

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- June 29, Sunday.—Third Sunday after Pentecost.
 SS. Peter and Paul, Apostles.
 „ 30, Monday.—Commemoration of St. Paul.
 July 1, Tuesday.—Feast of the Most Precious Blood.
 „ 2, Wednesday.—Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 3, Thursday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 4, Friday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 5, Saturday.—St. Anthony Zaccaria, Confessor.

Commemoration of St. Paul, Apostle.

The miraculous conversion of St. Paul is commemorated on January 25. After his baptism he spent three years preparing himself in solitude and prayer for the work of the Apostolate. At the end of that time he proceeded to Jerusalem to confer with St. Peter. During his stay in the Holy City he preached in the synagogues with such success that the fanatical Jews endeavored to take away his life. The missionary career on which he thus entered terminated only with his death. The history of his labors, journeys, and sufferings occupied the greater part of the book of Acts of the Apostles. In the midst of his labors he found time to write to different churches the 14 epistles which form part of the New Testament, and which manifest so clearly his lively faith, his zeal for souls, and especially his ardent love of his crucified Lord. St. Paul was beheaded outside Rome, near the place where the magnificent basilica which bears his name now stands.

The Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The event which this feast commemorates is the visit of congratulation paid by the Blessed Virgin to her cousin, St. Elizabeth. The circumstances of this visit, as narrated in the Gospel of St. Luke (chap. i., 36, etc.), reveal to us the greatness of Mary's charity, and teach us that we ought to rejoice at the favors which God bestows on our neighbors, as if we ourselves had received them.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

WITH THEE, O LORD, FOR EVER.

(For the N.Z. Tablet.)

"Thou art the God of my heart, and the God that is my portion for ever."—Ps. 72, v. 26.

The God Thou art of my poor heart,

My portion be Thou for ever.

From Thee let nothing make me part,

Or from Thy sweet favor sever.

Fast hold me, Lord, by my right hand;

Inspire and lead me ever still,

And waft me into "that right land,"

For evermore to do Thy will.

Thy Spirit gentle lead me on,

And guide my footsteps day by day.

Let earthly longings all be gone,

And grace benign my heart let sway.

A happy exit from this life

In mercy grant me, Jesu good.

At whatso hour Thou'lt end my strife,

My soul regale with Thine own Food.

—J. GOLDEN.

Love the will of God, love it alone, and thus make a heaven upon earth.

Turn your eyes to God and try to please Him in all things and He will not fail to provide for you in all things.—St. Teresa.

The work of our lives may be summed up thus: To leave ourselves and all things to take the cross for our standard, arms, and recompense, and to attach ourselves for ever to Jesus Christ.

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXX.—HIGH REGIONS.

Herr Harfenspieler could not rest in his bed, nor sleep the sleep of the just. At daylight of the summer morning he arose, and, taking his violin, went to soothe his soul with music in the solitude of the woods. Along the rose-wreathed terrace walk was a little glade, a well of deep green shadow, dim and solemn as a sanctuary, and here throwing himself on a mossy trunk, he poured out floods of mournful music on the air. After a time the signora, taking her morning walk, floating along the terrace like a streak of grey mist, with her silver ringlets and colorless dress, heard his strains and found her way to the spot whence they came.

"Maestro!" she cried, clasping her hands, "how is it all to end?"

"Well," said the Harfenspieler, "Kevin has proved a friend after all. Our Fanchea will not leave us to marry Captain Rupert."

"But if we should meet with this Kevin?"

"Signora, you do not rightly understand our pupil. She has the ideal mind that is always seeking to fix its eye on something nobler and greater than itself, than the ordinary run of mortals. Life will torture her with disappointments; one after another her idols will cast themselves down before her eyes. As soon as she meets this Kevin, who has till now been her ideal, because unseen and unknown, she will begin to perceive flaws in him which now she could not believe to exist. Her imagination will pass over his head and fix itself on some noble abstract being; and so it will be with her, till through suffering and in all humility she will come to acknowledge that such ideal cravings are not to be satisfied on earth; and she will eagerly follow the voice of music, which alone can assuage the sorrows of the soul, by expressing its yearnings after the unseen. Behold the narrow and painful track which our Fanchea's feet have got to travel through life. And therefore she will not fail us: to-morrow she will be with us in Italy."

"To-morrow?"

As soon as we can arrange to start. Let us go to Lord Wilderspin and talk about it."

Lord Wilderspin was in the library when the musicians appeared before him.

"Yes, it is a beautiful morning," said the professor; "but we have come to speak about our pupil. Take her to Italy at once, my lord, and she will be ready to make her *début* in a few weeks hence."

"Are you not aware, sir, that I have other views for that young lady?" said the old nobleman, getting very red and angry.

"She will not carry out those views. Let us go back to our original intentions regarding her."

"Here comes the person who must answer you," said Lord Wilderspin, as his nephew entered the room.

"Rupert, you must tell us whether or not my ward has consented to go on the stage."

"I know nothing more on the subject than you do, uncle," said Rupert, coldly.

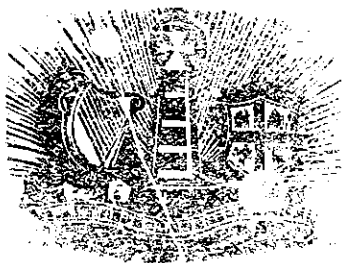
"You do not mean to say, sir, that you are jealous of the child's Irish affection for her foster-brother?"

Rupert was silent.

"I will not allow you to shake her off, sir. My daughter and niece she shall be if she wishes it. We will decide this matter at once." And he rang the bell and sent for Fanchea.

She came in, looking pale and frightened.

"Come here, Fan," said the old man, kindly, "and don't look so scared. We are not plotting to make



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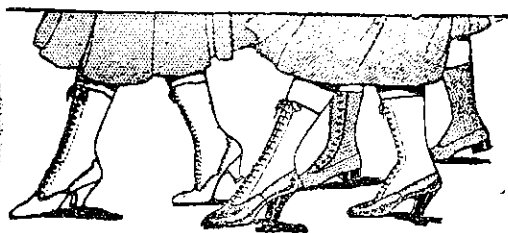
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away with Kevin. Now tell me frankly, my little girl, whether you will be my nephew's wife, mistress and lady of Wilderspin, with all the happiness a husband and father can provide for you: or will you (with a sudden fierce change of manner) go with this pair of musical owls, to sing on the stage and make a show of yourself to the world?"

"Lord Wilderspin," said Fan, trembling a little. "you have brought me up and trained me for a particular purpose. I wish to fulfil that purpose."

The signora and the Harfenspieler advanced, and each seized one of her hands. She broke from them, and followed Captain Rupert, who had turned to the door.

"Do not be vexed with me," she said. "You never could have been satisfied with me. As the lady of Wilderspin I should have been a troublesome failure."

"I was willing to take the risk," said Rupert, and looked as if he would say something more; but, instead, dropped her hand and left the room abruptly.

"Off to London without his breakfast," growled Lord Wilderspin, looking after his nephew with an amount of sympathy which he had never before felt for the younger man—a sympathy which was destined to lay the foundation of thorough good feeling between the two men for the remainder of their lives. Thus much good had Fan's little involuntary mischief-making brought in its train.

"A nice dance you have led us you minx," grumbled his lordship, scowling at the girl, who stood with pale cheeks and two great tears in her eyes gazing at the door through which her lover had gone. "Serve us right for being such fools. Never will I think to understand a girl again. Now, run away, you impertinent monkey, and pack your trunks for Italy."

In a very short time after this the signora, Herr Harfenspieler, and Fan were on their way to Milan, where Lord Wilderspin was to join them a few weeks later.

Seated between her two triumphant instructors, Fan, in the beginning of the journey, was sad enough. She was leaving the good home that had sheltered her for years, having grieved and disappointed each one of the kind friends who had cherished her. True, she had enjoyed the supreme pleasure of hearing news of Kevin and of seeing her benefactors forced to acknowledge that he was as worthy, as noble, as she had ever believed him to be. But with this had come no certainty that he remembered her or was seeking for her. And she had no clue to his whereabouts, no means of reaching him, or recalling the fact of her existence to his mind.

As they proceeded on their beautiful way, however, she gradually awakened from her dull, uninterested state of disappointment to the consciousness of new life: the strange world of the Alps excited and amazed her. Even at its very entrance her heart began to beat fast, and as valley after valley was traversed, and still higher regions of beauty opened above her head, a glad light began to shine in her eyes again, and the bright blood began to glow in her cheeks. The perpetual mustering and shifting of great heights fascinated her: mountains that met, soared, and parted again to make way for yet greater than they, to allow giants still more mighty to mount and climb nearer heaven upon their shoulders. Always peering on before towards dazzling vistas, opening as if from the clouds, she gradually lost sight of self with its burdens, and entering the Via Mala seemed to tread upon air.

They had left their carriage, and walked along the narrow road. The mountains, no longer opening their arms to receive smiling valleys into their bosom, now became locked together in an iron embrace, making ramparts of almost infinite height and depth, through which water, sunshine, and human will forced their way daringly and with difficulty. From mighty crag to crag overhead, the sunshine leaped, filling the chasms with darkness, and transfiguring the taper summits of Titanic pines. The Rhine, like a white snake in the dizzy distance below, bored a passage for itself

as if through the recesses of a cloven world; and there, imitating its indomitable energy, and washed by its spray, the pines planted their roots, and rising towards the light, clothed many a terrible gap and fissure with the long, sweeping draperies of their dark green, empurpled mist-laden boughs. Looking down into this narrow, almost bottomless hollow, one is overwhelmed with awe at the grandeur that Nature has piled within its depths and up its sides, the luxuriance of vegetation and magnificence of color enriching its gloom: looking up, one grows giddy with joy at the glory that wraps the spires and crowns of mountain, crag, and pine. Now passing through dripping caves tunnelled in the rock, now carried over the awful gulph by a bridge, the road winds on, a triumph of the ingenuity of man; and the traveller, following it, feels at once his own personal insignificance, and the astonishing power of the human race which has thus penetrated into the secret fastnesses of Nature.

"Mamzelle," said Fan, suddenly lowering her gaze from the glories above her head, "why are we ever unhappy in this beautiful world? God, and so much loveliness, ought to be enough for us."

"How enraptured you look, my darling! To me there is gloom as well as joy in all this grandeur. Walking here on this dim path, midway between gigantic heights and depths, I am forced to think of Dante's conceptions. Above our heads is the Paradiso—look how like a group of angels yon golden cloud hangs over that highest, darkest cluster of pines!—below our feet is the Inferno: and we are travelling with trembling hearts amid the shades of the Purgatorio."

"What a strange fancy, Mamzelle: and I can see such beautiful things down yonder!"

Higher and yet higher they kept wending. Every half-hour brought them into a new and cooler region. The sunset intensified in glory, the tips of the pines grew darker in the rosy light, and a deeper purple was folded among their branches: golden veils of cloud hovered round the amethyst peaks, and the blinding glory from above cast more appalling shadows into the gorges below.

"Still higher, still higher," said Fan, with two bright, red spots burning on her cheeks. "We shall surely soon be at heaven's gate": as yet another Rhine-threaded valley opened out of the clouds above her head.

The air was now getting cooler, the sunlight paler, and the pines had diminished in size. The river brawled between green banks, like any common shallow stream of our lowlands. As the travellers still ascended, the pines, now grown dark and thick, were covered from their roots as with a soft green fur. A chill touch of frost seemed to come with the twilight: winter had succeeded summer, as night had come after the day.

Snowy peaks began to rise around them, and a few vivid stars appeared in the sky. After another spell of almost benighted wandering in this eerie and magnificent upper world, they began to approach the hotel near the summit of the pass.

"This is not exactly the gate of heaven, my dear," said the signora, "but to me it is almost as welcome at this moment."

Shut up for a few hours' sleep in a little upper room, Fan surveyed the alpine world from her balcony. Multitudes of peaks, grimly dark or glittering white with snow, filled the horizon, and round and above them the stars flashed with an extraordinary brilliancy.

Fascinated with the beauty and majesty of the scene, the girl felt that she could stay here for ever.

"I do not want to go down into the world any more," she reflected. "No one needs me there, and this place suits me exactly." She did not ask herself what she could do here: existence in such a region must be enough. It looked like the entrance into still nobler realms. She fancied herself passing between those glittering and star-crowned peaks, and emerging into wonderful valleys that would lead to heaven. Behind such mighty and shining gates an angel would be sure to meet her, as Raphael met Tobias, and would lead her by the hand in her heavenward wanderings.

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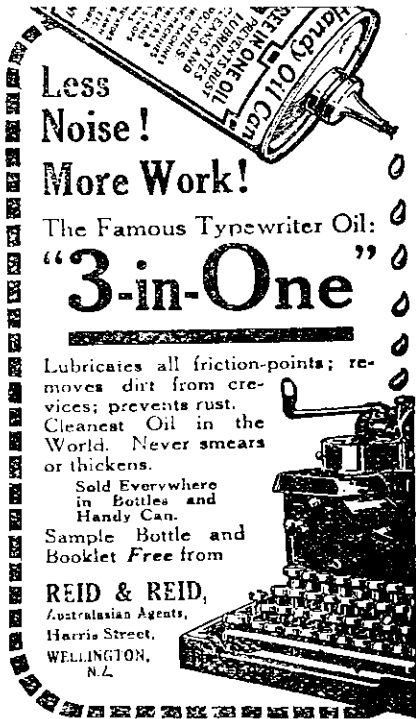
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Excitement began to give way before bodily fatigue and Fanchea crept into the little bed provided for her. In her dreams she continued to explore the white valleys, holding the angel fast by the hand. And now the angel had got Kevin's face.

She left the hotel at dawn, her imagination still filled with snowy fields, lit by the stars and tracked by spirit feet; but in a few hours afterwards the first sight of Italy had colored her brain with vivid pictures of life and set the warm blood tingling in her veins.

"Now I am going to be happy," said the signora. "Youth, joy, hope, have all been frozen out of me in colder climes; yet I am bringing back my soul into the sunshine of my native land." And at the first sight of the blue mountains she wept.

"I am bringing my Italy an offering worthy of her acceptance," she continued, embracing Fanchea. "Here is a treasure which proves I have not quite thrown away my years. If I have failed to develop my own genius, I have at least found a substitute."

Herr Harfenspieler nodded assent, and bade their charioteer stop, and all three travellers alighted and sat by the roadside while the professor produced his violin and poured forth one of his most impassioned reveries from its strings. It was a greeting, he said, a homage, a love-song to the land of music. The signora shed copious tears and Fan stood by, gazing down into half-disclosed vistas of Italy. Rich mountain valleys clustered with chestnut trees, and in the distance deep and exquisite hues glowing among the folds of the lower mountains, like the gems from a half-open casket. The two old people beside her seemed inspired. Would not Italy and song be to her all they were to them? Must not her life be well spent in devotion to the art they so adored?

Descending the strange staircases down the mountain sides, alighting in lower and still lower valleys, each one richer than the last in teeming fruit trees and luxuriant vegetation, Fanchea dropped down out of the clouds into Italy. After some particularly rugged descent, whose peril had made the heart stop beating, and the breath come hard, how sweet to see the stream again running placidly through the valley, the burnished campanile glittering among the trees. How pleasant to hear the shouts and laughter of the peasants busy in the shady recesses of the chestnut boughs, gathering in their harvest of food. Chiavenna with its yellow-green mantle of vines, backed by deep blue mountain walls, and illuminated by the flash of its sunlit rivers was left behind at last, and under the warm brooding sunshine our friends sped along through the flush and glory of the gardens and fields of Lombardy. The grasshoppers sang loud in the grass, and a monstrous green one perched on the driver's shoulder. Close to smiling, embowered homesteads the melons ripened in the sun, and picturesque maidens, sunburnt and dark-eyed, carried long baskets of fruit upon their backs. A draught of new-made wine, procured from the makers at a roadside cottage, gave the travellers strength to press on and catch the steamer proceeding down the lake to Como. Overpowered with fatigue and the drowsiness of the warm air, Fan lay down upon the deck with half-closed eyes, and was floated through the enchanting beauties that girdle the beautiful lake.

Established at Milan in apartments not far from the Duomo, Fanchea threw herself into the musical studies awaiting her, yet was allowed time to explore the great city with its treasures. After a siesta, well-earned by an industrious morning, she and her guardians spent the afternoon visiting the churches and galleries, studying the glories of the Brera, sitting in the silent, deserted refectory of the banished Dominicans, before the wonderful Cenacolo, the fading picture of the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci; diving into primitive ages among the solemn shades of the rude, grand old Romanesque church of St. Ambrogio, where spectral bishops, saints, and Lombard kings lie in wait for you along the ghostly aisles. A few moments were always saved, going or coming, to spend in the sweet

and glorified stillness of the magical Duomo. A twilight drive on the Corso refreshed them after all their exertions, and, later, they walked about the merry streets to see the crowds of pleasure-takers, or visited the brilliantly-lighted arcades to look at the shops.

The Duomo was a perpetual delight to Fanchea. "Ah, Mamzelle!" she exclaimed, "if you had seen our little church at Killeevy—four bare, white-washed walls, a wooden altar, and a crucifix! Yet how strong our prayers were! How well we loved God. I only hope they pray as well here. If our hearts could, they would have piled up riches like these to give honor to heaven. And oh, how glad I am that someone has been able to do it!"

She was never weary of walking round the aisles on solemn tip-toe, basking in the enchanted light that fell through the jewelled windows, scrutinising the grave or benignant faces of the saints that clustered round the tabernacles on the summits of the majestic columns, or marvelling at the details of lilies, sunflowers, fruit, heads of cherubs, sculptured out of the rich yellow-white marble. Walking through lanes of glory, her eyes wandered down cooler aisles full of shadowy majesty, but ending in vistas of violet, and crimson, and gold. The beauty and the holiness of it alike laid hold of her soul. She saw it all with the eyes of a mind early trained to the influences of the same religion that had gathered all these glories as upon one altar. Her heart accepted it as a new joy that had suddenly become her own, and she offered it, as if this were the first time it had been offered, to the Creator.

"I did not do it," she thought, "I had no part in making it, but the delight I have in it makes me feel it entirely my own. And I rejoice to lay it all at the feet of God!"

She would rise with the very first light, so as to have an hour to spend in the cathedral before the work of her morning began, and return to her tasks saturated to the very finger-tips with the sweetness and holiness that lurk, as incense, in this marvellous sanctuary. One morning, having finished her devotions, she was wandering as usual in half-solemn, half-fluttered delight through the mazes of the Duomo. Having got away into the curved, marble-paved alley behind the great altar, she stood, herself a little in shadow, gazing at the three gigantic eastern windows that fill the apsis, and half-dazed by the flood of sunshine that came pouring through their painted panes, casting myriads of ethereal jewels upon the air and along the pavement. Beyond this indescribable glory the depths of the mighty Duomo retreated into a rich and sombre shade, out of which shone dark bronzes, warm yellow-white marbles, a cloud of transparent crimson, and glimmers of gold.

Leaning against the wall, out of the light, she saw a gentleman come round from the other side of the choir, and pause, dazzled by the splendor of the sunlit windows. He walked forward into the light, and then stood quite still. His figure was tall and well knit, and had a certain manly grace, but there was nothing about it to remind Fanchea of anyone she had ever known. Her eye rested on him for a moment: she was pleased to see another person smitten with the same enthusiasm that was devouring herself. Another moment of quiet observation from her shadowy corner, and a qualm of strange emotion shook her heart. Surely something in that upraised face was intimately familiar to her: the broad white brow, the serene grey eyes, were associated in her mind with all that is beautiful and good in existence. The light crisp hair had become a darker brown, the lower part of the face was clothed with a still darker beard, yet who in all the world could this be but the friend of her childhood; a taller, more matured, more graceful, more cultivated, an altogether idealised, yet perfectly recognisable Kevin!

Fan's first impulse was to utter such a scream of joy as would have startled the echoes of the mighty Duomo, and to fling herself forward into the light; the next was to stay quite still in her corner, unseen, till a sudden faintness which had seized her should have

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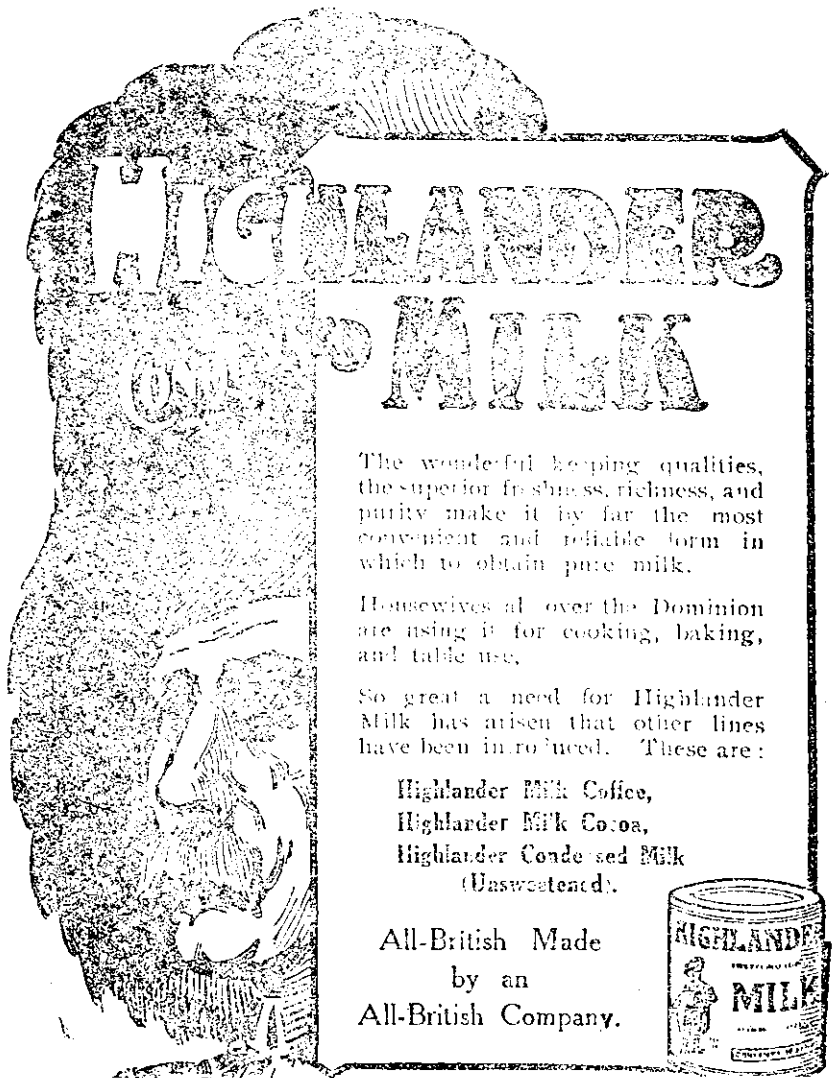
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passed away. Then, as she hesitated, gazing at him with half-blind eyes, he moved, still with upraised face, and, turning his glance aloft, hither and thither, he passed before her and out of her sight. "Kevin!" she tried to call, but her voice refused to obey her. Had he glanced towards where she stood, he would only have noticed a slight, elegant young figure clothed in a black dress, the drooping head draped in the usual black lace mantle. No unusual sight in Milan; and what was there about it to suggest the idea of Fanchea?

After he had been gone a few minutes she overcame her weakness, and, starting up, hurried as fast as she could in the direction he had taken. "My friend! my friend!" she murmured, "have I found him only to lose him again? Oh, who could have believed it of me? Who would have dared to say it?" She could not see him anywhere; crowds were coming into the cathedral, the morning was advancing, and she ought to be at home at her work. Sitting down to watch the people go past, she was suddenly stricken by a fear that after all she might have been mistaken. Had it been Kevin, surely he must have seen her, have felt that she was there, and would not have passed her by like one of the stone images upon the walls. And yet, with his eyes so full of light, how could he have seen anything so slight as she? A silver bell tinkled, and she knelt in the crowd and breathed a few fervent prayers. She thought of the bare white-washed church of Killeevy, of the islands lying in the sunshine, the white birds flying off out over the world, the story of the princess, and Kevin's voice telling it to her. The princess had received her prince dead at her feet; but Fanchea's was here, alive. Ah, was it indeed Kevin, or some other?

(To be continued.)

Gisborne

(From our own correspondent.)

June 11.

The mission conducted by the Marist Missioners (Fathers Ainsworth and McCarthy) was concluded on last Sunday evening. The success of the mission has been most gratifying to Father Lane (pastor of the district) and also to the zealous missionaries. The closing sermon was preached by Father Ainsworth, in the presence of a crowded congregation. After the renewal of baptismal vows, the papal blessing was given, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Father Lane, on his own behalf, and on that of the parishioners, very sincerely thanked the missionaries for their untiring labors. The fact that 1135 members of the congregation had approached the Holy Table was eloquent proof of the good work accomplished in Gisborne during the course of what was, undoubtedly, a memorable mission.

Addington

During the recent opening ceremony of the new Catholic school at Addington, a handsome enlarged photo of the late Daniel Campbell was unveiled. His Lordship Bishop Brodie, referring to the deceased, said his memory was honored by clergy and people alike, and the late Mr. Campbell would ever be remembered for his kindly acts by the people of Addington. The Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., also spoke of the deceased gentleman's goodness to the Church and school, and he presented to Mr. Campbell's widow and children a photo similar to that which his Lordship had just unveiled.

Mr. P. J. Campbell, on behalf of the family, thanked his Lordship and the Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy for the feeling words they had spoken regarding his late father, and also for the portrait presented to them, and added that if his father had been spared it would have been one of the happiest days of his life to have seen such a magnificent building opened.

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

Art a few months afterwards followed, according to invitation; but he had not been long in Dublin—where Richard had by great exertions once more established a royal court with all its splendors—when he found himself in the hands of treacherous and faithless foes. He was seized and imprisoned on a charge of "conspiring" against the king. Nevertheless, Richard found that he dared not carry out the base plot of which this was meant to be the beginning. He had already got a taste of what he might expect if he relied on fighting to conquer Ireland; and, on reflection, he seems to have decided that the overreaching arts of diplomacy and the seductions of court life were pleasanter modes of extending his nominal sway, than conducting campaigns like that in which he had already lost a splendid army and tarnished the tinsel of his vain prestige. So Art was eventually set at liberty, but three of his neighboring fellow-chieftains were retained as "hostages" for him; and it is even said that, before he was released, some form or promise of submission was extorted from him by the treacherous "hosts" who had so basely violated the sanctity of hospitality to which he had frankly trusted. Not long after, an attempt was made to entrap and murder him in one of the Norman border castles, the owner of which had invited him to a friendly feast. As McMurrough was sitting down to the banquet, it happened that the quick eye of his bard detected in the courtyard outside certain movements of troops that told him at once what was afoot. He knew that if he or his master openly and suddenly manifested their discovery of the danger, they were lost; their perfidious hosts would slay them at the board. Striking his harp to an old Irish air, the minstrel commenced to sing to the music; but the words in the Gaelic tongue soon caught the ear of McMurrough. They warned him to be calm, circumspect, yet ready and resolute, for that he was in the toils of the foe. The prince divined all in an instant. He maintained a calm demeanor until, seizing a favorable pretext for reaching the yard, he sprang to horse, dashed through his foes, and, sword in hand, hewed his way to freedom. This second instance of perfidy completely persuaded McMurrough that he was dealing with faithless foes, whom no bond of honor could bind, and with whom no truce was safe; so, unfurling once more the Lagenian standard, he declared war *a la mort* against the English settlement.

It was no light struggle he thus inaugurated. Alone, unaided, he challenged and fought for 20 years the full power of England, in many a dearly-bought victory proving himself truly worthy of his reputation as a master of military science. The ablest generals of England were one by one sent to cope with him; but Art outmatched them in strategy and outstripped them in valor. In the second year's campaign the strongly-fortified frontier town and castle of Carlow fell before him; and in the next year (July 20, 1398) was fought the memorable battle of Kenlis. "Here," says a historian, "fell the heir-presumptive to the English crown, whose premature removal was one of the causes which contributed to the revolution in England a year or two later." We can well credit the next succeeding observation of the historian (McGee) just quoted, that "the tidings of this event filled the Pale with consternation, and thoroughly aroused the vindictive temper of Richard. He at once dispatched to Dublin his half-brother, the Earl of Kent, to whom he made a gift of Carlow castle and town, to be held (if taken) by knight's service. He then, as much perhaps to give occupation to the minds of his people as to prosecute his old project of subduing Ireland, began to make preparations for his second expedition thither."

(To be continued.)

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IRELAND'S EASTERTIDE

(By CANON WILLIAM BARRY, D.D., in the London Catholic Times.)

It wants only a few years of 15 centuries since Patrick, the Apostle from Rome, kindled the Paschal fire at Tara which announced that Ireland should be a Catholic nation for evermore. When we name Tara we call to mind the Easter joys and hopes of a people whose faith shines undimmed in the twentieth century as in the fifth; and whose claim to freedom is consecrated by ages of martyrdom heroically borne. We are still St. Patrick's children, touched to the heart whenever we think of that first bright Irish Easter, and resolved to keep our beautiful old religion inviolate now more than ever. Ireland must look sharply to it that her schools be not secularised under pretence of State education. She will acknowledge no teacher whom St. Patrick would not bless, or St. Bride of Kildare own. Tara stands in history for a wonderful reconciliation of the Irish genius with Roman dogma; and will it be said that the charm or the spirit of the Celt underwent any loss after baptism at the hands of the Apostle? This, then, is the abiding and victorious message that comes to us from Tara of the Kings, which was at once Ireland's royal city and her religious birthplace. No capital, whether the centre of an alien Government like Dublin, or a dreary treadmill of commerce like Belfast, will stir the imagination as do the forsaken raths and mounds near the Boyne of sad remembrance, while we contemplate our country's claims on mankind. We are loyal with an unshaken loyalty to that first Eastertide. What, from such a meeting-place of Heaven and earth, do we owe to England? Nothing at all. But we owe to ourselves duties not easy to fulfil.

Dublin Free—Belfast Let Alone.

We owe England nothing, I repeat, exactly as the Allies owe nothing to Germany, and for the same reasons: we are the party aggrieved. This I will maintain not less absolutely than the sturdiest among Mr. De Valera's followers. But as the Allies cannot avoid making peace with Germany in the world's interest, so we are compelled to discover some practical and sure means of a settlement with our hereditary oppressor, by which Ireland's future shall be happier than her past. One prime article is soon stated. Dublin Castle must cease to exist as an administration, and the Irish Secretary with it. "Home Rule," said *The Times* in its leader of March 26, 1919, "has passed beyond the scope of discussion. While its character, its extent, and its limitations have to be reviewed afresh, we are all Home Rulers to-day." Dublin, therefore, passes out of English into native hands, the powers of local government, no longer controlled from Westminster, and including police, customs, and revenue, are transferred to an Irish Parliament. But what of Belfast, of "Ulster," as the North-east corner is oddly termed? Some there are who would run the risk of compelling it to come in, of course with abundant safeguards against injustice. Honestly, I do not believe any safeguards necessary: Belfast will always take care of itself; but neither do I believe in coercion. Does any Home Ruler seriously propose that Belfast and its district shall be welded by force of arms into a United Ireland? The thought is incredible. British Ministers have given pledges that public opinion would never allow to be violated. Home Rule is one article of settlement; no coercion is another. Both I hold equally essential if Ireland is to enjoy prosperity and peace. We ought to keep them steadily before us. It follows that Ulster should be called upon to vote, county by county, on the question of joining Home Rule Ireland or staying outside; and a period, suppose five years, fixed after which a new referendum might be taken. From a variety of indications I judge this to be the line of least resistance, on which all except the few irreconcilables, Orange or Catholic, would agree. The outstanding section would require a government of its own; but under no circumstances should it become an enlarged

English "Downshire." It is no more English than the Highlands of Scotland.

The Magnetism of Home Rule.

An interim arrangement like the foregoing has many advantages. It respects the principle of self-determination in the whole and the parts; it clears alien authority out of the land once for all; it gives time during which the true Irish Parliament may and surely would prove by facts that it was a benefit to the country; and while not forbidding the unity which it was every day helping onward, it would inflict on the reluctant section a double sense of isolation, salutary though bitter. For, after all, Belfast is Irish; and names like Charlemont, Wolfe Tone, and Mitchell remind us how keenly patriotic was the Protestant North in days gone by. To divide Ireland by an everlasting law is what no sensible statesman would propose. But so strong has ever been the attraction of a national Parliament that, given one however imperfect or even corrupt, it will be sure to reflect the people's judgment and to develop a care for their well-being. So it was with Swift's "Legion Club," in the eighteenth century, which listened to Flood, followed Grattan, and showed an honorable minority whom Castlereagh could not bribe. Let Ireland get her Parliament under whatever passing hindrances, provided the English Government quits her shores. In no long while Ulster will be asking admission; and that on motives loftier than finance or commercial aim.

Tara Restored.

But some of us dreamt, after John Redmond's immortal hour on August 3, 1914, a dream of United Ireland which we have not given up. We saw the old historic provinces—Ulster, Leinster, Munster, and Connacht—restored, each with its capital city, its university, its local assembly, its self-development; and in Royal Meath, at Tara, the Parliament of Erin held its session, binding in one the old Milesian ages with the medieval centuries and our modern time. We dreamt of a resurrection which was to be a New Birth. Will it ever come? I look for it hopefully, but on these conditions: that the English garrison go back to their own country; that Catholic and Protestant Ireland live unmolested side by side during a few years of Home Rule; and that there be no whisper of coercion and no State-tyranny. Then St. Patrick's blessing will descend anew upon the land he won for Christ.

What a multitude of people are watching for to-morrow. "To-morrow I shall be better," murmurs the invalid. "To-morrow I shall have better luck, shall do better work, shall be happier in my bargains, shall beware of former mistakes," thus say the unfortunate, the careless, the speculative, the remorseful. Yet commonly, to-morrow becomes to-day only to find the invalid dead, the unfortunate utterly ruined, the speculator desperately disappointed, the sinner deeper in his crimes. We are too much inclined to "reckon without our host" in regard to the illusive "to-morrow," and we dispose of it in advance, as though it were our own, whereas there is naught on earth so uncertain as that mysterious day that lies so near us in the future.

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THE NEW PARTITION OF POLAND

(By G. K. CHESTERTON, in the *New Witness*.)

It is apparently the fact that Mr. George, or rather his cosmopolitan counsellors, have agreed to repeat the Prussian policy of the partition of Poland. It is by far the most enormous and sensational event since the outbreak of war, and perhaps since the crime which it copies. It is, therefore, characteristic of the journalism of the Newspaper Trusts, which is not only shallow but narrow and timid, that comparatively little notice has been taken of it; and that the newspapers have made a much larger display of some conversational platitudes by Mr. George, which were given to one French paper, and laughed at more or less delicately in most other French papers. He seems to have stated that there are no real differences at the Peace Conference; in the glow of that spontaneous impulse which always inspires politicians to say, quite needlessly, what everybody knows to be untrue. It is a kind of art for art's sake. For the rest, it has no point except a personal one; and only served to illustrate the one permanent characteristic of one unstable personality. The chief mark of Mr. George, apart from all moral names for it, black or white, is simply this: that the European War and the Russian Revolution, the victory on the Marne and the partial advance on the Somme, the disaster of Caporetto and the disaster of St. Quentin, the defeat of Prussia and the betrayal of Poland, are not incidents in European history, but simply incidents in the career of Mr. George; and are credited and debited to him and by him, exactly like the Marconi scandal or the Harmsworth scare. The fashionable press, always prompt to bring precisely the wrong charge against anybody, once gently complained that Mr. George was never at Westminster. As a fact he is always at Westminster; or on the sort of platforms that are carpentered by the caucus of Westminster. He is certainly never in Paris; and it would be the most charitable view of his action to say that he has not the faintest notion of what is really happening there.

Anyhow, what is happening there is treason; whether he is so ignorant as not to know it or so ignominious as not to mind it. The new partition of Poland is a policy adopted probably under the pressure of the German Jews, and certainly to the special advantage of the Germans. It takes a new and modified form, of course, from that originally given it by its famous or infamous founder, Frederick the Great. It uses the democratic excuses of the twentieth century, as he used the dynastic excuses of the eighteenth century. It pretends to make the old Polish port of Dantzic a free city, though it will obviously be under German influence; it pretends that the Poles will have every kind of easy access to it, though it is obvious that they can only have any access to it through their worst enemies, the Germans. It lugs in, with learned and heavy hypocrisy, the old statistical argument, which has already had to be abandoned in the case of Alsace, though it was equally applicable to Alsace, and might easily have been equally applicable to Antwerp. We do not know whether it is worth while when writing for an intelligent class of readers to expose the fallacy of the argument for the fiftieth time. It may be enough to state here the following elementary proposition: that when you have discovered as a fact and accepted as an axiom, as the whole basis of your argument and the sole excuse of your actions, the view that a certain empire has been extended entirely by force and fraud, by force in making war on real communities and fraud in packing their country afterwards with artificial communities, it is illogical to the point of idiocy to count the conquerors whom it is your whole aim to depose, against the conquered whom it is your whole aim to deliver. Such a policy can have no conceivable upshot except the encouragement of invasion: since any successful invasion will become a democratic possession. As a matter of fact, it will be worse even than this, for it will specially encourage the invasion, first when it is despotic and second when it is tyrannical; when it is despotic, because an arbitrary Power can order colonisation as it orders conquest; when it is tyrannical, because a bad government is more likely to drive the original natives

in exile, as happened in the case of Alsace, and has already received its only rational treatment in the case of Alsace. The only rational treatment in such a case is simply to restore; it is the only possible discouragement of aggression, because it is the threat that such stolen lands will always be restored. The remnant of the original conquerors, large or small, who are by our whole theory and practice people already in a false position and in the wrong place, have then a right on common Christian grounds to some consideration and provision, as if they were themselves exiles. They have no right whatever to vote as if they were themselves citizens. The Germans have a right to rule themselves in Germany; they have no right to all the forts and ports and outposts they have garrisoned or colonised, as part of an expansion which we are by hypothesis treating as an evil. The only way to prevent our award being a mere prize for loot, is to treat land upon the ancient moral principle of property, and restore to the heirs and representatives of those who suffered robbery the things of which they were robbed. The chief thing of which Poland was robbed was not merely her land, but her power, her position in Europe as a great nation, her capacity to play a great part. If we give her this port, we restore to her this part; if we deny her this port, we deny her this part. We shall hope up to the last moment to hear such a denial denied.

But of course it is idle to discuss such ideals, when the men who pull the strings of our politics are the enemies of all our ideals. We hope that most of us would defend our own ideals, even against our own interests; we should lament the injustice to so Christian and chivalrous a people, even if it were of some material advantage to our own people. We have risked many remonstrances among our own friends, by doing so touching the chief parallel to the case of Poland; the case of Ireland. But as a fact, in this case, we are so far from pleading for purely Polish interests that we might well be pleading for purely English interests. We might raise some protest even against an attempt to ruin Poland in order to aggrandise England. What are we to say of those Englishmen who attempt to ruin Poland in order to ruin England? Well, most people know by this time what is to be said of such Englishmen: that many of them are not Englishmen, and that the rest care for something else very much more than for England. Many of them do not appear by name in the discussion at all, many of them appear by names that are not their own. But the broad fact is that their motives are not explored, even when their theories are exposed. This thing is not being done that the Germans may rule themselves, or even that the English may rule the Germans; but rather that the German Jews may rule everybody, including the statesmen of England. It is done simply and solely because the Jews hate the Poles, and because the politicians fear the Jews. It means the union of Teutonic tyranny with almost Asiatic anarchy, and a new nightmare for all the nations of the west. It is long since small men, acting from small motives, have been able to do so great a thing.

Meanwhile, may we mildly wonder what our great patriotic press is doing, and whether it is saying anything at all adequate about this peril to all patriots? Where are all those eager journalists who were so bent on achieving British victory and power that they were driven to insult the conqueror of Khartoum and the glorious rearwards of Mons? Have they anything to offer except vacant gossip and hazy half-approval, when "the little Welsh attorney," whom they denounced at Limehouse, makes a surrender to Prussia, which is a direct threat to England? Was it necessary to placard our country with vulgar panic to win the war, in order to change the subject and talk about the weather while we are losing the objects of the war? We confess to a popular taste in the matter, and greatly prefer their previous vulgarity to their present exquisite refinement; for we think that the tone of moderation which has recently crept over our press is a moderation literally equivalent to madness. And we are at least resolved that, when the great Paderewski comes across Europe to the Council and finds the golden gates of usury shut in his face, one word shall be said in English which is not shameful to England.

Current Topics

Efficiency

We had a quiet smile last week when reading some remarks made to the Honorable Joseph Hanan during his visit to Dunedin. From what was said it is clear that the High School is far from being efficient and that it is a long way behind time at present. Now, we have in Dunedin a school that is very efficient. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and we challenge any school in New Zealand to show a record equal to that of the Christian Brothers' Schools for last year. What we say of the scholastic record we also say of their record in athletics. Yet a little while ago an attempt was made to prevent boys from taking out scholarships in the Brothers' Schools, and the High School was held up as the proper place to take them out. In the light of facts we pity the Minister. The older we grow the more we wonder what qualifications are required in a Minister of Education. Is it any wonder that a contemporary, when commenting on Mr. Hanan's excuse that the Brothers' Schools were inefficient, dismissed the plea with the sarcastic remark, "Come off the grass, Joe"?

Diplomacy

A little while ago Mr. MacPherson, the son of a Scottish carrier, was sent over to misgovern Ireland in the interests of King Carson and the Welsh wizard. In the House MacPherson stated, when asked some awkward questions about broken pledges and torn scraps of paper, that owing to the great unrest and turmoil in Ireland, self-government could not be thought of just now. Then came on the scene a group of American envoys, anxious to know why John Bull (per Mr. MacPherson) was still out-Hunning the Hun. The Americans told the whole world that Ireland was in a terrible state, but they went further and said that the remedy was to clear MacPherson and his gang—his Colthursts and his Sheridans and his Pigotts—out of Ireland, where they were causing nothing but sorrow and suffering to an oppressed people. Thereupon the Scot turned a somersault as actively as the Welsh lawyer ever did. "No, no," says Mac, "it's all exaggerated. Ireland is not so bad at all." We shall see that Mac had to tell many more lies before he was done. Don't forget that this is British diplomacy. Could one expect Lloyd George, who betrayed John Redmond and broke his word to Horace Plunket and sold every man who ever trusted him, to send anybody more decent than MacPherson to govern the Irish who once were foolish enough to think that an English Government was serious when it talked of the right of small nations to self-determination? God save England from such men.

Russia

The news about Russia, meagre as it is, must be received with caution. Our cables are certainly controlled by persons who are not likely to be fair to the Bolsheviks, and we might as well expect justice towards Sinn Féin as impartiality towards the present Russian Government. From French and Italian Socialist papers we are able to learn a little of what is to be said for the *de facto* rulers. According to the Paris *Humanité*, it would seem that Lenin has had a struggle with Trotsky which ended in compelling the latter to recognise the presence and policies of the Mensheviks in the Soviet Government. Tchicherin, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, succeeded in persuading Lenin to send messages to the Soviets in Central Europe urging them to avoid Bolshevik tactics and to be more conciliatory. The Italian papers say that President Wilson has found out how much the Russian situation has been distorted by a systematic policy of misrepresentation and that he has sent unofficial investigators to Moscow and Petrograd to find out the truth. From the Italian press we also learn that President Wilson will oppose to the last

any imperialistic attempt to overthrow the Lenin combination, which he believes represents the will of the majority of the people. Lenin is reported to have said that he is of opinion that the French, British, and Italians will make a desperate effort to overthrow the Soviet republic by force of arms as soon as the President leaves Europe for the United States. The Scandinavian *Socialdemokraten* gives, as reliable, the news that Lenin holds that the intervention of foreign powers has now become too difficult to be practical, and that Russia will go on disarming the bourgeoisie and arming the proletariat until a classless state is assured. He is reported as saying that it was impossible to exterminate capital without civil war, and that the whole history of the revolution is explained by that.

Germany

On the 20th we were informed that Scheidemann had resigned and that Germany would sign the treaty. On the 22nd we learned that the Germans did not yet sign, but that they sank 46 battleships. We shall learn more later. The nominal Government at Berlin did not rule Germany by any means. Erbert and Scheidemann could not send couriers to Brunswick without the permission of Soviet republics in the way. In Prussia alone there are five Soviet republics which demand the immediate socialisation of labor and the recognition of the councils of soldiers and workers. The former kingdom of Prussia is now a republic with a Cabinet composed mainly of Majority Socialists. In Bavaria the Bolsheviks of Munich expelled the Moderate Socialists, who migrated to Bamberg, where they exercise their authority as best they can. The peasants in various districts have refused to recognise the new Soviet Government, and have risen against it—whether in combination with the Hoffman coalition or not is not known. Strikes are the order of the day throughout Germany. Rioting and looting are common, and disorder reigns everywhere. It is said that thoughtful Germans have resigned themselves to a long period of chaos and anarchy, and that the hope of any sound reconstruction within a reasonably short time is very slender. Among the peasants are still many who are attached to the Hohenzollerns and they have contributed to the general disorder by manifestations in favor of the Kaiser. Most of the trouble is due to the activities of the Extreme Socialists and the Bolsheviks. Hardly less than a million rioters, representing with their families about five million souls, are engaged in rioting. From Ruhr to Silesia Central Germany is shaken with the frenzy of the turmoil, and Weimar is surrounded by towns in revolt. Whatever semblance of order there is is due to the employment of military force, which however does not check the movement towards extreme Socialism. Reviewing the situation one cannot help feeling sorry for the world that is to come when our Peace Conference, instead of trying to find means to remedy all this disorder and to build up a stable Germany, is actually embarked on measures calculated to unite the turbulent elements in Prussia and Bavaria with the Russian terrorists. Germany may sign, but peace is still far away.

MacPherson's Foolishness

MacPherson was more than three parts a fool to take over the Irish Secretaryship at all. Had he a spark of intelligence or imagination he might have known that a blockhead whose remarks concerning certain sexual problems of the soldiers no decent paper would publish would be a failure among a people who put the highest value on purity. Of course it is just possible that the Lloyd George Government did select him because his ebullitions marked him as likely to be particularly unacceptable to the Irish people to drive whom to rebellion is the aim of many English and Orange Tories. Anyhow MacPherson went to Ireland and never in all the sordid history of Castle misrule was such an arrant nincompoop at its head. His denial of the report of the Irish-American envoys has set the

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seal on his character. These men—we know who they are and how much more worth is their simple word than that of a MacPherson—saw with their own eyes the atrocities that are perpetrated in Ireland by the Lloyd George Government, and they reported faithfully what they saw. Every priest in Ireland could report exactly the same. Many of them have written to us time and again of the black and blackguardly Prussianism of the Huns in Ireland. Ireland is overrun with foreign soldiers; Ireland is goaded to rebellion; Ireland is quivering under the heel of an armed bully; Irishmen and Irishwomen are sent to gaol without a trial, and they are maltreated shockingly by the prison authorities. Humanity and decency are outraged. Lives are lost on account of the barbarity of the prison administration. Children are kidnapped. Adults are imprisoned for speaking their own tongue. The pastoral letters of the Irish bishops are clear proof of the dreadful state of Ireland under the rule of the English to-day. Now comes MacPherson, chief Hun, denying before all the world what the Irish people and their American friends are proclaiming. What else could he do? To admit the truth would be to put a rope about his own neck and that of his master. To plead guilty would put him side by side with the Kaiser in the hell of inhuman monsters. Nothing is left for him but lies, and, true to old example where Ireland is concerned, he lies boldly and badly. Herein is another proof of the foolishness of MacPherson. Does he for a moment think that any man of common sense would take the word of an Englishman in Ireland against the testimony of the priests, people, bishops, and of the American envoys who have seen for themselves that the same system that drove their fathers into exile with undying hate of England in their hearts still exists in Ireland to-day? There was nothing for MacPherson but lies, since it is inconceivable that he could rise to the nobility of telling the truth and admitting his guilt. And his lies will but further help to incense the American people, who will believe their envoys against MacPherson and his masters, Carson and George. In face of the testimony of Lord Wimborne that there was no pro-German plot in Ireland, this nincompoop repeats the old lie. In face of the revelations of the scandalous ill-treatment of prisoners in Belfast gaol, he denies there was any inhumanity. In face of the death of Thomas Ashe, of the arrests of hundreds of men and women without a trial, and of the kidnapping of boys, he has the effrontery to tell the world that what the American envoys saw with their own eyes is not true. MacPherson is a fool. But the way of the English in Ireland is to rule through fools and lunatics: MacPherson or Colthurst—it is all the same. Thank God the end of that sort of business is near!

Why Wilson Fails

Disappointment that President Wilson does not seem to be fulfilling his pledges is common among his admirers nowadays. Contrary to all that was said about diplomatic frankness and about the right of the people to know what their representatives are doing, the proceedings of the Peace Conference are as far as possible wrapped in secrecy. As far as we can read between the lines, what is taking place is a long way behind the high ideals of Mr. Wilson. To be honest to him, we must admit that the fault is not his. There are two groups in the Conference. One is frankly out for profit, for the punishment of Germany, for the destruction of her power politically and commercially, for the maintenance of a huge police force that will enable the Entente to suppress, not by the moral force of a League of Nations, but by weight of arms, any attempts made to resist the will of the victors. Almost alone stands Mr. Wilson in the other group, pleading for a reconstruction which shall be based on moral law and which will abolish secret treaties and give the people the right to know what is being done by their rulers. The Entente's idea of a League of Nations is nothing else than a strong Entente Alliance after the war. Their plan is not to make peace certain by removing the wrongs

which are at the root of war, but by maintaining such a force as would secure peace by terror. The Entente agreed to a discussion of peace on the basis of the President's fourteen points, but they have long ago put the fourteen points out of their minds. They were the first to subscribe to the policy of no annexations and no indemnities, but now they are frankly trying to grab all they can. Italy has been successful as far as we are permitted to know, and France is likely to follow in her steps. England, too, has secured her little bit as a reward for her disinterested championship of small nations! So far, the Peace Conference has been a failure. Instead of proceeding along the humane lines which would remove the causes of future wars, it goes along the old lines expressed by the words *Vae Victis*—woe to the conquered! Poland has been partitioned: the Entente has done what all the world in the past denounced as a Prussian crime. Italy, on the basis of a secret treaty about which English statesmen lied magnificently, claims her pound of flesh. Ireland suffers still under the armed heel of John Bull. Regard them all—France, Italy, and England—and find if you can one single sign that truth, justice, and humanity are inspiring them in their efforts to make the world safe for Democracy! Look at Egypt, at India, and at Ireland, and then listen to the professions of British politicians that the war was fought for the right of self-determination! Read of what is at this hour happening in Ireland, and remember the horror of our Jingoos at the reports about German corpse-factories and mutilated children. Recall all this, and also how they plotted secretly to prevent the Pope from making peace, and then estimate what opposition President Wilson and every other man who wants a peace founded on right and justice has to encounter. The wonder is that he has done so much. He has certainly mitigated the fury of those who would have destroyed Germany in spite of the terms on which the armistice was made. He has kept the German colonies out of the hands of the greedy Entente. He has blocked the gross proposal of a huge international army maintained in France. He has reminded the Entente that they agreed long ago to the formula, *No indemnities, no annexations*. He has helped to keep the demands made on Germany to some extent within the scope of that formula. And if he does not do so himself, his Government never ceases to remind John Bull that what was a crime for Prussia in Belgium is a crime of hundreds of years' standing for England in Ireland. Looking at his work impartially, we have to regret that he has been unable to do more, but we ought to be thankful that he has done so much, for his ideas alone import an element of justice and humanity into the squabblings that are taking place in Paris.

A Retraction

Dunedin, May 28, 1919.

Dear Sir,—I have just seen copies of the *Tablet* of March 27 and April 3 last, in which you state that the chairman of the meeting addressed by Father Cronin and Mr. C. Todd in South Dunedin on Sunday, March 3, was "the man who took under his no-Popery wing the escaped nun, Margaret Shepherd." I was the chairman at the meeting referred to, and, as I never had anything to do with the person called Margaret Shepherd, or any "nun," escaped or otherwise, I have to ask you to publish this letter in the *Tablet*, in your next issue, under the heading "Current Topics," with a full retraction of the untrue statement and a sufficient apology.—Yours, etc.,

PETER JOHNSON.

Upon inquiry, we found that the report which came to us with such apparent certainty cannot be substantiated. Therefore we owe it to ourselves as well as to Mr. Johnson to publish the foregoing letter and to express our satisfaction that we have this opportunity of allowing him to contradict a rumor so annoying to him. We express our regret that we were the innocent means of further circulating the report in question, and we unhesitatingly retract what we said.

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PASTORAL LETTER OF THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF AUSTRALASIA

ON THE OCCASION OF THE RE-CONSECRATION OF THE CATHOLIC PEOPLE OF THE COMMONWEALTH AND NEW ZEALAND TO THE MOST SACRED HEART OF JESUS, JUNE 29, 1919.

Dearly Beloved Brethren and Dear Children in Jesus Christ,

At the Annual Conference of the Archbishops of Australasia held in Melbourne on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of October, 1918, it was the unanimous decision of the assembled prelates that the time was ripe for a movement towards the Consecration of Australasia to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. They had already noticed with great satisfaction that many individual homes were now being consecrated to that Adorable Heart, and that the devotion was receiving a great impetus everywhere. Although years ago a general consecration had taken place, it would be well to have it renewed, and the time most suitable for doing so would be about the Feast of the Sacred Heart this year, 1919. Accordingly, the secretary was instructed to communicate with the bishops about the proposed consecration, and steps were taken to have a joint Pastoral issued in preparation for such consecration. The object of this Pastoral consequently is the fulfilment of that purpose.

Never, perhaps, in the history of the world was the need of the Benediction and assistance of the Sacred Heart more urgent than now. After the terrible world-wide war, with its widespread devastations and myriad consequent woes in every direction, the nations are faced with problems of all kinds so serious and complex that no merely mundane wisdom is adequate for the momentous and far-reaching conclusions so urgently required and anxiously expected. The Governments of the world never more sorely needed illumination from on high, in order to govern wisely and well, and the people in all nations never required more enlightenment and strength willingly to receive and efficiently to carry out the wise decrees of the Governments for their material, social, and moral welfare. Hence the extreme urgency of having recourse to the merciful and benignant Heart of the King of Kings, that He may aid His people to live in accordance with the principles of justice and charity, the sources of true liberty, and duly to support, as they are in duty bound, the order of the civil progress of humanity.

It was the ardent desire of the Apostle of the Nations, St. Paul, that his converts in every land should be "able to comprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and depth, to know also the

charity of Christ, which surpasseth all knowledge." (Eph. iii. 18, 19.)

Now, there are many pious souls who do not know as well as they ought the precise object of the Devotion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus; who do not sufficiently distinguish the difference between this devotion and that of the Passion or the Blessed Sacrament. It will therefore be advantageous, at the beginning of this Pastoral, to explain what we understand by the Heart of Jesus, and sketch briefly its qualities and powers. This will at the same time establish its special claims to our veneration, gratitude, and love.

Mankind have, as by common consent, chosen the heart as the symbol of their affections, their passions, and especially their love, the source of all the other affections. As by the heart we understand not only that noble part of the body so called, but often also the intellectual faculties, of which it seems to be the seat, so by the heart we understand more than that fleshly vessel whose function is to diffuse life through every fibre of our frame. The heart is the man—man with all his variety of emotions and proclivities, likes and dislikes; man with his wonderful admixture of strength and weakness, fortitude and cowardice.

By His Incarnation, the Word of God became a real Son of man, true and perfect man, in such a way that the Divine nature and the human nature subsist in one and the same divine person, the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity. In this mystery He has united to His Divinity a heart like our own, and inherited through the immaculate blood of the Virgin Mary—who is our sister in Adam—the principle of our affections. But this heart, being that of a God, has characteristics vastly superior to ours. No doubt man's heart—despite the Fall—contains noble and godlike instincts. What examples, even in paganism, of disinterested love, friends dying for friends, husbands for wives, children for parents! What touching mother's love! What pure and exalted patriotism! Yet the human heart is very limited in its capacities, as man's mind is very limited in its intelligence. To put forth all its forces it needs concentration; they are weakened by dispersion. But we are not simply imperfect by nature. God's work in our souls has been sadly marred by sin, and it is in the heart that sin has made most havoc. It is unnecessary to say that the Heart of Jesus, the God man, has none of these defects.

1. *It is the most loving of all hearts.* Because love corresponds to knowledge, the faculty of loving must be as immeasurable in Christ as His immense intelligence. The ardor of the saints and that of the seraphic choirs combined, yea, that of the Queen of Angels herself, cannot reach the intensity of one sigh of the loving Heart of Jesus towards God, and, proportionately, the same holds good concerning His love for man; not originally, on account of any merits of ours,

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for, as St. Paul says, "God for His exceeding charity loved us, *even when we were dead in sin.*" (Eph. ii. 5.) And again: "God commendeth His charity towards us, because *when as yet we were sinners*, Christ died for us." (Rom. v. 8, 9.) It is sweet to plunge into this ocean without effort to fathom it.

2. Again, the Heart of Jesus is the *broadest*, or most comprehensive, of *all hearts*. Every individual member of the human race is known to It, and loved by It. No strangers are any of us to Him—all His "friends," His "brethren," His "members." To Jesus alone can be fully applied the poet's words: "I am a man and nothing human is strange to me." Jesus loves each of us just as if one of us alone were with Him in the world. The immensity of His love does not impair its personalness. Look at the reflected image of the sun in a fountain on a calm day. Therein glows the entire solar image, and that same image glows entire in every lake and fountain and stream and pool under the same circumstances. Thus Jesus gives Himself to each and all *entire*. And, without seeking illustrations from nature, does not the Holy Eucharist, the special Sacrament of the Heart of Jesus, render this truth vividly apparent? The multitude of communicants, each and each, receive Him whole and entire.

3. The Heart of Jesus is the *most compassionate of all hearts*. He knows every affliction of the human family in general and particular. He is the Mercy Seat, always accessible by day and by night. He is like a temple standing in the centre of the universe, built with such consummate art that the slightest sound here below is distinctly heard. The Heart of Jesus echoes our most secret sighs. Harken to the words of St. Paul: "Nowhere did He take hold of the Angels, but of the seed of Abraham He taketh hold. Wherefore it behoved Him in all things to be made like unto His brethren, that He might become a *merciful* and faithful high-priest." (Heb. ii. 16, 17.) "For we have not a high-priest who cannot have compassion on our infirmities, but one, tempted in all things such as we are, without sin." (Heb. iv. 15.) How beautiful and soothing is this doctrine! Christ, naturally pitiful and compassionate, determined to undergo all our miseries, except sin, to become compassionate by His own experience, or, rather, to excite in us a greater confidence in His compassion. For mercy is acquired in the school of suffering: and whereas, happily, we are spared from experiencing *all* the many forms of suffering, few can say "*all* the heights and the billows have passed over me." (Ps. xli. 8.) It was otherwise with Christ. Thus in the loss of friends, who can feel so much for us as He who wept over the grave of Lazarus, in sympathy for His desolate friends? (St. John x. 33.) If we are deceived by those whom we trusted, who can feel so much as He who was betrayed, sold, given up to death by His chosen one? If we groan under the weight of calumny, stung to madness by the fangs of slander, who can so readily share our feelings as He who "endured such opposition from sinners against Himself?" (Heb. xii. 3.) If we suffer mental pain, a thousand-fold more agonising than bodily pain, let us find patience in the shades of Gethsemane. If we are tried in our worldly goods or in our health, if we are reduced to poverty or abased by contumely, He has experienced it all, nor is He a stranger to any heart torture. Nay, more, He has *remedies* for all. He never beheld suffering but He was touched, and never touched but He gave solace.

Nor can we say that now, seated on Heaven's highest throne, He has lost His human feelings. He lovingly remembers the crib and the coarse swaddling clothes; His lowly mother; the carpenter's shop; the ignominy of the Cross. We can, covered with the rags of our mortality and misery, present ourselves trustfully in His Kingly Court and announce ourselves His brethren. Our prayers have no discordant note amid the resounding songs of the elect; nor will they pass unheard like the beggar's wail amid the revelry of Dives. How significant the divine saying, "*My thoughts are not your thoughts!*" The Son-of-God is

not ashamed of a nature which He preferably assumed. "He is not ashamed to call us *brethren.*" (Heb. ii. 11.) Only those will he be ashamed of—as He declares—who have been ashamed of Him here, and have refused to confess Him before men. (St. Mark viii. 38.) Ashamed of our nature, indeed! Why, He deigns through it to make known "the manifold wisdom of God to the principalities and powers in the heavenly places." (Eph. iii. 10.) What a glorious achievement to make from this clay of ours cherubim and seraphim! When Christ returned to His Father He did not say: "I go to reap my victory, I go to receive the homage of the heavenly powers." No; "I go to prepare a *place for you.*" (St. John xiv. 2.) He would silence the choirs of Heaven rather than leave unheeded a cry of the least of His own.

4. The Heart of Jesus is the *most generous of all hearts*. The sublime is the element of His intelligence and heroism, the element of His Heart. He is more than a hero, as we understand the term. He is love personified. "God is love." (St. John iv. 8.) A hero is one who by force of character towers above his fellows by some almost superhuman effort. But Christ "went about doing good." (Acts x. 33.) He sacrificed Himself as a holocaust *without any effort*, as without any display. "His work was as natural"—says St. Francis de Sales—"as when a mother soothes herself by nursing her infant." He bestowed the unspeakable boon of the Holy Eucharist at His Last Supper with less ostentation than a rich man would give a piece of bread to a beggar. Read the simple story in the Gospel and judge for yourselves.

5. The Heart of Jesus is the *most indulgent of all hearts*. Jesus being our Creator "knoweth whereof we are made. He remembereth that we are dust." (Ps. cii. 14.) Behold, for instance, His indulgence to the woman taken in adultery: "Woman, where are they that accused thee? Hath no man condemned thee?" "No man, Lord." "Neither will I condemn thee: go, and now sin no more." (St. John viii. 1 to 11.) Another sinner, publicly known as such, comes to the festal board and bathes His sacred feet with her tears. His self-righteous fellow-guests despise her, but He declares that He prefers her repentance to the scornful conceit of the Pharisee. (St. Luke vii. 37 to 50.) The profoundly bigoted Samaritans refuse Him a passage through their town. James and John, jealous of their Master's honor, wish to call down fire from heaven upon the offenders. He replies: "The Son of Man came not to destroy souls but to save." (St. Luke ix. 52 to 55.) We also know how compassionately He wept over guilty Jerusalem at the foresight of her tremendous chastisement: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered together thy children, as the hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, but thou wouldst not." (St. Matt. xxiii. 37.) Peter thrice denies his Master: Jesus punishes him with a look of tenderness. (St. Luke xxii. 61.) And in the bitterness of His last awful hour on His uplifted Cross He cries: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." (St. Luke xxiii. 34.)

6. Finally, the Heart of Jesus is the *tenderest of all hearts*. See Him surrounded by the eager Hebrew mothers asking Him to bless their children. His disciples want to send them away, but He graciously invites them. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." "And embracing them and laying His hands upon them, He blessed them." (St. Mark x 13, 17.) Who does not recollect the Saviour's friendship for the youngest of the sons of Zebedee, and for the family of Bethany? What a thrill of satisfaction devout souls feel at hearing the virgin apostle glorify himself by the title, "The disciple that Jesus loved." Who has not envied him the place that he occupied at the Last Supper—Jesus' breast? Who would not have been in his place when Jesus said to His Mother, "Woman, behold thy Son"?

And this Love of the Sacred Heart, so *vivid, compassionate, generous, indulgent, and tender*, is a

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true friendship. Though He has bridged the infinite distance between Himself and us, He has not thrust Himself upon us. He stands at our heart's door and knocks, a *mendicant for love.* He promises to come to us with his Father, the sweetest guest of the soul, not to *sojourn* but to *abide*, and sup with us in the intimacy of friendship. (Apoc. iii. 20.)

In short, Love is the guiding principle of all our Saviour's conduct towards us. He asks only love in return for His countless benefactions. "My son, give Me thy heart." (Prov. xxiii. 21.) He is ready to obliterate the greatest crimes, if there is but love.

We are now able, in conclusion, to realise the object of the Devotion of the Sacred Heart. First a *material or physical* object, second a *spiritual or moral* object. The physical object is our Lord's natural human heart, that sacred organ wherein was formed the saving blood of our Redemption, spilt on Calvary, and still mystically flowing upon our altars. That Heart whose every pulsation, in prayer, in work, in agony, was for us and our salvation.

The *spiritual or moral* object is the *Love of Jesus for us.* First, His Divine love, uncreated, with which He has loved us from everlasting as God. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Second, His created love. His human love *as a man* together with the other affections that filled His Heart during the 33 years and caused it to throb so often for us, and finally to shed its last drop in keenest agony for our redemption.

And, by uniting these two objects, we have Jesus, the only Son of God and of the Virgin Mary, who loved us even unto death, considered in that part of His divine nature, which was the special victim of love.

This is what the Heart of Jesus is, O pious souls! Say, is it not deserving of your love?

This is that Heart to which we earnestly, beloved brethren, invite all the Church of Australasia, clergy and people, to be consecrated again most solemnly. And it behoves us, one and all, to make that consecration with suitable disposition, and especially with heartfelt *gratitude* and intense *love.* With gratitude for all the favors and blessings which that Sacred Heart has bestowed upon us—all the gifts of nature and grace—our creation—our preservation—our Redemption—the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—the Seven Sacraments—the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, as our advocate and Mother—and finally, the Holy Catholic Church. With *love*, as a return of love for love. For each of us can truly say to the Sacred and Loving Heart of Jesus: "O Jesus, for me Thou wast born in a stable; for me Thou wast circumcised in suffering; for me Thou didst flee into Egypt to escape the tyrant's cruel wrath; for me Thou wast persecuted, ill-treated, calumniated, slain in excruciating torments on the Cross of Calvary; for me Thou didst rise triumphant from the dead, and for me Thou didst ascend into Heaven to prepare for me a place in reward for my unworthy service." To Him therefore we consecrate our lives, our homes, our country, and all that we hold most dear for time and eternity.

Accordingly we enjoin that this year, on June 29, the Sunday within the Octave of the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the solemn consecration of Australasia shall be made in all the principal churches of Australia and New Zealand, and that the formula of consecration shall be the one adjoined to this Pastoral.

May the Grace of God abide with all of you, clergy and people, for ever!

Given at Sydney, New South Wales, on the Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, Patroness of Australasia, 24th day of May, A.D. 1919.

*MICHAEL KELLY, D.D., Archbishop of Sydney.

*JOHN GALLAGHER, D.D., Bishop of Goulburn.

*P. V. DWYER, D.D., Bishop of Maitland.

*JOHN DUNNE, D.D., Bishop of Bathurst.

*P. J. O'CONNOR, D.D., Bishop of Armidale.

*JOHN CARROLL, D.D., Bishop of Lismore.

*WILLIAM HAYDEN, D.D., Bishop of Wilcannia-Forbes.

*JOSEPH W. DWYER, D.D., Bishop of Wagga Wagga.

*DANIEL MANNIX, D.D., LL.D., Archbishop of Melbourne.

*PATRICK PHELAN, D.D., Bishop of Sale.

*DANIEL FOLEY, D.D., Bishop of Ballarat.

*JOHN MCCARTHY, D.D., Bishop of Sandhurst.

*PATRICK DELANY, D.D., Archbishop of Hobart.

*ROBERT W. SPENCE, O.P., D.D., Archbishop of Adelaide.

*JOHN H. NORTON, D.D., Bishop of Port Augusta.

*PATRICK JOSEPH CLUNE, D.D., Archbishop of Perth.

*WILLIAM BERNARD KELLY, D.D., Bishop of Geraldton.

*ANSELM CATALAN, O.S.B., Abbot Nullius, New Norcia.

*JAMES DUHIG, D.D., Archbishop of Brisbane.

*J. SHEIL, D.D., Bishop of Rockhampton.

*JOHN AUGUSTINE HEAVEY, D.D., O.S.A., Vicar Apostolic of Cooktown.

*FRANCIS REDWOOD, D.D., S.M., Archbishop of Wellington.

*HENRY WILLIAM CLEARY, D.D., Bishop of Auckland.

*MATTHEW BRODIE, D.D., Bishop of Christchurch.

ACT OF CONSECRATION

Of the (Parish or Congregation) to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Who didst manifest to Blessed Margaret Mary the desire of reigning in Christian families, we to-day wish to proclaim Thy most complete regal dominion over this parish and its people. We would live in future with Thy life, we would cause to flourish in our midst those virtues to which Thou hast promised peace here below, we would banish far from us the spirit of the world which Thou hast cursed; and Thou shalt reign, over our minds in the simplicity of our faith, and over our hearts by the whole-hearted love with which they shall burn for Thee, the flame of which we shall keep alive by the frequent reception of Thy Divine Eucharist.

Deign, O Divine Heart, to preside over our assemblings, to bless our enterprises, both spiritual and temporal, to dispel our cares, to sanctify our joys, to alleviate our sufferings. If ever one or other of us should have the misfortune to afflict Thee, remind him, O Heart of Jesus, that Thou art good and merciful to the penitent sinner. And when the hour of separation strikes, when death shall come to cast mourning into our midst, we will all, both those who go and those who stay, be submissive to Thy eternal decrees. We will console ourselves with the thought that a day will come when the entire congregation reunited in Heaven can sing for ever Thy glories and Thy mercies.

May the Immaculate Heart of Mary and the glorious Patriarch, St. Joseph, present this consecration to Thee, and keep it in our minds all the days of our life. All glory to the Heart of Jesus, our King and our Father.

On the 29th day of June, 1919, the undersigned, by a solemn Act of Consecration, has dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus the congregation of..... Church at.....

Signed (the priest).....

N.B.—A copy of this Act of Consecration, signed by the parish priest and framed, should be set up in the sacristy.

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REMEDY FOR THE PRESENT WORLD-WIDE ECONOMIC DISCONTENT

(By ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD.)

To what extent does justice demand a change in the present economic system? How can the extremes of penury and wealth be avoided? How shall that class war now ravaging Russia and threatening the world be averted? It seems in accord with right reason to affirm that the world's peace, and the peace of each State, depend on the securing for the inhabitants of the earth an equitable distribution of the world's goods. Now, it may be found on inquiry that, if the income of wealth be justly divided, the whole problem receives a sound practical solution. What classes of men are the chief contributors to the production of wealth? Four—namely, land-owners, capitalists, business men, and laborers. Each of these four classes are distinct and necessary factors of production, though, of course, the same individual may occasionally discharge several of these functions. The problem is: in what proportion does justice claim that the wealth created should be shared among the four?

One discerns at a glance the number of burning questions which the consideration of these four classes of producers opens up. Waiving most of them in this limited article, we may note that, in the main, private ownerships, whether of land or of the other means of production, and also the taking of profits and working for wages, are justifiable in accordance with the principles of Christian economy. But it is undeniable that the great and long-established Catholic principles of the essential equality of all men and the sacredness of human personality, the recognition of which all sound systems of human welfare postulate, do not harmonise with many current commercial principles, as Dr. Ryan in his able book, *Distributive Justice*, clearly shows.

No project of reconstruction, no plans for the distribution of the national wealth but must begin with the question of the land, the source of all material goods. Unquestionably the land is badly distributed. England, for instance, is not owned by its inhabitants. Can anyone conceive a stable and peaceful community in which a prime necessity for existence and welfare is the exclusive possession of a comparative few? The land tenure of private ownership—so ably represented by Leo XIII. in his famous Encyclical *De Conditione Opificum*—would, it seems, be the best remedy. It would allow the individual full use and secure possession of his holding, full ownership of improvements and free power to transmit and transfer. Thus it would remedy many defects of the present system and promote both individual and social welfare.

The claims of the other three classes of producers—the capitalists, business men, and laborers—are so interconnected that it is impossible without confusion to take them together. We may at once state here—as was stated elsewhere—that the root of the present discontent is the melancholy fact that, even apart from land, other forms of capital too are concentrated in the hands of a few, who are thus able, and often do (in the oft-quoted words of Leo XIII.) "lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery itself." Hence the deplorable division of the State into two nations, ever at variance, ever a menace to order and stability, and a cause of serious weakness. Hitherto we have had class legislation in the interest of class. There is no unity. The gravest sign of the times is the permanent clashing of interests which will inevitably lead to civil war unless remedied in time. Let us look candidly at this indubitable fact: In great and overwhelming numbers exists a landless lack—property class, unable to get decent homes, to educate their children properly, to practise their religion, to safeguard their health, to provide for their old age, and, consequently, dependent on employers for their sustenance and on the State-aid, i.e., a fine levied on the rest of the com-

munity. But such a fact is a disgrace and an outrage on any civilised community. Who is responsible for it? The responsibility falls on the covetous human heart, unchecked inwardly by religion or outwardly by the law, which seeks and takes by every sort of usurious practice, payment for goods not delivered, risks not run, services not rendered. The responsibility falls on the teachers who abandoned Christianity and said that the love of money was the source of all good and not the root of all evil. No justice can be secured, no peace can be established, until conscience and law combine to forswear that false doctrine, to restore the worker to his human dignity, to guarantee his decent livelihood. The remedy for the disease of Capitalism is, not a system of State insurance, which would only change the form of the worker's dependence, but the transference, by one method or another, to the laboring class of income-bearing property. It may be done by a system of profit-sharing or co-operation. Until this is done Dr. Ryan writes: "The workers do not enjoy a normal or reasonable degree of independence, self-respect, or self-confidence. They have not sufficient control over the wage contract and the other conditions of employment, and they have nothing at all to say concerning the goods that they shall produce or the persons to whom their product shall be sold. They lack the incentive to put forth their best efforts in production. They cannot satisfy adequately the instinct of property, the desire to control some of the determining forms of material possession. They are deprived of that consciousness of power which is generated by property and which contributes so powerfully towards the making of a contented and efficient life. They do not possess a normal amount of freedom in politics, nor in those civic and social relations which lie outside the spheres of industry and politics. In a word the worker without capital has not sufficient power over the ordering of the State."

No need, then, to abolish the rights of property, but need to insist upon the duties and responsibilities of property. In any country where, owing to the tenure of property, the bulk of the people have not a fair share in the goods of the earth, the rights of property are being abused. The notion—so thoroughly human and Christian—that man is not the absolute owner of his property, but the steward, must be emphasised. He is not allowed to do what he likes with his own, but only to do what he ought, and his obligations are extensively regulated by his social circumstances. He must not—by excessive accumulation—be choked with superfluity, while his neighbor starves, or struggles in want. It is necessary to urge the duty (whether based on strict justice or on charity) incumbent on possessors of superfluous wealth to alleviate human misery. No man can logically deny this duty, who admits that men are intrinsically sacred and essentially equal by nature and in their claims to a reasonable livelihood from the common heritage of the earth. And, after all, he wants that a man supplies out of his superfluous goods are not necessary for his rational existence. For the most part that superfluous wealth brings merely irrational enjoyment, greater social prestige, or increased domination over his fellows. What comparison is there between its importance and that of his neighbor's needs, connected as they are with his humane living?

But Dives seated on his money-bags lends a deaf ear to this salutary gospel. Because the obligations, though real, most real, are somewhat indeterminate, the millionaire finds scores of excuses. So, in default of conscience, justice must turn to the State and invoke the civil powers to insist on an equitable distribution of the country's possessions. If moral influence proves insufficient, selfishness must be curbed by force. How the State may best do this, let the wisdom of statesmen quickly devise, or else the Have-nots may attempt to wreck the State, by direct action, heedless of their deliberations. It is a fact that organised society has never failed to safeguard property, but it has never formally faced the reality that excessive wealth in private hands is an evil both for the rich and for the

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State. It must face that position to-day, and decide how to reduce excess and relieve penury where they exist, and how to prevent their re-appearance. Undoubtedly the process will involve confiscation of unjust gains, stringent regulation of trusts and monopolies, strict limitation of profits, much nationalisation of public services. Mammon will tremble on his throne, and good easy-going folk, who never took the trouble to justify their social creed, will stand aghast at the changes which, with the sanction of Christian morality, the reformers will exact, having the Ten Commandments at their back and the permanent welfare of the community as their guide. The dire alternative to this reformation is red revolution. Unless the workers, who vastly outnumber their fellow-men in every community, can readily secure what is just and fair, socially, politically, and industrially, they will tend to claim more than their rights. Every day sees the workers better organised and more determined. They hold in the vote all the essentials of political power; and, in the matter of industry, they have Samson's strength, and beware lest they be goaded to use it as Samson finally did. Let us Catholics—genuine Christians as we are—insist on Christian justice. We have no lack of right guidance setting before us the Christian ideal. Civilisation needs Christ, the Father of the world to come (which may haply mean the Christianised social order) and the Prince of Peace. But Christ needs the co-operation of Christians—let us give it without stint.

DIocese OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

June 23.

On Wednesday evening last a novena, preparatory to the consecration of the parish to the Sacred Heart, which will take place on Sunday, was commenced in the Cathedral by Fathers Langley and Kilbride, C.S.S.R. The exercises, similar to those of a mission, are being well attended. On Sunday evening, when Father Langley preached on the obligation of hearing Mass, the congregation was exceedingly large.

The devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration began on Sunday after High Mass in the Cathedral and will be continued until Tuesday night.

Miss Ward is acting temporarily as organist at the Cathedral.

Father Leen, pastor of Lincoln, who has not been enjoying good health of late, is being relieved by Father Fogarty.

The Catholic Girls' Club social, held in the Hibernian Hall on last Thursday evening, was largely attended and proved most enjoyable.

The foundations for the new Catholic girls' school buildings are now well advanced. On making the necessary excavations, the soil formation proved to be excellently suited to the purposes of building.

Solemn consecration of St. Mary's parish to the Sacred Heart will take place on Sunday next. The sermon, special to the occasion, will be preached by Father O'Leary, Marist Missioner.

On last Sunday morning at the 9.30 Mass, some 50 children attending the Convent Schools made their First Holy Communion. The First Communicants were afterwards entertained to breakfast by their teachers, the Sisters of the Mission.

There was First Communion of the children at St. Agnes's Church, Halswell, on Sunday last, and at the Sacred Heart Church, Addington, on the Feast of Corpus Christi.

Arrangements for the Grand Victory Fair, to be held in August, are well advanced. Committees and stall-holders are working energetically, and the executive, presided over by Messrs. J. R. Hayward and T. Cahill, is holding meetings weekly. Valuable prizes have been secured for the art union, for which books of tickets are in wide circulation.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

June 21.

With the return from active service of many of its old members, the Celtic Football Club has acquired new vigor. In this connection a young men's social club has been formed, meeting every Thursday evening in the Browne Street Hall. The Celtic team, third grade, was successful in winning their contest in the seven-a-side tournament held here recently.

The members of the Catholic Red Cross Guild, under the leadership of Mrs. J. R. Loughnan, have formed themselves into a Catholic Women's Social Guild, with the aim of organising, when necessary, entertainments to provide funds for various parish requirements. On Thursday evening last the guild held a most successful social in the Assembly Rooms, when a handsome sum was raised, which will go far towards defraying the cost of shelter sheds that have recently been erected at the Marist Brothers' School.

SECRET OF FOCH'S VICTORIES.

Father Lockouell, a Canadian priest of the Archdiocese of Quebec, had lodged for some time during the spring in General Foch's residence. He had the happiness of giving Holy Communion to the general and to his wife. Madam Foch told him (says the *Irish Catholic*) that during the dark hours of spring the English line was completely broken. This was a set-back that could easily have developed into a disaster. Foch betook himself to the spot and measured the extent of the danger. He asked for the cure of the little village, and begged him to gather the children of his parish in the public square. When this unique corps had been drawn up the general gave an order that was likewise unique in the history of military commands. "To your knees," he said, "and let us pray." During a silence that contrasted with the thousand detonations of the war, the deep voice of the general alternated with the sweet prayer of the priest and the vibrant answers of the children. Their prayer ascended to the Sacred Heart. When it was finished the general dismissed his recruits, and ordered the French cavalry into the breach. The infantry follows. Soon that fatal opening is closed, and Foch, who was victorious in stemming the onward tide of the enemy by prayer, prepares with prayer rather than with his genius for the decisive victory.

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N.Z. CATHOLIC FEDERATION

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHEDRAL BRANCH.

The sixth annual meeting of St. Joseph's Cathedral branch of the N.Z. Catholic Federation was held after devotions on last Sunday evening, in St. Joseph's Hall. In the absence through indisposition of the president (Very Rev. J. Coffey, Diocesan Administrator), Father Ardagh presided. There was a fairly large attendance. The annual report, read by the secretary (Mr. E. Sandys) showed that 11 ordinary and three special meetings had been held during the period under review. The membership of the branch showed an increase of 300, and the statement of accounts a credit balance of £53 11s 3d, an increase of £11 12s 9d on last year. In moving the adoption of the report, the chairman congratulated the branch on its increased membership, and the evidence of renewed interest in Federation affairs, and complimented the secretary and members of the committee on the success that had attended their efforts in the various undertakings of the past year. Mr. M. Reddington, in seconding the motion, congratulated all concerned on the flourishing state of the branch, and mentioned several matters which, in his opinion, required the attention of the Federation. Messrs. T. J. Hussey, T. Drumm, and D. Whelan also spoke, after which the report and balance sheet were unanimously adopted. Office-bearers for the ensuing year were appointed as follows:—President, Very Rev. J. Coffey, Diocesan Administrator; vice-presidents, Messrs. T. J. Hussey and M. Millar; secretary, Mr. E. Sandys (re-elected); treasurer, Mrs. W. Duffy (re-elected); committee, Mesdames J. J. Dunne and M. Lennon, Misses A. Brady, E. Kennedy, and A. McCready, Messrs. J. Airey, T. Drumm, R. Millar, and M. Reddington; delegates to Diocesan Council, Messrs. J. Airey and M. Reddington. Representatives of the various Catholic organisations so far appointed include:—H.A.C.B. Society, Messrs. J. Ford and J. O'Connor; St. Joseph's Men's Club, Messrs. J. P. Dunn and C. L'Estrange; Children of Mary, Misses S. and H. McQuillan.

At meetings held after Mass at the suburban churches of St. Joseph's parish on Sunday the following committees were elected:—Church of the Immaculate Conception, Kai-korai, Mesdames T. Hill and Gebbie, Miss Heffernan, Messrs. P. Henaghan, W. Brown, and D. Creed; Miss Heffernan and Mr. D. Creed were appointed delegates to St. Joseph's Cathedral Parish Committee. Church of St. Francis Xavier, Mornington, Mrs. W. Easton, Miss J. O'Farrell, Messrs. J. O'Neill, D. Whelan, P. Carolin, and W. T. Easton; Messrs D. Whelan and W. T. Easton were appointed delegates to St. Joseph's Cathedral Parish Committee.

TIMARU BRANCH.

The first meeting of the newly-appointed Parish Committee of the Catholic Federation was held at the Priory on 17th inst. (writes our own correspondent). Father Bartley, S.M. (president) presided, and in welcoming the delegates expressed the hope that all would work with the greatest zeal in the interests of the Federation. Dr. J. R. Loughnan and Mr. M. J. O'Brien were elected vice-presidents, and Father Bartley, Dr. Loughnan, and Mr. J. P. Leigh were appointed delegates to the Diocesan Council. It was decided to apply for a grant from the Field Service Fund to provide for the conveyance to Mass of Catholic soldiers from the Orthopaedic Hospital, this institution being a distance of four miles from the Church of the Sacred Heart. Federation Sundays, for enrolment of members, were arranged for June 28 and July 6, when it is anticipated that all will avail themselves of the opportunity of enlisting under the banner of the Catholic Federation.

NELSON BRANCH.

The most numerously attended and enthusiastic meeting of the above branch since its inception was held in St. Mary's Hall on Sunday evening, June 15. The report and balance sheet were read and adopted. The membership was shown to be 526, an increase of 158 for the year. The amount remitted to the Diocesan Council constituted a record for Nelson. During the year a complete register of Catholics had been compiled. Socials were held during the winter months, the proceeds of which (£44) had been distributed among parish works. Catholic literature was circulated in the country districts by the committee. The committee was pleased to record the absolute fairness of the local press. The boarding-out of Catholic children from orphanages had been an object of especial watchfulness. Office-bearers for the ensuing year were appointed as follows:—President, Father McGrath (re-elected); vice-presidents, Messrs. M. J. Levy and D. Dunphy; secretary and treasurer, Mr. M. A. McBride; committee, Mesdames Dew, Dunphy, O'Donnell, Silk, and Stevens, Misses Finnigan, Frank, and Niall, Messrs Armstrong, Barry, Crequer, Hickey, B. Housiaux, O'Donnell, and Ryder; social committee, Misses Brooks, Finnigan, and Housiaux, Messrs. Finnigan, Ryder, and Wallace; delegate to Diocesan Council, Father McGrath. The president urged on members the desirability of their taking part in public welfare movements, and

specially stressed the valuable work of the Plunket Society. Mesdames W. O'Donnell and S. Stevens were nominated as the branch's candidates for the Plunket Society Committee. (Both have since been elected.) The erection of a memorial to fallen soldiers was discussed, and steps are to be taken to instal a stained-glass window in St. Mary's Church. The care of the graves of priests and religious interred in Nelson was entrusted to the incoming committee, and a collection was taken up to put in order the grave of Brother Mary. It was decided to institute an N.Z. Tablet "drive," to increase the list of parish subscribers. It was also resolved to continue the distribution of C.T.S. publications, and to provide copies of *Faith of Our Fathers* and the *Question Box* for many possible converts among parties to mixed marriages in town and country. The president outlined the scheme proposed by Mr. J. Beck (Education Department) for dealing with Catholic orphan children, which members generally endorsed. Several speakers were of opinion that the period of residence in institutions should be extended to 12 months, and it was finally decided that the delegate bring the matter before the Diocesan Council. Special arrangements are to be made for a successful Federation Sunday. A highly interesting meeting terminated with the customary votes of thanks to the chairman and outgoing officers.

The following circular has been issued by the Nelson branch of the Catholic Federation, preparatory to the approaching Federation Sunday:—A great effort is now being made to increase the membership of the Federation in view of further important work which is being undertaken. Chief in this is the scholarship scheme, which can only succeed by the enrolment of every Catholic among its financial members. The Nelson branch intends to strain every nerve to secure special consideration for country children, who, in this scattered district, are at a serious disadvantage in the matter of Catholic education. The claims of the orphans will also be specially urged. You know the ideals of the Federation—to promote justice, charity, and goodwill, and with these virtues always uppermost, it aims particularly at the furthering of Catholic interests. It has been blessed and encouraged in this work by the Holy Father and the Apostolic Delegate, while the bishops of the province are its guides. To know this is surely to realise that it is deserving of the sympathy and co-operation of every Catholic. Many educational grievances have been redressed through the agency of the Federation, and it hopes for still further success. Nothing can be done without organised effort, for as long as the weak will suffer the strong will oppress. It is worthy of note that for war work the N.Z.C.F. has raised £5000, thus enabling our army chaplains to relieve cases of distress and furnish comforts for the troops. We are confident you will show your sympathy with the movement by enrolling now. It is so easy to forget. The small subscription (1/-) you will never miss, but for the cause it matters.

HIBERNIAN FOOTBALL CLUB, GORE.

The annual meeting of the Hibernian Football Club, Gore, was recently held, Mr Poppelwell (president) presiding. In his opening remarks, Mr Poppelwell made reference to the club having been so depleted of players through the war that during the last four years no club matches had been played. It was of great satisfaction to the club to know that over 40 of the members had proceeded on active service. Before proceeding further he desired that the following resolution be carried:—"That the Gore Hibernian Football Club, at this its first meeting since the Armistice, desires to place on record its pride in the fact that 40 odd of its members out of a roll of some 80 odd had proceeded on active service. Of these, eight had made the supreme sacrifice, and practically the balance had been wounded; that a roll of honor be prepared and recorded in the minutes, and that the sincere condolences of the club be conveyed to the parents and relatives of those who have fallen, and that steps be at once taken to have Masses said for the repose of their souls." The resolution was carried by those present standing in silence. It was resolved to again revive the club, and the following office-bearers were appointed:—Patron, Very Rev. Father O'Donnell; vice-patron, Father Farthing; president, Mr. D. L. Poppelwell; vice-presidents, Dr. McIlroy, Messrs. Owen Kelly, James Holland, Maurice Roche, Matthew Hanley, A. H. Smith, James Columb, E. J. Columb, M. A. O'Neill, and Michael Fitzgerald; secretary and treasurer, Mr. Martin Francis; delegate to union meetings of E.D.S.U., Mr. Owen Kelly. It was decided to leave over other committee appointments, etc., till a later meeting.

The football season opened on Wednesday, June 11, on the Gore Show Grounds, in perfect weather, and despite lack of training, some good play was shown. The Hibernian Second Fifteen met and defeated Pukerau by 12 to nil, McGrath brothers scoring. On June 18 the "Greens" met Wyndham team, and were successful in defeating them by 9 to nil; for the winners, O'Neill, Downey, and McGrath were prominent. With training and coaching, this young team should uphold the honor of former times.

J. M. J.

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Students are prepared for the Intermediate, Junior, and Senior Public Service, Pharmacy Board, Matriculation Solicitors' General Knowledge, Medical and Engineering Preliminary, Military Scholarship, University Entrance Scholarship, and Music Examinations.

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Silver Chalices in case, 7in, £7; Silver Gilt do., 9in, £11. Pyxes, 25/-; Ciboria, 8in £5, 10in £6, 10½in £10 10/- (ornate). Best English Brass Crucifixes (Trefoil design), 12in £2 5/-, 20in £3 10/-; Brass Candlesticks, 12in, 35/- pair; Brass Thuribles, with boat, £3. Altar Cruets, best crystal glass, with gilt metal mounts and tray, 42/-, 50/- set. All-glass Cruet Sets from 7/6. Purificators, 3/6. Missale Pro Defunctis, 12in x 9in, cloth 14/-, leather 26/- (latest edition). Breviarum Romanum (Gill), 9in x 5in, 35/-. Tallying Registers, 15/-.

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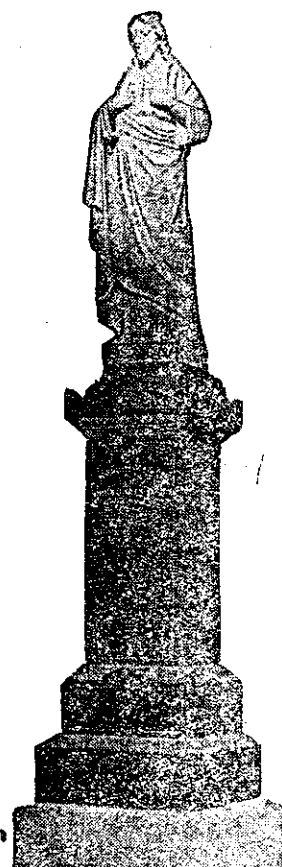
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Students twelve years of age and upwards will be admitted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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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.

BIRTH

DALY.—On June 16, 1919, at Mrs. Storey's, Trafalgar Street, Timaru, to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Daly, Brunswick Street—a son.

MARRIAGE

O'CONNOR—O'NEILL.—On April 30, 1919, at St. Patrick's Church, Fairlie, by the Rev. Father Le Petit, John J. O'Connor, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. O'Connor, Hazelburn, to Julia O'Neill, daughter of Mr. J. O'Neill, Cricklewood.

DEATH

ADAMS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of William Adams, beloved husband of the late Hannah Elizabeth Adams, late of Ashburton, who died at Nazareth House, Christchurch, on May 25, 1919, fortified by the rites of Holy Church.—R.I.P.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE

HAYES.—On March 31, at No. 3 General Hospital, Codford, Sergeant Daniel Hayes, fourth son of Mrs. Ann Hayes, Outram; aged 23 years.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

CURRAN.—In affectionate memory of 36567 Private Patrick Stanislaus Curran, who was killed in action at Plvegstradtt Le Bizet, Belgium, on June 25, 1917.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his sorrowing parents, sisters, and brothers.

KANE.—In loving memory of Corporal James Kane (19th Reinforcement), who was killed in action at Messines on June 16, 1917, in his 21st year.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his loving parents, sister, and brothers.

IN MEMORIAM

DUNLEA.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Elizabeth Mary Dunlea, who died at Kingston on June 24, 1917.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by her loving husband and family.

FAISANDIER.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Anne Faisandier, who died at Earnscleugh on May 26, 1917.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

HERBERT.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Herbert, who died at Oamaru on June 28, 1912.—May the Sacred Heart of Jesus have mercy on her soul. Queen of the Holy Rosary, pray for her.

O'CONNOR.—In loving memory of William James O'Connor, who departed this life at Palmerston North on June 18, 1918, fortified by all the rites of Holy Church.—On whose soul, Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his wife and children.

[A CARD.]

DR. P. A. ARDAGH

Has RESUMED PRACTICE in CHRISTCHURCH.
CONSULTING HOURS.—Residence, 31 Carlton Street:
2 p.m. to 3 p.m. Office, over Wallace & Co.,
Chemists, High Street: 12 to 1 p.m., 5 to 6 p.m.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

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

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

General advertising rates on application to the office.

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—National Consecration to the S. Heart,—p. 25. Notes—Federation Sunday; A Memory of Napier; Maori Folk Lore; Superstition and Materialism; Excess or Defect,—pp. 26-27. Current Topics—Russia; Germany; MacPherson's Folly; Why Wilson Fails,—pp. 14-15. Remedy for the Present World-wide Economic Discontent (Archbishop Redwood), p. 21. Ireland's Eastertide, p. 11. The Partition of Poland, p. 13. Archbishops' Pastoral, p. 17. Psychology and Child Life, 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 26, 1919.

NATIONAL CONSECRATION TO THE S. HEART



LAST week we recalled to our readers the significance of the Feast of Corpus Christi, which has again gone by for another year. It is now our duty to invite attention to the important Pastoral Letter of the Hierarchy of Australasia which exhorts all good Catholics to renew the consecration of their homes to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

In another page of the *Tablet* we publish the eloquent Pastoral, which presents in a masterly and profoundly theological manner the urgent and tender claims of the devotion so especially suited in our day to knit close to Christ His faithful children and to make to Him atonement for the coldness and the neglect with which His marvellous love is repaid by sinners. The Pastoral will be read solemnly in all our churches on next Sunday. Our readers will do well to re-read it for themselves and to meditate quietly and devoutly on the burning words which tell us of Our Lord's affection for us and of His hunger and thirst

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for our love in return. We have come to an epoch in which the world is full of talk about the reconstruction of society and the renewal of social and national conditions. We have our own good reasons to mistrust many of those who are loudest in their rhetoric and to doubt their sincerity. We have watched the progress of their councils and we have discovered no sign that any zeal for eternal Truth and Justice inspires them. People to whom religion and the honor of God are dear sadly recognise that there is every indication that the labor of the builders will be all in vain for the reason that they shut God and His Law out of their deliberations. In all this we find a powerful motive for welcoming the direction of our Hierarchy, which will lead us at least to begin the new era with a grand religious profession of faith and love in and for Him Who alone can give to the warring world perfect peace.

Sitio—I thirst! The last words of Christ on the Cross testify for all time His love for mankind. His bodily thirst was but a symbol of that divine thirst for our love which never ceases. As He gave us the Blessed Eucharist in order that His Body and Blood might be the food of our souls as long as we are in this world, so too He gives us His Heart, aflame with love for us, in order that it may be the object of our affection and devotion, and the sacred fire that is to maintain among men the warmth of Christian charity. He offers His Heart to us all—to individuals and to families. It was wounded visibly by the spear of the Roman soldier, but no less real is the invisible wound which love has made in it. As the human heart is the centre of the affections and the very throne of life so the wounded, bleeding Heart of Christ is the symbol of all the mysteries which reveal the love of God for mankind. The Church recognises in this beautiful devotion an antidote for the peculiar evils of the age in which we live. The heresies of the past are waning and errors and aberrations are changing to denials and blasphemies. Religion is becoming more and more identified with true Christianity and men are becoming divided into two great classes—Christians and atheists. The Love of Christ is the remedy for the coldness and the ingratitude of men who forget God in their pursuit of power, wealth, or pleasure; the devotion of the Sacred Heart is the form of atonement and consolation which our outraged Saviour desires from his faithful children. In this devotion the individual will find consolation and sanctification; families will find it the source of those blessings and graces which they need now more perhaps than at any other period of the world's history. As the Sacred Heart will win to Christ the individual heart and save it from sin and danger, so it will bless the hearths and homes in which it is honored and will be a bond of love and union which will safeguard and protect parents and children in the shelter of Christian homes, which the world needs so badly nowadays, which are the last bulwarks and defences of nations.

Beyond the seas the men who have made so many fair promises are building on quicksands, and it is doubtful if any intelligent people entertain even remote hopes of their success. Let us forget them for the moment in order to think of ourselves and for ourselves. Let us make sure that we lay deep and true the foundation of our own lives as Christians for the years that are still to come for one and all of us. Let us descend into the depths of our own hearts and realise how much we need the love and grace of the Sacred Heart to renew us and to quicken us unto true life, and whether we are sinners of many years or of few—for sinners we all are—let us remember that it was to save sinners He came, and that in the love of His Heart is the sure source of that fountain of His Precious Blood that will wash away our sins. If we are guilty of great offences, He came to save that which was lost; if we are merely tepid and worldly-minded, and if our love is divided between God and creatures,

His Heart is the fire that will inflame us; if we suffer, if we are despondent, if life has lost its sunshine and its warmth, He suffered too, He was neglected and left alone to die, and He will understand when nobody else could, and He will be to us, in full measure and flowing over, the consolation for all we have lost in life and the Friend in Whom all friends are found and gathered up for ever. Christ loved us and gave Himself for us: let us give ourselves to Him. Let His love inspire us to love Him in return, to love our brethren as Christians should, to love His Church more than anything else in the world—for it is His mystical body,—to promote through the Church His honor and glory and the salvation of our own souls and of the souls of others. Thus, inspired by the love of the Sacred Heart let us go forward to the real work of regeneration of society, with the blessing of Our Lord and Saviour on us and on all who are dear to us.

NOTES

Federation Sunday

Remember that Sunday, July 6, is Federation Sunday. Every Catholic, man and woman, boy and girl, ought to be enrolled. If you are not already a member be sure you enrol on July 6. All are wanted. We want 150,000 members.

A Memory of Napier

Two things Napier boasts of: there is nothing like that long walk by the changing sea, under the Norfolk Island pines, in front of the town; and the climate is as mild and as sunny as any reasonable man could desire. There is another thing of which Napier does not boast, of which many in Napier do not know, which nevertheless we remember as gladly as we think of the climate and the Esplanade: on the hill over the sea the Mission Sisters have a boarding school, as healthy as sunshine and fresh air and unwearying care could make it; and there, as in all our Catholic boarding schools, the young girls in whose hands the future lies to such an extent, are educated on the eternal, true lines which must guide all education that is not a delusion and a snare. On a Sunday morning not long ago we had the good fortune to hear a concert of the Maori children at the Napier Convent, and it was a treat we shall not readily forget. The harmony of the "Swallow Song" was worth going to Napier to hear. The "War Song" and the "Haka" were as beautiful as anything can be that is drenched with the memory of old-forgotten far-off things and battles long ago. The "Poi Dance" was a revelation of graceful gesture and artistic motion. The voices were as sweet and as natural as the scent of the flowers in the garden outside the schoolroom. And we were not surprised to learn that the girls had won many prizes at the recent Competitions. It was delightful to see those innocent children of the ancient race so happy in their home on the sunny hill over the sea, and we could not help contrasting the work done by the good nuns for their young charges with the harm done to the Maori people in the main by the white race.

Maori Folk Lore

The old race is dying. It is the law that when the white man comes to civilise a dark people he corrupts them and sows the seeds of decay. The meek shall possess the Kingdom of Heaven, but the proud and the strong and the unscrupulous manage to get this earth into their hands as a rule. British civilisation means the spread of materialism and the gospel of Utilitarianism which destroy everything that is beautiful in the world. As surely as the virgin bush is cut down to make room for railways, and as surely as hideous stores arise like stains on the shores of lovely rivers and harbors, so surely does all that is worst and most horrible in British "culture" disfigure the poetic and chivalrous traits of the simple native races.

Try Catholic Supplies Ltd.,
73 MANNERS ST. (next Everybody's Picture Theatre).

For all kinds of Religious Articles—Rosaries, Prayer Books, Statues, Pictures, etc. Latest and Up-to-date Catholic Literature. PRINTING IN ALL.

The substitution of a name like Palmerston North for the musical Manawatu is a symbol of what takes place. The teaching of the sing-song rhymes in the school-books and the neglect of the old Maori songs is another sign. A material people that have driven God out of their schools cannot be expected to understand these things. One might, as well expect to see Joseph Hanan doing a haka or singing a lullaby in Maori. But there are a few people who realise that not on bread alone does man live, and on them the duty devolves of saving what little remains of Maori traditions and folk lore. The legends of the Maori race are too beautiful to allow them to die. Let us give them to the children if we have nothing of our own to give. The white man's record in New Zealand has no romance and no poetry about it. Let us not, however, be so stupid as to lose that older heritage which is not ours but the Maoris'. We took pretty nearly everything else from them and made our own of it. Let us take their legends too and save them for the future which may bring to New Zealand better men and women than they who are content to send God into exile and turn their lives and their children's into a series of market days and circuses.

Superstition and Materialism

"Can you not see," says Chesterton, "that fairy tales in their essence are quite solid and straightforward; but that this everlasting fiction about modern life is in its nature essentially incredible? Folk lore means that the soul is sane, but that the universe is wild and full of marvels. Realism means that the world is dull and full of routine, but that the soul is sick and screaming. The problem of a fairy tale is what will a healthy man do with a fantastic world? The problem of the modern novel is what will a madman do with a dull world? In the fairy tales the cosmos goes mad; but the hero does not go mad. In modern novels the hero is mad before the book begins." In the name of Progress we are trying to do away with folk lore and fairy tales now; and in their stead we have a literature that is often redolent of the sewer and unfit to be read by decent people. Folk-lore and fairy tales never did children any harm, but the modern novel does harm to everybody who reads it. If it is not true to say with G. K. C. that the hero of modern novels is mad before the book begins it is at least true that the reader is mad with himself before it ends. The people who have deceived the masses and persuaded them that filth was better than poetry and romance have a lot to answer for. Forgeries of the sort committed by Haeckel and Huxley are a hundred times more criminal than those for which a man is sent to gaol. As long as a people believe in the world of fairies—even though they were to take them seriously—they have, at any rate, a hold of a great truth; but when we have given up the fairies for Eugenics and Free Love it is time for us to look for a sign-post to tell us what direction was taken by the Gadarene swine.

Excess or Defect

Whether is it better to have too much of a thing or not to have it at all? Of course it all depends on what the thing is, but when the thing is belief in the supernatural there is no doubt that excess is better than defect. A superstitious race of savages is better any day than an unclean race of modern ladies and gentlemen who have removed their souls and developed their passions. Superstition generally keeps people pure, but materialism makes them lower than the beasts which at any rate follow unperverted instincts. There is beauty and loveliness and poetry in superstition, but in materialism there is nothing but ugliness and grossness. The practices of people who think they gain something by dancing round a bonfire on St. John's Eve, or skimming a well on May Morn, are things that a child may read about with interest. What things the materialist who persuades himself that there is no God and that he has no soul may do under the driving of his creed are usually found in papers that specialise in Divorce Court reports. Superstition is a

feverish sort of faith, and out of it may come a robust faith. Materialism puts faith in the gutter and stamps on it. Superstition is a Celt crying for the moon, while materialism is a Saxon Gurth fighting among his swine for a share in their happiness. A superstitious man would always be incapable, for example, of insulting the memory of a Joan of Arc—his trouble would be that he would be inclined to pay her too high worship. One has to go to the materialists to find men capable of reviling and calumniating her by trying to make out that she was as bad as the sort of women with whom they are most familiar. Very good people may be prone to superstitions at times, but it is to materialism the very bad people find their way as a rule.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The Pastoral Letter of the Hierarchy of Australasia on Consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus will be read in St. Joseph's Cathedral and other churches of the diocese on Sunday.

Rev. James O'Reilly, pastor of Port Chalmers, left on Tuesday morning for Wellington, where he joins the Arawa, which is timed to sail this week. Father O'Reilly, who is taking a holiday trip to the Old Country, will be absent till the end of the year. Meanwhile the parish of Port Chalmers will be attended to by St. Joseph's Cathedral clergy.

In the primary schools' football competition matches played last week the Christian Brothers' School A team had very little difficulty in defeating Normal by 8 goals to nil. The "Greens" B team defeated a strong combination in Technical C, winning by 3 goals to nil. L. Roughan, A. Smith, and E. Crowe scored one goal each. The "Greens" D team scored heavily against Caversham B, winning by 8 goals to nil. The scorers were: B. O'Reilly 4, B. Burrell 2, J. Cullen 1, C. Patterson 1.

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHEDRAL.

The devotions of the Triduum, held at St. Joseph's Cathedral during the Octave of Corpus Christi, were largely attended. On last Thursday evening, after the recitation of the Holy Rosary, an impressive sermon on "The Divine Presence in the Blessed Sacrament" was preached by the Very Rev. Dean Van Dyk, Superior of the St. Joseph's Missionary Fathers, engaged in the Maori missions. The preacher on Friday evening was Father Bowen, also of St. Joseph's Missionary Society, who discoursed eloquently on the Blessed Eucharist, and on the duty of the faithful to receive Holy Communion frequently and worthily. At the conclusion of the sermons on each occasion, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by the respective preachers, and also after the Holy Rosary on Saturday evening, the incidental music being beautifully rendered by the Dominican Nuns' Choir. Very large numbers approached the Holy Table at each of the early Masses on Sunday. At the 11 o'clock Mass, St. Joseph's Choir, with Mr. A. Vallis at the organ and Signor Squarise conducting, rendered the "Kyrie" and "Gloria" from Farmer's Mass, and the "Credo," "Sanctus," "Benedictus," and "Agnus Dei" from Gounod's No. 3 Mass. After Vespers in the evening, the Very Rev. J. Coffey, Diocesan Administrator, preached appropriate of the observance, and explanatory of the laws of the Church regarding Holy Communion, and officiated at Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, Fathers Ardagh and Spillane being deacon and subdeacon respectively. The music during Benediction consisted of Elgar's "O Salutaris," the "Te Deum," and Lambillotte's "Tantum Ergo," the whole being exceptionally well rendered by St. Joseph's Choir.

SACRED HEART CHURCH, NORTH-EAST VALLEY.

The devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration will commence on Friday morning (Feast of the Sacred

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Heart) at the Church of the Sacred Heart, North-East Valley. Solemn High Mass will be celebrated at 9 o'clock, at the conclusion of which there will be a procession, followed by Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and in the evening, after the usual devotions, a sermon will be preached, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given. Masses will be celebrated at 7 and 9 o'clock on Saturday morning, and at the usual hours (8.30 and 11 o'clock) on Sunday. The members of St. Joseph's and St. Patrick's branches of the Hibernian Society, in regalia, are to attend the early Mass on Sunday morning, and to approach the Holy Table in a body. After Mass, the Hibernians will be entertained to breakfast in the Sacred Heart Schoolroom by the members of the Children of Mary Sodality. The Quarant' Ore will be solemnly closed on Sunday evening.

THE LATE MRS. JOHANNA O'SHEA

OBSEQUIES AT HAWERA.

(By telegraph from an esteemed correspondent.)

The funeral of the late Mrs. Johanna O'Shea, mother of the Coadjutor-Archbishop of Wellington, was one of the most impressive that have taken place in Hawera. After a short illness, Mrs. O'Shea passed away at the patriarchal age of 85 years, having had the happiness of receiving the last Sacraments at the hands of her son (Archbishop O'Shea). For close upon 50 years she was a pious, zealous, and devoted parishioner of St. Joseph's, Hawera. She was ever the right hand of the priest, and, when in her declining years she was unable to render active assistance, she gave, without stint, the aid of her sympathy and prayers. That this was appreciated by the parishioners was evidenced by the large congregations that attended the ceremonies of her burial. On Thursday evening Matins for the Dead were recited, and on Friday morning the Requiem was sung by his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, attended by a large number of priests from Wellington, Hawke's Bay, and the more neighboring districts. His Grace Archbishop Redwood, the venerable Metropolitan, who was attended at the throne by the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy and Dean McKeena, preached a very touching panegyric, recounting incidents of the practical faith of the deceased, which moved the congregation to tears. She had deserved well of the Church (said his Grace), having given one child who would be future Metropolitan of New Zealand, another who was head of a religious community of women in the archdiocese, and a third who was looked up to for his mental, civic, and moral qualities by the people of the district where he lived. The incidental music of the Mass and at the graveside was devotionally sung by the choir of St. Joseph's Church, assisted by the priests. The body was laid to rest beside that of her husband on the anniversary day of their marriage, and on the eighteenth anniversary of his burial. May they both rest in peace.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

June 20.

His Lordship Bishop Cleary has recovered sufficiently from his recent illness to allow of his departure from the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, where he has been a patient for the past few weeks. His Lordship left the hospital yesterday morning.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Gillan entered the Mater Misericordiae Hospital as a patient on last Saturday, and hopes to be able to leave to-morrow.

Sister M. Damien, of the Order of Sisters of St. Joseph, is a patient at the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, where she underwent an operation yesterday, and is now progressing as favorably as can be expected.

His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, arrived here on the 17th inst., and is the guest of the Right Rev. Dr. Cleary at the Bishop's Palace, Ponsonby.

On last Tuesday evening the Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook addressed the Men's Confraternity of the Cathedral. He gave an interesting discourse on the famous scientist, Galileo.

At the Sacred Heart Church, Ponsonby, on Sunday last, 20 aspirants to the Sodality of the Children of Mary were consecrated as members, and 10 were received into the sodality by Father Carran, Adm.

The Provincial of the Sisters of St. Joseph (Sister Mary Laurencia) has returned to Auckland, after an absence of two months, during which time she has been visiting the various convents of the Order in the south.

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament after the 11 o'clock Mass at St. Benedict's Church, Newton, on last Sunday, with the usual Procession, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the evening.

We are pleased to welcome back Messrs. J. Foy and A. Blomley from active service. Both are of St. Benedict's parish, and in the past helped considerably in parochial undertakings. They held the positions of secretary of the School Committee and organiser of the Boys' Club, respectively, while being active members of the choir and of St. Benedict's Young Men's Club.

Great credit is due to the people of the Cathedral and St. Benedict's parishes for the generous manner in which they responded to the appeals on behalf of the Maori missions, made recently by Father Bowen. The total sum collected on the two Sundays runs into three figures.

Being in need of funds, the Catholic Women's Hostel Committee some time ago decided to promote a series of socials in St. Benedict's Hall. The first of these was held about the beginning of May, and was very successful. Their next social is to be held on July 2, and preparations are now well advanced to ensure an enjoyable and successful gathering.

A bazaar, in aid of the local church and convent, was held at Ellerslie, opening on June 2, and closing on June 7. Owing to the unavoidable absence through illness of his Lordship Bishop Cleary, the bazaar was formally opened by the Very Rev. Dean Cahill, of Parnell. Illness was also the cause of the absence of the parish priest, Right Rev. Mgr. Hackett. The bazaar resulted in a profit of about £270. As the art union in connection with the bazaar will not be drawn till October, the prospects are that the total net result will be well over £300. The stall-holders were:—Mesdames Armstrong, Boyes, Coleman, and Tooman. To them, their assistants, and others who helped so well towards the success of the bazaar great credit is due. Special thanks are also due to Messrs. G. Tooman (secretary), Armstrong (treasurer), M. Kelly, J. Leslie, Boyes, McCabe, and Jenyns. The result is especially gratifying by the fact, that the attendance being small, the same people were appealed to time after time.

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BOOK NOTICES

Midas and Son, by Stephen McKenna.—Methuen & Co., London. (8s. net.)

The name of Stephen McKenna is a promise of a well-written novel and an interesting story. In *Sonia* he gave us the best novel of the war, and in this new book we find many of the people we met in *Sonia* once more. *Midas and Son* is a powerful novel. The characters of the old millionaire, wrecked in health as a result of his fight for gold and power, and of his highly-strung, obstinate heir are drawn to life. Yolande is a picture of what is best in the modern girl—frank, independent, clear-eyed, and pure amid the rottenness of society around her. The story of the old man's efforts to mould his son's career, and of the son's determination not to be moulded, is pathetic. The book is sombre with the shadow of the accursed gold that brings to the father no happiness in old age and leaves the son drifting aimlessly to the final tragedy. While we do not find the novel as interesting as *Sonia*, there is no denying that it is a work of distinction which will add to the author's reputation.

Various Discourses, by the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J.—From Linehan, Melbourne. (12s.)

In this volume we have a collection of discourses ranging over a period of 35 years, delivered on platform and from pulpit, and dealing with historical, ecclesiastical, and educational topics. It is not a volume of sermons. The discourses deal with persons and things mainly, and from a Catholic point of view. We have here useful papers on problems of the day, occasional pronouncements and addresses on special occasions, criticisms on actual topics of interest to Catholics, and glimpses into the history of the progress of the Church in the United States. The addresses on Marriage, Jesuit Education, The Higher Education of Women, Socialism, Leo XIII. are extremely interesting. The book is one that deserves a place in a priest's library.

Publications Received.—From the Australian C.T.S.: *A Profiteer and Other Stories: Non-Historical History: A Criticism*, by Brother Purton, M.A.; *Drink and Democracy*, by Father Lockington, S.J.

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D. S., Ruataniwha, H.B., 30/3/20; J. O'N., Omaha, Thames Line, 15/8/20; N. D., Market St., Hastings, 15/2/20; Mrs. B., G.P.O., Dublin, 15/4/20; H. H. S., Clifton Road, Herne Bay, Auckland, 15/12/19; Convent, Huntly, 15/6/20; M. O'D., Wairongomai, Te Aroha, 8/11/19; T. B., Chapel St., Birr, Ireland, 15/6/20; J. N., Otane, H.B., 15/12/19; D. McD., Victoria Av., Remuera, Auckland, 15/2/20; J. C., Te Aroha, 23/5/20; T. F. C., Paeroa, 30/5/20; B. S., Te Kuiti; B. P., Waihi; R. O'D., Manunui; Mr. R., Matata; C. B. L., Taumarunui; J. J. B., Waihi; J. R. S., Taumarunui; Mrs. S., Matapuna; J. F. P., Waihi; J. M. D., Putaruru; P. J. T., Cambridge, 30/5/20; P. McG., Boundary Road, Hastings, 30/12/19.

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CANTERBURY AND WEST COAST.

M. F., Beach Road, Kumara; C. A., Lyalldale, St. Andrews, 30/5/20; J. B., Lincoln Road, Halswell, 8/1/21; F. M., Dominion Hotel, Hokitika, 30/6/20; Miss McC., Mangatuna; J. O'N., Rhodes St., Waimate, 30/3/19; C. P., P.O., Darfield; E. McC., Kokotahi, Hokitika, 30/12/20; J. L., Akaroa, 30/6/20; J. C., Craigie Av., Timaru, 30/9/19; Dr. A., Carlton St., Merivale, Christchurch, 23/6/20; C. B., Victoria St., Rangiora, 30/12/19; W. T. K., Temuka, 30/5/20; S. W. H., Flockton St., St. Albans,

Chch, 23/6/20; M. P., Manchester St., St. Albans, Chch., 23/12/19; J. V., Bishop St., St. Albans, Chch., 23/12/19; K. M., Kingsley St., Sydenham, Chch., 15/11/19; F.C.D., Packe St., St. Albans, Chch., 30/3/20; F. G. H., Hereford St., Chch., 23/12/19; Miss R., Peterborough St., Chch., 23/6/20; C. A., Barbadoes St., Christchurch, 23/12/19; J.B.S., Oxley St., St. Albans, Chch., 23/12/19; H. B., Coventry St., Chch., 30/9/19; J. H., c/o H. P., M. Ashburton, 23/5/20; H. B., c/o T.C., Timaru, 23/12/19; W. C., James St., Timaru, 28/2/20; J. F., N.Z.R., Stafford St., Hokitika, 8/12/19; M.J.K., Murray St., Greymouth; J. T., Goldsborough, Westland, 8/4/19; M. C., Georgetown, Temuka, 23/6/20; D. O'N., Allandale, Fairlie, 8/10/19; J. J. D., Esk Valley, St. Andrews, 30/6/20; Mrs. E., Cheviot, 30/6/20; J. T., c/o Singer Co., Waimate, 8/6/20; T. Q., Hassall St., Timaru, 15/8/19; T. D., Barrington St., Spreydon, Chch., 15/6/20.

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ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

June 21.

Father B. J. Ryan, S.M., of St. Patrick's College, professorial staff, has been successful in obtaining his B.A. degree.

A euehre social in aid of St. Mary of the Angels' Church Rebuilding Fund was held at the Marble Bar recently, and proved very successful and enjoyable.

Miss Nora Devlin, daughter of Mr. Joseph Devlin, of this city, has passed the bachelor of arts examination. Miss Devlin received her education from the Sisters of Mercy.

The date of the annual meeting of the Wellington Diocesan Council of the Catholic Federation has been arranged for Wednesday, July 9, instead of July 10, as formerly announced.

Playing in the junior Rugby competition last Saturday, the Marist Old Boys defeated University by 17 points to 3. In the fourth grade Marists defeated Wellington College Old Boys by 20 to 3.

Mr. P. Verscheffelt, formerly secretary to the Public Service Commissioners, and now of the Public Trust Department, has succeeded in obtaining his LL.B. degree. Mr. Verscheffelt is an ex-pupil of the Marist Brothers' School.

At the last meeting of the Dominion Executive of the N.Z. Catholic Federation, Mr. P. C. Dromgool, LL.M., B.A., who represents the Auckland Diocese, was the recipient of congratulations from his fellow-members on the executive on the occasion of his marriage to Miss May Goulding, of Christchurch.

On last Sunday, at St. Francis' Church, Island Bay, Father Kimbell, S.M., directed the attention of the congregation to the beautiful shrine presented to the Church by Mr. and Mrs. Kraus and family, and which was a scene of devotion for the first time that day. The shrine is dedicated to St. Anthony, the statue of the saint being presented by Father Kimbell, who acknowledged his indebtedness to Miss Evatt for her artistic painting of the statue. The shrine is built of oak, panelled and beautifully polished. It is similar in design to the altar dedicated to Our Blessed Lady, presented some time ago. Father Kimbell promised to give an address in the near future on the life of St. Anthony.

Much regret was expressed when the news of the death of Mrs. O'Shea, the mother of our revered Coadjutor-Archbishop, was received. Motions of condolence with his Grace were passed by the Dominion Executive and Diocesan Council of the Catholic Federation; by the Catholic Education Board, and by the Hibernian Society. Sister M. Aloysius, Superior of St. Joseph's Convent (daughter of the deceased lady) and Archbishop O'Shea were present at the death of their mother. His Grace Archbishop Redwood, Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, Very Rev. Dean Holley, S.M. (Provincial), Fathers Hurley, Dignan, and Mahony were amongst the members of the clergy who left for Hawera to attend the obsequies.—R.I.P.

The annual "social" of the Wellington Catholic Education Board was held in the Town Hall last Wednesday night, when there was a record attendance. The first part of the evening was devoted to pictures, kindly lent by the New Zealand Picture Supplies, Ltd. Mr. W. McLaughlin's orchestra supplied the music. Father Hurley, S.M., Admin., presided, and Mr. Harris acted as M.C. Mr. Hoskins was secretary, and Mr. Burke treasurer. The social was the effort of the combined parishes in Wellington, and supper was provided by a committee of ladies representative of each parish. These were:—Mrs. Costello and Mrs. Dunn, Thorndon; Mrs. Keogh and Mrs. Haydon, Newtown; Mrs. O'Driscoll and Mrs. Scott, St. Mary's, Boulcott Street; Mrs. Bourke, Mrs. O'Flaherty, and Miss Craig, St. Joseph's; who were assisted by a large number of ladies anxious to work for the cause of Catholic education, and whose efforts were responsible for the financial success of the social, the indications being that last year's splendid result of £180 will be again reached. Among the clergy present there were the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, Very Rev. Dean Holley, Fathers Mark Devoy, S. Mahony, Dignan, and Hoare.

Napier

(From our own correspondent.)

June 21.

Mr. J. P. Kenny, secretary of the Napier Harbor Board, who recently underwent a serious operation, is now making a satisfactory recovery.

The Sisters of Compassion, from Wellington, are at present in Napier, making their annual house-to-house collection in aid of the Children's Home at Island Bay, and the Incurable Old People's Home in Buckle Street. The appeal has met with a very generous response.

A highly successful Catholic social was held in the Taradale Town Hall on the 19th inst., there being a very large attendance. Anderson's band was in attendance, and the pleasure of patrons was thoroughly catered for. The secretary, Mr. T. O'Reilly, deserves to be again congratulated on the success of his efforts.

The committee appointed in connection with the forthcoming monster bazaar are sparing no energies to bring about a great success. The stalls have been allotted to the various societies, and the members thereof are making very complete preparations. A number of entertainments are being held in aid of the bazaar funds; on the 11th inst. a successful social and euehre party was held in the Foresters' Hall, a neat little sum being thereby realised. It is also intended to hold a social on a large scale at the Napier Drill Hall at an early date.

At St. Patrick's Church, Napier, during the past week, marriages were solemnised between the following parties:—Miss Margaret Mary (Peg) Aldridge, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Aldridge, of Awatoto, and Mr. Howard Smith Lorimer, son of Mrs. C. H. Tully, of Cambridge; Miss Margaret Pearl O'Connor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John O'Connor, Te Pohui, and Mr. Francis Edward Maloney, son of the late Mr. Wm. Maloney, of Wairoa; Miss Evelyn Florence Hanneff, daughter of Mr. W. H. Hanneff, Milton, and Mr. Andrew Edward McMahon, son of Mr. M. J. McMahon, Whangarei.

A highly successful concert, promoted by the Sisters of the Mission, was held at the Napier Convent High School Hall on Saturday last, in the presence of a crowded audience. The items, which were of a high order, were given by the pupils of the three combined schools. The programme was as follows:—Instrumental selection, "Silver Trumpets" (piano), E. Sattler, K. Dineen, A. Murray, M. Windle (violin), M. Collison, G. Latapie (organ), H. Stephenson; action song, "Japanese Umbrella," junior pupils, High School; recitation, "Mother's Boy," R. Nangle; dance, "Rose and Butterfly," K. Bickerstaff; song, "Bells at Even," Parochial School; piano solo, "Rhapsodic No. 12," E. Stairmand; action song, "The Gleaners," Parochial School; recitation, selected, M. Dallow; piano solo, "Moonlight Sonata, 3rd Movement," W. McCarthy; dance, Highland Fling, E. Kirk; song, "The Swallows," Maori pupils; instrumental selection, "Qui Vive," E. Sattler, W. McCarthy, M. Lette, M. Collison, A. Dineen; song, "The Land Where the Angels Are," G. Bickerstaff; recitation, "Anzac," K. Horsfall; song, "The Heavenly Song," senior pupils, High School; dance, Irish Jig, M. Dallow; recitation, "Prince Arthur," E. Kirk; song, "Maori War Song," Maori pupils; piano solo, "Cracovienne," B. Eales; action song, "Screen Song," junior pupils; dance, Sailor's Hornpipe, K. Mullany; song, "In the Dusk of the Twilight," senior pupils, High School; recitation, E. Kirk; instrumental selection, "Cavalleria Rusticana" (piano), E. Sadler, M. Hayden (organ), H. Stephenson (violin), M. Collison, G. Latapie; dance, Poi Dance, Maori girls; song, "Marsellaise," senior pupils, High School; piano solo, "Autumn," E. Settler; dance, Fan Dance, Maori pupils; instrumental selection, "Gloria" (piano), E. Sattler, M. Lette, E. Stairmand, A. Murray, V. Boese, K. Dineen (organ), H. Stephenson (violin), M. Collison. During the interval a dainty afternoon tea was dispensed. The concert was in aid of the monster Catholic bazaar to be held in Napier towards the end of the year, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the Convent schools. The proceeds of this effort, which reflects great credit on the Sisters and pupils, will no doubt be a handsome sum.



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IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

Mrs. Mullen, Corcreevy, Tyrone, has died at the age of 104 years, and John Harkin at Colhaine, Letterkenny, Donegal, at the age of 108.

The Local Government Board has surcharged the Cork Corporation the sum of £35, being the expenses of the delegates to Mr. Redmond's funeral.

The Belfast *Northern Whig* understands on good authority that the Irish Government is considering the appointment of additional paid magistrates to take the place of the ordinary Justices at Petty Sessions.

Philip McGrath, an Irish laborer resident for many years at Dundee, has inherited £10,000 through the death of a brother in Australia. A brother and two sisters who emigrated to America could not be found. The family formerly resided at Bellinham, Co. Tipperary.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley, on being told by Mr. Bonar Law in Parliament that the Government did not intend to take any action regarding the non-attendance of the Sinn Fein members, gave notice, amidst laughter, to move "in accordance with the ancient practice of Parliament, for a 'call of the House,' and that those members who do not respond be brought here in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms."

The Proportional Representation Bill, which applies to the Irish local government elections, was carried on its second reading by 170 votes against 27. Sir Edward Carson and his following opposed the Bill, and Mr. Devlin, Captain Redmond, and the two Southern Unionist members supported it. It is understood that the object of the Bill is to prevent the exclusive return of Sinn Feiners at the county and district elections. By combining the electorates in groups, the Government hopes to aid in the return of some supporters of the former National Party.

Macroom, the chief town of Mid Cork, is under martial law, the reason being a little squabble between the military and some unknown civilians. No one is allowed to pass into or out of the district without a police permit. No public meeting is permitted, and all fairs and markets are strictly prohibited. So strict is the prohibition against meetings that the Town Council has been informed that its meetings, if held, will be dispersed by force. The council is not in favor of Sinn Fein, having been elected three years ago. At Ballycourney, a few miles distant, a lecturer from the Irish Board of Agriculture was not allowed to address his classes, and for attempting to do so was threatened with severe pains and penalties. The position at Macroom is typical of several places in Ireland.

IRISH POLITICAL PRISONERS: BISHOP'S PROTEST.

A meeting attended by several thousand people was held recently in the Cathedral grounds, Killarney, to protest against the treatment of the Belfast political prisoners and to demand their immediate release.

The Very Rev. P. J. Fitzgerald, Adm., V.F., presided, and after announcing that the meeting had the complete approval of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Sullivan, received the following letter from his Lordship:—

The Palace, Killarney, March 23, 1919.

Dear Father Fitzgerald.—I cannot be present at your meeting to-day, but the object for which it is called together is one that commands my sincere and whole-hearted approval and sympathy.

It is almost incredible that in this twentieth century the atrocities that have been perpetrated on our Irish political prisoners, in violation of a deliberate and solemn agreement, would be tolerated by a Government of any civilised country. Many still living can remember a time when the thunders of Gladstone's eloquence were launched against the King of Naples for actions not a whit more cruel or inhumane, in circumstances that might seem to offer far more justification than the present political situation in Ireland can be supposed to do. To do anything like justice to the cruel and fatuous policy of our present Government in this and other related matters an eloquence and a power of denunciation such as Gladstone's could alone suffice.

I earnestly trust that you will have a large and successful meeting, and that your protest will have the desired effect.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

*CHARLES O'SULLIVAN, Bishop of Kerry.

SINN FEIN AND PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION

At the Ard Fheis (convention) of the Sinn Fein Party held in Dublin in April, an interesting discussion arose on a motion to oppose the application of proportional representation to Ireland, as proposed in the Government Bill which applies to local government elections in Ireland only.

Mr. McEnri, who had charge of the motion, stated that the intention of the English Government was to smash

the influence and power of Sinn Fein. Sir Henry Robinson would rule the local boards under the new scheme, and Mr. John Dillon would be able to say: "Sinn Fein is losing; I told you so."

Mr. Ginnell, M.P., who seconded, said he would be a supporter of proportional representation in a free Ireland. At present they might gain in Ulster, but would lose in the other provinces.

Mr. Blythe, M.P., said the Bill would help them in spite of the jerry-mandering. In Ulster it would help Labor to break up the Unionist Party.

Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington was of opinion the Bill would help the Sinn Fein Party in the North. In any case, minorities were entitled to representation.

Mr. Darrell Figgis also opposed the motion. The change would break up the North-East block, and Labor would have representation where they now had none.

Mr. John MacNeill, M.P., opposed the motion.

Madam Markiewicz, M.P., also opposed. She said principle should always be put before expediency.

Mr. De Valera, M.P., was delighted the motion was brought forward, as it gave them an opportunity of voting against it. Minorities had rights, and if the Sinn Fein Party had control of the machinery of government they would give them full rights. Whether it favored Sinn Fein or not, he was in favor of the principle of proportional representation. They knew well the object for which the Bill was designed. It was a crooked object. They would meet it in a straight way, and they would win. They would not safeguard their organisation, even from a trick, by opposing a project in accordance with the principles of justice.

Mr. A. Griffith, M.P., said that proportional representation was necessary to a democratic system. The British Government was not thinking of justice for minorities, but of embarrassing the Sinn Fein Party. Even if it reduced their power, he was still in favor of the change. Those who were using it against them might find it a boomerang.

Mr. McEnri's motion was dropped, without further discussion.

Paeroa

(From our own correspondent.)

After conducting a mission, extending over a week, from Sunday, June 1, at Karangahake, Father O'Leary (Marist Missioner) gave another over a similar period at Waikino. Another week was divided between Netherton and Komato, and thus the whole of the district benefited by the mission, which was very successful throughout. Prior to leaving the district, Father O'Leary was entertained at a social gathering held in the Central Theatre, Paeroa, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Mr. H. Poland, M.P., in presenting Father O'Leary with a handsome travelling rug and a suit case, referred in eulogistic terms to the good work done by the guest of the evening during the four weeks he had been conducting missions in the parochial district. In acknowledging the honor done him, Father O'Leary feelingly expressed his gratitude for the valuable though unexpected gifts and for the great kindness extended to him by all classes of the community. An enjoyable programme of a varied nature was contributed to by Mesdames Dady and Budd, Messrs. Donnelly, Farrelly, Wood, Halliday, Judd, and Staunton (songs), Mrs. Lennon, Messrs. Harris and Redfern (recitations), Mr. Curran (Irish Jig), and musical items by Mesdames Budd and Lemon and Miss Lemon. An excellent supper was provided by the ladies.

A verdict of accidental death was returned in the case of two mentally defective boys, victims of a fire at a home in Dunmow, Essex. The evidence showed that the Mother Superior (Sister Mary Anne Ryan) fought her way through the flames, and, while dragging out one of the boys, was overcome by smoke, and had to be herself rescued.

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PSYCHOLOGY AND CHILD LIFE

(Paper Read Before the Auckland Teachers' Conference by a Sister of Notre Dame des Missions.)

In Psychology as in most other subjects there are, of course, heights and depths; but as these conferences are chiefly for the benefit of primary school teachers, I have thought it better to confine this paper to what may be practically useful, rather than elaborate fine principles and abstruse arguments which rarely affect or influence our ordinary work. We know Abraham Lincoln's famous saying, when taunted with being only a "common fellow," that God must like common people since He makes so many of them. It is moreover the opinion of mankind in general that it is ever the common work that does the most common good.

The subjects discussed in most text books of psychology are briefly as follow:—The connection between mind and body; the general order of mental development; the influence on character of heredity, environment, and social relations; the nature and function of attention and interest; the senses and their training; memory and its laws; instincts and feelings, imagination, judgment, and reason; the great importance of developing good habits; the training and strengthening of the will. Catholic psychology would add to these a study of the development of the germs of faith, hope, and charity implanted in the soul of every Christian child by holy baptism. An elementary study of at least the outlines of these topics should form part of the training of every teacher, since before blazing a new track it is always as well to profit by the labors of others by coursing quickly over the beaten road.

The newer text books on Psychology, especially those of the American school—Professor James's *Talks to Teachers*, Colvin's *Learning Process*, O'Shea's *Dynamic Factors in Education*, and such like—have this practical advantage, that besides giving, in a succinct and entertaining style, a good workable knowledge of the main points of Psychology, they present this subject in its most useful form; that of an experimental science—which is yet, however, in its infancy.

We live in an age when science and scientific methods are transforming the world; but in spite of all the right ideas and high ideals promulgated for centuries by educational reformers, it is only very slowly that a right method of studying Psychology is beginning to penetrate the schools. The great outstanding trouble and the obstacle that has most hindered progress is that so many teachers are obsessed with the notion that from books alone is to be obtained all their knowledge of the forces underlying their work and of the powers of mind which make up their raw material. And then, moved by the same obsession, they spend their time in the arduous and sterilising attempt to make the learning of book lore almost the sum total of their educational endeavor. So long as the students of the other sciences, such as Medicine, Chemistry, or Physics, confined themselves to a mere reproduction of what was to be found in their text books, there was little or no progress. But when at last the long-proclaimed maxim that learning should be by doing was really given fair trial, actual contact with the almost inexhaustible marvels of living Nature led to newer and ever newer discoveries; and as a consequence, synonymous with the age of real scientific method, has come an astounding transformation of the material world around us.

In like manner the teacher must turn quickly from his study of the text books on Psychology to the study of that most stimulating and productive book of all—the living child. The study of Psychological text books, though absolutely necessary as a starting-point, bears the same comparison to the study of living children as the alphabet does to the study of the great masterpieces of literature. As practical teachers, we must

often have been confronted with the thought that there was something wrong, or something wanting, either in the matter or in the method of much of our teaching. Nature's ways, if given full scope, are pleasant, inspiring, and very effective for their purpose. Now as regards our teaching, we should realise that in so far as it is not pleasant, or inspiring, or effective, it must be deviating from the right and natural course. To take but a few examples in point: how many of us can remember the weariness and lack of objective we felt, either as pupils or teachers, when we were confronted with a long hour's lesson on the old-fashioned symmetrical drawing copy? And yet it is only but as yesterday that it was realised that the very fact of its distastefulness was the truest disclaimer of its wrongfulness; and at last a natural and therefore pleasure-giving and effective method of teaching drawing has been allowed to take its place. Again, think of the large amount of time we spend in all the classes—each day teaching such a "dry" subject as spelling, merely for its own sake. Even then our work is not effective—we cannot as a rule boast of the spelling of our pupils, unless indeed we obtain our results at an inordinate price. A reading lesson should of itself be pleasant and interesting to any child of ordinary intelligence, but how many of us who have stood up day after day for half an hour or more in a hot, close room with a class of 30 or 40 pupils for a reading lesson could say that under ordinary circumstances we or our pupils have derived an adequate amount of joy from even this lesson?

A Psychology that comes in real contact with school life would lead us to seek a cause for this result, and we should find it to be this:—If the topic of the reading lesson appeals to the child, and he has the book in his possession, he will already have more or less mastered it; or if he has not had the book his eye will quickly run through the paragraph, as we know often happens with a keen child, and it is a real pain for such a child to mark time, as we make him do, while one of the worst readers gets his necessary practice in reading by laboriously hacking to pieces all the beauty of the paragraph.

As a result, however, of the application of the scientific method to the study of Psychology, an almost complete revolution has taken place in the teaching of our ordinary primary subjects. Many laborers have worked in this field, but the world owes more than it is willing to pay to the sympathetic and eminently successful researches of Madam Montessori, who has obtained her wonderful success by careful observation and experiment with children themselves. Her work for infant classes is now well known, but she has lately been doing good work for the upper classes also. A New Zealand school inspector recently paid a visit to an Australian city school worked on a development of the Montessori plan. A Standard II. class, for a reading lesson, were sitting in their places, each one silently reading a book suited to his age, but different in most cases from that of his neighbor. In this way a variety of books sufficient to keep the class interested and instructed for a long time is obtained at no extra expense. Each child is trained to prepare himself to write, without the book, an account of what he has been reading, and for this purpose, during his silent reading, copies down words or phrases which he thinks he may have difficulty in remembering, and thus he learns his spelling easily, since he has a definite and useful object in view. During the reading lesson itself a child may ask his teacher's help to solve any difficulty he comes across. The teacher asks a pupil here and there to give an oral account of what he has been reading, which he does with relish. By this means so expert do the children become in oral expression that, according to the inspector mentioned above, not only do they spell decidedly better, and take a keener interest in their reading matter than other children of the same

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age, but their delivery and pronunciation were beyond expectation; while the well-arranged notes taken down were not the least of the pleasant surprises. Now this method, which has such effective results, and which causes real pleasure to all concerned, is the result of studying methods in connection with the children themselves until the most psychologically natural and therefore the most beautiful methods are evolved.

I shall give only one more instance of the effectiveness of what may be called *real* Psychology, and that is the case of a public school teacher who a few years ago began her career as a very mediocre teacher, but who after a visit to the Montessori schools of Sydney returned to New Zealand so imbued with the possibilities of making children bright and happy by the new methods, that she herself has become transformed into another person; and in her case this happy result seems each year rather to increase than diminish.

The gospel of liberty preached by the new Psychology is not a principle of abandonment embodying a permission to do anything or everything according to whim and fancy. It is rather an attempt to supply the environment and equipment most conducive to full natural development and, at the same time, to prevent the introduction of obstacles thereto. Why, it is asked, has the specialist in children's diseases a social dignity and authority far superior to those of a schoolmaster, if it be not that while the specialist endeavors to relieve the body of pain, the schoolmaster, as a rule, inflicts pain on both mind and body. Recent researches into the problems of fatigue have proved conclusively the one means of minimising the exhausting effects of work of any kind consists not in the elimination of difficulties, but in making the worker so keenly interested in the object of the work, and so satisfied with the development of his own powers in carrying it out, that he experiences the truest joy earth can give us—the joy which falls to the lot of those whose work appeals to them and who feel they are making a success of it. It has been found, moreover, that bodies called toxins are produced in the blood by fatigue, and that these toxins are abundantly produced during the performance of "wearisome" work, whereas there were only traces of them to be found when the work was interesting. Before leaving the topic of fatigue, it may be as well to mention the part the emotions play in the work of exhaustion. The man who flies into a temper, the woman who "worries," wear themselves out far more this way than any amount of physical or mental labor could do. We come across business men engrossed in most tantalising work, or mothers of families with all the care of a household on their hands, who are yet always fresh and bright, and seem to thrive better than many another abounding in this world's good things and very little burdened with work. The secret is that the former control their feelings and preserve an invigorating equilibrium, while the latter dissipate their energies in useless emotions. It is not, of course, the man without emotions who is the success—the phlegmatic man is indeed one of the world's great problems—but the real leader of men, the man who can accomplish something without losing himself in the endeavor, is the man who has complete mastery over his emotions.

Hygiene making its way into the school discovered that the heavy furniture and unwieldy desks were a prolific source of spinal curvature; that insufficiency of light, the over-small type common in school books, the use of a blackboard at too great a distance from the majority of the pupils, were the causes of the alarming development of myopia among all classes; that overcrowded and badly ventilated schoolrooms paved the way for a generation of consumptives. A great step was supposed to have been made when it was found that all these evils could be counteracted. To remedy the harm caused by the long hours of sitting still in unsuitable desks, the children would come in turn to undergo physical treatment on a costly and elaborate apparatus similar to that used in medicine to combat tuberculosis of the vertebral column; their eyes would be tested for glasses; a tendency to consumption should

be arrested by liberal doses of cod liver oil, supplied, if necessary, by the State; and now a serum has been discovered to combat the toxins produced by fatigue. But what about the conservation of nervous energy in children who will have thus to oscillate, so to speak, between the frying-pan and the fire, between the devil and the deep sea?

Some have said that the remedy is to commute the sentence—i.e., abbreviate the hours of study, cut down the curriculum, and avoid written exercises. Thus there presents itself as a substitute for the spectre of destruction a new spectre—that of ignorance and the abandonment of the child to its own poor resources for a greater part of its time. However, there are better remedies at hand. In the first place, the schoolrooms must be sufficiently large and the furniture so arranged that the children can obtain that freedom of movement so absolutely necessary to them for the development of body and soul. Needless to say, this does not mean acrobatic exercises with the forms and desks, but lessons so arranged as to give scope for freedom and movement. The great increase in the dimensions of the best modern schoolrooms was dictated by physical hygiene in the interests of the health of the body. For the same reason also, lavatories were multiplied, even bathrooms and washable dadoes were introduced, also central heating; and in many cases the supplying of meals and suitable clothing; while extensive gardens or broad terraces are already looked upon as essentials for the physical well-being of the child. Physical hygiene now takes its turn and presents itself on the threshold of the school with its precepts; and though its precepts are economically no more onerous than those of physical hygiene, the outcry for more expenditure on education will not be satisfied merely by increasing the salaries of the teachers. To begin with, if an ideal perfection is to be achieved, we may say that the "psychical" classroom should be twice as large as the physical classroom; and this not in deference to the laws of respiration, but because space is necessary for the liberty of movement which is demanded by the new methods of teaching all the subjects, since at last we are beginning to put into practice the fundamental principle that learning should be by doing; and conversely, that there is no impression without expression.

Fortunately, physical and psychical hygiene are at one in postulating scantiness of furniture; but the latter demands that such furniture as is used should be artistically beautiful as well as serviceable. In this case beauty is not to be produced by superfluity or luxury, but by grace and harmony of line and color. In the best schools the recommendation now is for "light" furniture, which must of necessity be simple and economical. Each child, from the youngest to the oldest, should have, besides a chair, a light, portable, and well-balanced table for himself, which he can move about as he needs, thereby obtaining the necessary freedom and at the same time exercise in quiet and careful movements. If the furniture be washable, so much the better, especially as the children will then learn "to wash it," thus performing a pleasing and very instructive exercise. Just as the modern dress of children is, generally speaking, more elegant than that of the past, and at the same time simpler and more economical, so must be their furniture. Beauty is a question not of material, but of inspiration, hence we must not look to richness of material, but to refinement of spirit for these practical reforms.

(To be concluded next week.)

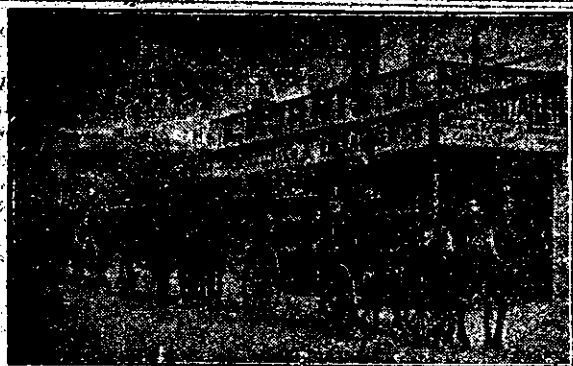
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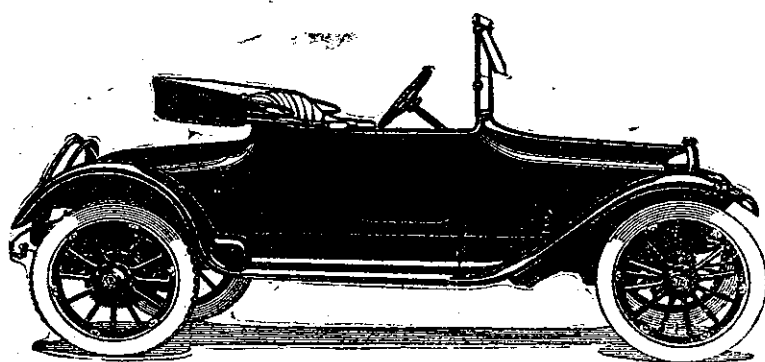
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WEDDING-BELLS

O'CONNOR-O'NEILL

A pretty and interesting wedding was solemnised on Wednesday, April 30, at St. Patrick's Church, Fairlie, when Mr. John J. O'Connor, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. O'Connor, of Hazelburn, and Miss Julia O'Neill, daughter of Mr. J. O'Neill, of Cricklewood, were united in the bonds of holy Matrimony. The ceremony was conducted by Father Le Petit, S.M., who also celebrated a Nuptial Mass. The church was tastefully decorated for the occasion by the bride's many friends. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a beautiful dress of white satin de chine, with pearl trimmings. She also wore the customary wreath and veil, and carried a nicely arranged bouquet of cream roses, carnations, and maidenhair-fern. The bridesmaid (Miss N. O'Neill) wore a smart cream costume and black and vieux rose hat, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The bridegroom was attended by his brother (Mr. William O'Connor) as best man. After the wedding ceremony a large number of guests were entertained to a wedding breakfast at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. P. O'Connor, "Trentham," during which the usual toasts were honored. The newly-wedded couple left by motor for the north during the afternoon, the bride's travelling costume being of fawn gabardine, with violet and fawn hat; she also wore black fox furs, the gift of the bridegroom.

PRESENTATION OF A SCHOOL BANNER

Quite a pleasant little function took place at the Marist Brothers' School, Greymouth, on Wednesday morning, June 18 (says the *Greymouth Argus*). The boys, assembled in the class-room, were taken by surprise, when they learned that they were to be the happy recipients of a school banner.

Very Rev. Father P. Aubry (pastor of the district), who was the generous donor of the banner, said that it gave him great pleasure in presenting the banner to the boys. He eulogised the work the devoted Brothers were doing, and was impressed by the soldierly manner in which the boys marched. He also besought the boys to be loyal to their school, and put in practice the principles the Brothers were striving to inculcate.

Father Eccleton, in a homely little speech said that the boys had every reason to be proud of the banner, which was an emblem of Faith and Fatherland. One of their first duties was to be loyal to their school and teachers. Loyalty meant respect for their teachers, diligence in work, and clean living. In concluding he strove to impress on his youthful hearers the love they should have for Ireland, and he expressed the wish that ere long the new school would be built and that the banner would adorn its walls.

On behalf of the Brothers and boys, Rev. Brother Herbert thanked Father Aubry for his mark of appreciation of the labors of the teachers and pupils, and he felt sure the handsome gift would be an incentive for the boys to do what is noble and good. Appropriate songs were rendered, and in conclusion three cheers were given for Father Aubry.

The banner, which is a very beautiful one, was designed, and artistically worked, by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Mount Magdala, Christchurch.

Miss M. U. Loftus, of Wellington, was among the successful students of Victoria College at the recent examination for the B.A. degree. It is interesting to note that Miss Loftus received her earlier scholastic training at the Sacred Heart Convent, Wanganui, and obtained the first section of the degree while attending that excellent institution. Her Wanganui friends will be pleased to hear of her success.

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Ormondville

Father McLaughlin, who has been in charge of the Takapau parish for the past 12 months, has, during that period, accomplished much good work in the interests of the parishioners (writes a correspondent). To further the spiritual welfare of the people under his pastoral care he invited Father Mangan, C.S.S.R., to give a mission in the parish. This well-known missionary, therefore, commenced in Ormondville on June 12, and concluded on June 16, a most successful mission. Throughout the period, the Catholics of this scattered district attended in large numbers, there being record attendances both at the Mass and evening devotions, which goes to show that the seeds of the true faith have secured a strong hold in this locality. Father Mangan was greatly impressed with the sacrifice some of the Catholics had to make to attend the mission, and he congratulated them on the enthusiastic spirit shown throughout. Practically the whole of the congregation approached the Holy Table during the three last days of the mission, and the impressive exhortations given by Father Mangan will be long remembered by those who heard them. During his stay in Ormondville Father Mangan was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fitzgerald. Prior to coming to Ormondville Father Mangan conducted successful missions in Onga and Takapau.

YELLOW BIGOTS RUN AMOK.

Thus the *Maoriland Worker* of June 4:—

Democracy has much to answer for. Under this system, as it exists, every fool can write to the papers, or start a political party. Such freedom is not an un-mixed blessing, but as it is all done in the name of democracy it is not safe to be too critical about it. Freedom is a glorious thing, but much depends on the kind of freedom, of course. The Protestant Political Ass. is one of the biggest asses the asinine democracy of New Zealand has produced. Of course, it is an Orange body, and Orangemen suffer from a plentiful lack of humor. They cannot see themselves as others see them, and it is very certain they will never get people to see them as they see themselves. At the last meeting of this body of cranks, the chairman (a man who should have more sense) opened the meeting by "ridiculing the idea that the association was purely out to destroy the Catholic Church." At least, that is how he is reported in the choice journalese of the local *Times*. What "purely out" means may be guessed: it is not a classical English idiom by any means, and probably means that the P.P.A. is not in the political game for the purpose of demolishing Rome. Well, Rome was not built in a day, and it is pretty certain it will not be destroyed in a day. So far as the Catholics have been responsible for the creation of a body of ridiculous fools like the members of the P.P.A., they have done ill for their country. Mr. Howard Elliott complains that the Government has treated the yellow bigots as dirt. Can this be because they deserve it? Mr. Elliott declares that "Rome and Bolshevism" (strange bedfellows!) would dominate the country unless the people gave ear to the counsels of the P.P.A. All this is too silly for serious comment. If the P.P.A. raises sectarian issues at the next general election, it will find that the people cannot be warmed up to take any interest in a "sane Protestantism" that lacks dignity, common sense, and even common decency in its propaganda. If Protestants really believe that Catholic influence is improperly used, or have a genuine grievance in connection with the *Ne Temere* Decree, then their fellow-citizens can be relied upon to see that justice is done. There is no need to raise the sectarian devil and to prove that they have no more religion in them than the brute beasts, by embittering the personal relations of Catholic and non-Catholic, or raising issues that are purely imaginary and have as much bearing on the state of Maoriland to-day as the Battle of the Boyne.

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This New and Commodious Hotel has been well furnished throughout, and is now one of the most Comfortable Houses in Otago. Suites of Rooms have been set apart for Families, and every attention has been paid to the arrangements for carrying on a first-class trade. Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths.

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Best brands of Wines, Spirits, and Beer. A Porter will attend passengers on the arrival and departure of steamers. Motor Cars for hire, and good Garage.

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Are paying the Highest Price
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At long last we are able to announce the arrival of a few sets of MACDOUGALL'S FAMOUS BAGPIPES. For some time past it has been impossible to get them for love or money. Bagpipe players should inspect the following without delay:—

No. 41—EBONY, full. Best Tartan Bag and Fittings.

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The Business has been purchased, and is now carried on under the Personal Supervision of Mr. FRANK S. WOOD. The LEADING BOOT SHOP in the WESTPORT and BULLER DISTRICTS.

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All Classes of Farmers' Requirements available at Shortest Notice—Machinery and General Farm Implements, "Co-op." Binder Twine, Cornsacks, Woolpacks, Seaming Twine, Sheep Dip, Hardware, Saddlery, Groceries, Drapery, Furnishings, etc.

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Kirk & Co. Ltd. - Gore

ARE STILL BUYING SHEEPSKINS, RABBIT-SKINS, HIDES, HAIR, ETC. NO COMMISSION. PROMPT RETURNS.—JNO. CASEY, MANAGER.

ROLL OF HONOR

SERGEANT DANIEL HAYES.

The late Sergeant Daniel Hayes, who died of pneumonia at No. 3 N.Z. General Hospital, Codford, on March 31, was the fourth son of Mrs. Ann Hayes, Outram. After leaving school he was employed in



the grocery business of Mr. T. Williams, Mosgiel. Prior to enlisting with the 31st Reinforcements he was in the employ of Messrs. J. H. Hancock and Co., South Dunedin. He left New Zealand as Company Sergt.-Major of B Company, 43rd Reinforcements. The late Serg. Major Hayes took a keen interest in the Territorials, and was for some time a N.C.O. in the Dunedin Coast Defence Corps.—R.I.P.

PRIVATE JAMES JOSEPH WALSH.

Private James Joseph Walsh, son of Francis and Margaret Walsh, of York Street, Opawa, Christchurch, accidentally drowned at Dunedin, was born at Waimate, and was 26 years of age. At the age of 13 he



passed with credit the Civil Service Examination at the Marist Brothers' School, Christchurch, which entitled him to a five years' scholarship. After spending some time as pupil teacher at West Christchurch School he joined the reporting staff of the *Lyttelton Times*, and in 1913 entered into the employment of the *Otago Daily Times*, Dunedin, remaining on that paper until his departure for the Front with the 14th Reinforcements. He was while in France wounded in the knee

and gassed, and as a result was given clerical work at Hornchurch, England. On his return to New Zealand in January last he rejoined the *Otago Daily Times* and was promptly raised to the position of senior reporter. This paper, writing of his demise, said:—"He was a journalist of great promise, possessing a keen, alert brain and having at his command a ready flow of graceful and expressive language. Being of a bright and genial disposition he was held in high esteem by all those with whom he came in contact." Very widespread sympathy is extended to the sorrowing relatives.—R.I.P.

IMPRESSIVE WARNING.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, speaking in the Irish debate in the House of Commons recently, said successive acts of folly by the British Government had produced in America a feeling deeper and more widespread than had prevailed at any period of the history of the two countries since the Civil War of 1865 (says the *London Catholic Times*). What took place the other day? continued Mr. O'Connor. There was a Convention of the Irish race in Philadelphia attended by old campaigners in the Irish movement, many of them known to me, and amongst those who attended was Cardinal Gibbons. I know no man in the United States who is more cautious, more restrained in language, and whose words carry more weight than Cardinal Gibbons. He is a man of great caution, of a fine mind. His words are listened to with equal respect on all sides. For, I believe the first time in his life, Cardinal Gibbons appeared on an Irish platform and expressed his adherence to the policy of giving Ireland self-government. There was a debate in the House of Representatives, and the vote was 216 to 41 in favor of Home Rule, and on the very day when this debate took place there appeared simultaneously with the account of the debate a letter from the Prime Minister. It really was not meant to be comic, but it was comic. At the moment, so far as one could see, he was refusing Home Rule to Ireland, and at the moment the House of Representatives was declaring by an overwhelming majority in favor of Home Rule for Ireland.

I could quote from Mr. Beck, the most Anglophile perhaps of American citizens, a statement warning this country against anything that would excite the people of America and the people of England. I could quote a speech from the Secretary of War, recently delivered, in which, discussing the same question of the good relations between England and America, he declared that any antagonism or estrangement between these two nations would be the end of all things. "The guarantors of the League of Nations must be the British Empire and the United States, and without their guarantee the League of Nations is a vision and a trap." You cannot have a League of Nations without close, intimate, friendly understanding and relations between the peoples of England and the peoples of the United States. You cannot have these relations unless you reconcile the Irish race. (Hear, hear.) You cannot reconcile the Irish race in America without reconciling the Irish people. (Hear, hear.) In refusing to reconcile Ireland you are estranging Americans. I leave to this House the choice between the two policies. One, in my opinion, leads to ruin and disaster for Ireland, for England, for the world. The other is the only one that will give some chance of the hopes we all have of seeing a better and brighter future. (Cheers.)

When children come home from the pictures

Through the damp of a winter's night,

All parents who care and of colds beware,

Take measures to keep them right.

They tuck them warm and snug in bed,

For of croupy colds they've needful dread;

At signs of such to make things sure,

They give them Woods' Peppermint Cure.

Scoullar Carpets lend themselves so well to Color Treatment

as to make them the desired Floor Coverings for artistic homes.

OUR PRESENT SHOWING OF BRITISH AND ORIENTAL WEAVES

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The question of Health is one Nobody can afford to neglect, yet many people will risk their Health by buying inferior food when they can get the very best at the same price. More particularly does this apply to Bread.

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is the ONLY BREAD made in Wellington which is TRULY AUTOMATIC. Many other Bakers are using this name and claiming it for their bread, but the only true Automatic Bread is the Famous "KELLOW" BREAD. Don't delay one day longer; have these Crusty, Golden-Colored, HEALTH-GIVING LOAVES brought into your house to-day.

Ring up 'PHONE No. 986 and give instructions for the cart to call.

If you once try this Bread you will Never go back to bread made by hands in the old-time, out-of-date method. "KELLOW" is untouched by hand.—"KELLOW" BREAD IS MADE ONLY BY

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DOMESTIC

(By MAUREEN.)

Yorkshire Pudding.

Take six tablespoonfuls of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, and mix it with a little cold milk. Have three eggs well beaten, mix them with the flour, boil one pint of milk, and pour it in amongst the eggs and flour, stirring all the time. Have a square tin pan greased, pour in the pudding, and set it upon a grid-iron for a few minutes, then place it under beef while roasting, and send it to the table cut in small square pieces.

Plain Shortbread.

Take 1lb of butter (half-fresh half-salt is a great improvement), and cream it with the hand on a board or table, then add 1½lb of flour, 4oz of rice flour, ½lb of fine ground sugar, and work all together into a smooth dough. Divide into the number of cakes required, pinch round the edge with the forefinger and thumb, and prickle on the top. Ornament with a few caraway seeds and orange peel: paper a tin, put the cakes on it, and bake in a moderate oven.

Irish Stew.

Take any thin pieces of mutton that have been cut off the loin or breast, and cut them in pieces four inches square, put them in a stewpan and cover them with boiling water, add two dozen whole onions, pepper and salt, put on the cover close, draw it to the side of the fire, and let it boil slowly for one hour. Add a little boiling water to it. Wash and pare two dozen of potatoes, put them in the stewpan amongst the mutton, and let them boil till quite soft. Stir the potatoes with the mutton till it becomes smooth, and dish it hot.

To Hash Mutton or Beef.

Take cold roast meat, cut it in neat slices, and lay them aside. Take all the bones and trimmings, and put them on with a little water and salt, one onion,

one carrot, and one turnip, and boil it until you have reduced it to one pint, then strain it. Brown a little butter and flour, lay in the slices of meat, and brown them on both sides; skim the stock, and put as much of it to the hash as will make it a proper thickness. Season with pepper and salt and a little ketchup or sauce. When wanted, make it hot, but do not boil it more than two or three minutes.

Rabbit Pie.

Wash the rabbits, put them in boiling water, and let them boil for two minutes, then take them out, and, when cold, cut them into joints. Brown a piece of butter in a stewpan, brown the pieces of rabbits on both sides, and lay them in the pie-dish, with plenty of pepper and salt. Mince two onions small, and brown them in the stewpan where you browned the rabbits, put a little boiling water in it, and, when it boils a minute, pour it over the pie. Add a tablespoonful of hot vinegar, and one of ketchup or sauce. Cover the pie with a thick paste, and bake for two hours in the oven. When the paste is done, put some folds of paper over it to keep it from burning.

Household Hints.

Boil in water the stones of any raisins, dates, or prunes you are using. Use the water for mixing the pudding: it will be beautifully sweet.

Potato peelings should be saved, placed in a cool oven to dry, and used to light fires.

A rice pudding is greatly improved by adding a little cornflour—a good dessertspoonful to a quart of milk.

New linoleum should not be washed more than necessary. Rub once a week with a mixture of bees-wax and turpentine, and rub daily with a dry duster.

A quickly-made glue is obtained by rubbing a little piece of cold boiled potato on a sheet of paper with the fingers.

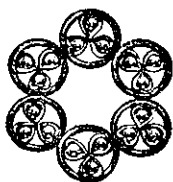
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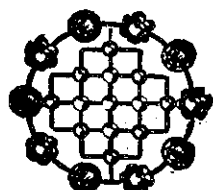
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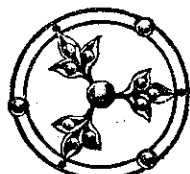
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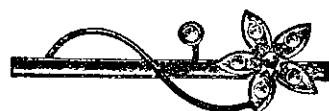
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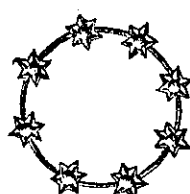
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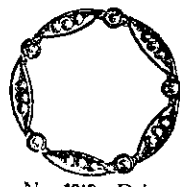
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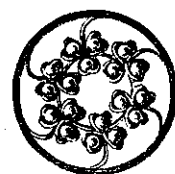
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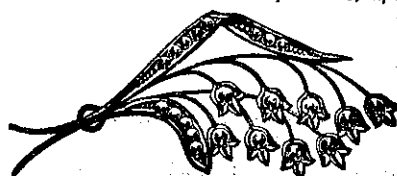
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No. 1021—The Favourite "Lily of the Valley" Brooch, 9ct. Gold, set with Pearls, 40/-.

STEWART DAWSON & Co. Ltd.
AUCKLAND, WELLINGTON, CHRISTCHURCH, DUNEDIN

EX-PRIEST SLATTERY

WHY HE DID NOT SPEAK IN MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

A few years ago, when the A.P.A. was rampant, the notorious "Father" Slattery was engaged by that un-American society to "lecture" in the South cities. It was arranged that the campaign of slander should begin in Memphis, Tenn., U.S.A. (says the *Pittsburg Observer*).

The Catholic population of that beautiful, progressive city have always been remarkable for their intelligence and patriotism, and are foremost in politics, education, and business.

The coming of Slattery was announced by insulting posters. His press agent was ingenious and industrious. The columns of the local papers were filled with accounts of the terrible things threatened by members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and other Catholic organisations. Slattery was represented as a martyr, a victim of a modern Inquisition, and the right of "free speech" was to be utterly abolished.

The saddest thing about the affair was that Protestant ministers espoused the cause of the reprobate.

As the night of the lecture drew near the excitement grew intense, and at last even many Catholics believed there would be trouble. Then the deputies began to invade the Mayor's office. The Chief of Police was a Catholic. He knew that apprehensions of violence were groundless. The other side pretended to be suspicious of him.

The morning Slattery was billed to arrive, a deputation of ministers waited on the Mayor. They were dreadfully in earnest. They insisted that a body of "trusted" special police should be appointed to guard the lecturer. The Mayor at last believed that the situation was alarming. He assured the ministerial deputation that he would give the matter his personal attention, and requested them to return in one hour.

The Mayor was a man of culture and liberality, one of the leading citizens of Memphis, and deserving of the confidence which all classes reposed in him. He at once sought the Catholic pastors and some of the leading laymen. When the ministers returned, his plans were made. He told them the course he intended to follow. He intended to take charge of "Father" Slattery himself. All reception committees and guards were to be dispensed with. He would meet the "lecturer" at the railroad station with his own carriage and make him a personal guest.

The press heralded abroad that the Catholics were snubbed, that the "Reverend" Slattery had to be saved from death by the personal interference of the Mayor. The Mayor, in the carriage, met Slattery at the depot. There were no policemen in evidence. The Mayor briefly explained the situation, promised him complete protection, and ordered his coachman to drive to different points of interest in the city which he wished his guest to see.

They first visited the educational institutions, public and parochial, then the churches, libraries, and the magnificent hospital erected by the city for the Sisters. Though the Mayor treated his visitor with the utmost kindness, the latter seemed bored and could not be led into conversation. Evidently the Mayor was not the kind of man he relished, and the absence of violence on the part of the Catholics was monotonous and mortifying.

The Mayor inquired of his guest if he was weary, and politely asked him if he cared to see any more of the city. Slattery bluntly told him that he had seen enough. The Mayor told him that there was one more place of interest which he wished to show him. They were soon at the gate of a cemetery. They entered and walked toward a marble shaft that towered as high as the beautiful Southern trees that draped it with their luxurious frondage.

"Mr Slattery," said the Mayor, "I have a purpose in bringing you here." His voice was husky with emotion, and his eyes gleamed, more in sorrow than

in anger. "Let me read what is written here." The Mayor read aloud the inscription which stated that the monument had been erected to give testimony to the everlasting esteem and love and to commemorate the heroism, devotion, and self-sacrifice of the Catholic priests and nuns who laid down their lives on the altar of Christian charity in the dark days of the terrible plague.

The Mayor's eyes filled with tears.

"Read the names upon that shaft," he continued. "The pastor heads the list. He was of that race to which you are a disgrace. He was Nature's nobleman, benevolent, pure, faithful to every trust, and a lover of liberty. The other men whose names are there were like unto him. They had neither kith nor kin in our city. Read that long death-roll of those devoted women whose earthly names even were given up for charity. Where can you find a parallel of heroism and Christian devotion? No earthly motive moved them. Until the dark days of our sorrow came they were unknown to us. Then, when dread and sorrow filled every heart, when the most sacred ties and obligations failed to save our sick from desertion, when there were no hands to smooth the throbbing brow or give drink to the parched lips, when all hope of succor seemed gone, these heroic priests and angelic women entered our homes, dared the horrors of the plague, smiled at the spectral face of death itself, and for the lives of our children and our wives gave up their own.

"Look at the fourth name on that roll of angels. I do not know her name, but she was a beautiful girl, and her voice had the mellow brogue of the South of Ireland. I have an only daughter, just her age. She was stricken down; the terrible death-mark of the plague set its seal on her beautiful brow. I, too, was ill. In my anguish I cried to God for help. There was a rustle at my door. That girl, garbed in black, holding the crucifix in her hand, knelt beside my daughter's bed. Man, do you think she could die while an angel was caring for her? No, my daughter lived, but her ministering angel died. This is enough.

"Now to you. Do you think you can pollute the air of our beautiful city by the foul slanders about that priesthood and those Sisters? Why, man, the very stones of our pavement would fly in your face. If the men of our city would prove so dastardly recreant to the memory of those noble men and women who gave up their lives for us, the women of our city would rise and stone you to death. Get your foul presence from our city!"

It is needless to say he went, and the press were hard put to explain why Slattery did not speak in Memphis.

THE COMFORTERS.

When I crept over the hill, broken with tears,

When I crouched down on the grass, dumb in despair,
I heard the soft croon of the wind bend to my ears,
I felt the light kiss of the wind touching my hair.

When I stood lone on the height my sorrow did speak,
As I went down the hill I cried and I cried,
The soft little hands of the rain stroking my cheek,
The kind little feet of the rain ran by my side.

When I went to thy grave, broken with tears,
When I crouched down in the grass, dumb in despair,
I heard the sweet croon of the wind soft in my ears,
I felt the kind lips of the wind touching my hair.

When I stood lone by thy cross sorrow did speak,
When I went down the long hill I cried and I cried,
The soft little hands of the rain stroked my pale cheek,
The kind little feet of the rain ran by my side.

—DORA SIGERSON, in *Current Opinion*.

CLINCHER CYCLES are guaranteed six, ~~nine~~, twelve and fifteen months. If your dealer is out of stock, try the next Cycle Shop.

GARDENING NOTES

(By MR. J. JOYCE, Landscape Gardener, Christchurch.)

WORK FOR THE MONTH OF JULY.

The Kitchen Garden.—The work this month should be a continuation of that suggested for June, preparatory to early spring sowing of vegetables. The ground requires to be deeply dug, and well supplied with stable manure, as it is useless to attempt a successful growing of vegetables, generally, unless the soil is well prepared. Thoroughly manured soil is essential for the profitable growth of all vegetables of the cabbage species; those grown on stiff, poor soil never become crisp and tender, and consequently, being unfit for use, the labor expended upon them is wasted. A few rows of early potatoes may now be planted in a dry, sunny situation, the sheltered side of a fence, where they are unlikely to be affected by frosts, for preference. Cabbage and cauliflower may also be planted out, under like conditions. The hoe should be used frequently among the weeds on fine days and when the ground is dry.

The Fruit Garden.—It is desirable now to continue pruning as much as possible, and to carry out the required spraying. Carefully gather up and burn all prunings; this is a necessary precaution against the spread of pests. To produce fruit successfully the ground between the trees should be cultivated, and kept clean. Keep the centre well open when pruning gooseberry and currant bushes. Amateur gardeners, as a rule, do not sufficiently prune gooseberry bushes; too many branches are usually left on, which in turn send out a multitude of shoots, with the result that when the fruit-gathering time comes there is considerable difficulty (which could have been avoided were the bushes properly pruned) in reaching the berries. Red currants, too, require to be well cut back at the proper season. Raspberries should have all the canes pruned away, except from four to six of the strongest ones; these, then, should be tied together and the tops cut off above the strong buds. Well dig the ground among the bushes, cutting away and destroying all the suckers. Give strawberries a top dressing of well-decayed stable manure.

The Flower Garden.—Continue the digging of all beds and borders, giving a dressing of suitable manure where needed. Chop and separate clumps of herbaceous plants which have grown too large. Do not cut back flowering shrubs, the time being past for this work; any cutting back now would destroy the shoots which later on produce the blooms. This is a good time for shifting trees and shrubs from one position to another. Fences that are being clipped at this time of the year ought to be cut in very close. Many cuttings of shrubs, roses, etc., will strike readily at this time of the year if properly prepared and planted. The lawns should be well rolled now, and a sprinkling of fertiliser will greatly benefit them. Keep the weeds down by running the Dutch-hoe over the ground on fine sunny days.

THE MOST OBSTINATE

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

REBELS.

Now while this tingling ecstasy is ours,
When touch and look are barbed with strange swift fire,
When Life's a melody upon Love's lyre,
Charming our tranced sense through golden hours;
Though hearts aflame reck not of faded flowers,
Time bides his day—ere glutton passion tire,
And only pale cold ashes mark its pyre—
Old tyrant Time, and waiting grins and glowers.

We will be rebels, dear, against his rule,
And, cunning plotters, thwart Time's envious sway;
Kind tolerance, with wise-eyed sympathy,
And self-forgetfulness, our hearts shall school
To keep alive, though passion wane and die.
Love's steadfast flame, when we are old and grey.

ERNEST BLAKE, in the *English Review*.

MISLEADING TERMS.

The *Church Times* in its issue of April 4 publishes a letter from the Rev. Marcus Donovan, of St. Benet's Vicarage, Tottenham, which makes it necessary that we should address a word of caution to Irish Catholics (says an exchange of recent date). The rev. gentleman, who, as a clergyman of the Church of England, is not of course in communion with the Catholic Church, says that there is a "Guild of St. Patrick," the object of which is "to promote Catholic doctrine and discipline in the Church in Ireland," and that the warden, Rev. F. S. Le Fanu, Vicar of St. John's, Sandymount, Dublin, has asked him to get into communication with Irish Catholics in London. Doubtless the people thus referred to are Irish Anglicans of the High Church type, but the Rev. Marcus Donovan uses language from which it might be inferred that he was alluding to genuine Irish Catholics. The three tailors of Tooley Street called themselves "the men of England," and the Rev. Mr. Donovan has the same sort of right to term himself and his High Church friends Catholics. But by exercising it he creates the need of assuring him that neither in Ireland nor in London can Catholics acknowledge them as such.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR IS THE BEST RESULT OF CARE.

If the hair is neglected it is sure to lose its beauty and luxuriance. All who wish to give proper attention to the hair should consult Mrs. Rolleston, who is a Hair Physician with European and American qualifications. Her advice is sought by ladies all over New Zealand.

The success of Mrs. Rolleston's method of treating falling hair after Influenza has attracted widespread attention. However, Mrs. Rolleston is able to overcome all other hair disorders with the assurance of good results.

Mrs. Rolleston can prescribe excellent treatments for dandruff, for grey and thin hair, or any other scalp ailment from which you may be suffering.

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The Family Circle

A CERTAIN BOY.

He doesn't like to go to bed,
And getting up is worse,
To washing, too, I've heard it said.
He's just as much averse.

And as for school and studying
When he would rather roam,
He hates it more than anything
But doing jobs at home.

I must admit that it is true,
Though 'tis a sorry boast
Whatever he is told to do
Is what he hates the most.

I do suppose that if he chose
What he should do all day,
He'd play and eat awhile, and then
He'd eat awhile and play.

A LOVER OF THE HOLY NAME.

When Philip II. was King of Spain there lived in his court a prince of the Holy Empire, Ferdinand Gonzaga, Marquis of Castiglione and kinsman of the Duke of Mantua. Prince Ferdinand stood high in the esteem of Philip and his Queen, Isabel.

One day he asked for a great favor—the hand in marriage of the Lady Martha Santena, the daughter of an Italian noble and lady of honor to Queen Isabel.

The Royal approval was readily given, the Santena family favored the suit, but the Lady Martha's consent was not won until through fasting and prayer she reached the decision that such a union would be pleasing to God. The marriage was solemnised in the most devout manner, and Ferdinand and his bride left the court for the tranquil routine of life in Castiglione.

The gentle ways and deep piety of the young wife won the hearts of the people, and there was general rejoicing when on the 9th of March, 1568, a son was born to Ferdinand and Martha. The Duke of Mantua was sponsor for the infant prince, and he gave him the name Aloysius.

Like many another Christian mother, the mistress of Castiglione had prayed that God would bless her with a son to rear for His service. Therefore, she looked upon Aloysius as a hostage to the Most High, and carefully trained her boy from his earliest years.

"Jesus" and "Mary" were the first words he spoke; his first conscious act was to make the Sign of the Cross. He loved to be with his mother in the chapel or on errands of mercy. A brother and sister came to keep him company, but best of all he delighted in retirement and prayer.

Prince Ferdinand watched the boy's development with pride, but he was not in accord with the mother's plans for his heir. The boy must be a soldier, the father decreed, and to incline his tastes towards war he gave Aloysius toy guns and other weapons.

On one occasion he took the child to Casal to see a muster of Italian troops. Aloysius marched at the head of the ranks and carried a little pike. The Prince was so pleased that he decided to leave his son in this military environment for some months.

The result was not what he had hoped it would be. Aloysius, then in his seventh year, innocently repeated some expressions that he had heard the officers use. He knew nothing of bad language, and was deeply humiliated and grieved when his tutor sharply reproved him for repeating such words.

He never forgot the incident, and nothing would induce him to remain in company where the name of God was profaned.

Little Aloysius was a true Knight of Our Lady, and often the servants watched him as he descended the stairs, pausing on each landing to say a Hail Mary. When he was 12 years old he received his First Com-

munion from Cardinal Borromeo, and thereafter to receive his Lord was his greatest happiness.

It had long been evident that the mother's wish for her son would be granted. The holy youth begged to be allowed to enter the Society of Jesus, and after protracted and bitter opposition his father gave his consent.

"Dear Son, your choice is a deep wound in my heart," he said. "I ever loved you as you always deserved. In you I had founded the hopes of my family; but you tell me God calls you another way. Go, therefore, whither you please, and His blessing everywhere attend you."

PROOF POSITIVE.

"Newspapers, nowadays, are a swindle," said the man who liked a lot for his money. "Everything in them is condensed, cut down almost to nothing. They are not worth buying."

"I differ," said another member of the company. "A modern newspaper, to my mind, is a marvel of production. Why! for a mere coin you get something for all classes of the community, the politician, the sportsman, the financier, the theatre-goer, the literary man, all are catered for. There's something in it for everybody, and everything in it interests somebody."

"Then, who does this interest?" asked the first speaker, pointing to the stop-press column, which happened to be blank.

"Oh! that," replied the other, "proves my argument: it's for those who can't read."

THAT ACCOUNTED FOR IT.

Jimmy Pouter was a little man, and as pugnacious as a ferret until he met someone bigger than himself. One day he went into a restaurant, very hungry and thirsty. He noticed a few tables away a huge man—one of the bristling kind—with a large portion of roast duck.

Jimmy ordered some. When, however, the waiter brought it to him, he noticed that his portion was only about half the size of the big man's.

"Look here," Jimmy remarked to the waiter, "this portion isn't anything like as big as that fat fellow's over there! What do you mean by it, sir? My money's as good as his, I suppose? Where's the manager?"

The waiter looked at the big man.

"That is the manager, sir!" he said.

WHAT TROUBLED HIM.

Old Jimson, the miser, sent his young son out to milk the cow. He took the one and only pail with him. Somehow or other both the lad and the pail disappeared mysteriously.

No more was heard of him till he wandered back home 10 years after, a millionaire, and loaded the old man up with gold and diamond pins and new clothes and gave him £500 as a birthday present. When that was done, the strapping and prosperous son laughed and said:—

"Well, dad?"

And old Jimson replied:—

"George," says he, "wot 'ave ye done with the pail?"

INSULT TO INJURY.

At the military amateur pantomime a certain gay young subaltern had brought the house down by working into the part of Widow Twankey all the odd mannerisms of his colonel.

Next day the matter came to the ears of the "old man," and the subaltern was summoned to the presence for explanations.

"Now, sir," snapped the colonel, "I hear you had the confounded impudence to mimic me at the theatre last night while I was away. What have you to say for yourself?"

"I am very sorry, sir; very sorry indeed," replied the culprit. "I can only tender my respectful apologies for having acted the fool!"

NOT AT ALL NICE.

Mr. William Huggins was angry, and he certainly appeared to have some justification for wrath.

"Liza," he expostulated, "don't I always tell you I won't 'ave the kids bringin' in the coals from the shed in my best 'at. It ain't nice, Liza."

"Just listen to reason, if you please, Bill," said his wife coldly. "You have spoilt the shape of that hat with your funny head, and, as you're working coal all day at the wharf, what can a little extra coal-dust in your hat matter?"

"You don't see the point, Liza," said William, with dignity. "I only wear that 'at in the hevenin's, an' if while I'm hout I takes it horf my head it leaves a black band round my forehead. Wot's the consequence? Why, I gits accused o' washing' my face with my 'at on. And it ain't nice, Liza."

ART—AND ITS USES.

The man, whose magnificent car stood in the roadway, approached the shabby-looking artist, who was painting for dear life, depicting on his canvas the sunset in all its flaming glory.

The opulent one stared at the picture, then said: "I'll give you a quid for that picture just as it is."

The artist flushed, and tried not to look too pleased and as though he were used to dashing off little unfinished things and selling them on the nail.

"But why not wait until the picture is finished?" he asked. "I have nearly done."

"Can't," said the opulent one. "I need the canvas at once to mend my tyre!"

SMILE RAISERS.

Schoolmaster: "So you admit the unfortunate lad was carried to the pump and there drenched with water? Now, sir, what part did you take in this disgraceful affair?"

Jones (meekly): "The left leg, sir."

Robert: "Mother, was Robinson Crusoe an acrobat?"

Mother: "I don't know. Why?"

Robert: "Well, this book says that after he had finished his day's work he sat down on his chest."

Young Lady: "You say you were on a raft for six weeks after you were torpedoed, and had nothing to eat but mutton. Where did you get the mutton from?"

Bored Sailor: "Well, you see, miss, the sea was very choppy."

An amateur authoress who had submitted a story to a magazine, after waiting several weeks without hearing from the editor concerning it, finally sent him a note requesting an early decision, as she stated "she had other irons in the fire."

Shortly after came the editor's reply: "Dear madam,—I have read your story, and I should advise you to put it with the other irons."

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT."

Electricity in the Treatment of Disease.

Electricity, as is well known, plays a large part in the treatment of disease, but its usefulness in diagnosing faults and breakdowns in the human machine is less familiar, except in the case of X-rays for the detection of fractures and foreign bodies. Several ingenious electric instruments have been invented and manufactured in Great Britain for giving accurate records of the heart's action and of the temperature of the body. When a current of electricity is passed through the body between the extremities of the limbs, the contraction of the heart alters the strength of the current; by an ingenious arrangement this alteration is made to record itself on a photographic plate. A "cardiogram" is thus secured which gives a diagrammatic account of the heart's action, and enables the physician to detect conditions which might escape other means of detection. In taking temperatures, the usual method is to insert a thermometer at intervals and to "chart" the record, drawing straight lines between the points ascertained. With the electric method, the record is continuous, showing the slightest variation from minute to minute.

Kauri Oil Industry.

An industry that may be said to be a direct development of the war is the kauri oil industry. The Parenga Gumfields, Ltd., was formed in 1910, and secured an extensive area of gum lands, the intention being to lease the land in suitable areas to gumdiggers, and so obtain a revenue. The war cleared the diggers out, and the company was without revenue. Something had to be done, and this something was done. The company experimented with the soil, or dirt, known as puka. This consists of kauri leaves, twigs, bark, etc., which by the lapse of time have become mixed with the soil, and this dirt yields a very rich oil. Before the war this puka was put into bags and sold at 12s per bag for export to Germany, and, of course, this business ceased when war was declared. What the Germans did with puka is somewhat of a mystery, but it is believed that it was used partly for high explosives, and partly in the manufacture of linoleum. The company experimented with the dirt. A retort was built, and 18 gallons of oil were extracted from a ton of puka, and, further experiments following this initial success, resulted in 76 to 110 gallons being obtained. The discovery was later found not to be new, for a similar process was discovered in France before the war for the extraction of oils other than kauri oil. The company having assured itself of the success of the new process, is now installing machinery which will be in position in a few weeks, and will then be capable of producing 4500 gallons of oil, which, when refined, would be worth from 7s 6d to 10s per gallon, because of its extreme richness. If this industry proves a commercial success, as it is expected to be, there will be a tremendous opening for legitimate enterprise. There are vast tracts of this oil-impregnated soil. Puka is found just below a thin layer of sand, and is from one foot to three feet thick, and very many acres in extent. It is below the puka strata that the gumdiggers look for the coarse kauri gum, which is found in lumps.

If thou wouldst conquer thy weakness, thou must never gratify it. No man is compelled to evil: his consent only makes it his.—William Penn.

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