday evening, the Very Rev. J. Coffey, Diocesan Administrator, intimated that the devotions of the Quarant' Ore would be commenced on Friday, June 27, Feast of the Sacred Heart (patronal feast of the church), and the closing solemnities would be observed on the following Sunday evening. Continuing, Father Coffey said that in compliance with the desire of his Holiness the Pope, expressed in an encyclical letter, which would be read, probably on next Sunday, in all the churches, the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the families would be promoted forthwith, and although the priests were ever at the service of the people, a convenient time should be arranged for them to inaugurate the devotion in the families, and especially on an occasion when every member of the family could be present.

Templeton

After Mass at Templeton on last Sunday, Father Leen (pastor of the district), who has not been enjoying good health lately, and is about to take a short holiday, was met by the Templeton portion of his parishioners, who wished him a pleasant holiday, and complete restoration to health (writes a correspondent). Mr. Fouhy, on behalf of those assembled, asked Father Leen's acceptance of a well-filled purse, accompanying the gift with an expression of the people's appreciation of his devoted ministry among them, and of their popular pastor's kindness towards all. Father Leen, who was taken completely by surprise, feelingly expressed his thanks for the generous gift.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

D.A. (Emerald Hill).—Thanks for your kind letter of appreciation. Our highest hopes for Ireland will be realised this time.

J.W.O'H.—Have been unable to trace the recitation known as "The Irish Guards." Perhaps some kind reader would help.

M. A. LYONS.—We would suggest that you write to the parish priest for the information you desire. Address: Rev. T. Cahill, Waipawa, H.B.

"LINGUIST" (Bluff).—Thanks. We hope to return to the subject in a Note later on.

K. McCANN.—Mr. O'Connor, Barbadoes Street, Christchurch, stocks Gill's publications, and would obtain Louis Walsh's book for you if not actually to hand.

WM. MARNANE.—The Encyclical is published by the English Catholic Truth Society. We are confident you can get it from Mr. O'Connor, Christchurch. It costs only a few pennies.

J.M.D. (Maryland).—Thanks for communications. We appreciate your letter, but prefer to let the subject drop at present.

J.P. (Waikanae).—Yes, the story that a woman had to sell her property and her cows to pay for a Mass is a lovely sample of the sort of stuff served up for P.P. Ass. audiences. What a tribute to their intelligence it is! J. Knox's letter is a clear expression of how intelligent Protestants look at the efforts of such people to arouse sectarian strife.

CORRESPONDENT (Wanganui).—An anonymous letter—especially one published in a paper like the *Chronicle*—is beneath serious notice. Proof is abundant.

"MATTY."—Your story is not bad, but we have no space for short stories at present. Later on, when we are able to increase the size of the *Tablet*, we will be glad to publish good short stories.

"WORKING MAN PARENT."—Thanks for your letter. However, as the subject might be controversial, we must abide by our rule not to publish unsigned letters on such topics.

J.F. (Studholme).—Address: *Irish World* Office, New York, U.S.A.

K.McM. (Palmerston North).—We have called the attention of our correspondent to your letter. She thought she was paying you a compliment.

S.M.M. (Palmerston North).—As you are "still troubled" we advise you to bathe the chilblains in boiling water for six hours every day. Paint them with liniment of iodine after each meal. Rub a lemon on them before retiring. Wear thick, warm, woollen gloves when walking. If the ground is damp try goloshes also. If we hear of any further remedies we will be sure to let you know next week. Chilblains are horrible, but keep cheerful.

"TIR-OWEN."—We will write to you personally as soon as we have waded through the essays on Irish History which the goods trains are bringing to us these days. The rule in question was not made by the Editor. He has to do what he is told—sometimes.

E. McC. (Kokatahi).—Paper is still scarce and costly. When we are able to add 20 or 30 pages to the *Tablet* we will publish your poem in weekly instalments. We quite believe it took you "a d— of a long time to write it." West Coast readers will ask for more when we quote the stanza—

But we mustn't tarry—the mails we carry,
And at Hari-Hari sure dinner's due.
And Bob, the mail-man, och he's a whale, man,
He cracks his whip and the horses flew.
After dinner—when every sinner would sink a brimmer,
We breast the Bar—a beer or shandy, a wine or brandy
Comes in so handy on coach or car.

[There are one hundred and eighty lines besides these.—Ed. *N.Z. Tablet*.]

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND SMALL NATIONS.

Despite all their eagerness to esteem and honor a fellow-countryman who has risen to the position of British Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George's Welsh hosts at the St. David's Day dinner must have felt a sense of humiliation when they heard him talk of having been instrumental in relieving small nations from tyranny (says the *London Catholic Times*). For what is his record with regard to a small nation which is near to the British shores and under the sway of the Government of which he is the head—a small nation which has always had the sympathy of the Welsh people in her efforts to recover her liberty? There has scarcely been a period of more outrageous tyranny and misgovernment in her whole history than that during which Mr. Lloyd George has occupied the post of Premier. With one voice, as it were, her people and their chief pastors cry out against the ill-treatment of Ireland. "In their insane attempts to extinguish the unquenchable fire of patriotism," says the Most Rev. Dr. Fogarty, Bishop of Killaloe, "the British Ministers have given us martial law for government and turned our country into a prison." Yet, Mr. Lloyd George, the Minister chiefly responsible for this, speaks jauntily of the part he has played in liberating small nations from tyranny! If he feels no shame himself for his conduct towards Ireland, he might, at least, have spared the feelings of his audience.

EX-KAISER DENOUNCES FREEMASONRY.

In a statement made to Mr. Harold Begbie, correspondent of the *New York World*, the ex-Kaiser denounces Freemasonry. As to the future of the world the Kaiser entertains the conviction that everything precious in human life is now menaced with destruction by the organised forces of evil. He has found a new peril. Bolshevism for him is only a criminal alias for Freemasonry. He is convinced that atheistical and socialistic Freemasonry, as it exists on the Continent, is a power. He sees in the destruction of German unity and German discipline not so much the physical victory of the Entente as the spiritual victory of this atheistical secret society. He reads a number of books on the subject, and his eloquence about Freemasonry is as earnest and didactic as in former days was his denunciation of the Yellow Peril, Socialism and Slavism. He sees in front of humanity a fearful abyss of agony and ruin toward which the hidden hand of Freemasonry is fast driving the unconscious masses of the world. He saw the two great powers still stand in the midst of the world's ruin, the Church of Rome and the Freemasons. "The Church of Rome at least stands for law and order," he says, "but as for me, I am true to the Church of my forefathers, and the Bible is all I need for my guidance. My grandmother, Queen Victoria, used to say, too, 'in the Bible you will find all that is necessary; do not seek elsewhere.'"

"TABLET" SUBSCRIPTIONS

13/- STRICTLY IN ADVANCE PER ANNUM. £1 PER ANNUM BOOKED.

We beg to acknowledge Subscriptions for the following, and recommend Subscribers to cut this out for reference.
PERIOD FROM JUNE 10 TO 13, 1919.

AUCKLAND AND HAWKE'S BAY.

J. D., Te Mohanga, Poukawa, 15/2/19; J. McG., Harapepe, 23/5/20; M. F., Police Station, Cambridge, 30/5/20; E. M., Waikato Hospital, Hamilton, 30/9/19; J. C., Jervois St., Dargaville, 23/1/19; D. F., P.O., Kaeaea, via Te Kuiti, 30/5/20; J. O'S., Wakarara, Waipawa, 30/1/20; E. E. B., Waipawa, 30/1/20; J. J. C., Hastings St., Napier, 15/9/19; E. C., Meredith House, Taumarunui, 15/11/19; E. H., Co. Mayo, Ireland, 30/3/20; J. C. M., Rotorua, 23/5/20; A. G. McIl., Rendall Place, Eden Terrace, Auckland, 8/5/20; M. D., Nixon St., Hamilton East, 15/2/21; M. N., Karangahape Road, Auckland, 23/1/19; R. W., Kyber Pass Road, Auckland, 30/3/19; T. D., Ponsonby Road, Auckland, 15/11/19; T. P. P., Lincoln St., Auckland, 15/2/20; T. B. O'C., Queen St., Auckland, 30/3/20; J. C., Ponsonby Road, Auckland, 15/4/20.

WELLINGTON AND TARANAKI.

J. S. H., Hamua, 8/1/20; E. M., Gladstone St., Hawera, 15/4/20; A. M. O'S., P.O. Hotel, Pahiatua, 30/11/19; J. C., Moxham Av., Kilbirnie, Wellington, —; Mrs. B., Juliet St., Stratford, —; T. F., Marima, Pahiatua, 30/12/20; C. A. T., Palliser Road,

Roseneath, Wellington, 30/6/20; C. G., Seddon St., Carterton, 23/3/21; J. D., Picton Av., Newtown, Wellington, 15/6/20.

CANTERBURY AND WEST COAST.

M. McS., Christchurch, 15/10/20; M. O'M., Gibbon St., Sydenham, Christchurch, 15/12/19; J. J. McA., Makikihi, 8/6/20; M. C., Leonard St., Waimate, 8/6/20; P. M., Darfield, 25/5/20; J. McC., Cashel St., Christchurch, —; A. F. J., Ferry Road, Christchurch, 30/9/19; Mrs. McD., Cashel St., Christchurch, 8/8/19; J. S., St. Asaph St., Christchurch, —; Miss R., Hotel, Christchurch, 30/8/19; T. E. M., Elgin, Ashburton, 28/2/20; C. L., Dominion Hotel, Christchurch, 23/11/20; M. C., c/o Club Hotel, Timaru, 23/3/20; J. McC., Blenheim, 30/3/19.

OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.

Mrs. O'N., High St., Dunedin, 30/5/20; G. W. F., Brydone, Southland, 23/1/19; J. M., McQuarrie St., Invercargill, 23/11/19; D. V., Reed St., Oamaru, 30/9/19; Miss W., Ravensbourne, 30/12/19; Mrs. M., Port Chalmers, 8/10/19; Mrs. A., South Dunedin, 30/9/19; Mrs. L., Eden St., Milton, 15/12/19; Mrs. P., Sydney St., Caversham, Dunedin, 30/11/19.

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COMMONWEALTH NOTES

VICTORIA.

The first dinner tendered by the members of the Newman College Council to his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne took place at the college a few weeks ago. That was the first official visit of his Grace to the college since the Very Rev. Father A. Power, S.J., assumed the rectorship of the college. The Right Rev. Dr. Foley (Bishop of Ballarat) was also present. After dinner the grads. and undergrads. presented his Grace with an address couched in reverent and affectionate terms. They also gave his Grace a framed group of photographs of the alumni of 1918-19. In the course of a brief address the rector paid a graceful tribute to the Archbishop, laying stress on the opening of Newman College, which would stand out as one of the many striking works of his Grace since his advent to Melbourne. In the course of his reply, Dr. Mannix said that no one was more interested in establishing Newman College than the late Archbishop Carr, who had great hopes for its future. He was justified in saying that the students at Newman College were as well provided for as any students in any university college throughout the world. He desired to acknowledge his indebtedness to the Jesuit Fathers for their efficient management of the college. His hope for the future of the Catholic body in Victoria was very largely centred upon Newman College, and with the band of students passing through its walls year after year. Father Power had come overseas with a great reputation, and already he had achieved a great deal at the college. (Applause.) His Grace eulogised Dr. A. L. Kenny, C.S., K.S.G., for his untiring interest in the welfare of the college.

The Protestant Federation as it exists in Ballarat represents the most uninviting side of that Orange cabal (says the *Freeman's Journal*). So disgusted was even their former president that he resigned rather than lend himself to its bitter anti-Catholic propaganda. The latest exhibition of its mean spirit occurred the other week, when an attempt was made to injure St. Patrick's College, one of the most flourishing scholastic centres conducted by the Christian Brothers. The Protestant Federation stated that 50 cases of influenza had occurred at the college—and had not been reported—a statement utterly false. The Ballarat Board of Health compelled the Protestant Federation to toe the line in connection with these false charges, that discredited clique coming out with a sorry face.

His Lordship Dr. Foley, Bishop of Ballarat, speaking at a concert given in the local school hall the other week, said that during the entertainment he had asked himself what may appear a strange, but in the circumstances a very natural, question. The question was whether there was anything in the evening's proceedings on which the Orange Federation could fasten and make it the subject of a report to some board or head of some State department. By this time everybody knew that, under the auspices of the Orange Federation, there existed in our midst a sort of vigilance committee, or perhaps it would be better named a private detective agency, which was sending reports about all sorts of things to all sorts of places and persons. Private detective agencies had always been in existence, and some of them are quite reputable, and serve a legitimate purpose, and do work of a useful character. Others are very disreputable, for their aims and methods are suggestive only of the sneak and the snake and everything else that is vile. To this latter variety the agency conducted by the Orange Federation would seem to belong. It has been paying the Catholic body a great deal of attention during the past three or four years. During the Empire Fair, not trusting the local police to do their duty, it had much to say to the Chief Secretary, and on many occasions since—in fact, whenever the Catholics had anything on hand—there had been much underground work in the way of secret deputations and private reports and letters to all sorts of people in authority. He could not, therefore, help

saying that it was to him, as he felt sure it must be to all Catholics, a matter for congratulation that the methods of this agency had been recently exposed in a manner which may bring home to the minds of Protestants generally what Catholics have had to endure. He referred to the secret report sent to the Central Board of Health, alleging bad administration against the local Health Advisory Committee. A local paper had described this report as a damp squib. Well, the squib did not explode, and did not, as intended, blow up the Advisory Committee, nor especially, very especially, its chief medical officer. The incident had shed considerable light on the doings of the Orange Federation and the spirit which animates it. He hoped the eyes of our civic representatives had been opened, and that they would in future know how to deal with secret representations and reports emanating from that source.

QUEENSLAND.

On Sunday afternoon, May 25, his Grace Archbishop Duhig blessed and laid the foundation-stone of a new convent and boarding school at Stuartholme, a picturesque spot near One Tree Hill, which is to be erected for the Sisters of the Sacred Heart (says an exchange). This property was purchased some time ago by his Grace, and, in addition to the sound commercial judgment he has displayed in all his Church dealings, he exhibited that artistic gift, which he possesses in a remarkable degree, of securing not only valuable bargains in sites, but properties, that are ideally constituted for church and school purposes. The Sisters for whom the convent is being erected belong to that splendid Order which has been established at Rose Bay, Sydney, for a good number of years, and who are renowned for their excellent teaching.

Very Rev. Father P. M. Lynch, C.S.S.R., has had a busy time in Brisbane lately. In addition to conducting missions at St. Stephen's Cathedral, retreats were held at Nudgee College, and an interesting lecture was given to the students of St. Leo's College (within the University) on Friday evening, April 25. The subject of the discourse was "The Philippine Islands and Lands of the North Pacific," where the reverend lecturer was for some years engaged in missionary work. Father Lynch, in replying to a cordial vote of thanks, said he had a rush to be present that night after finishing a Retreat, and was off to Ipswich Mission on the morrow. He could not say "No" to their esteemed rector's request to speak a few words to his earnest young men. He had been for many years associated with a Catholic Literary Society in New Zealand. There were about 50 members, and he often wondered what would come out of the society. One of the members was now Commissioner for settling industrial disputes in New Zealand, and he had told him (the speaker) that he attributed his success to the fact that he belonged to the society. Father Lynch paid a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Brother Dowdle, of Nudgee College, who, he said, was one of the best Christian Brothers that ever came to Australia. He had made a success of every boy under him. He reminded the boys that if they wanted to succeed they must be real men, and thanked them for their kind remarks.

It happens many times that we seem much deceived in others because we first deceived ourselves.

The Catholic Church teaches the doctrine of Christ to men for the salvation of their souls because she recognises the dignity of man.

The Irish papers of recent date announce the death of Dean Byrne, V.G., Dungannon, who passed away after a brief illness. The deceased priest, who was one of the foremost ecclesiastics of his rank in Ireland, was Dean of the archdiocese of Armagh, and had been parish priest in Dungannon for over a quarter of a century. Cardinal Logue presided at the obsequies.

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IRISH NEWS.

GENERAL.

The oldest nun in the South of Ireland, Mother Mary de Pazzi, who has just at 85 celebrated her diamond jubilee as a nun, entered the Convent of the Presentation at Middleton, Co. Cork, 65 years ago, and took her vows in December, 1858.

Miss Hickey, a Dublin Corporation employee who was bayoneted by a sentry on duty in the City Hall in September, has been offered £5 compensation by the military authorities, as an "act of grace . . . in full discharge of all compensation alleged to be due to her." She was stabbed through the neck, and for a time her life was in danger.

The Hon. T. J. Ryan, the Irish Premier of Queensland, who is at present on a visit to the Home countries, is the only Prime Minister in the Empire who volunteered for war service. He was of military age. The military authorities decided that his political work was of such importance that he would be of more service to the Empire by retaining the Queensland Premiership than by relinquishing it.

The London correspondent of the *Independent* says it is recognised on all sides that his "maladroitness and malevolence" speech in the House of Commons recently on the Irish situation Mr. Ian Macpherson, M.P., cannot long continue to hold office as Irish Chief Secretary. His statement that no change in the Irish Government could take place so long as Ireland remains in its present unsettled condition is poor statesmanship and poorer policy. The duty of any Government is to remedy and remove, not to perpetuate unrest and disaffection. His reference to Irish "dirt" came extremely ill from a quondam Scotch Radical, himself the son of a Highland *robber* (comments the *Glasgow Herald*). It is rumored that his successor may be Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, who if not much of a political stalwart is at least an Irishman.

HOW LORD FRENCH BECAME A HOME RULER.

Discussing what he calls the evolution of Lord French, Mr. Hugh Martin, representative of the *Daily News* in Dublin, says: The Viceroy wanted certain things done at the Castle, and he was surprised they were not done. "First," he continues, "there was Mr. Shortt, who steadily refused to recognise the obvious fact that Ireland had been placed under a military Governor General. Then there were the Sinn Feiners, among whom simplicity is not exactly conspicuous. There was Dillon, too, and the Castle machine and the Kildare Street Club, and a man called Carson appearing and disappearing, like some omnipotent genius. All most disconcerting to a simple soldier. Obviously the straightforward thing to do was to get real, unquestioned, supreme control, and 'run the show.' Get rid of Shortt, hold the Sinn Feiners, abolish Dillon, make terms with the Club, smash Carson, and supersede the Castle machine! Lord French took it all on, as they say, in army sporting circles. Lord French," he adds, "was undoubtedly staggered to find that the enemy he had to tackle was nothing more nor less than the British Government, and the experience transformed him in a few months from an eminently theoretical Home Ruler into an out-and-out self-government man, an enemy of absentee rule, even (let it only be whispered) a Viceroy able to sympathise with, while condemning, the extravagance of Sinn Fein. In short, Lord French had travelled the same road as so many other conscientious men on the spot. He had found the Union out."

WHY MR. BARTON, M.P., DECIDED TO LEAVE MOUNTJOY PRISON.

The escape of Mr. R. C. Barton, Sinn Fein M.P. for West Wicklow, who was in Mountjoy Prison, awaiting trial on a charge in connection with a speech, has sorely puzzled the authorities. When his cell was opened a dummy figure was found in his bed. The warders also found a note addressed to the Governor

of the prison. In this Mr. Barton said that "owing to the discomfort of the place" he felt compelled to leave. The note concluded by asking the Governor to keep his luggage until he sent for it. Examination showed that the bars of the cell window had been filed away. Mr. Barton was confined in the prison hospital, a portion of the building which is surrounded by a wall 25ft high. Inside the wall was a military guard of 25 men. There is no theory as to the manner of his escape. It is believed that he did not pass through the gates; yet the prison authorities cannot understand how he got over the walls. It is understood that Mr. Barton is the first prisoner who ever escaped from Mountjoy. At the time of the 1916 rising, Mr. Barton, who is a large land and property owner in Co. Wicklow, was an officer of the Dublin Fusiliers. So impressed were the Sinn Feiners with his earnestness and ability, that he rapidly became a great favorite among them. He was selected to carry the Sinn Fein standard in West Wicklow at the recent general election, and he was returned by 6239 votes against 1370 for his opponent, The O'Mahony, of Grange Con, Co. Wicklow.

IRELAND'S SOUL.

The impropriety of pitchforking Mr. Macpherson into the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland is evident from the speech he delivered in the recent Irish debate (says the London *Catholic Times*). There may be administrative positions which this gentleman can fill efficiently, but he has neither the knowledge nor the sympathy requisite for one occupying his present post. He had the hardihood to say that Ireland was in danger of losing her soul. What does he know about Ireland's soul? In order to understand Ireland's soul something more is necessary than a carpet-bag and an effort to cram official figures and views into the mind. What Mr. Macpherson means by the soul is only half the soul. Homer says that the slave has only half a soul, and Mr. Macpherson would like to see the Irish people releasing the 50,000 troops, who enable him and the other authorities in Dublin Castle to rule them against their will, by renouncing the right to freedom and hugging their chains. That is a method of rule of which no number of rifles and bayonets will make them approve. They reject it decisively, but it is a calumny to suggest that their record so far as crime is concerned compares unfavorably with that of Great Britain or other nations. Were it not for the savage coercion enforced because of political opinions and acts - coercion such as produces evil results in all times and at all places - Ireland would be singularly free from crime.

BELFAST AND EDUCATION.

If statements made by Sir Edward Carson in the Irish debate lately were correct, the condition of the Protestant schools in Belfast is extremely unsatisfactory. Thousands of children are unable to attend them owing to want of accommodation. Many of the schools are insanitary. Some of them that have been condemned are still used, and money for the purpose of improving the old schools and building new ones is urgently needed. But how is it that the wealthy Protestants of the city have displayed such little interest in education that they allowed the school buildings to become dilapidated and failed to meet the requirements of the children? It appears that, as Mr. Devlin remarked, whilst they could raise money to organise a rebellion they could not contribute funds to provide school accommodation for the Protestant children. The Catholics of Belfast, who belong mainly to the working classes, have paid for schools which are well equipped, and there are no Catholic children there who cannot obtain school accommodation. Catholics have no objection to any steps that will have the effect of benefiting the Protestant children educationally, but they will strenuously resist any proposal which would prove detrimental to their own religious rights and on no terms will they consent to have the education of their children placed under the control of a body such as the Belfast Corporation, which is ruled by bigots.

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ARMY CHAPLAINS AS SEEN FROM THE RANKS

(By JOSEPH A. MURPHY, in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*.)

Very recently a friend whom I had not seen for some years walked into my study. He had just returned from England. Leaving his home here, he had enlisted at the outbreak of the war in 1914, in the Royal Hussars, a British regiment. During his three years of campaigning he was wounded twice. The second wound in the foot kept him in the hospital for nine months.

During this time he had ample opportunity to meditate on his experiences at the Front and in the barracks. As I was naturally interested in the work of our clergy with the army I asked him his impressions, for, although not a Catholic, the young soldier is of a reflecting mind. To him religion means something; at all events it took on a meaning for him during the camp life among the "Tommys." He gave me his impressions, which I repeat here as I took them down while still fresh in my memory. I thought them interesting, and the readers of the *Ecclesiastical Review* may find them so too: for, though the chaplain's story is familiar enough, the chaplain as he is seen from the ranks is not so well known. What my friend said was, if I may reproduce his own words as nearly as I can, as follows:—

The regiment in which I found myself was overwhelmingly Church of England, according to the official records. These records, however, do not mean very much. Everything is put down as Church of England, which is not specifically otherwise. Christian or non-Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, or atheist—unless religious affiliation is acknowledged, the C. of E. scoops in everything.

Normally, Tommy is not a very religious animal. The Church of England looms large in his eyes, as an institution much resembling the King or the British Museum. It always has been, is, and ever will be, the "world without end, amen." To belong to this English institution is a pledge of respectability, and an assurance of loyalty. But, when the Church makes any demand, on either Tommy's person or his time, he is liable to use words of little reverence in order to express his overflowing feelings. Church parade is equivalent to drill, and hence is cordially hated. Even the proximity of danger and death cannot make Tommy become demonstratively religious. I believe that at bottom he is religious, and that he gives many a sober thought, in the secrecy of his own soul, to the things of the other life. But the fact remains that Tommy, even in war times, holds any external revelation of religious feeling to be a sign of weakness.

I think that one can safely argue from living with Tommy in the trenches, that the end of the war will see a great religious awakening in the various countries engaged. Men are learning to think less of this present life. Men by the thousands are gladly throwing away their lives in the service of ideals. Ideals are emphasised as worth more than life. Death for the cause is not now the extraordinary, but the ordinary measure of devotion.

All this means that men are less atheistic than we were formerly led to believe. After all, there is no sense in an atheist dying for anything. If there is no Beyond, the only thing in logic is to make the most of this life, and take all the ease and comfort and enjoyment that life can afford. The hard life of the trenches, the bitter suffering, and death itself, could have no place in the scheme of life of an irreligious man. It is essentially a religious ideal, that of dying for justice and right. A man who believes that suffering and death for justice will bring their reward in the life to come,—he can find logic in his life in the trenches. But for the man who believes that death

ends all, the trenches are the most hopeless sort of a place. I suppose that is why radicals and freethinkers are so opposed to war.

But you asked me about chaplains. The chaplain of our regiment was a Church of England man. He was big, athletic, handsome, strong. He could write various letters after his name in token of degrees he held from Oxford; but these did not hurt him in any way that I could see. He was always simple and friendly in his speech, with no airs or "swank" about him. He tried his best, and did whatever he could for the men. He found many real opportunities to be of service to them.

Of course Tommy did not trust him at first. Among soldiers there is always an inherent distrust of the parson. They think that a chaplain is one of another race—neither man nor spirit, but holding down a job that demands something of both. And in the army he is something of an anomaly. He ranks as an officer, while his work is largely with the privates. He must associate with both officers and men. To devote himself exclusively to either privates, or officers, means speedy damnation in the eyes of the slighted caste.

Our chaplain was above all of the "hail-fellow-well-met" sort. He seemed to have no trouble in keeping in the good graces of the officers, yet he did a surprisingly large amount of mixing with the men. He arranged their sports for them. He provided them with literature and entertainments. And, whenever he could, he slipped in a little professedly religious work. If there were any casualties, he wrote the news to the relatives of the stricken soldiers at home. Thus he was instrumental in giving consolation to many an afflicted soul. He visited all the wounded within, reach, and cheered them with a ready fund of stories, or spoke to them on more serious themes, in a way that was kind and gentle and friendly. The boys held him in high favor. He, in turn, stuck by the crowd loyally, and was not afraid to risk his neck in the front trenches.

He never went over the top with us. Personally, I was glad he didn't. A parson is not a fighting man. His duty is to help the wounded, and they pour back into the trenches fast enough to keep him busy. He could, of course, go over, if he wanted. No one would think of preventing him. But it would be uselessly risking a valuable life, and our chaplain never took any unnecessary chances. Mind, he was a brave man. He never shirked a duty because it brought him into danger. I saw him, time and again, go out into No Man's Land, with a volunteer or two, to rescue the wounded under the cover of darkness. Sometimes he would bring in three or four on his shoulders, one after the other, and then go back to look for more. I often thought of the Good Shepherd who went out for the lost sheep.

But I do not think that he offered much that was substantial in the way of religious consolation. He was brave and cheery and kind. He kept up the spirits and the morale of the regiment. He talked earnestly, once in a while, and read chapters of the New Testament to the men. But, somehow or other, this did not seem to be enough. We were all provided with small Testaments, ourselves, and many of the men had the custom of reading a chapter, now and then. We would have done so, even though we had no chaplain. I often thought that the dominie wandered about, wishing that he could do something, yet not knowing just what he could do.

He certainly had not the hold on us that the chaplain of a neighboring Irish regiment had on his men. We occupied adjoining posts and barracks for a considerable period, and so I came to know the men and the chaplain pretty well, and to be in on their regimental gossip. The regiment was, of course, almost entirely Roman Catholic, and the chaplain was a priest of that Church. He was a man, not unlike

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our chaplain, sincere, earnest, and well-intentioned. But what I remarked was that he seemed to have very definite duties, well understood by himself, and by his men. He did not have to convince his men of sin—they came to confession to him in throngs, and without urging on his part. He was always busy. To put it roughly—he seemed to have the goods, and the men were eager for his ministration. And they were as sincere and earnest as he was. They had absolute confidence in him, and in the value and efficacy of what he did. They told him things which I am sure they would hesitate to tell anyone else. And, after their confession, they went their way like new men, serenely confident that they had actually been absolved from sin. Their Mass, on Sunday, was a thing very mysterious and peculiar to the outsider, but it had one prominent characteristic. They missed no opportunity to go, and they thoroughly believed in it; whereas the C. of E. crowd would cheerfully dispense with the Bible-reading, and the sermon, which constituted their worship. And especially over the dying did the Catholic chaplain seem to have particular sway. His anointing with oils, and his prayers, gave the dying complete satisfaction. They died happily, and reconciled, and with entire confidence, after the rite had been performed.

If a mere lay observer might venture a prophecy, it would be that the Evangelicals—and among them I class that large number of the C. of E. whose religion is a vague belief in the Bible and the British Constitution—will demand something more definite and tangible in religion, than they have in the past. They have learned on the battlefield, not only that life is real, but that death is very real too. A man who has stood at the door of heaven or hell for months, has done some thinking about what lies behind the door. I think they will look for something more than Bible-reading and preaching, and words of consolation and inspiration from their ministers. Even those who formerly opposed the soul-saving machinery of the High Church, now see that it works well in times of great crisis, when there is not much to be said, but very much to be done: when action is called for and not words. They have seen that religion is not something invisible and intangible, but that it can be externalised, and realised, in symbols, ceremonies, and sacraments.

The intensely personal nature of the work which the High Church, and especially the Catholic chaplains accomplished, must have its effect. The confessional is very personal, man to man—or better, man to God squaring up of sin. I say man to God advisedly: for I know that Catholics look upon the priest in this office, not as a mere man, but as the representative of God. Contrast the work of the confessional with the frightfully impersonal ministrations of our C. of E. chaplain. His excellent sermons were like shrapnel. Some hearers were hit, but a vastly larger number were not touched. The work of the priest in the Catholic confessional is at close quarters—hand to hand, deadly personal. There was no escape for the individual under cover of the mass. There was no opportunity for camouflage, for the soul was bared. I envied the men the peace, and the satisfied security, that confession gave them.

No doubt it gave us some general satisfaction to be assured *en masse*, that Christ forgave all who were penitent. But it was by no means so direct and reassuring as the immediate absolution given by the R.C. chaplain. And my idea of it is that soul-saving is an individual sort of thing. Christ dealt very directly with individual sinners.

Yes, I think that the Evangelicals will try to make their religion more personal and direct, and, let us say, more human. The simple and primitive Gospel in a bare church, with a minister in a frock coat, is a cold sort of religion. It will never appeal strongly to those who have bivouacked in French cathedrals, and fought under the shadow of the Crucified, in Flanders.

The Reformers went too far in their destructive reaction from Catholicity, and the sons of the Re-

formers are going to demand from their Churches the lost heritage. What they have seen in France and Flanders they will want in their own Churches. They will ask why the Church of Rome should have a monopoly of what belongs to Christendom.

The Catholic Church is essentially universal in its appeal, and in its application. And the end of the war, I think, will bring a new growth in religious internationalism. As we get further and further away from mere nationalism in political life, so too we will give up mere nationalism in religion. I once saw a remarkable instance of how international religion could be. I stepped into a half-ruined French church one morning, and found Mass going on. There were, of course, French soldiers present, together with their officers. There were a few men from an Irish regiment. There were some officers of the Colonials, who, I suppose, represented South Africa or even more distant Australia. There was an Italian officer, attached to the staff, and a couple of Austrian and German prisoners, who worked in the town, and who had slipped into the church under the watchful but benevolent eye of their guard. They all understood what they were there for, and all were able to join in the service. For the moment they were not French, nor German, nor Irish, nor Italian; they were just Christians. It seemed very different from the Church of England, which never forgets the fact that it is English.

The ministrations of the Catholic Church are, we found, just as international as are its services. They were as well understood, and as welcome, among Germans, as among French or Italians or English. That is where the symbolism, and the official Latin language helps. Again and again I have seen an English Catholic chaplain helping an unfortunate Pole or Bavarian or Austrian to make his final peace with God, while even our good-hearted C. of E. chaplain could do nothing for the wounded soldiers of the enemy. He had nothing in common with them.

It is quite obvious to me now that anything so hopelessly limited as a mere national Church can never make much progress in Christendom. The sooner Christianity breaks away from the limitations of national boundary or race, the better for it.

From my own experience, I cannot speak too highly of the work the chaplains are doing in the army. I am glad that our own Government made such generous provision for supplying the boys with helpers and guides. The morale of an army is more important than ammunition: and a good chaplain can do more toward keeping up morale than any other officer.

Although nominally an officer, the chaplain can really be one of the men, or at least occupy a middle place between officers and men. The men can go to him with their just grievances, and he can set many of them right. He is also the link between the boys of the regiment and home. He keeps them in touch with the higher things of life. He keeps them from forgetting the high ideals which they learned in their homes. He can speak an effective word, now and then, about the particular dangers to which they are exposed. No other officer can do it. It is the chaplain's particular and official business.

Those who love the boys—the mothers, and wives, and sweethearts—want them to come home with untarnished honor. They pray, not only for their physical well-being, but for their spiritual well-being too. And good old Uncle Sam is doing the noble and paternal thing in looking out for the welfare of his boys to the best of his ability. It is only right, for they are giving him their all. He wants them to return better men, even, than when they went away. And as a means to this end he has given them plenty of chaplains. The mothers of America, and all who are interested in the boys, will bless him for that.

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OBITUARY

MRS. MARY McALOON, CHRISTCHURCH.

There passed away on Saturday, May 31, at her residence, 35 Rogers Street, St. Martins, a well-known and highly-respected resident of Christchurch in the person of Mrs. Mary Teresa McAloon, widow of Mr. John McAloon. The deceased was on her way to a Requiem Mass in the Cathedral when she was seized by a bad heart attack, and was carried back to her home, where she died shortly afterwards without regaining consciousness. The late Mrs. McAloon, whose husband predeceased her by some nine months, was born at Curraheen, Tralee, Co. Kerry, Ireland, in 1862, and arrived in Lyttelton by the ship Hereford on January 16, 1878; and from then until the time of her death had resided in Christchurch. She is survived by five sons—James (Makikihi), John (Wellington), Owen (on active service), Cecil, and Norman (Christchurch), and three daughters—Mary, Blanche, and Evelyn (Christchurch). She has also two sisters in New Zealand—Mrs. P. Butler (Medbury), and Miss H. Enright (Christchurch); a third sister—Sister Mary Angela, of St. Dominic's Convent, Oamaru—having died about two years ago. The family received a large number of messages of sympathy and also many floral tributes. Requiem Mass, which was largely attended, was celebrated in the Cathedral on Monday, June 2, by Father Long. The girls of the Sacred Heart College, and the boys of the Marist Brothers' School were present, and Miss Mina Ward played the "Dead March" from "Saul." The boys of the Marist Brothers' School also formed a guard of honor outside the Cathedral, and the funeral cortege to Linwood Cemetery was very lengthy. Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., assisted by Fathers Long and Roche (St. Mary's), officiated at the graveside.—R.I.P.

MRS. CATHERINE LOUGH, DANNEVIRKE.

There passed away peacefully at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. W. Campbell, Te Rehunga, Dannevirke, on May 28, a widely known and highly esteemed resident in the person of Mrs. Catherine Lough, who had attained the ripe age of 77 years. The deceased was an exemplary Catholic, and being of a kind and generous disposition she was held in the highest esteem by all who knew her. One son and two daughters are left to mourn the loss of a devoted mother, and to them the sympathy of the whole community is extended. The last sacred rites of Holy Church were administered by Father Bowe, who also officiated at the interment in the Dannevirke Cemetery.—R.I.P.

MR. JAMES MULLAN, PALMERSTON NORTH.

The death occurred on Friday, June 6, after a brief illness, of Mr. James Mullan, of Palmerston North, who had been a resident of the district for the past 40 years, and was formerly well known as a contractor. Deceased, who was 71 years of age, was born at Timaraddy, Co. Derry, Ireland. He was attended in his last illness by Father McMahon, who also officiated at the obsequies, the funeral being largely attended. A Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of deceased was celebrated at St. Patrick's Church, Palmerston North, on June 7. The late Mr. Mullan leaves a widow, six daughters, and one son. Two of deceased's daughters—Mrs. Thos. Quirke and Mrs. J. J. Redwood,—reside at Palmerston North; another—Miss Annie Mullan—lives at Hastings, and the three remaining daughters live at Palmerston North. Patrick, the only son, left New Zealand with the 33rd Reinforcements, and is at present in England. A sister of deceased—Miss Mary Mullan—resides at Wellington.—R.I.P.

MR. JAMES POWER, CHRISTCHURCH.

Sincere regret is felt at the death of Mr. James Power, who passed away on June 7. The deceased was a most fervent, devoted Catholic, and an enthu-

siastically generous Irishman (writes our Christchurch correspondent). The late Mr. Power was the eighth son of the late Maurice and Catherine Power, Waterford, Ireland, and came to New Zealand some 27 years ago, and arriving in Dunedin. In 1903 he came to Christchurch, and, with his brother, the late Edmund Power, entered into the hotelkeeping business, conducting the Masonic Hotel with much success. The late Mr. Power ultimately took to farming, and whilst following this occupation his health broke down. During his residence in Christchurch he closely identified himself with Church and charitable work. He was a valued member of St. Patrick's branch of the Hibernian Society, and filled the office of trustee; the St. Vincent de Paul Society ranked him amongst its most generous benefactors, and the Catholic schools were ever objects of his warm-hearted support. When it was proposed to form the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association, the late Mr. Power was one of the first to promote its interests. He was a most devoted friend to the Sisters of Nazareth, whose work appealed to his generous nature very strongly, so much so that he allied himself with every movement having for its object the advancement of that institution. The deceased was attended during his illness by Fathers Long and Murphy, and his death was a most edifying one. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning, June 10, and was very largely attended, members of St. Matthew's (ladies) and St. Patrick's branches of the Hibernian Society being present in regalia, past-presidents of the society being pall-bearers. The Marist Brothers' School boys lined the entrance to the Cathedral. The Cathedral was crowded, the children from the Catholic schools and Nazareth House singing appropriate hymns during the Requiem Mass, which was celebrated by Father O'Hare, a much esteemed friend of deceased. His Lordship the Bishop. Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., and Fathers O'Boyle, Long, and Murphy were present in the sanctuary. The absolution was given by his Lordship the Bishop. Chopin's "Funeral March" and the "Dead March" from "Saul" were played by Miss Ward (organist). Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., officiated at the interment, others of the clergy present being Fathers O'Hare, O'Boyle, Long, and J. Hanrahan (Darfield). Widespread sympathy is extended to the relatives of deceased in their bereavement.—R.I.P.

AT AN EARTHWORKS.

Ringed high with turf the arena lies,
The neighboring world unseen, unheard,
Here are but unhorizoned skies,
And on the skies a passing bird,

The conies and a wandering sheep,
The castings of the chambered mole,
These, and the haunted years that keep
Lost agonies of blood and soul.

They say that in the midnight moon
The ghostly legions gather yet,
And hear a ghostly timbrel-tune,
And see a ghostly combat met.

These are but yeoman's tales. And here
No marvel on the midnight falls,
But starlight marvellously clear,
Being girdled in these shadowy walls.

Yet now strange glooms of ancestry
Creep on me through this morning light,
Some spectral self is seeking me
I will not parley with the night.

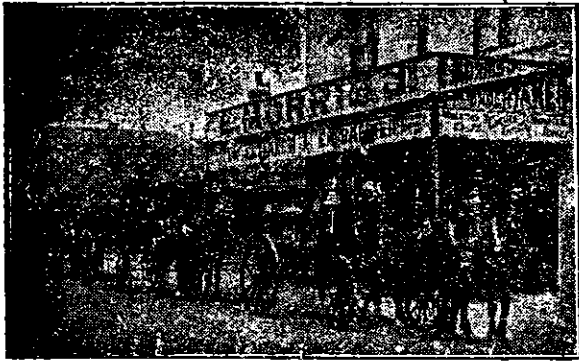
JOHN DRINKWATER, in the *English Review*.

May the Holy Name of God be for ever blessed by us all from one end of the world to the other, forming a holy echo to the celestial praises of angels and saints of God.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

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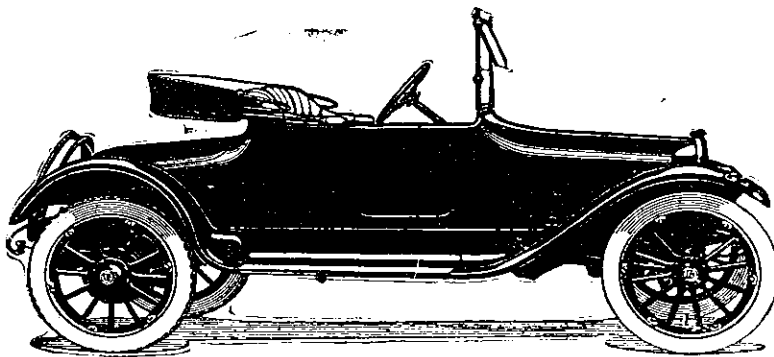
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THE CATHOLIC WORLD

GENERAL.

The New York police estimated that at one time 3000 persons waited to enter St. Patrick's Cathedral on Easter morning. Archbishop Hayes sang the Solemn Pontifical Mass. At Vespers he also pontificated. The 200 seminarists from Dunwoodie were present. In the congregation were Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Taft, the family of Justice Dowling, Mrs. Hanna, the tenor Mr. John McCormack, Mr. Thomas Hughes, and other notables. In the front seats were hundreds of officers and uniformed men.

The Cardinals, archbishops, and bishops of Spain have addressed to the archbishops and bishops of Mexico a letter of sympathy, voicing their grief at the wrongs which the Church has suffered in Mexico under the Carranza regime. They also point out how all international right, personal liberty, and established justice have been outraged by the de facto Government enthroned in Mexico with the co-operation of the United States.

Father Hoey, a Paulist and chaplain of the 107th U.S. Infantry, 27th Division, told the other day that 17,000 men of his division knelt at the Holy Sacrifice and received Holy Communion just before the great attack on the Hindenburg line. "Heretofore," the chaplain said, "we always spoke of the heritage our fathers gave to us, but now we speak of the heritage which our sons have given to us." The Catholic school system of the country had a great deal to do with the religion of the American soldier.

During the war, the anti-Jesuit laws were repealed in Germany, and thus for two years the Jesuits have been free to carry on the work of their Order. Father Kempf, Rector of the Jesuit establishment in Valkenberg, Holland, who was formerly in the United States, conveyed the following information in a communication dated February 13, 1919:—"We now have residences in the following cities: Aix la Chapelle, Cologne, Bonn, Coblenz, Frankfurt, Essen, Munster, Berlin, Munich, and Aschaffenburg. The house of exercises in Andernach is to be abandoned again, as it does not adequately serve the purpose. In place thereof houses of exercises are being planned for various other cities. Our province lost 30 members in the war; 19 were seriously wounded; seven fell into captivity. Engaged in the war were 76 Fathers as chaplains, about 60 as hospital chaplains in home hospitals, 123 Brother members as voluntary nurses, and the rest as soldiers in all about 400."

USING PUBLIC FUNDS TO PROSELYTISE.

Rev. Elias Tanbe, of the Syrian Archbishop's House at Aleppo, Syria, has just written a letter to the National Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith from which the following is quoted by an exchange:—

"The people of the United States are generous, but, unfortunately, their generosity does not materially aid the Catholics here. The money reaching Syria is invariably portioned out to those of other religions, to general works, and so forth. Under one pretext or another, it is diverted from the Catholics and they remain destitute. Strict justice demands that they receive a share of all charitable offerings.

"Neutrality in this country is a name only. All the works which are not Catholic are distinctly anti-Catholic; all the missionaries and the local clergy agree on this point. There is talk of raising 60,000,000 dollars in the United States for relief works in the Near East. If we are to benefit by this noble generosity, Catholics should send their money separately, as otherwise we shall be discriminated against.

"I beg to be excused for speaking so plainly, but my heart is saddened by the spectacle of so much desolation. Aside from the fact that they are of my own Faith, the abject misery of these people makes demands on my humane feelings and force me to present their cause to friends afar."

Such is Father Tanbe's letter, and it may be added that what he says of the distribution of alms among Syrians applies equally well to Catholics of other nationalities, Armenians, Maronites, Greeks, etc. Catholics are invariably discriminated against when alms are distributed by non-Catholic hands, and it is not infrequent for our non-Catholic brethren to use those alms as a means of proselytism. Pastors have often to deplore the loss of some of their flocks, who, harassed by hunger, have given up, if not their Christian faith, at least their allegiance to the Church in order to obtain a share in alms which may have been contributed by American Catholics and non-Catholics alike.

PROGRESS OF THE FAITH IN AFRICA.

A brief account of the progress of the Faith in Africa is given in some notes by two prelates, both of whom are of Irish birth. Mgr. J. Shanahan, Apostolic Prefect of the Lower Nigeria, says: "On account of the length of its course the Niger is the third longest river of Africa; the countries of its watershed are today divided between France and Great Britain. The Apostolic Prefecture of Southern or Lower Nigeria, which was constituted in 1889, stretches from the left bank of the Niger to the Cameruns and French Benin. It is a very rich country, very densely populated and carrying on an extensive commerce. Settlements of 10,000, 15,000, and 20,000 souls are frequent. There is here a splendid mission field, lacking only in sufficient missionaries. Catholic propaganda is carried on in particular in the schools, which are everywhere in demand. These schools are supported by the Government in proportion to the number of scholars and the successes obtained. According to the latest statistics there are 21,000 pupils, of whom quite 10,829 are Catholics. There are in the field 16 mission priests, seven Brothers, four nuns of the Order of St. Joseph of Cluny, 509 catechist teachers, and 5368 catechumens. There are nine principal stations from which religious and educational work is carried on.

Of the Apostolic Vicariate of Sierra Leone, Mgr. J. O'Gorman, Bishop of Amastris and Vicar-Apostolic writes:—"The name of Sierra Leone (Lion's Mountain) was given to this part of the country by the Portuguese navigators. It was exploited for a long time by English slave dealers, and in 1809 it passed to the Crown. Mother Javouhey passed through the territory in 1823, but it was not until 1858 that the Vicariate was detached from that of the two Guineas, and handed over to the Fathers of the African Missions, an Order which had just been founded at Lyons by Mgr. de Marion-Bresilhac. Accompanied by three missionaries the latter arrived there but to die. In 1864 the mission was entrusted to the Fathers of the Holy Ghost. It is a difficult mission: the English call it the White Man's Grave. Although many Protestant sects have settled in this territory, the Catholic Church is the only religious body that has attained a position of ever increasing importance. There are about 4000 Catholics, 19 missionary priests, six Brothers, and 20 nuns of the Order of St. Joseph of Cluny."

A GLARING FALSEHOOD.

That Catholics are a priest-ridden people is an untruth in the case of any country on either side of the Atlantic, and a particularly glaring falsehood in the case of the United States (says the *Ave Maria*). The latest religious statistics available from the Census Bureau of Washington—those having to do with the period ending in December, 1916—state that while the average number of Church members to each minister was, in 1916, 219, the average number of Catholics to each priest was 776; in other words, Protestants are three times as parson-ridden as Catholics are priest-ridden. The very truth of the matter is that, as Longfellow once put it, this country is not priest-ridden but press-ridden—a condition much more to be deplored than the suggested alternative.

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PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT

Despite his advanced age of 82 years, Most Rev. Eulogia Gregori Gillow, the Archbishop of Oaxaca, Mexico, has heroically withstood all the troubles brought upon him by the revolution (says an American exchange). His father was a descendant of the Gillows of Lancashire, England. His mother was a Mexican.

Mr. Verner Z. Reed, multi-millionaire philanthropist, who as a non-Catholic proved one of the most generous friends the Catholic Church has ever known in America, was received into the Church at Coronado Beach, California, U.S.A., before his death on Sunday evening, April 20. He was buried from the Cathedral in Denver, Colorado, on Friday morning, April 25, with Solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem celebrated by the Right Rev. J. Henry Tihen, D.D., Bishop of Denver, assisted by a number of priests of the city. The largest funeral any Catholic layman has ever had in Denver was seen on the occasion. The famous business man, art patron, and writer had long shown a decided tendency towards Catholicity. His closest personal friend was a Catholic priest, the Rev. David T. O'Dwyer, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Denver. Two of Mr. Reed's children are converts.

The diocese of Lismore, N.S.W., lost one of its foremost priests in the death recently of Ven. Arch-priest J. G. Walsh, who for so many years controlled the Maclean parish. Born in Enniskean, Co. Cork, on April 24, 1868, educated first from 1874 to 1883, at Mt. Melleray School, Waterford, commencing his ecclesiastical studies at All Hallows College, Dublin, at the age of 18, lasting from 1883 to 1891, and ordained on June 21, 1891. Father Walsh arrived in Australia at the end of that year, being first appointed to Lismore, curate under his Lordship Dr. Doyle. At Lismore (those were days when priests were few and parishes were big: Lismore included the Tweed Heads) Father Walsh labored for seven strenuous years. He was Dr. Doyle's right-hand man in connection with the commencing of the new cathedral, and he saw the division of the vast church area and the making of the Tweed, Ballina, Bangalow, and Mullumbimby parishes. From Lismore Father Walsh went to Maclean, following Dean Kiely (his cousin). This was on March 1, 1901. His work there is too well known to need recapitulation. He worked that big area single-handed, wiped off the debt of £4000 that he found, built the presbytery commenced in July, 1901, and the new convent and school, and leaves his parish financially in a most enviable state. He never spared himself. During the whole of that 20 years' ministration he was absent from his parish only once for any extended time; that was when he visited New Zealand 14 years ago, on the death of a lifelong friend. He arranged to go home to that old Ireland he loved, but he never went; his work forbade.

The devoted band of the Franciscan Fathers of the Eastern Suburbs of Sydney (N.S.W.), lost one of its most earnest members by the death of the Rev. Father G. P. Birch, which took place in the Hospice for the Dying, Darlinghurst, recently. The deceased priest was born in Dublin on June 4, 1860, and was educated at St. Isidore's, Rome. He was ordained on the 27th anniversary of his birth—June 4, 1887—in St. John Lateran's, Rome. After his ordination the young priest came out to New South Wales, and has since labored zealously in the three Franciscan parishes

—Woollahra, Waverley, and Paddington. About four years ago Father Birch took a trip to his native land for the benefit of his health, and on his return was enthusiastically welcomed by his parishioners in St. Francis's Hall, Paddington, and presented with a purse of sovereigns. His father was a Protestant of the severe school, and in consequence the lad found it advisable to conceal from him the fact that he was, like his mother, a devout Catholic. No doubt from his parent Father Birch inherited the strength of character for which he was noted. He was a strong hater of all kinds of sham and deception, and never failed in pulpit or on platform to voice his condemnation of injustice and all forms of hypocrisy. His passionate sermons on the evils of social conditions attracted widespread attention. A great lover of his native and his adopted lands, Father Birch was never slow to advocate their advancement. The arduous labors of 31 years in the Eastern Suburbs told upon his constitution, and for some time past he had been compelled to relinquish parochial work.

IRELAND AN ARMED CAMP.

Among the arrivals of the past week on the transports from France (says the *Boston Pilot* of April 12) was Rev. Michael J. O'Connor, Divisional Chaplain of the 26th Division, former chaplain of the old Ninth Regiment. To a reporter of the daily press Father O'Connor said in reply to questions:—

"I did not kill any Germans and I only did my duty as a priest. They are a great bunch of men (referring to his regiment). Their like I shall never look on again. I got back to the division on St. Patrick's Day after a short visit to my old Irish home. I am surely glad to get back to good old Boston."

"What were conditions in Ireland?" he was asked. He smiled and said:

"That's a long story. I'd like to tell you. Briefly, I can say that conditions there are somewhat disturbed. Ireland is an armed camp. It seemed to me that there were as many soldiers there as there are in France. Everywhere one goes one sees soldiers. The country is under martial law. It is honeycombed with Sinn Féinism. The young men and the young women are breathing a more intensely patriotic spirit than I have ever seen before. There is no bragging. It is a passive resistance to British rule. There are very few disturbances except those fostered and engineered by the British soldiers and officials. I heard of several cases of disorder egged on by the military and Castle authorities. There is an attempt on the part of Englishmen to misrepresent things in Ireland. I was crossing with an English captain to Ireland, and he began to fill me up about what the Irish were doing in Ireland. When I corrected him in a few of his flagrant misstatements, he stopped and said he guessed that I knew something about Irish affairs. When I told him that I was born there he quit me, saying curtly: 'Good day, sir.'"

The songs my mother taught to me
I learned while perched upon her knee;
And though they be but simple rhymes,
I croon them fondly still at times.
'Tis then I realise and know
The debt of love to her I owe;
And how well justified and sure
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Late Provincial of the Marist Fathers in New Zealand, writes:—

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NOTES ON HEALTH

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DOMESTIC

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Sausages in Batter.

Make a batter in the usual way. Prick a pound of sausages well all over and cook them lightly over the fire. Melt some dripping in a flat tin, pour in the batter, and drop the cooked sausages in one by one. Cook until the batter slightly browns on top and is thoroughly set.

Cauliflower Cheese.

Clean a cauliflower, boil until tender, strain, and mash it. Grate 3oz of cheese. Grease a pie-dish well, then put in a layer of cauliflower, a layer of cheese, and so on, till the dish is full. Over the top put a layer of breadcrumbs, dotted over with butter. Bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes, and serve very hot.

Date Pudding.

Two breakfastcupfuls of flour, one of chopped suet, pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of baking powder, a handful of breadcrumbs or cold potato, small cupful of cold water, 1½lb of dates. Wash the dates and stone them. Make the crust. Well grease the basin or pudding tin. Line with the crust. Fill up with dates. Cover with crust. Put the lid on the basin, and steam for three hours.

Baked Apple Dumplings.

Six apples, 7½lb suet crust, sugar to taste. Pare and take out the cores of the apples without dividing them. Cut the crust in rounds, and place an apple in the centre of each piece. Fill the cavity in the apple with sugar, and place two cloves in it. Draw the crust well around the apple, taking care to joint the paste well. Place them on a tin, and bake for about an hour in a fairly hot oven. Apple suet pudding is very nice baked, and is a change to boiled suet pudding. Well grease a basin or pudding tin, and sprinkle thickly with sugar. Line with suet crust. Fill up with apples.

Drop in two or three cloves. Distribute sugar through the apples. Cover with paste, then put lid on, and place in the oven. Bake for two hours.

Chocolate Custard.

This is a most delicious dish. Quarter of a pound of chocolate, ¼lb castor sugar, 1½ pints good milk, four eggs, a teaspoonful of Vanilla essence. Crush the chocolate and sugar, and sift the latter. Place these in a lined saucepan, and pour the milk in by degrees, stirring all the time. Let it boil up, still stirring. Move it to the side of the fire to simmer for 20 minutes. Break, into a basin, the yolks of four eggs, and the whites of three. Beat a little, then stir these into the ingredients in the saucepan, being careful it is not too hot. Strain the whole through a fine strainer into a jug. Stand the jug in a saucepan of boiling water, and keep stirring until the custard is thick. It will take about 20 minutes after the water in the saucepan boils.

Household Hints.

If windows are cleaned with vinegar and water they will be brighter and last clean longer than if done with water alone. Polish in the usual way with a soft linen cloth or leather.

To get more cream than usual from milk, heat the milk until lukewarm, then suddenly chill it. This will bring more cream to the surface.

When pouring hot fat into a basin, add to it an equal quantity of boiling water. This causes any pieces of meat in the fat to sink to the bottom, and dripping treated in this way will be found to be white and clean.

Melt suet in the oven and then pour it into a jar. It will not only keep well, but is much easier to chop, or can easily be grated.

THE MOST OBSTINATE

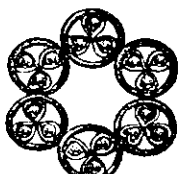
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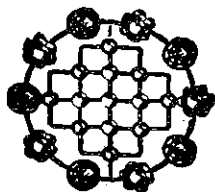
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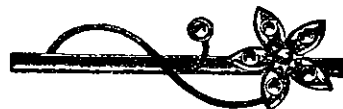
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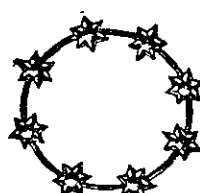
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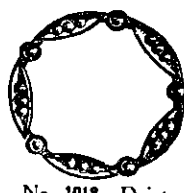
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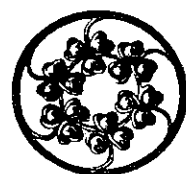
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DE VALERA'S BOYHOOD.

So much has been written about Eamonn De Valera and so little that is really tangible, that I thought it would be interesting to your readers to give some facts from the standpoint of a former schoolmate (says a correspondent to *America*).

De Valera attended the village school, the so-called national school, in Bruree (in Irish, "Brugh Righ," "Palace of the King"), County Limerick, in which I was a pupil until my 20th year. De Valera then lived with his grandmother and his uncle in a little cottage on the road towards Kilmallock. I often saw his grandmother when she came to the school at noontime, bringing a warm lunch for her grandchild. She belonged to the family of Coll, typically Irish in name and character. My father, who knew them well, tells me that he spoke Gaelic as well as English, so that the statement that De Valera spoke Gaelic fluently when 12 years of age may not be very greatly exaggerated. Still, from personal experience I incline to the belief that his acquaintance with the language was casual until contact with the Dublin intellectuals spurred him on to closer study of his native tongue. He like many another, became a true child of the renaissance. As he worked his way through the university by means of "exhibitions" or scholarships I followed up his success as they were reported in the daily press, while attending a sister college of Blackrock, where De Valera won his greatest scholastic successes—he must have been infected with enthusiasm for the Celtic past. I noticed his name some years after as one of the instructors in Gaelic at a summer school in Galway, devoted to the study of the Irish language. What laborious days and nights before attaining to that proficiency, with prospects of no financial returns for the sacrifice, but with that love that urges on the true, heroic renaissance-man.

His mathematical bent early showed itself at the village school. He was appointed "monitor" or pupil-teacher whilst there. I remember distinctly getting my first knowledge of proportion or the rule of three from him. Needless to say that the teaching was thorough and lasting. Our instruction in literature was only casual. I remember some discussion amongst a circle of boys, including, I believe, De Valera, as to the justice of including so much non-Irish matter in our school reader. At that time Irish literature to me meant Moore, Davis, and the Anglo-Irish school, not the least inkling of the existence of heroic saga! What had "Whang the Miller" to do with our native land?

De Valera was an object of myth and fable to most of us boys. His name was hibernicised into Divvelera; my father still calls him "Belvidera"—an unconscious compliment. According to gossip, he was descended from a stray, shipwrecked Spaniard from the Armada. Only recently did I discover that his father, a Spaniard, in New York City, had lived only a short time after his romance with an Irish colleen. Romance still rules his life, whether from the viewpoint of fact or fable. May the story have a happy ending!

IRELAND, AT LAST.

(By MICHAEL WILLIAMS, in the *May Catholic World*.)

The most remarkable of the numerous utterances of Franklin is taken by Mr. O'Brien from a document which, strangely enough, is not printed in any of the editions of Franklin's works, and which apparently has escaped the attention of American historians, though the original printed copies thereof are on file in the records of the Public Record Office in London. It is "An Address to the Good People of Ireland on Behalf of America," written in Versailles, where soon the new Treaty of Peace will be signed, October 4, 1778. The address begins with these words, which are as exactly applicable to-day as when the philosopher penned them:—

"The misery and distress which your ill-fated country has been so frequently exposed to, and has

so often experienced by such a combination of rapine, treachery, and violence, as would have disgraced the name of government in the most arbitrary country in the world, has most sincerely affected your friends in America, and has engaged the most serious attention of Congress."

After explaining fully that the colonies were fighting not only for constitutional liberty, but commercial liberty as well, and drawing attention to the analogy between the cause of Ireland and that of America, he says:—

"But as for you, our dear and good friends of Ireland, we must cordially recommend to you to continue peaceable and quiet in every possible situation of your affairs, and endeavor by mutual good-will to supply the defects of administration. But if the Government, whom you at this time acknowledge, does not, in conformity to her own true interest, take off and remove every restraint on your trade, commerce, and manufacture, I am charged to assure you, that means will be found to establish your freedom in this respect, in the fullest and amplest manner. And as it is the ardent wish of America to promote, as far as her other engagements will permit, a reciprocal commercial interest with you, I am to assure you, they will seek every means to establish and extend it; and it has given the most sensible pleasure to have those instructions committed to my care, as I have ever retained the most perfect good-will and esteem for the people of Ireland."

Not only by Franklin, speaking for the new American nation, but by the Congress of that nation itself, was thanks given to Ireland and acknowledgment made of America's debt to Erin, in the famous "Address to the People of Ireland," adopted by the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, July 28, 1775.

There are those that say—it would be hard to believe that they really are convinced of the truth of what they say, were it not for the fact that prejudice often lends more force to opinions—more violent and destructive force, than calm truth may do—there are those who say that a free Ireland means an open gate for the enemies of England to enter that island, and that it would constitute a standing menace to the peace and safety of the English people. For those who hold that view, the great war has been waged and won in vain. If the opinion holds and prevails that the peace and safety of any nation depend primarily upon the subjection of weaker peoples, and armed dominance over the lesser in favor of the material interests of the greater, then has the great war been waged—and lost; lost for all; lost for every nation under the sun; and the future holds nothing but warfare, or the miserable troubles and intrigues and festering rebellions which lead up to war. Unless, on the contrary, justice, which is based, and can only be safely based, upon the religious, the Christian knowledge of what justice is—based upon the law of God, and not the selfish interpretations of imperialists, and materialists—unless, I say, justice become the basic principle of the treaty at Paris, America's participation in the war will become the most saddeningly ironical failure of all history.

AMERICAN HIERARCHY AT IRISH CONVENTION.

Among the members of the Catholic Hierarchy at the recent Irish National Convention were:—His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, his Grace Archbishop Dougherty of Philadelphia, his Grace Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee, Right Rev. Peter J. Muldoon of Rockford, Ill.; Right Rev. John P. Carroll of Helena, Mont.; Right Rev. V. Van de Ven of Alexandria, La.; Right Rev. Joseph J. Rice of Burlington, Vt.; Right Rev. John J. McCort of Philadelphia, Pa.; Right Rev. William Turner; Right Rev. Thomas J. Shahan of Washington, D.C.; Right Rev. P. R. McDevitt of Harrisburg, Pa.; Right Rev. John E. Gunn, Natchez, Miss.; Right Rev. Thomas J. Walsh of Trenton, N.J.; Right Rev. Edward Patrick Allen of Mobile.

ON THE LAND

MALNUTRITION OF PLANTS.

Malnutrition or the imperfect nourishment of plants may arise either from an insufficiency of plant foods in the soil or from an excess of some particular food constituent.

Just as doctors are continually saying that people as a rule eat too much, especially too much nitrogenous food in the shape of meat, and from this cause become increasingly subject to such complaints as gout, skin diseases, appendicitis, etc., so plant experts point out that in the development of intensive cultivation there is a danger of supplying plants with too much nourishment of a forcing, nitrogenous nature, and to this cause is attributed some of the diseases to which plants are liable to suffer, or if not actual disease, a diminution in the quality of the crop. Thus turnips may develop a dropsical watery character, potatoes become unsightly from spotty skins, cereals get their tender stems easily attacked by insects. Plants grown in greenhouses and market garden produce are especially liable to suffer from an excess of nourishment or a supply of ill-balanced plant foods. Crops are grown in quick succession year after year on the same soil, continually enriched by large dressings of fertilisers, so that the soil becomes quite surfeited with plant food, and does not get the healthy influences of a period of fallow.

An expert of an American Agricultural Experimental Station devoted for some years special study to this subject, in consequence of the attention of the station having been called to an increasing number of plant troubles, and in a good many cases he found typical cases of malnutrition caused by an excess of some particular substance in the soil. These troubles, according to his investigation, "all originate from an injudicious use of commercial fertilisers, or from applying certain manures to crops in excess of what they can stand."

In some cases an excess of fertilisers causes burning of the roots, which results in the death of the plant, but usually the greater trouble comes from an excess of nitrates in the soil.

In several instances of tomato plant disease it was found that they had been affected by the excessive use of fertilisers, and tests of the foliage for nitrates revealed an excess in the leaves. They had a curled and crinkled appearance, caused by the contorted vascular bundles or veins. These symptoms have been occasionally found in the field as well as in plants growing in greenhouses, and analyses have shown the nitrate excess.

Greenhouse cucumbers seem to be especially susceptible to injury from manures and fertilisers; the condition of a soil which will destroy a crop of cucumbers will not affect the lettuce plant, and roses and carnation plants might appear underfed in such soils.

Some of the most severe cases of malnutrition resulted from the use of fowl manure worked into soil already provided with an abundance of plant food, such as would be obtained from a constant use of horse manure. In numerous cases where fowl manure was freely used symptoms of malnutrition followed.

An experiment was made in one of the houses of the station, devoted exclusively to the growing of American Beauty roses. The soil was prepared, as usual, with a rich dressing of stable and cow manure, and liquid manure was applied freely once a week. The first year the roses did well, and for the purpose of

experiment an attempt was made to grow a new crop of roses on the same soil, which was partially renewed by application of liquid cow manure. The plants had not been in the soil many weeks before they began to die, and it was not unusual for many to die in one week. The result of this experiment was only what was expected; the beds were then flooded with water, and analyses made of the water that drained through the soil. The result was surprising, and it was difficult to conceive of any plant living under such soil conditions. After the soil had been drenched and the injurious substances washed out, not a death occurred among the plants.

From the nature of the conditions causing malnutrition a remedy is not difficult to find. The first essential, of course, is to be careful in the use of manures and fertilisers. The excessive use of nitrogenous fertilisers, unless balanced by other constituents, especially phosphate of lime, is to be avoided. The soil must be kept open, well drained, and aerated. The change of crops by suitable rotation is always advisable.

In the treatment of beds and small surfaces it has been found very beneficial to cover the soil with a few inches of loam—new roots quickly form in the loam, and have supplied the plant with proper food for its development.

HAND-FEEDING OF SHEEP.

Except in exceptional times, such as that which has just been experienced, sheepfarmers of this country do not require to consider the question of hand-feeding, though in many districts a modicum of hard feed would make a vast difference to the condition in which hoggets would come through the winter, and would be handsomely repaid in the reduction of the death-rate (says the *N.Z. Farmer*). It was recently shown by practical tests conducted by the West Australian Department of Agriculture that one pound of chaff a day was sufficient for the maintenance of an average sheep through a dry period. The sheep under test were kept in a ploughed-up paddock during a period of three months, and it was demonstrated that growing sheep from 60lb to 70lb live weight could be kept in a healthy condition, even during cold, rough weather, for three months on the cheap, home-grown material. The sheep were kept in a healthy condition for 15 weeks during adverse wintry conditions, on approximately one pound of chaff a day, without any additional food whatever. It was also considered that larger sheep in milder weather, with the same amount of food, and a natural picking, generally obtainable, would also keep in an equally healthy condition. It is generally known, of course, by sheep men that sheep will thrive amazingly on a very small amount of dry pasture, and in the light of experience of dry conditions in this country the result of the West Australian experiment is quite feasible.

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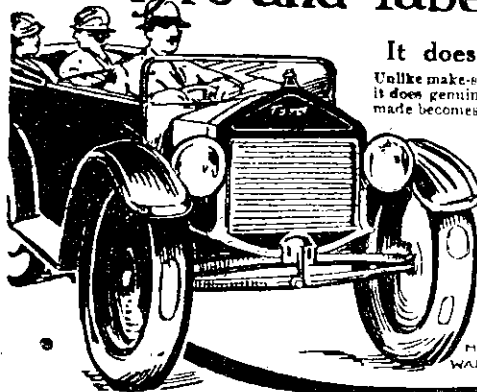
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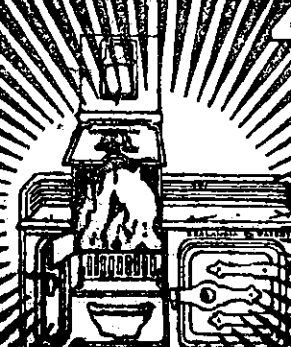
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Little Miss Hurry,
All bustle and flurry,
Comes down to breakfast ten minutes too late;
Her hair is a-rumple,
Her gown is a-crumple,
She'd no time to button and hook herself straight.

She hunts and she rushes
For needles and brushes,
For books and for pencils flies upstairs and down;
If ever you find her
Just follow behind her

A trail of shoe buttons and shreds of her gown.

But little Miss Steady
By school-time is ready,
All smiling and shining, and neat in her place,
With no need to worry,
She pities Miss Hurry,
Who but yesterday sat here with shame on her face.

Her heart beating lightly,
Her duty done brightly,
She vows she will never again change her name;
For though you'd not guess it,
I'm bound to confess it—
These two little maidens are one and the same.

TWO HONEST BOYS.

An example of honesty is always instructive, whether it be given by a child or by one of maturer years. A skilful teacher, who takes great interest in the moral growth of her pupils, writes as follows:—"In a country school a large class was standing to spell. In the lesson there was a very hard word. I put the word to the scholar at the head, and he missed it: I passed it to the next, and the next, till it came to the last scholar, the smallest in the class, and he spelt it right—at least I understood him so—and he went to the head, above 17 boys and girls, all older than himself. I then turned round and wrote the word on the blackboard, so that they might all see how it was spelt, and learn it better. But no sooner had I written it than the little boy at the head cried out, "Oh, I didn't say it so: I said e instead of i"; and he went back to the foot, of his own accord, quicker than he had gone to the head. Here was an honest boy. I should always have thought that he spelt the word right if he had not told me; but he was too honest to take any credit that did not belong to him.

In connection with this worthy conduct, there is herewith given another interesting lesson:—"Do you want to buy any berries to-day?" said a boy to a lady one afternoon. The little fellow was not well clothed, and his feet were bare and travel-stained. In his hand he held up a basket full of ripe and dewy raspberries, which were peeping out from amid the bright green leaves that lay lightly over them. The lady told him she would purchase, and taking the basket up, she stepped into the house. He did not follow her, but remained behind, whistling to her canaries as they hung in their cage in the porch. He seemed fully occupied with the pretty bird pets, and the berries appeared forgotten.

"Why do you not come in and see if I measure your berries right?" said the lady. "How do you know but what I might cheat you, and take more than the quantity I have agreed upon?" The boy looked up and smiled. "I am not afraid," said he, "for you would get the worst of it, madam." "Get the worst of it?" What do you mean?" "Why, madam, I should only lose my berries, but you would be stealing. Don't you think you would get the worst of it?"

"No man is bound to be rich or great, but every man is bound to be honest."

"Honest minds are pleased with honest things."

TO A MOTHER.

It is hard, perhaps impossible, to say anything that will help you to forget your loss or that can dull

the sense of emptiness in your heart for the boy who is gone. That consolation it is beyond the power of words to bestow, but it will come to you of itself, unsought and unexpected—a light from the glory of the great cause that has taken him.

You are his mother, and therefore have had a mother's dreams for your son. You taught him to be honest—with himself as with others. You set his feet in the difficult path of courage and helped him to walk in it. You encouraged him to think little of himself, but much of others, and to hate injustice and cruelty; and you made him see that the love of country is not love for a mere set of geographical boundaries or a political system, but for a body of moral principles, a creed of justice and liberty.

As the years have passed you had the supreme happiness—the deepest and most enduring satisfaction that life affords—of seeing your aspirations take form and express themselves in your son's character, and of knowing that it is your dreams and your guidance and teaching that have made him what he is. When the call came he heard it and was ready. He went in the purity of his youth, with his visions all undimmed and his heart on fire with noble passion. So, for you, he will always remain.

It is your high privilege—and in the years to come it will be your proud comfort—to remember that, having made him worthy, you also gave him the great opportunity that he took so gladly, and by your sacrifice set the seal of success on both your lives.

HIS POSITION.

"I suppose you are still with the same firm?" said the old school friend.

"Yes," answered the youth with the patient expression of countenance.

"What's your position?"

"I'm an employee."

"But what is your official title?"

"I haven't any official title. It's like this: When the manager wants something done he tells the head clerk, and the head clerk tells one of his assistants, and the assistant tells me."

"And what then?"

"Well, I haven't anybody to tell, so I have to go and do it myself."

PREPARED FOR THE WORST.

Just as two men were in the middle of a large field, one of them turned and saw an angry bull making for them.

With a yell of warning he bolted, and just managed to clear the hedge. His companion, less nimble, ran wildly round the hedge to find an opening.

Twice he went round without escaping. Then, as he passed his anxious friend for the third time, he shouted:—

"Tell my missus my insurance policy is in the bottom drawer. This is my last time round."

A FRIENDLY FEELING.

For 20 minutes Brown had sat staring helplessly at the empty table in front of him.

Another five minutes passed—six, seven, eight. And then at last the waiter appeared, bringing with him the potatoes and cold meat which Brown had ordered.

Brown nobly restrained all the caustic comments which he felt inclined to pass, and "Thank you!" he said, as the food was laid before him. Then, "Waiter," he added, "can you also bring me a little salad?"

"Certainly, sir!" replied the waiter, as he proceeded to move away from the table at a steady four miles a week.

"And, by the way," Brown shouted after him, "you might drop me a post card every now and then while you're absent, will you?"

TOO COMPLICATED.

"These modern ideas are all very well," growled Farmer Turmut, over his pipe one evening, "but not

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for me! I ain't got time to waste with new-fangled machines and such like. See that cupboard over there? Well, inside's one of them there type-writer machines that the missus spent a year's butter and egg money on as a present for me, seeing as I ain't over handy with the pen."

"And don't ye like it?" asked his neighbor.

"Like it?" snapped old Turmut, indignantly. "Why, ye can't even write your name with the dratted thing till you've learned to play the pianner or the church organ!"

SMILE RAISERS.

Lady: "You have not been out to service yet, therefore you have no character."

Applicant: "No, mum; but I've got three school certificates."

Lady: "Ah, well, that is something. Are they for honesty, cleanliness, or—?"

Applicant: "No, please, mum, for literatoor, jog-raffy, and free-and drorin'."

Jackie had proudly brought his slate to Daddy to show him the drawing upon it.

"What is it?" asked Daddy.

"Why, Daddy," said the surprised little boy, "it's a train."

"But you haven't drawn the carriages, sonny," said the father.

"No," said Jackie; "mother says the engine draws those."

"And why did you leave your last place?" the lady asked of an applicant for housework.

"Well, mum, it was like this," replied the woman. "One day the missus ses to me, 'Caroline,' she ses, 'get a wet cloth and give the Old Master a wipe over,' she ses, so I gave her notice on the spot."

"Never in my life," said the harassed householder, "have I been so pleased to hear my neighbor's piano going."

"Oh!" asked his friend, "is there a good pianist staying there?"

"No; I heard it going away in a furniture van."

"Tommy," said Mr. Figg, sternly, "I hung a motto in your room to the effect that little boys should be seen and not heard."

"Yes, sir."

"What did you do with it?"

"I—I took it down to the deaf and dumb orphan asylum."

"Your narrative is too highly colored," remarked the editor, returning the bulky manuscript.

"In what way?" inquired the disappointed author.

"Why," replied the editor, "in the very first chapter you make the old man turn purple with rage, the villain turn green with envy, the hero turn white with anger, the heroine turn red with blushes, and the coachman turn blue with cold."

A hen-pecked man being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it."

But, reflecting a moment, he added, in a tone of compassion and forgiveness, "And yet I don't know why I should be; he never did me any harm."

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT."

Naming Submarines.

Everyone knows what submarines are and what an important factor they have become in modern naval warfare. Their nomenclature is rather interesting, according to the *Popular Science Monthly*. In the United States Navy the first of these craft were named for various kinds of fish and reptiles, and we had such odd cognomens as Adder, Moccasin, Pike, Sturgeon, Shark, Carp, Haddock, etc., on the naval lists. Before the list of piscatorial names ran out the system was changed, and designations of A-1, A-2, B-1, B-2, etc., down to the more recent submarines known as the O class. In general the numbers applied correspond to the particular lot in which they were constructed, and the letters closely follow the number of years since they were first built. In Germany they are all known as U-boats, the U being the first letter of unterseeboot, meaning submarine.

Nature's Camouflage.

The word "camouflage" may be a new one, but the thing it means is as old as the hills! And, strangely enough, it is mostly protection from the aviators which it has sought from the beginning. The young grouse among the heather has only to lie still to be invisible even to the telescopic eye of the hovering hawk, so absolutely do its feathers tone with its surroundings.

Visitors to a natural history museum may see many charmingly-set Nature tableaux representing Nature's camouflage. Indeed, so good an artist is Nature that she gives the Arctic fox, the ermine, and the ptarmigan the precious gift of turning white to match the all-prevailing snow when winter comes, so that their enemies cannot spot them easily.

It is quite possible to examine a plant—say, a rose tree—in the garden with the utmost care and fail to spot a green caterpillar, and the same rose may be infested with green fly which yet require sharp eyes to see them. Doubtless the lovely wings of the butterfly are camouflage, too, seeing that these insects so often settle upon the petals of flowers.

Sometimes camouflage is useful for attack as well as defence. The stripes of the lurking tiger among the tall growth of the jungle make it appear only a part of the light and shade. Its prey walks into danger unaware. Even a herd of zebras is very difficult to see in the tropic forest. Their stripes look like bars of sunshine. Even our common "bunny" matches his sandy warren so well that a whole family may be feeding and yet be invisible till they run.

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