

Middle Ages. They were furnished by the guilds especially for night service, and the members were expected to pay if they could, and if they couldn't it came out of the guild treasury.

'And were they happier? Of course they were, for they had an opportunity to do what they liked best. In an English cathedral the wonderful grided doors are a sight for tourists. There is a bill for those doors still in the library of the chapter house, and they were built by the village blacksmith, and the town carpenter made the exquisite choir stalls. Do you suppose they would have done so well if they hadn't liked their work? And the delicate embroidery of the women is still a marvel.

'The subway and the elevated with steam and electricity have given us so much more time than they had. But who's got any time now? Nobody I know of except the farmers who haven't put in modern improvements yet.

'And how about education for the people? We're just getting around to the manual training idea. Then there were art guilds, craft guilds, and merchant guilds, not to speak of the various trade guilds. Boys were apprenticed to men following such vocation as the youth had a liking for and received an adequate training.

'The town of York had 12,000 citizens when the cathedral there was built, and the town of Lincoln the same number, and neither had to send out for a workman. And when we want to build a monumental structure we search the world for artisans and then model after something in the Middle Ages.

'The people were not taught to read and write, the printing press had not been invented and few books were available, but they were taught to work and to think. The fact that they could construct such wonderful buildings and appreciate them after they were erected means a whole lot. How much do most get out of their present ability to read? The scandals of yesterday, the rumors of to-day, and the comic supplement.

'But weren't they superstitious?' the listener ventured to ask.

'They weren't any more superstitious than we are,' replied Dr. Walsh. 'Dowie founded his city in 1900, and in 1896 people in Chicago formed a line five deep and two blocks long to pass in front of Healer Schlatter and have him touch them.'

'Come to think of it,' the doctor chuckled, 'there isn't any number 13 on this street. We have 12 and 12a.'

'Superstition is appealed to now under the name of science. Just say "science," and the people will fall for anything. Think of the quantities of patent medicines that go down the public's throat and the hundred and one cure-all devices. Just look at these.'

The doctor took out of a drawer a couple of hinged pieces of metal. One was copper and the other zinc.

'You put one in each shoe and they make a battery which will cure all sorts of ailments,' he said. 'The fellow that bought those paid two dollars for them, and they must have cost a quarter at least. I've got some fine electric belts here, too, if you want to see them.'

'I can remember the blue glass craze very well and have a good picture in my mind's eye of my uncle sitting patiently under a blue glass for his rheumatism. Lots of folks were cured by the blue glass treatment. When anybody talks to me about the superstition of the Middle Ages I wonder if he isn't joking.'

'How did you come to get interested in the Middle Ages?' was the next question.

'I spent three years abroad after completing my medical course,' answered the doctor, 'and I noticed that almost everything that I wanted to see had 1300 written on it. It might be a picture or a fine piece of embroidery or a wonderful cathedral or almost anything that Baedeker put down as interesting, and I usually found that it was built or carved in the thirteenth century. That started my interest, and since then it has been my hobby.'

Besides his work in Fordham University and his duties in the Cathedral College of New York, Dr. Walsh has found time to be an author. His published works include lives of modern medical men. *The Popes and Science*, a book about men to whom important advances in electricity are due, and two volumes on *Catholic Churchmen and Science*. Dr. Walsh is a graduate of Fordham. He spent two years at the medical college of the University of Pennsylvania, where he and his brother took seven out of the nine prizes offered. The University of Pennsylvania then sent him abroad to report an international medical congress at St. Petersburg, and although most of the speeches were delivered in German and some in Russian he cabled back each day a full account of the proceedings. It was during this trip and the several years' stay in Europe that followed that he developed the fondness for the Middle Ages that characterises his writings.

AN ELOQUENT PLEA FOR HOME RULE

At the splendid meeting held in His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, on June 2, when addresses were delivered by Messrs. Hazleton, M.P., Redmond, M.P., and Donovan, Mr. W. J. Napier aroused great enthusiasm by his speech in moving the resolution in favor of self-government for Ireland. The resolution was published in our last issue. The immense assemblage of the citizens of Auckland here to-night (said Mr. Napier) welcomes Ireland's representatives who have come from the fighting line for freedom. After more than one hundred years of struggle, after the sacrifice of thousands of the best sons worn down in an unequal conflict, generation after generation, Ireland is at last within measurable distance of that long-looked-for day when her own Parliament will be once more opened in College Green. (Applause.) By the powers of the Parliament Bill and the pledge of England's Premier, within two years from the present time, a Home Rule Act will receive the sign manual of the King, and Ireland will again be a self-respecting nation. Not, as the reactionaries falsely allege, a separate and disloyal State—a thorn in the side of England,—but one of that loyal, contended and happy galaxy of nations which constitute the mighty fabric of the Empire. When Isaac Butt, in 1872, started the Home Rule movement, it was thought that within twenty years at most Ireland would receive the blessing of self-government, but just more than 40 years from that date will have passed ere the hopes of Irishmen will be realised. In the contest that has been waged with the foes of freedom, Ireland has had the sympathy and support of the democracies of Europe, America, and the overseas dominions of the British Empire. (Applause.) She has had to overcome mountains of prejudice, and the political obscurantists who still are vainly trying to thwart her aspirations are appealing, not to the reason and sense of justice, but to the prejudices of those whose assistance they invoke. ('Hear, hear.') Ireland to-day has at her back the practically unanimous support of the peoples of the United States of Australia and New Zealand. (Applause.) The self-government which in a few short months has changed the supposed implacable enemies of England—the Boer generals and statesmen—into loyal servants of the Crown and Empire will remove from Ireland the last vestige of hostility to Britain, and effect a complete and lasting reconciliation of the two peoples. The Irish race owe a great debt of gratitude to the Irish Parliamentary Party and its great leader. It will be the crowning glory of John Redmond's career, that like Moses he brought his people out of bondage and struck the fetters from off their feet for ever. If it were given to the great patriots of the past—Robert Emmet, Wolfe Tone, Fitzgerald, Grattan, Curran, O'Connell, Butt, Parnell, and many others, to look upon Ireland in her day of triumph, how their hearts would throb with unspeakable delight on seeing their beloved country once more lifting up her head as a free self-governing nation. We revere the memory of the patriots of the past. They died for their country, and they are now numbered among Ireland's immortals. On the threshold of victory Irishmen know how to be fair and magnanimous to their political opponents. They are willing to close the pages of Irish history, so stained and blotted by blood and tears, and to look to a future happy Ireland, wherein there will be a union of hearts and no sectarian strife. Catholics and Protestants have been too long separated by designing landlords, but the landlords are at last found out. The game is up. And our people will henceforward march together irrespective of creed for the common benefit of their country. (Prolonged applause.) This resolution expresses our hopes for the speedy political emancipation of our race at Home, and also our determination to stand by the Irish Parliamentary Party until success is assured. I ask you to pass it unanimously and with enthusiasm, and thus show your faith in the eternal principles of liberty upon which Ireland bases her demand for Home Rule, and the recognition of which can alone secure her national greatness and glory. (Cheers.)

One of the hardest, and yet one of the most useful and essential lessons we can ever learn for our own happiness and contentment, is to wait patiently in all things after we have done our very best.

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