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- Jan. 25, Sunday.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.
- „ 26, Monday.—St. Polycarp, Bishop and Martyr.
- „ 27, Tuesday.—St. John Chrysostom, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
- „ 28, Wednesday.—St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr. (Second Feast.)
- „ 29, Thursday.—St. Francis de Sales, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
- „ 30, Friday.—St. Martina, Virgin and Martyr.
- „ 31, Saturday.—St. Peter Nolasco, Confessor.



St. Polycarp, Bishop and Martyr.

St. Polycarp, a disciple of St. John the Evangelist, governed the important See of Smyrna for 70 years. He is believed to have been the angel or Bishop of Smyrna commended by Our Blessed Lord in the Apocalypse (chap. ii.). He was martyred in 169, being then about 100 years of age.

St. John Chrysostom, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. John, surnamed Chrysostom, or the golden-mouthed, on account of his eloquence, was born in Syria, A.D. 344. At first a lawyer, he afterwards became a priest, and was subsequently elected Archbishop of Constantinople. Undeterred by human respect, he boldly denounced the vices of the Imperial court, thus making for himself many powerful enemies, at whose instance he was banished to a remote district situated to the east of the Black Sea. The saint never reached his destination. Worn out by the exhausting journey, he died in Armenia, A.D. 407.

St. Martina, Virgin and Martyr.

St. Martina is one of the principal patrons of Rome, where she suffered martyrdom in the third century. It is to be regretted that but little is known of her life and sufferings.



GRAINS OF GOLD

A WISH.

How I could lie for long, long dreamy hours,
My roof-tree but the cloud-flecked sunlit sky,
My couch a bed of brown leaves dead and dry,
My treasure but a handful of fall flowers!

How I could lie and think, and think, of Thee,
Forgetting all the worry and the grief,
Refreshing all my soul in that belief
That Thou art God and that Thou lovest me.

There seems so little pause in this wild race,
This rush of labor with attendant pain,
Yet surely work and suffering are vain
If we forget our goal, the Holy Face.

THE STORYTELLER

NORA

Translated from the German by PRINCESS LIECHTENSTEIN

(Published by arrangement with Burns, Oates, Washbourne, Ltd.)

CHAPTER XII—(Continued).

It was not only the castle upon which the sun shone; it also threw its benignant rays upon a young girl sitting on the balcony—a lovely flower amidst the surrounding beauty of spring. But her eyes were half closed and heavy, as if they had shed many a tear. Her whole attitude was depressed, and her hands lay idle on her knees, as if she had enough to do with thinking. She seemed not to care for the lovely garden beneath, or to enjoy the perfume which arose from the flowers. It was to her as if all things on earth were clouded and misty, and she wondered, in a dreamy, listless way, at the change which had come over the earth since the last spring, when all had been so enchanting to her. Was it only on the Rhine that the air was sweet and the sun bright? or was it rather that the charm had gone with his presence, the sunshine vanished with his fondness?

Nora was not quite clear about it herself. She did not like to admit that she was hurt at his silence, and yet it gnawed at her heart; she fought against distrust, and yet it found its way into her mind. The trial had seemed so easy a one at first. "Two years would pass so quickly," her loving heart had murmured, and now that six months only had elapsed, there seemed to be a fearful abyss between them. Would it grow wider and wider, deeper and deeper, until they were parted for ever? Their meeting too, had been so bitter-sweet. How often had she wished that, in spite of all, chance might bring them together, and now that they had met she almost unbidden it, for it had been so different from what she had hoped. Of course, she told herself over and over again that it was perhaps better he should travel, that even a chance meeting was dangerous as matters stood; but her heart was stronger than her reason, and she groaned to herself: "O Curt! Why must you be so dreadfully sensible?"

And the warm spring breeze blew upon her burning cheeks as if with a caress, but it hurt her; it seemed so playful and so false whilst she was so sad and so lonely. A tear rolled down and fell upon her white hands, and Nora thought her heart would break with pain and longing.

She evidently did not hear the carriage which had driven up to the gate, and from which a young man had sprung, without even listening to the coachman's directions as to the way up to the castle.

"He is in hot-haste," muttered the old man, looking with satisfaction at his *pour-boire*. "I'll bet anything he's on a visit to his lady-love! They're always in a hurry and open-handed in that case."

Whilst the coachman was thus giving vent to his psychological reflections, the traveller had found his way across the windings of

the plantation. He appeared tired, his hair was out of order as well as his dress, and yet his eyes were bright and glad as he looked about him, seemingly in search of some one. At last he espied the figure on the balcony. A low cry of joy escaped his lips, and a few rapid strides brought him to the foot of the low stone steps. She now heard that some one was approaching, and turned a wondering and cold look upon the stranger.

"Nora! Nora!" he cried, and his arm was round her waist.

For one moment she remained quite still, as if she could hardly believe her own eyes, and then a ray of intense happiness lighted up her lovely face, and a cry of deep rejoicing arose from her heart, . . . they were in each other's arms, and they clung to each other, those two who loved one another so dearly.

When at last they were able to speak, there was no end to all they had to ask and to recount.

Did he really deserve a great scolding for having travelled three days and two nights straight from the Bosphorus in order to catch a glimpse of her? Perhaps he did; but she praised him for it too; and how anxious about him she was! Of course, he laughed at her fears with a man's superiority, and yet was pleased with them the while, with a man's inconsequence. Every minute was sweet and precious. The clouds and the mist had suddenly disappeared, and the spring was as radiant and glorious as could be.

The grave nun had said that human love did not count for much before God's throne; but on earth it is the great beautifier of our existence—the fairy wand which turns copper into gold.

It was quite in the order of things but it is perhaps well to remark, that, whilst the two lovers were so happy together, they did not give a thought to the person who had been the cause of their meeting thus. At last Degenthal did mention that he had felt jealous of Dahnow, and Nora laughed heartily at such an idea.

"Oh, yes; Baron Dahnow had been very friendly and amiable, but she had not a notion whither he had gone."

Neither Nora nor Curt had the remotest idea what a chivalrous feat the fat baron had accomplished on the day he wrote to Curt.

"So now we are quits," he had said to himself after throwing that letter into the post-box. "My conscience is at ease. If he does not come after that his love is not worth twopence. This letter must expiate my two former ones. I will not be responsible for those sad eyes. I meddled once, so I was right to meddle again. And now it's over!"

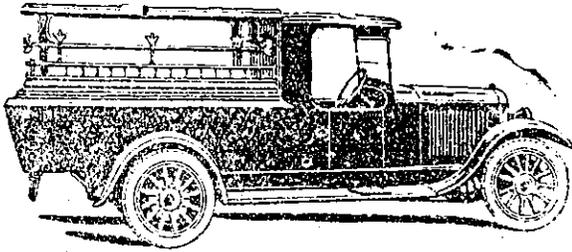
"But if the good Mecklenburger's conscience was at ease, there was still something

Phoenix Thick Peel

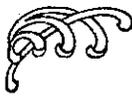
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to England's peril.

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England to be a much larger manu-
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which put him out, for after the letter had gone he was more serious and more meditative than before.

"I also must try what distance will do for me," he said at last. "What's the good of being free from all social or family duties if I cannot do what I like? Upon my word, all that studying has put me quite out of sorts."

Shortly afterwards Baron Dahnow astonished his numerous relations by announcing his intention of henceforward giving up books for nature.

"Are you going to turn *mobile*?" asked his brothers with a laugh. "You'll end by becoming an African explorer!"

"I prefer eating to being eaten," said the fat one, "and I will therefore leave Africa alone. But I must get away from civilisation and from railways. I shall study *un-civilised* lands and people; everything is so flat and commonplace in Europe!"

"You of all people in the world! How will you ever bring your lazy self to scramble up the Chimborazo or the Himalayas?"

"No! I shall be carried up," answered Dahnow laconically. "I know how to make myself comfortable anywhere." And he certainly considered his comfort in the preparations he made for his journey.

Curt had meanwhile returned to Constantinople after his wild escape. Count X., the ambassador, was sitting in his room one morning when his youngest attaché was announced. "So you're quite well again?" asked the old gentleman, looking fixedly at him.

"Oh! I never felt better," answered the youth, who did indeed look radiant with health and happiness.

"Your servant kept severe custody upon you," the ambassador continued slowly. "Although I called more than once, I never could get at you. The doctor, too, was very silent."

"Your Excellency was really too kind," stammered the youth. "The doctor"—

The ambassador arose and laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder. "You're a bad diplomatist, my friend," he said with a satirical smile. "Your intrigues are not finely woven, and your face does not conceal your feelings. To what bathing-place did the Trieste ship take you?"

Curt stood silent and confused before his chief.

The latter traversed the room a few times, and then said impressively, "Young man, do not flitter away the best years of your life in unworthy bondage."

Curt looked up frankly and proudly at him. "Excellency, the happiness of a person I esteem as much as I love was at stake."

Count X looked at him more earnestly than before. "I think well of you," he said, "but I have been told that you were in danger of committing some great folly—of shipwrecking your life's happiness. I see that the folly is at least no unworthy one; but be careful. Unless I am much mistaken, you are not the man to conquer your passion at any cost, and, notwithstanding opposition. God grant that you may not make yourself miserable for life!"

CHAPTER XIII.

The world seemed beautiful to Nora after Curt's flying visit, and yet there were clouds in the distant horizon, and cold showers threatened to chase the spring away. At home, too, clouds were to be seen, and to be seen with a sad foreboding. But Nora would not look at them, she would not rob her heart of the calm and joy with which Curt's visit had filled it; otherwise, she might, indeed, have been sad at the great change which had come over her father's temper since his illness. He had irritable and agitated about every small thing; and even the birth of a son did not suffice to cure him of his ill-humor. He had received the new-comer with intense satisfaction, but after the first days his brow had once more become clouded.

Nora had been overjoyed at the thought of possessing a little brother who might, in time be a comfort to her father when she would no longer be at his side. She thought Karsten's ill-humor must proceed from some physical reason, for both his wife and his boy were blooming with health. But he was more indefatigable than ever, coming often to the villa, in which, it is true, he only spent a few hours. He was always accompanied by Landolfo: Landolfo, the indispensable, with whom he held long and mysterious consultations.

He was, indeed, a remarkable man this "Signor Landolfo," for thus he chose to be called, and thus his name was always to be seen in large letters upon the play-bills. His tall figure, his fine profile, and his shiny black locks, produced a great effect upon the vulgar crowd. But those of more refined taste were disagreeably impressed by the false and yet impertinent look of his dark eyes, and by the sensuality of his thick lips, imperfectly concealed as they were by a well-trimmed moustache and beard. Had anyone felt a wish to study his past—no very edifying or improving study—one might have traced Landolfo back to a simple "Levi." But he reminded one more of Schiller's poetical image, inasmuch as "one knew not whence he came," and one might add: "his track was quickly lost whenever he took leave."

He had appeared under all sorts of different names, and had disappeared a dozen times at least, without leaving any trace of his old self behind him. A disappointed genius, he had tried his fortune first on the stage, then at the brush, then again at the pen. One day, finding himself particularly short of money, he had engaged himself to a small circus. His showy appearance and his agility gained him some reputation in the insignificant troop, and at last, with the assurance which characterised him, he had offered his valuable services to Director Karsten. Landolfo's talent as an equestrian was about the average, but Karsten was struck by his taste in decoration and effect, and his aptitude for business. He soon became a very important member of the troop, by the ease and originality with which he fitted up new scenes; and his facility with the pen made him likewise very valuable in the director's eyes. Landolfo was not the man to let opportunities slip out of his hands, and

he made such good use of Karsten's foible for him, that he very soon was entrusted with the whole management of affairs. The director, who had never had any particular talent for business, was delighted to be able thus to rid himself of trouble, and Landolfo's quick and cunning eye to the main chance always impressed his employers with a great opinion of his cleverness.

During the last few months the director had stood in great need of advice. Until then he had been the first and best in his line. He had thus reaped such a golden harvest, that he could afford every kind of comfort and luxury to himself and to his family. But now, since the preceding winter, Karsten had a rival who did all he could to put his adversary in the shade, and to gain the favor of the public. He evidently had money to lay out for the purpose; and had more inventive power than Karsten in bringing new elements into his Circus, and in exciting the interest of the lookers-on.

Novelty hath ever a charm, and the director soon perceived that his audience was no longer so numerous, and his purse no longer so well-filled as of yore. He found himself compelled to make new and greater efforts, in order to compete successfully with his rival. Some of his best forces, tempted by greater offers, had gone over to the enemy, so that, in reality, Karsten's Circus was no longer so good as it had been. This fact stung his pride to the very quick, and at any cost he wished to create some new means of attraction, in order to regain his former popularity. He was, however, forced to spend enormous sums in the attempt, and what with these expenses, and the maintaining of so many people and horses, he felt himself going rapidly down hill.

He could not give up the villa or change anything in his mode of living, lest people should say he was ruined, and as, in this world, a natural and logical consequence, completely forsake his Circus.

It was these preoccupations which, during the winter, had affected his health, and now, a new disaster fell upon him. The banker, with whom he had placed his capital, had made unfortunate speculations, and had gone bankrupt. This naturally made the director gloomy, and, at the same time, it brought him oftener to the villa, in order to consult certain lawyers in the neighboring town.

To-day he had arrived quite unexpectedly, and had sent Landolfo at once into town with commissions. The sight of the baby and of his wife, so completely restored to health, cheered him up a little, but as often as he looked at Nora, his ill-humor seemed to return. Her engagement to the count weighed upon him uncomfortably in the present state of his affairs.

He was sitting with his family on the evening of his return; and it was a comfortable little party which was established in Mrs. Karsten's drawing-room as Landolfo entered it.

The director arose rapidly and went towards him. In him he saw his only remaining resource, so blinded was he by the advice Landolfo had given him, and which had now and then been crowned with success.

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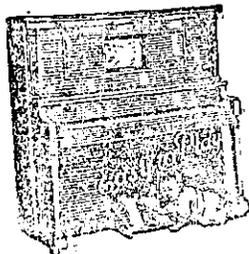
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He therefore always endeavored to make Landolfo more at home in his family circle, and he received him to-day with demonstrative marks of friendship.

Landolfo was quite the man to suit Mrs. Karsten. Was he not the very type of the set she had been brought up in? And what seemed coarseness to Nora, seemed piquancy to her. She was extremely amiable to him, thus bringing out in greater relief the coldness with which he was treated by Nora. To Nora he was inexpressibly antipathetic; and to natural antipathy, she added reasoned distrust, since he had surprised her meeting with Curt.

The director offered him to remain a few moments in the drawing-room, which offer was a signal for Nora to rise and move towards the door. Landolfo bit his lips angrily, for now he knew what kept him at so great a distance from his master's daughter, and he felt not only humiliated, but jealous.

Such beauty as hers could not leave him unimpressed, and since he had made such

strides in the director's confidence, he had allowed his imagination to build up the most splendid castles in the air with regard to the daughter. Landolfo had no mean idea of his own talents and charms; and, indeed, it is seldom that a man does not think himself irresistible. As for the director, Landolfo felt sure that he would be agreeable to him; and could thus conveniently go on with the management of affairs, as he had done hitherto.

He had been so accustomed to his attentions towards the fair sex being a case of *veni, vidi, vici*, that he had had no doubt of his success with Nora.

At first he had explained her coldness to him by the distance she had placed between herself and the rest of the troop. But since that memorable day, when he had surprised Count Degenthal and Nora sitting side by side in lover's fashion, he felt that he had found the real clue to the evident repulsion with which he inspired her.

(To be continued.)

The Irish Revolution and How It Came About

(By William O'Brien)

CHAPTER XXIV—WAS IT STILL POSSIBLE TO RECONSTRUCT THE PARLIAMENTARY MOVEMENT?

For six months before the Convention came into being, the question whether the Parliamentary Movement could be preserved or was worth preserving had been agitating the minds of my colleagues and myself.

When the constancy of Cork—unique, so far as I know, in the electoral history of any country—compelled me to return to public life, against all my natural cravings to be once for all free from those little villainies of politics which no party and no country can hope altogether to shake off, I pledged myself not to withdraw again so long as Cork might want me. Events now succeeded each other which might well seem to absolve me from the pledge, and to show that the suppression of free speech by physical violence and in the newspapers which had drowned my voice in the rest of the country was beginning to invade the free field still left to me within the broad boundaries of the county and city of Cork. The City Municipal elections, the Co. Council elections, even the Parliamentary elections were beginning to go against the All-for-Ireland League. These petty choppings and changings never disturbed in its depths the almost mystic bond between the masses of the people and myself, which indeed survives all permutations and revolutions to this hour, if a thousand tender indications are not deceptive. An unpopularity which had to be laboriously organised, and subsidised to make the slightest show and which in all these years did not succeed in seducing half a dozen renegades from our ranks whose names are worth recalling from oblivion was, for those who knew, a matter of infinitely small concern in itself. It, however, achieved two or three local successes sufficiently boisterous to enable malice, with some show of reason, to persuade the opportunists of Britain that the half-a-million of *pur sang* Na-

tionalists of the South who had hitherto stood fast by the policy of "Conference, Conciliation, and Consent" against a world of discouragements, were at long last deserting their standard.

How lying was the pretence, I took the first opportunity of putting to the test. Owing to intricacies of corrupt ward politics too scurvy for explanation here, the All-for-Ireland majority of the Corporation of Cork was displaced at the Municipal Elections in the beginning of 1914 and the victors in their intoxication boasted that Cork had gone over to the Hibernians and challenged me, in language of incredible scurrility to resign my seat and test at the polls whether the confidence of the people of Cork in me was not gone for ever. Under ordinary conditions, of course, the challenge would be dismissed with a smile. So effectual, however, had become for years the obstruction of the ordinary channels of public opinion that no means short of the figures at a contested election, or the verdict of a jury in an action for libel, were open to me to establish, in the eyes of the country at large, the falsehood of any specific accusation amongst the imputations and insinuations daily showered upon my head. My readiness to avail myself of the most Democratic of all tests—that of an appeal to my constituents, since no other was left to me—actually came to be imputed as the most heinous item in my table of sins. This time, however, their tipsy insolence betrayed my adversaries into being themselves the challengers, and there was but one answer. I resigned my seat and presented myself for re-election on a programme expressly reiterating in every particular our proposals for the appeasement of Ulster. The vaunting challengers of a week before crept abjectly back into their burrows and the great constituency of Cork

—the largest and (perhaps not on that account alone) the most coveted in the country—re-elected me without an opposing voice.

In the summer of the same year followed the elections for the Co. Councils and the District Councils—that is to say a few weeks after the representatives of Ireland had by their votes accepted the Amending Bill for the separation of the Six Counties and the All-for-Ireland group had made the one solitary protest that was heard from Ireland. Anyone acquainted with all that the Irish people now know might suppose that it would be those who had just finally voted for Partition who would appear before their countrymen in sackcloth and ashes, and those whose protest had at least saved for the future Ireland's honor as a nation who would be greeted with the nation's gratitude. In the country's dire ignorance of what happened, it was the other way about. It was "The Parly" redhanded from the crime of Partition who were acclaimed as the saviours of the country; it was on the strength of the diabolical lie that we had "voted against Home Rule" that some six hundred of our friends in the Co. Councils and District Councils of the South were arraigned as "factionists" and "traitors"; and to the shame of Irish gullibility it was this outrageous electoral fraud that carried the day. The cry was only raised at the last moment when it was too late to make the bewildered electors aware of the truth, and by a verdict which the universal Irish race would now remorsefully recant, it was the mutilators of Ireland who were held justified, and it was the candidates of the group who alone had lifted a voice against the infamy who were borne down as traitors. The success of the Hibernians was of the narrowest, and could not have been achieved at all without the countenance of some half-a-dozen powerful Catholic dignitaries who must have been sufficiently punished if they discovered the practices of the corrupt secret tyranny of which they made themselves the unconscious ministers.* But the mischief was done of persuading the rest of Ireland and the watchful politicians at Westminster that the last fortresses, hitherto immune from the power of the Board of Erin, had fallen. By no matter how narrow a majority, the local government of vast regions of the South was placed for the next seven years at the mercy of men who refused the smallest honor or office which their votes could deny to their brother Nationalists and more mischievously still, deprived the 30,000 Protestants of Cork of their solitary representative on the Co. Council—an All-for-Irelander of much local usefulness—who was

* One of our foremost candidates was tempted—in vain—by the offer of a Resident Magistracy. Another, who was rewarded with a Coronership, made this jaunty excuse for turning his coat: "Of course, O'Brien is right, but he has no jobs to give." A third—a prosperous merchant, and one of the most upright of men—was sought to be intimidated by the awful threat (none the less shocking that it proved a *telum imbellis sine ictu*) that "the grass would be made to grow opposite the door of his shop."

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ejected to the cry of "Cromwellian Spawn!" and "Orange Dog!" The saddest thought of all was that results like this were a wicked libel upon the mass of the Southern Catholics who were, and are, kindness and religious tolerance incarnate.

Our Parliamentary strongholds remained impregnable, but were not to remain so long. Our band at Westminster, thin as were its ranks, had all the advantages that compactness, mutual loyalty, and self-abnegation could give it. Ours was a blithe and dauntless company whose headroll it will always be a comfort to tell—the two Healys, Tim and Maurice, Parliament men of the first rank, who need play second to no living men, Irish or English, on the benches of the House of Commons—the one for brilliancy and the other for solidity; Captain D. D. Sheehan, one who had turned more farmers into proprietors than the whole Hibernian Party put together, and had been one of the prime movers in the settlement of 50,000 laborers in cosy cottages and allotments; James Gilhooly, of Bantry, who represented the finest traditions of the old Fenian days, and had a place in the hearts of his constituents from which it used to be truly said, all the united power of Parnell and his captains could not dislodge him, had they ever chosen to try; Eugene Crean, in whom the bitterest of our adversaries was ready to recognise "the heart's blood of an honest man," one with the tenderheartedness of a child and the fearlessness of a Nemean lion; John Walsh, a merchant of eminence, with an unsurpassable knowledge of the people and of their affairs; and "Paddy" Guiney, who brought into the movement the rough-rider breeziness and "pep" of American Democracy. Among the non-parliamentarians as well we were able to count upon towers of strength—Father Richard Barrett, the foremost of our clerical friends in mind and heart, who was untimely stricken with blindness, but to the day of his death remained for us a sort of sanctuary lamp whose internal light was one not to be extinguished; Alderman J. C. Forde, who for twenty years had been the mainstay of Nationality in Cork in its successive phases—in arms or in the broadest spirit of Conciliation—and in all its phases was the organiser of victory, who never advertised, and the unshakable friend, who was as constant when the heavens frowned as when the sun was at its meridian; Jerry Howard and William McDonald, in turn chairmen of County Council, who were the real rulers of a province and were governing its affairs with a wisdom and geniality full of joyous promise for the new race of native owners who were beginning to be the possessors of the land; Mr. Joseph Hosford, the typical Protestant All-for-Irelander, whose steadfastness justified my warmest faith in our Protestant countrymen, had they only imitated his outspokenness in the acceptable time; Mr. Laurence Casey, the founder of the National Insurance Association in Dublin, reliable as his ancestral "Boys of Wexford," who made the name of 'Ninety-Eight immortal and straight as the pikestaffs twelve feet long with which they drove home their thrusts; Mr. Dan O'Donovan of Limerick,

afterwards barbarously murdered by the Black-and-Tans—where am I to stop in a gazette that can only contain one out of as many thousands of devoted friends, the bare echo of whose names makes my pulses still tingle?

So long as, with such auxiliaries as these, our title to speak for the fairest region of Nationalist Ireland—that which had been the focus of all previous struggles and was to be again the focus of the struggle that followed—could not be disputed, it was a duty to labor on against all odds until the remainder of the country could have an opportunity of understanding. In the midst of our own camp that title was now to be seriously compromised. The deaths of two of our members created vacancies during the critical months that followed our reverses at the County and District elections. In the first of these constituencies, none but an All-for-Irelander had any prospect of being elected; but the evil Hibernian habit of regarding seats in Parliament as hereditary possessions had so far eaten its way into our own ranks, that the candidate returned, although an All-for-Irelander like his deceased brother, represented not so much a principle as the predominance of "a long-tailed family." A more calamitous breach was to follow before many months, and—a wayward fate would have it—as the result of the death of the member for West Cork, James Gilhooly, who was a friend as true as ever poet sang of, and, like the old Fenian hero that he was, would have given his blood drop by drop rather than that the scramble for his seat should add to our thickening troubles. The absurd thing was that the chief disturber was a medical student from a Mental Hospital in Birmingham, who was an All-for-Irelander more orthodox than myself, and in that infallible faith proceeded to split the All-for-Ireland vote by standing *motu proprio* as a candidate himself. This, as the son of a doctor of much popularity in one of our most solid voting places (Schull), he was unfortunately in a position to do.

The candidature of the crank from the Birmingham Mental Hospital was only one of the multiple signs of the demoralisation and decomposition of the Parliamentary movement which the West Cork election was to exhibit. To the crazy rival candidate from Birmingham, more Catholic than the Pope—more All-for-Irelander than the All-for-Ireland League—was added a local Hibernian solicitor, who in defiance of Mr. Redmond's expressed public orders, persisted in profiting by the Split for parochial purposes of his own; an Orange Sinn Feiner from Belfast, without any authority from Sinn Fein, who a couple of months afterwards reverted to the bitterest Orangeism; and, to complete the incredible catalogue, a Bishop, more Redmondite than Mr. Redmond, who issued a manifesto insisting that Mr. Redmond had not yet received a sufficiently blind trust from the country, but shortly after the election turned a violent Sinn Feiner himself, and from a violent Sinn Feiner reacted to denounce Sinn Fein more violently still and within the next few years was destined to undergo half a dozen new transmigrations—"everything by turns and

nothing long"—from Sinn Fein to Anti-Sinn Fein and back again in an equally nonsensical manner. To his Lordship belongs the triste glory of striking the last blow at the existence of the Parliamentary movement.

It was Bishop Coholan's ill-advised intervention on the eve of the polling that turned a scale already heavily weighted enough against us. His electioneering harangue was all the more indefensible that it was delivered on the peculiarly solemn day of his consecration, and on the occasion of a purely religious presentation to him, by a deputation more than half of whom—had he, an eminent Maynooth scholiarch, unversed in the ways of the world or of politics, only known it—were enthusiastic All-for-Irelanders as well as fervid Catholics. How distressing the episode was may be judged from the fact that the Bishop's own elder brother—a Canon of the Diocese and Parish Priest of Bantry—who had been and remained one of the foremost friends of the All-for-Ireland League in West Cork, felt it his duty to quit the assembly while the glorification of an utterly discredited Hibernianism was in progress. The pronouncement of the new Bishop, however, had its effect upon a number of the younger priests who were making up their minds to forsake the falling fortunes of Hibernianism.

Our candidate was Mr. Frank Healy, a barrister still interned in England, who was chosen because he seemed to combine the conciliatory spirit of an All-for-Irelander with something of the romantic charm of Sinn Fein. He had been snapped up in the wild orgy of Martial Law that followed the Rising of Easter Week, although everybody except the Court-martial knew that with that enterprise he had no relations, overt or secret. He was still under the restrictions of a conditional internment in Bournemouth, and his attempt to obtain leave to visit the constituency before the election gave rise to a stroke of governmental foul-play, which was the crowning disgrace of the foul practices from all sides of which we were the victims. That crafty financier, Mr. Herbert Samuel, who had fobbed off the fearful and wonderful finances of the Home Rule Bill on the Hibernian Party, was guilty of a piece of execrably bad taste in an endeavor to compensate them. In collusion with a questioner from the Hibernian benches, he insinuated that, in his application to him, as Home Secretary, for permission to visit West Cork for the election campaign, Mr. Frank Healy had really been putting in an abject petition for mercy, and the calumny was emphasised in scarse headings in the Board of Erin Press and placarded at every cross-roads in the constituency. Finally, in this most topsy-turvy of contests, it fell out that the Protestant farmers and their clergymen, who formed a considerable element of the constituency, voted against Mr. Frank Healy because he was a Sinn Feiner and the Sinn Fein priests because he was a

(To be continued.)

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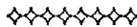


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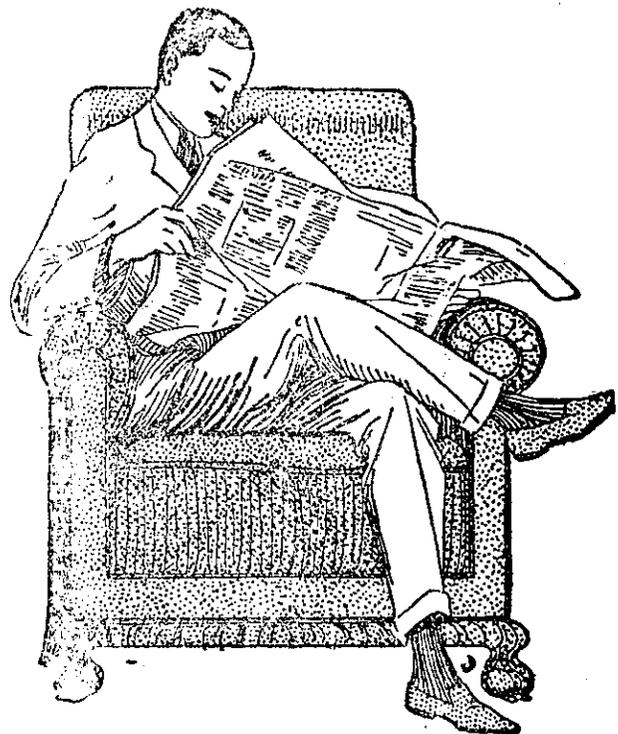
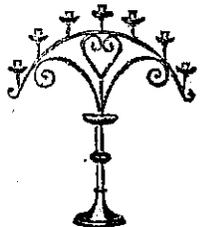
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(By ENID DINNIS in the *Magnificat*.)

"I wonder if anyone has ever seen a vision in Westminster Cathedral?" the girl in secular dress asked the question of the old nun whom she was "chaperoning." "But, no," she went on. "I'm certain they haven't. It's much too matter-of-fact—much too near Victoria Street." She heaved a sigh that did not escape her companion's notice.

The old nun smiled. It would be a vision in keeping with its surroundings," she observed. "Westminster is very wonderful, but it is wonderful in its own way. As a matter of fact, I do know someone who once saw a vision here—in the chapel of the Sacred Heart. I can tell you about it as we walk to the station, if you like. We have just time enough."

Outside, the old Sister plunged into the story:

"It was told to me by the woman to whom it happened," she explained. "She was employed in an office somewhere near here. She had intended to enter a contemplative Order, but God said 'No.' He sometimes does that when people have a strong vocation. It seems to be a favorite paradox of the Divine Mind, that calling and rejecting, as the soul sees it—poor human soul!

"Well, she had to get her living in business instead of becoming a nun. A post came along—up in London, and the small mercy for which she thanked Providence was that the office where she was employed was quite near Westminster Cathedral. She would be able to slip in during her lunch hour, and after work. I think she had been 'at her job'—isn't that the right way to put it?—about a week and was feeling what the young ladies employed in her office call 'fed up,' when one evening—yes, of course it was Friday evening—she turned into the Cathedral to say 'Hours.' She had done this every day. Her one object, she told me, was to get the office, and everything to do with it, out of her head as soon as possible. Sometimes this was exceedingly difficult, and my poor contemplative resented the havoc that her uncongenial surroundings played with her 'recollection.' They were quite a well-meaning, well-behaved set in her office, but my young friend was irked by the frivolity and shallowness of the interests that she heard discussed. There was one young person who especially got on her nerves. She was a Catholic, my friend discovered, but not one of the type which visits the Cathedral in lunch hour unless there is something to be got out of St. Anthony. My 'epicure' found her no better than the others—rather worse, in fact, for she was the biggest chatterbox of them all and talked incessantly about the 'boy' who took her on the river on Saturdays, or to Kew Gardens.

"On this Friday evening my young woman felt as she turned into the Cathedral that she had come to the end of her tether. She had her book with the Little Office, but the

other office, the one that Providence had chosen for her, insisted on intruding itself. She found herself reading mechanically, and listening to Betty What's-her-name's shrill voice expatiating on the probability of a fine next day for a proposed trip to Chertsey with 'my old beau.'" The narrator's face beamed. "I've got it verbatim," she said. "My club girls keep me up to the latest.

"Then my friend closed the book and tried meditation. That was even more hopeless. Betty and the boy presented themselves in the composition of place, and Chertsey's tea-shops and a crepe-de-Chine frock as 'points.' It seemed useless trying to meditate. Then she did what was really a very sensible thing. 'Well,' she said to Our Lord, 'I simply can't think or pray, so I'll just sit here till You suggest something. You tell me something.' It was a kind of challenge. She had never done such a thing before, but she really was on her beam ends.

"So she sat there, near the statue of St. Anthony, just outside the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, and waited for something to happen. Something did. A pious zealot came and began to clean up St. Anthony's candle-stand. My poor friends got up and moved on. There were people kneeling in the chapel before the Blessed Sacrament, but to the left she noticed a blaze of light indicating a corner which she had not as yet happened to penetrate. It was the chapel of the Sacred Heart, and she remembered dimly having been told that it contained a beautiful statue of Our Lord.

"She moved over and made her way into the little chapel, realising its nearness to the Blessed Sacrament in that corner, so like St. John's special place at the supper table—not facing the Master but close beside Him. She found a huge sconce, blazing with candles, stretching the width of the chapel. Beyond it was all pitch and utter darkness. The altar was in the blackest shadow—the effects of the lights. The chapel was empty and gloriously quiet. My contemplative sank down on her knees with a sigh of satisfaction and gazed through the candle-haze into the blackness beyond. At once a thought entered her mind, alert, for outside impressions—she had asked Our Lord to provide her 'points,' you will remember. Here was a perfect symbol of the mystic's vision. The blinding light, the blackness which was the Divine Cloud of unknowing. She knelt there enthralled. God was indeed telling her something. It fascinated her to try and make out images in the darkness. Once it seemed to her that the shadows were shaping themselves into something, but as she peered into the gloom a sound distracted her. Someone had slipped in quietly. Now the intruder was leaving, not quite so noiselessly. It was the slightest of interruptions, but the shadows thickened again. Still the dense darkness was its own wonder. Oh, she thought,

to be undisturbed, and to be able to plunge into the mystery that was being shown. Oh, to lead a life like those lives symbolised so wonderfully by the self-consuming candles. Oh, to be gazing through the blinding brightness of prayer at the Divine Cloud. She felt her heart getting bigger and bigger within her. Then there came a great pain—a feeling of rebellion against the things which interfered with this. God, thought she, had yet to explain why He was tantalising her with visions of what was being withheld from her. She shot out the challenge into the "dark Cloud." Then she returned to her contemplation. She may have been on the verge of—shall we say 'abnormal state of prayer?'—when there was another interruption. This time it was a real intrusion. Someone entered the chapel, intent on putting up a candle in the shining row. My friend buried her face in her hands and listened with throbbing nerves as the pennies rattled into the tin box below. Then she drew her head upward and gazed into the distant shadow, across the stooping figure of the intruder, expostulating with the One behind the 'Cloud.' She drew her breath in quickly and continued gazing. The darkness had rolled away and now in the pale shadow was distinctly outlined a majestic white figure with outstretched hands.

"For about a quarter of a minute she went on gazing. (The intruder—it was a woman—was still bending over the box containing the candles, some of which she was endeavoring to extract.) Then, as she scanned the white-robed figure that stood out from its dark background, she instinctively bowed her head. "There was a sharp and sudden jog at her elbow. 'Say a little prayer for the fine day,' said a voice in her ear. She looked up. The lights were blazing unobscured. The intruder was standing upright at her side. It was Betty of the office. As for the Vision, it had vanished, like the Vision Splendid in the legend.

"Betty smiled in a friendly way. 'I've put up five candles to the Sacred Heart for a fine day,' she said. 'Isn't it a lovely statue! You can't see it now because of the glare of the candles.'

"'But I did see it just now,' my friend found herself saying. Of course, she had already realised that it was the statue, she told herself.

"'Oh,' Betty said, 'that's because I got in the way and shaded the light. You've got to thank me for showing it to you. By-by.'

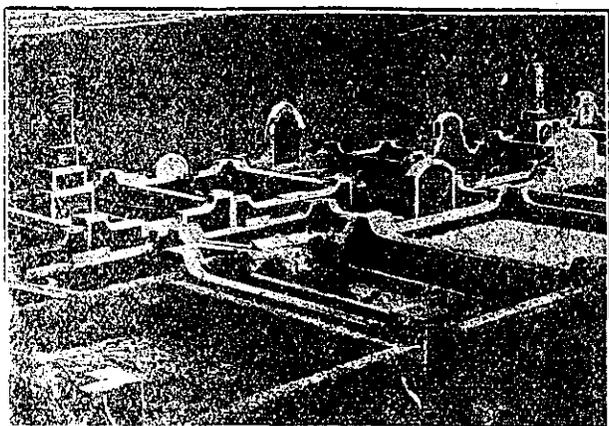
"Betty was off, leaving my friend with a new point of view for her meditation. There were words running in her head, as though they had been spoken: 'He who loveth not his brother, whom he seeth, how can he love God whom he seeth not?' Then her thoughts ran off at a tangent. How disappointing it would be if it were wet to-morrow. Well, never mind, there was the National Gallery and the 'Pictures.' She didn't even smile at the combination. Betty would be sure to make the best of it—she was a real optimist. God must love giving her a fine half-holiday. It must be a real pleasure to His Sacred Heart. Then she stopped and asked herself

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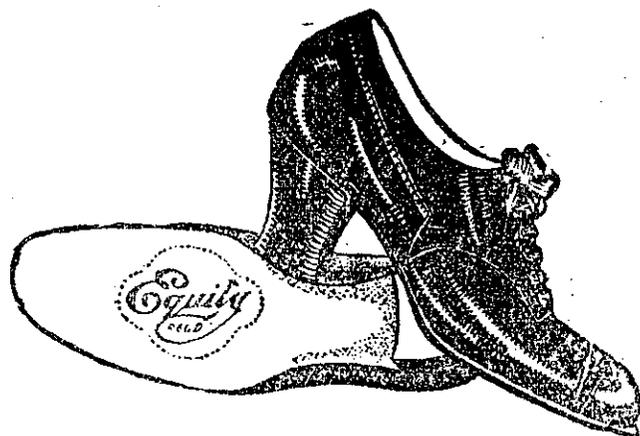


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curiously why she had changed her attitude toward Betty and her boy. Was it because Betty had been there to pray, showing a new side to her character? Hardly. It had been a 'business' visit. Betty had been strictly 'on the make,' and she had interrupted her beautiful meditation. Still, she had shown her the statue of the Sacred Heart. How like a vision it had looked, looming out of the Cloud. Yes, Betty had shown her what the Divine Cloud conceals. She had shown her God, as humanity alone can see Him, in His Sacred Humanity.

The old nun lowered her voice. "No man hath at any time seen God," she said softly, "but anyone who comes up against his fellow-man can see His Christ."

"It was what the medieval mystics would have called a 'showing.' She had challenged Our Lord to explain things, and here was the explanation. Betty had shown her the Sacred Heart, and incidentally, the

Sacred Heart was showing her Betty, Betty and her 'old beau.' God bless them.

"My friend sat there thinking it out, slowly and reverently. Yes, they were the thoughts which we call distracting, which come as duties across our path, that show us God, the things which would seem to obliterate Him. She listened rather than thought. It had all become so clear and simple, and consoling.

"By this we know that we abide in Him, if we love one another."

"When she came out of the Cathedral she glanced up at the sky. It was bright and starry—the kind of sky that the Psalmist, and other spiritual people, have become rapt in contemplating.

"Thank God," she said to herself. "It will be fine for Chertsey."

"Well, I declare, I have timed myself well," the old Sister said. "Here is Victoria Station."

Catholic Germany To-day

(By REV. J. BOLLEN in the *Christian Democrat*.)

Before the war, Catholic Germany was a happy model for Catholics of other nations in all that concerned political, social and charitable life. This was the fruit of long and steady work, of hard irritating persecution under different governments during the Kulturkampf, and this blessing was brought about by the splendid unity of German Catholics.

The Catholic organisations of Germany were more numerous than in other countries and extraordinarily successful. But even before the war these who had a deep insight into the affairs of nations called attention to the fact that numbers alone could not give a correct idea of the strength of such organisations, which could only obtain lasting success through the leadership of highly qualified men. From an outward point of view, the Catholic organisations of Germany had almost reached their zenith when the Great War broke out, which in its fearful course, its terrible end and its sad consequences, threatened to destroy the whole of Germany, and, with it, the Catholic organisations which at least became shattered and weakened, both within and without.

I wonder if you realise the conditions. A nation, exhausted to the utmost degree, crushed, robbed almost entirely of its faith and hope, distrustful of every kind of guidance, and in its misery only too apt to throw aside all its own traditions and put its trust in Russian methods! It must be said to the honor of the Catholics that in spite of this terrible state of affairs they lost neither their heads nor their courage. The German Revolution came to a standstill when it reached the Catholic parts of Germany. It was chiefly owing to the earnest work of the German Catholics, which was now taken up with all the strength and energy of former times, that the reformation of these lamentable circumstances was of such a nature that not only Germany, but also the whole of Europe, has reason to be grateful. Catholics helped in an extraordinary way to draw up

the new constitution, which, although not fulfilling all the wishes and all the pressing necessities of the Catholics, was nevertheless acceptable for the moment. Catholics were ever ready with hand and heart in the reformation of political, economical, and social life and in the re-construction of a new Germany. Allow me to mention the names of Erberger, the Finance Minister, Browns, Minister of Labor, and Wirth and Marx, Chancellors. What Seipel is for Austria, Dr. Wirth and especially Dr. Marx are for Germany. It is not saying too much if one asserts that these men found courage for their difficult, dangerous, and honest work in their Catholic view of the world.

It was not by mere chance that a Catholic, Dr. Marx, the German Chancellor, came to London as head of the party who was to take part in the conferences which proved, in a certain measure, successful. The *Centrum*, which represents the Catholics of Germany politically, has now skilfully adapted itself to the demands of the present time; for it was fully aware that the Catholic Church and the Republic were not essentially opposed to each other. The *Volkserverein* (The "People's Union") which had its head office in Gladbach, has already regained its former number of members (700,000) before the war, and now works on the salutary equalisation of the different grades of society and the formation of a really united Christian people, by means of study circles, conferences, meetings, and numerous periodicals. The Christian Guilds, organisations for Catholic workmen, merchants, teachers, and also for young men and young women, are again fully alive and energetic, and I wish to make special mention of the great organisations for Catholics who have been University students.

These Catholic men and women have, since the war, become very active and are resolved to train themselves in such a way that in the coming years leaders of the people may be found among both clergy and laity.

German Catholics are much concerned re-

garding the relation between Protestants and themselves. During and since the war, the Protestant Church has lost more influence on the people than the Catholic Church. The reasons are principally of a religious nature but they may also be found in the circumstance that the Protestant Church has lost her exterior primary position by the loss of the Episcopate of the Hohenzollern. Instead, again, of attending to their own amendment, they have, in recent times, been striving deliberately to create national contrast with the Catholics to strengthen their own position and to draw to themselves greater numbers of the people, at least externally: a proceeding liable to produce very dangerous consequences to internal peace, and to make work in union with the Protestants on political, scientific, social, and philanthropic grounds exceedingly difficult. Every further weakening of Germany as a nation will be a pretext for proceeding against the Catholics as bad patriots, and thereby serve to make the condition of Catholics worse and more difficult than it has been, especially in the occupied territories which are chiefly Catholic, and which have had to suffer most under the burden of late years.

And although during this last year, owing to our having again a fixed currency and to the influence of the conference, the conditions in Germany have slightly improved and give promise of a calm and more regular progress, one must nevertheless be prepared for surprises and unforeseen evils.

The Germans, as a nation, were enervated, exhausted, fevered and crushed in an extreme degree; and therefore relapses are inevitable. We German Catholics hope to be able to ward off these relapses from our people; but in this difficult work we rely on the understanding and help of our brethren in other countries.

The German people need a healthy body, and a mode of life which will secure to them more than mere existence; but to obtain these all the efforts of our own country have not sufficed. Further it is imperative to bring back to the German people that self-reliance, that trust in their own powers, which they have so sadly lost, and that other nations should show them at least that respect and esteem which infallibly helps the man who is down to rise again. And does not every man who has been humiliated and crushed require this help very specially in order to raise himself and not to draw others with him into that abyss from which there is no redemption? According to psychological principles, it is impossible that a people numbering more than 60 millions should remain longer in penitential garb, and that in the face of the older nations, without having well-grounded hope that, before long, not only justice but also love should be shown them.

Would that I could make our brethren in the faith in all countries realise what this understanding, this justice, this charity and assistance mean! It appears to me that the ice is now broken between the English and the German Catholics, owing to the example of the head of the Hierarchy in England, his Eminence Cardinal Bourne. May I be allowed to remind you of his Eminence's truly Catholic, international, and, neverthe-

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less, discreetly national appeal on behalf of the distressed Catholics in the Rhine countries during the winter of 1923-24, and of his delicate tact on the occasion of the Eucharistic Congress at Amsterdam?

I would like to make grateful mention also

of Father Cyril Martindale, S.J., as well as of the Benedictine Abbot of Buckfast.

Let us, I beg of you, strive to understand each other. Either lack of understanding or misunderstanding is the greatest enemy of truth and also of peace among nations.

Sketches Grave and Gay

(By PEDESTRIAN for N.Z. Tablet.)

TO SMOKE OR NOT TO SMOKE.

Some of my relatives in Ireland were accustomed to impose upon themselves in Lent a little penance in addition to that prescribed by the Church. When I think of my old uncle, Bernard, I feel inclined reverently to raise my hat. He was devoted to his pipe, loved it, puffed it almost unceasingly, and yet during Lent he went through the agony of not touching it. "May the heavens be your bed, Uncle Bernard," is my fervent prayer.

I was reminded of him last Lent when my friend, Joe Murray, and I had a stroll on the Sunday following Ash Wednesday. How we came together on that particular occasion, it is quite easy for me to remember. I had heard about Joe from a young fellow, named Hobson, who was working under him. Hobson is one of those youths who are quite respectable on Sundays when they walk out neatly dressed and carrying a cane. But on working-days when they are returning in the evening carrying an empty lunch-bag under their arm, their faces mottled with the dust and grit of the factory, they look upon all salaried men—the men who carry the little bag not under their arm, but in their hand—as parasites, as a clog upon the wheel of government. He was coming at a rapid pace towards me one evening, his open shirt-front revealing a large area of grimy chest, his two shoulders projecting themselves forward alternately with great violence, the whole manner of the youth contrasting unfavorably with the demure and restful composure of his Sunday afternoons, when I stopped him and asked, "How is Joe Murray?" "No good," was the laconic reply. The tooting of a motor-horn made it impossible for him to proceed further for several seconds. During that interruption, however, I was consumed with anxiety as to whether the pregnant answer was intended to cast aspersions upon the moral, mental, and physical well-being of my old friend, or whether Hobson simply meant that Joe happened to be indisposed or in bad humor. Hobson, who was hurrying home to his dinner, could scarcely give himself leisure enough to explain his oracular answer. I learned, however, that, on the previous Wednesday, Joe, who was generally neat, had entered the factory with a smudge on his forehead to the amusement of Hobson and his friends. Somebody informed him of the speck in an irreverent manner, and Joe got very indignant and called a couple of the young fellows "giggling gargoyles." The greater the truth, the greater the insult; and the fellows were still very angry with the boss. All day long, it appears, Joe was dull and ill-tempered and the two following days no im-

provement had shown itself. "I hope there is nothing seriously wrong with him," was all I said to Hobson. I knew well, however, what was wrong—Joe had undertaken to spend a smokeless Lent and was making others do as severe a penance as he had imposed upon himself. The speck on his forehead was, of course, blessed ashes, of which the Protestant youths had read nothing in their Shorter Catechism.

I determined to cure Joe of his excesses in austerity and, for that purpose, arranged by 'phone to call for him after lunch on Sunday afternoon. When I saw him, it was impossible for me not to notice his cold demeanor. Had my heart swelled with joy at meeting him, as would have been the case had he been in a cheerful mood, my super-excellent cigars might have got crushed—cigars specially chosen that I might conquer Joe's foolish resolution. When the usual question came up, "Where shall we go?" Joe suggested that we should pay a visit to the Northern Cemetery. "Less depressing than the Southern, anyhow," thought I without saying it. A passage from Shakspeare then occurring to my mind, I said smiling,

"Of comfort no man speak

Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs:
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth,
Let's choose executors and talk of wills."

Joe's attempt at a smile satisfied me that his was not quite a hopeless case. During our walk to the cemetery, our chat befitted our destination. It was in a minor key. A musical composer would have given his directions as *maestoso e andante*. Hobson, he informed me, was a lazy, foppish fellow and would never make good. Some of the girl employees were getting the Wrigley twist of countenance through over-indulgence in chewing-gum. Business was brisk enough now, but a great slump was expected shortly. He felt run down through want of exercise. "Why don't you walk to and from your work?" I asked. "I would," he answered, "but I have a nasty corn." "Cut it, man," I said hastily; "have you no razor?" "A safety razor," he answered so gloomily that I had great difficulty in suppressing an outbreak of laughter. "Anyhow," he added, "blood poisoning often follows from cutting a corn." "Oh! sharpen your knife and take the risk. It is better for you to walk home than to cling to the cable tram with a myriad other fellows sticking to it like so many bees." "Wasps," he said, correcting me, as he thought of some occasions when the passengers had acted on the principle, Safety first: Joe Murray afterwards.

What a pleasant Sunday excursion! I said to myself ironically as I reflected on my companion's pessimism. At the cemetery he noted the ages of the dead, reading the statistics for my information only when the deceased were about his own age. He committed to memory the lofty sentiments poetically expressed on a prominent obelisk in a commanding position. I trust I shall do no injury to the poet's meaning in my effort to recall the quatrain:—

Stop, traveller, stop, ere you pass by.

What you are now, that once was I.

What I am now, you soon will be.

Think, traveller, think, you'll follow me.

"That closes the case for the Crown, Joe,"

I said, intimating that a verse of poetry would be a good termination for our little excursion.

During the whole of our pilgrimage, the thought of my costly cigars was not separated for a moment from the lugubrious subjects of our discourse. But "Bide a wee" was my motto, to be discarded when we had reached the zenith of our gloom. "Here's a lovely cigar, Joe," I said in due time, offering him my case, as we stood near the cemetery gate gazing down upon the harbor as restful and calm as the decorous quarters inhabited by the dead beside us. "No, thanks," he answered, "I don't care for it this evening." Not disappointed in the least by his refusal, I lighted mine and found it was as fragrant as my good tobacconist had stated. The aromatic cloud floated around us, and crept in and out among the shrubs and climbed up to the tops of the trees. The birds seemed to know it was an uncommonly good cigar, for they put more spirit into their songs, and flitted about more gaily, going out of their way to accompany us. Some pretty views of the harbor and the hills that had before escaped me caught my eye now and I pointed them out to Joe but somehow they did not appeal to him so strongly as to me.

The aroma, however, began to make its impression upon him, and I was not surprised when he said, "I believe I will have a smoke." The effect of the two clouds upon the birds and the shrubs and the trees escaped my notice, so pleased was I at the satisfactory working of my ruse. Soon, dear old Joe enthusiastically called my attention to some pretty views that I had previously failed to detect. He became very bright and chatty, and told me of some humorous happenings at the works. I was curious to know whether he had changed his views about Hobson and others. "How nicely that young Hobson dresses of a Sunday," I remarked. "Hobson is a self-respecting young fellow," Joe answered; "he is a clever lad, too. I often think that he will prove a great acquisition to the firm when he has had a few years' more experience. He is full of fun, moreover, and keeps his companions in good working form." "Oh! Joe, Joe," I reflected, "what a *volte-face*," but, then, I could blame my fragrant cigar for his change of front.

As for the girls, they used to eat lollies, but finding them expensive as well as perishable-by-use, they had recourse to chewing-gum which, Joe assured me, is imperishable and cheap. As I never chewed that dainty

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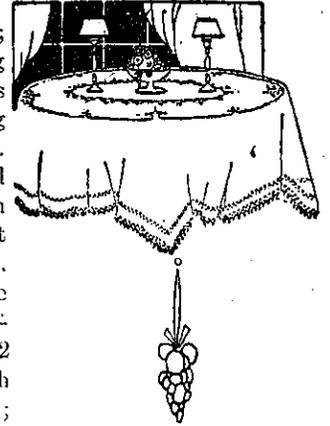
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article, or anything resembling it except an ink-eraser, I accept without hesitation Joe's considered judgment.

When I adroitly brought back Joe's thoughts to the cemetery, he spoke fluently on the long life granted to the early settlers. But then, he said, "the later settlers are just as long-lived. Visitors remark upon the number of aged people in New Zealand, some of them caustically saying," he added, "that you are not wanted here if you have not a long beard and are not at least seventy years of age." He laughed heartily over the harmless pleasantry and said that it was an exaggeration, of course, but that there was an element of truth in it.

On his own initiative he dealt with the poetic warning on the obelisk. Gosse or Saintsbury could not have discussed the "poetry" more critically. "Stop, traveller, stop ere you go by," he went on whimsically. "You see you cannot very well stop while you are passing by, etc., etc." I laughed again and again, but it was more at his violent change of attitude than at the poetry or its new-born critic.

It is undeniable that a merry evening often makes a sad morning. In Joe's case, however, a sad afternoon was going to make a merry night. As I was returning home, the words of the song came into my head, "and my heart was overflowing with a sweet content." I found myself keeping step to it, for it turned out to be a tune suitable to an individual walking by himself and, indeed, it might be recommended to a regiment on the march. Had I been a Boy Scout, I could have felt satisfied that I had done the one good act enjoined as a daily duty upon the members of that union by its constitution. I am convinced now that I should have kept my act of kindness from the knowledge of others. Instead of doing so, I told it to a pious old man who was on his way to Evening Devotions, seeking for his approval of my cleverly conceived stratagem. He listened to my humorous story with evident dissatisfaction, especially when I emphasised the impropriety of people making promises to do uncalled-for acts of penance and by their mortification causing more inconvenience to others than to themselves. The pious man's comment was not calculated to foster my vanity. "Unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish," he briefly but pointedly remarked. "I think it's going to rain," was my inconsequent rejoinder, and I marched along while the words and air of the song kept time with my step as accurately as the movement of the metronome.

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Diamond Jubilee of Mother M. St. Clare

CELEBRATIONS AT HOKITIKA.

OCCASIONAL DISCOURSE BY BISHOP BRODIE.

In connection with the Diamond Jubilee celebrations in honor of Rev. Mother M. St. Clare, held at Hokitika on the 7th inst., his Lordship Bishop Brodie (says the *Grey River Argus*) delivered an impressive sermon on the religious state, the benefits to civilisation and religion which have followed from it, and complimented the venerable Foundress upon the great work which she had been the means of accomplishing in the cause of education on the West Coast, the influence of which had been extended to Canterbury in the flourishing schools directed by the Sisters.

Bishop Brodie, speaking from the text, "And opening their treasures, they offered gold, frankincense and myrrh," (Matthew), alluded to the feast of the Epiphany and the visit of the Magi from the East to Bethlehem, whither they had been guided by a heavenly star, and where they offered the greatest gifts in those days. It was a feast appropriate to the solemnity of the day, the diamond jubilee of a Sister of Mercy, when they thought of a religious being guided to the sanctuary of God by guidance equally as effective as that of the Magi, the divine inspiration. The religious asked: "I am leaving all to follow Thee—what shall come in return?" The answer was, "Amen, amen, I say unto you, who leave all to follow Me, you shall have one hundred fold and shall have life everlasting." The gifts of the Eastern kings were not to be compared with the offerings of a religious—poverty, chastity, and obedience. They were commemorating the 60th anniversary of Mother Mary Clare's utterance of the vows repeated year after year, and they offered gratitude to God for this record. First the day would recall memories for the jubilarian of her childhood, of the day when in the presence of the Bishop of her native diocese, she offered her life to God, and of the day when, listening to a call from a far distant country whence the late revered Dean Martin called for a community of teaching religious, she left her native and beloved homeland in charge of nine other Sisters, to travel 13,000 miles, after bidding an eternal farewell to all her dear ones. It was the greatest of sacrifices. Memories would come, too, of their arrival upon this warm-hearted but rugged and difficult West Coast, so very different 47 years ago from what it was now. The blessed work since then done for souls in the land of her adoption would come also as a memory of pleasure and consolation. What was the offering that had been made? Looking around the diocese, they saw one hundred Sisters, very many convents and schools, and 1500 children whose education was the work of Sisters who had radiated from the convent of St. Columbkille at Hokitika founded by Mother Mary Clare. What was the reward? The sacrifices were rewarded in seeing so many Catholic women living lives according to the traditions of God's teaching, and the

manifold other good results of the Sisters' activity. The day was one of inspiration, prompting them to wonder on God's wonderful ways, and His promise "Behold, I am with you all days!" What was that presence? They knew of His grace and ever-ready guidance. One form of inspiration was to consecrate one's life to religion. There was the promise of one hundred fold reward, but the history of the Church showed some other fount of inspiration—that coming from the foot of the cross, where stood the Mother of God, who also had heard Simeon's words, "Behold, thy child is set for the fall and the rise of many, a sign that shall be contradicted, thy soul shall be pierced with a sword of sorrow in order that the hearts of many may be revealed." The sinless mother suffered with her son for the salvation of souls, and she inspired others to do likewise. That day's celebration would encourage the Sisters in their work; it was a day of generous encouragement. Since the war the world was menaced by many spiritual dangers, the prospect being one to terrify, recalling the fears in war time of Divine retribution, but the war had passed, and God's promise of help was there to inspire them in saving the world from a harvest of vice and dissipation; to save the souls now unguided. They would not lose heart. The same faith as in early Christian days remained, as instanced by Ireland's faith surviving ages of persecution. They could not think the cause of faith lost when they thought of all the priests and religious working for souls. He praised them for their grand work, and prayed that vocations to follow in their footsteps might multiply. He extended heartfelt congratulations to the venerable jubilarian, whose life gave them courage to believe that a world faced with so great dangers would be happily extricated. He prayed for God's blessing on the convent community, for their consolation and for their inspiration to persevere. Their reward was one of a hundred fold, and a reward of life everlasting.

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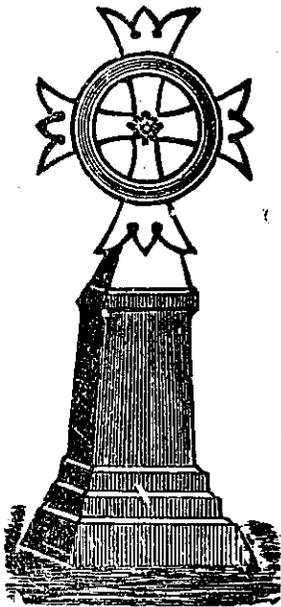
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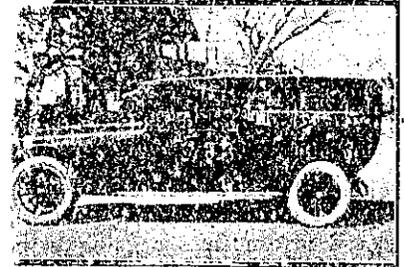
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The Church in New Zealand

THE BEGINNING OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN CHRISTCHURCH

Diamond Jubilee Year

The *N.Z. Tablet* for May 22, 1875, printed the following interesting contribution:—

"Ten years to-day exactly, the first Catholic school in Canterbury, patronised by the priests, was opened in a building which still stands in Liebfield Street, East Christchurch.

Had you visited it on Monday morning, May 3rd, 1865, between the hours of 9 and 11, you would see a bashful, delicate, clean-faced youth, whose nationality you could not mistake, catechising two little urchins, his only pupils during the remainder of the



THE LATE MR. EDWARD O'CONNOR, of Christchurch. First Catholic School-teacher in Canterbury.

week. His school apparatus consisted of a few books, slates, and copies, and his furniture comprised a few forms lent him by the good priest, and a packing case converted into a table. Seeing that he had to pay 14s per week house rent, and support himself into the bargain, having only two children during a full week, he had but poor consolation for a beginner—for he had only just arrived in the Colony.

The following week a few fresh faces made their appearance, and as the parish priest could bear testimony to the teacher's worth, and as the few who attended progressed satisfactorily, the number gradually went up. Yet the income was hardly sufficient to defray expenses, so the teacher opened a night school which took well, and both incomes combined enabled him to live. Rev. Father Chataigner, the then parish priest, was trying hard to raise funds to build a decent schoolhouse, but as Catholics then were few and far between, a long time elapsed ere the building was completed; it was far advanced in October, 1865, before the children

could take possession of it. You will perceive that five months of the severest part of the year had elapsed since first starting the school in the cottage till the completion and opening of the building which was to be used as the only Catholic school in the Province for many years afterwards.

How things went on with the teacher you can form an idea, when I tell you he marched 86 children from the old into the new school on the day the latter was opened. I think you will allow, though he had a poor beginning, that his patience and perseverance were eventually crowned with remarkable success.

The Government then allowed the Catholic school a sum of money towards the payment of the teacher's salary, provided he passed a satisfactory examination, which he did, under Mr. Restell, Government Inspector of Schools. Our new building was then considered a very fine one, high, well-ventilated, and measuring 40ft by 19ft. There being

able Father Chataigner commenced erecting a girls' school, which they (the Sisters) took charge of. So now, in a few years, there were two schools—one for boys, another for girls.

The Rev. Father Chataigner left Christchurch for Timaru shortly after completing the second school, where he is still working for the cause of religion and denominational education. He was succeeded by the Rev. Father Chervier, who in turn was replaced by the Rev. Father Feuyer.

Some two years and nine months ago the schools were literally crammed, especially the boys', so a *third* school, very much larger than the others, was erected for the boys by the Rev. Father Feuyer, who has since left, and been replaced by the Rev. Father Belliard.

Many changes, you will perceive, have taken place re the progress of Catholicity here, since the commencement of the time about which I wrote till the present day. Priests have been changed from one locality to another, schools and churches have been erected. Some of the teachers have taken to other avocations, the Government here have withdrawn all aid from our schools,



(On left) First Girls' School (St. Joseph's)
(On right) Second Church (afterwards Pro-Cathedral) erected in Christchurch

plenty of space, the attendance increased rapidly, so an assistant was needed. A Miss Vallance, a lady of no mean attainments, was engaged, who looked after the junior portion of the children—it being a mixed school. After she left a Miss Oakes was engaged, who remained till the arrival of the Sisters. The Catholic school then had a good name, which can yet be seen from the Government Inspectors' periodical reports of the time, and circumstances at the present time go to show that it has lost none of its *prestige* in bringing on those children who attend thereat regularly.

The Sisters having arrived, the indefatig-

but the youth who first started a Catholic school in Canterbury has since grown into a full-sized man, and is still the master of I may say the only Catholic boys' school in the Province."

St. Vincent de Paul Society, Christchurch A Golden Jubilee

The oldest social organisation in the diocese of Christchurch is the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. First established away back in the 'sixties, it would appear that various lapses occurred in its continuity during the intervening years. This, in the circumstances, need not be wondered at.

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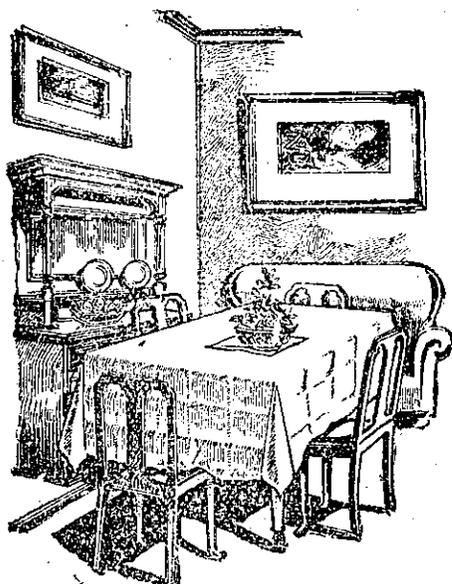
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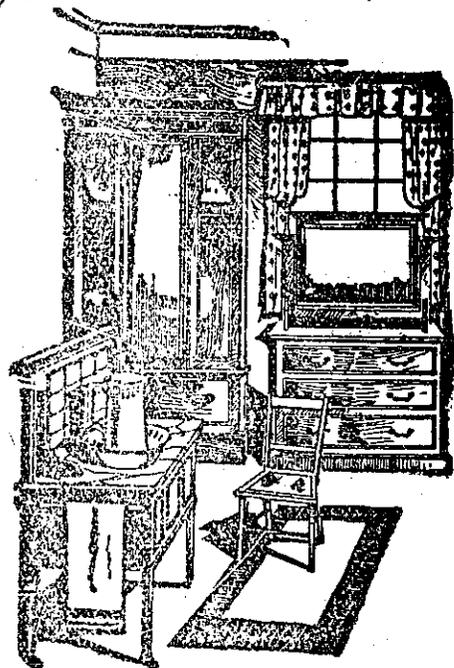


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A VIEW OF BARBADOES STREET, CHRISTCHURCH, IN THE 'EIGHTIES. Showing (1) the old Portery of the Sisters of the Missions' Convent, (2) the old St. Joseph's School, and the tall blue-gum trees once a feature of the street frontage, also a glimpse of the Cashmere Hills in the distance.



BEFORE THE DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH WAS ERECTED
Group of old-time diocesan clergy with Bishop (now Archbishop) Redwood and Very Rev. Prior Butler, O.C.C., in centre.

by the early settlers, and the many set-backs to progress they endured, it was indeed a great achievement on their part to maintain a society of this nature, and also a tribute to their faith, devotion, and charity. One of the breaks above mentioned evidently occurred in the 'seventies, as in the *N.Z. Tablet* file for 1875 we read:—

"We are pleased to learn that the Catholics of Christchurch have established a branch of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul

in that city. As its name indicates, the object of the association is the performance of works of charity, the care of the needy and distressed being the special province of its members. The society held its first meeting on June 22, at which the officers of the brotherhood were elected, the following being the office-bearers: President, Rev. Father Belliard; vice-president, Mr. William Shanly; treasurer and librarian, Mr. Denis (?Thomas) O'Connell; wardrobe-keeper, Mr.

R. Houlihan, sen.; secretary, Mr. R. Houlihan, jun. The branch is already in possession of an excellent library, which will be available to its members and others at a mere nominal charge. The praiseworthy object which its members have in view, and the unsectarian nature of the distribution of its charitable aid, must commend it to all classes of the community, and we trust to be able to chronicle the extension of branches to every province of the colony."

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Current Topics

Retirement of Father Hull

Father Hull, for 22 years editor of the *Bombay Examiner*, now retires in favor of Father H. Roper, S.J., and announces that official journalism will know him no more. That critical English periodical, the *Month*, says in appreciation of Father Hull's literary work to the pages of *America*, that it seems a singular disposition of Providence that one of our foremost Catholic writers in English, a man with a sane outlook on the world of thoughts, the ripe judgment of the world of facts which a thorough grasp of Catholic philosophy does so much to confer, should have to address his public mainly through the medium of a small weekly paper edited and published in Bombay, equally remote from both America and the British Isles. . . . Father Hull is essentially an "apologist" in the fullest sense of the word, concerned always with expounding and defending the truth which God has revealed through His Church, and asserting the validity of those means of reaching the truth with which human nature is endowed. The fortunes of the Church, both intellectual and material, the incidents arising from her contact with the forces of the world and the pride of human reason, the witnesses God has provided for Himself, both in conscience and in nature, the philosophical implications of the Church's teaching, these and similar topics have been his constant editorial preoccupation, until gradually his weekly output has evolved into a number of small volumes, the importance of which is out of all proportion to their size, and which have not as yet met the circulation their merits demand.

Spiritist Sunday Schools

Some time ago we called attention to the dangers to which people expose themselves in taking part in spiritist seances. In writing we had in mind those adults who for various reasons seek the acquaintance of the spirits without realising the perils which such acquaintance begets. According to the British press, however, the latest development in connection with the mystic cult is one that will demand stout opposition if much evil is to be averted. The spiritists have now established Sunday schools for children and young people with a view to training them in mediumship. Last year, we are told, there were over 1500 pupils in these schools, those in the lowest grades being children under ten years. As we previously pointed out spiritists themselves admit that mediums are brought in contact with evil influences during the seances. That is bad enough in the case of adults who may be presumed to have reached an age when they could make their own choice in a matter of this kind; but to expose helpless children to that kind of thing is positively diabolical. A school Manual thus advises the children:—

Let us open our hearts unto them: Let us purify ourselves of all that will bar their approach. Let us offer our physical bodies as instruments through which they can make their loving presence and message known.

The *Catholic Times* quotes from the hand-books of spiritists: "If we open the doors that communicate with the unseen we must expect all sorts and conditions of spirits to press forward to reach us. . . . He who meddles with this subject does so at his peril," for of the spirits who reach the medium "some are even sensual and vicious." Yet men holding these views would deliberately expose young children to the danger of moral and mental destruction which has been the fate of so many mediums. The most charitable thing that can be said about them is that spiritism has driven them insane. Still, the children will have to be protected from the lunacy of their elders.

A Presumptuous Jesuit

Things have come to a pretty pass in France when a Jesuit, a mere soldier priest bearing on his body the wounds of war, has the temerity to tell the Freemasons in office that he will not leave his country at their bidding. Yet this is precisely what Father Paul Doncoeur, S.J., has written to M. Herriot. This misguided man is the victim of the crazy notion that, because he risked his life in the trenches in defence of his country while the Freemasons and anti-clericals were preserving theirs miles away from war's alarms, he should not be kicked out of his native land when the faint hearts of the lodges came to rule. The really shocking reflection is that his views have been adopted by all his colleagues who boldly express their determination not to go upon their travels again at a nod from the High Sign. They say they have as much right to remain in France as the deserters, traitors, and insurrectionists whom M. Herriot liberated from prison or permitted to return from exile. In a word, they have given voice to the almost sacrilegious belief that to have defended one's country in time of peril is as virtuous an act as riding a billy-goat in a Masonic lodge. Father Doncoeur reminded M. Herriot of his "hair-breadth 'scapes" the imminent deadly breach," remarking that he was thrice wounded and that he still had in his body a fragment of a shell received in the Somme. "And now," he said, "you show me the door." And then he went on: "Never during fifty months did you come to seek me out at Tracy-le-Cal, or at the Fort of Vaux, or at Tahure. I didn't see you anywhere talking about your laws or Religious Orders, and yet you dare to produce them to-day! Neither I nor any other man will take the road to Belgium again. You may take our houses, you may open your prisons—and there are many places in them left empty by those whom you know—so be it. But leave as we did in 1902? Never! To-day we have more blood in our veins, and then you see as soldiers at Verdun we were in the right place to learn how to hold our ground. We were not afraid of bullets or gas or the bravest soldiers of the Guard. We shall not be afraid of political slackers. We shall not leave because we do not want a Belgian or an Englishman or an American or a China-

man or a German to meet us far from home some day and ask us certain questions to which we would be forced to reply with down-cast heads, 'France has driven us out.' For the honor of France—do you understand the word as I do?—for the honor of France we shall never again say such a thing to a foreigner. Therefore, we shall stay, every one of us. We swear it on the graves of our dead." The author of that letter is an officer of the Legion of Honor and was decorated nine times on the field of battle. One of the citations drawn up by his commanding officers declared that "he exposed himself many times in order to save others." Even if he were not a Jesuit his record would make him a standing reproach to a Ministry many of whose members during the war were noted for little but "cold feet."

Modern Evils.

The annual conference of the Irish Catholic Truth Society was marked by the outspoken warnings against the materialism of the day uttered by several distinguished Irish ecclesiasties. The Bishop of Raphoe spoke of the lamentable ignorance in our days of Christian family life and the home. The walls of the home had suffered a widely-opened breach from the evils that the infant Church had to conquer in the days of Imperial Rome. They could not be blind to the fact of an ever-growing spirit of independence or self-sufficiency amongst the youth of both sexes; of an eagerness to shake themselves free of moral restraint and parental control. His Lordship dwelt upon birth control and said that it would be a catastrophe if the business of home-making, which for the great mass of women must for all time be their highest vocation, were considered as something to which they might not seriously address themselves. Any off-school of ultra-feminism, propagating any such view would be a menace to society. The Bishop of Clogher said that society at that moment stood in need of elevation, for it was diseased and sick unto death and needed regeneration, and it was through the family being truly Christian that regeneration would come. The danger was not imaginary. The lure from home for many years had been great, and there was danger that the Christian family might be drawn into the vortex of pleasure—mad, self-gratifying, materialistic mode of life of the age—all pleasing to flesh and blood, but deadening the sense of responsibility and undermining virtue.

A Zoological Litany

"Jeremiah Crancher," a body-snatcher in Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, used to suspect his dejected wife of having prayed against him when any of his "ventures" went wrong. He thought it a dreadful thing that an "honest tradesman" should be saddled with a wife who "fopped agen the bizness at a rate wot was positively ruinatin'," and he used to call the attention of his son, young Jerry, to "that unmaternal mother o' yours, foppin' agen yer wittles." There is a band of Protestant missionaries in Spain who remind us of Jeremiah Crancher in that they object to being "prayed agen," for they have

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registered a protest against the alleged practice in a publication called *Spain and the Spanish Gospel Mission*. This publication contains a litany which is said to be used by Spanish Catholics against Protestants, and after having read the document, we came to the conclusion that, as preachers of the hot gospel could never possess a sense of humor sufficient to enable them to concoct the thing themselves, some bright Spanish youth with a twinkle in his eye must have given the show away." Here is the litany:—

Horse of St. James, Trample on them.
Lion of St. Mark, Rend them.
Eagle of St. John, Pick them to pieces.
Buck of St. Atanogenes, Kick them.
Bull of St. Luke, Gore them.
Goat of St. Francis, Butt them.
Dog of St. Domingo, Bite them.
Devil of St. Michael, Scratch them.
Crow of St. Onofre, Pick out their eyes.
Pig of St. Anthony Abad, Attack them.
Fish of St. Raphael, Give them indigestion.
Trumpet of St. Jerome, Deafen them.
Mule of the Nativity, Kick them.
Saw of St. Joseph, Saw them to pieces.
Crickets of St. Peter Nolasco, Annoy them.
Whale of Jonah, Swallow them.
Powerful St. Christopher, Crush them.
Spring of St. Blas, Hang them.
Teeth of St. Polonia, Grind them.
Grill of St. Lawrence, Roast them.
Spear of Longinus, Thrust them through.
Sword of St. Catherine, Disembowel them.
Ass of Balaam, You know what to do.
Cock of St. Peter, Follow them.
Dragon of St. George, Kill them.

—Amen.

The humorist who wrote the foregoing is not unlike the fellow in the comic song who used to boast that when he got his Bolshevik blood up he could bite a banana in two. *Catholic Truth* appears to think that the litany was manufactured in England, and the reference to indigestion provides a ground for the belief. On the other hand some Spaniard, knowing the predominant passion of England, may have entered into a diabolical agreement with the Fish of St. Raphael to strike the missionaries in a vulnerable spot.

Paganism in England.

England is now preponderatingly pagan is the opinion of a writer in the London *Tablet*. It is time, he says, that Catholics came out of their fool's paradise and recognised the fact that they were not living in a dominantly Christian country. Paganism is the enemy, not Protestantism, he declares; and he justifies his statement with some remarkable observations regarding the non-baptism of children and the de-Christianisation of the marriage service. A recent statement by Cardinal Bourne charged that thousands of parents in nominally Christian England did not take the trouble to have their children christened. This fact is borne out by the *Tablet* writer, who says that "in perhaps hundreds of thousands of families christenings are put off until the child reaches such an age that it would look foolish to have it baptised." So the child goes un-

baptised through life. A palatial Register Office for Marriages was opened at the Marylebone town hall in London. A marble staircase leads to richly panelled rooms devoid of any vestige of Christianity. Hundreds of engaged couples have written from all over the country asking if they can be married in this pagan substitute for a Christian Church. The answer is that they can be accommodated if one of the parties lives in the borough for seven days prior to the ceremony. These things lead to the conclusion that the *Tablet* writer comes with a timely suggestion when he says that although controversy with other religious bodies cannot be altogether abandoned, the time must come when we must get rid of the idea that Protestantism is the main hindrance to a Catholic England. A generation is growing up which is not merely without the true faith, but without any faith at all. Therefore, from one point of view our task is easier than the task of our fathers who found it less hard to inculcate Catholic truth than to extirpate Protestant error. There are millions of clean slates in England on which to write large the articles of Catholic faith and morals.

A Bigot Rebuked

A person named Le Lievre, who conducts what he describes as a "Protestant Press Bureau," was severely caned the other day by two Protestant M.S.P. The *Catholic Times* tells the story, and from it we gather that Mr. Le Lievre had the temerity and bad taste to write to Sir Frederic Wise, M.P., and the Rev. Herbert Dunnico, M.P., C.C., in protest against their attendance at a Catholic bazaar held at Ilford. In his notes, which were accompanied by the usual bundle of leaflets defamatory of the Catholic Church and her teaching, Mr. Le Lievre wanted to know how these gentlemen could help on such a system as Catholicism. Sir Frederic Wise let the busy-body down lightly, merely remarking that as a member of Parliament he was bound to represent all his constituents. The Rev. Mr. Dunnico, however, fully made up for the mildness of his colleague's rebuke. He replied as follows:—"I am in receipt of your letter relating to my having consented to take the chair at the opening of the Catholic Church bazaar in Ilford on Friday next. I also note that you wrote me some time ago protesting against me as a Baptist minister associating myself in any way with the Catholic Church. Will you permit me to ask you respectfully to mind your own business and not to trouble me by sending any more of your literature." For a man with an ordinary skin this should have been sufficient, but Mr. Le Lievre's is made of sterner stuff. He carried his grievance into the columns of the local press, and there he received the cold comfort of having an editorial devoted to himself, an editorial that provided him with a rule of conduct which it is to be hoped he will adopt in the future.

A Bad Example

The fact that Western civilisation is in bad odor in the East is due in no small measure to the immodest picture film. The Catholic papers in India have been making strong

protests against the degrading spectacles from American and European picture houses which are displayed on Eastern screens for the edification of the natives who witness them. One paper says that the featuring of the worst that Europe and America have to give creates a false impression on the simple Indian mind. They think the whole of the West on a level with its films, and the Western code of morality the highest it can offer. So that when statesman, philanthropist, and missionary try to lift them to a higher conception of human dignity than most of them have their "Physician heal thyself" has a very convincing ring about it. "You try to teach us honesty," they say; "look at your burglar films. You try to instil in us some elements of self-respect. What about your semi-nude heroines? You want us to learn respect for authority. Look at your caricatures of the law and of parental authority." It is useless to explain. Their twitching lips broaden out into a smile, they wink their eye, and put their tongue in their cheek and say "We don't think." The Government are very active in putting down "Red Bengal" propaganda, but while demagogues are arrested, revolutionary leaflets seized, and raids made on suspected centres, the bigger and more subtle evil goes on unhindered. Giant posters glare down from the hoardings in all their suggestive immodesty, and night after night crowds flock to the picture halls to see the West reviled and degraded—and nobody bothers.

Bigotry and Bargains

That bigotry cannot induce the ladies to overlook good bargains is shown by an incident recounted by a writer in the *Fortnightly Review*. In an American railroad town in the Middle West, where the Ku Klux Klan had been running rampant, there is a Catholic merchant with a strikingly Irish name. The Klan boycotted his business so successfully that the sales on one day went as low as seventeen cents. A woman picket was posted near his store to take the name of anyone going in. The merchant went to a Jewish firm of manufacturers who had been supplying him with ladies' ready-to-wear garments, and a council of war was held. The manufacturers agreed to supply the merchant for a season with everything they made on a basis of cost, as well as with some specially made-up stock below cost, the merchant in turn merely adding the freight and carrying charges. The goods were at once put on display in attractive shop windows. Coats and suits that normally were selling from \$30 to \$50 were marked down to such ridiculously low prices as \$9 and \$12. The ladies immediately broke through the pickets and propaganda, and the store began to get most of the business in the town. Though there was little or no profit on the coats and suits the purchase of them led to the sale of other goods on which there was a profit, the result being that the town contracted the habit of dealing exclusively in that shop. It takes more than a chained Bible to draw the eye of a lady from a seal-skin coat, and the dealer who mentions low prices talks much louder than the spinner of tales about armed churches and walled-up

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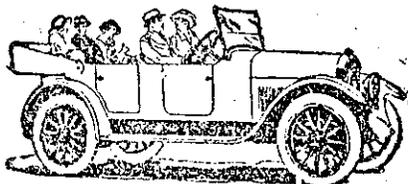
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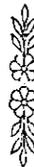
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The Late Cardinal Logue

DOYEN OF THE CARDINAL PRIESTS

(From the London *Catholic Times*, November 22.)

His Eminence Cardinal Logue died, somewhat suddenly, on Wednesday morning, passing peacefully away at six o'clock. He was in his 85th year, but, though burdened with the weight of years, he had carried out his customary duties to the last, and celebrated Mass as usual on Tuesday morning in Armagh Cathedral.

Donegal to this day bears the mark of centuries of oppression. In the wild northern country there are districts of mountain, moor and lake where those who live there eke out a bare existence by a perpetual and oft-times unavailing struggle with nature. Their little patches of farm land have been reclaimed from quaking bog and stony mountain side by the ceaseless labor of men, women, and children. Some little additions to their narrow means of livelihood have been won from the sea by those who dwell nearest to it. These dwellers are the "mere Irish" or mountain men, the remnant of the Catholics who were driven from their homes on the fertile plains below, when England determined to make Ulster Protestant by settling Scotch and English immigrants on the more fertile low-lying lands. The Irish who escaped the slaughter which preceded these operations fled to the mountains and bogs and there withstood every form of persecution for the Faith which they valued more than life itself. When Nature proved unkind and recurring famines took their toll of lives they preferred death by slow starvation to the food which was offered them by the "Soupers" provided they would only come to Protestant church or school.

Youth.

It was from this sturdy race that Michael Logue, the late Cardinal Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of All Ireland, came. He was born in the parish of Carrygart, near Letterkenny, in the diocese of Raphoe, on October 1, 1840. In his early days it was his one ambition to become a priest. In 1857 he entered St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, the *Alma Mater* of a long line of the most eminent among the clergy of Ireland. For seven years he studied there, and was distinguished for the talent which he displayed in his theological studies, and also for the close application and diligence which he devoted to everything which he undertook. There was nothing showy about him. He concealed rather than displayed the exceptional powers which he possessed. He was noted, too, for his kindness, shown in the help which he was always willing to give to those of his fellow-students who were less proficient in their studies than himself. At Maynooth he won one of the coveted Dunboyne scholarships, which entitle the holders to continue their theological studies on special lines for two years after their ordination.

Paris and After.

In 1865 he entered upon his studies at Dunboyne, but his reputation at Maynooth

had preceded him, and after a little more than a year he was appointed to a professorship. The Irish bishops were the governing body of the famous Irish College in Paris, where in the cruel days of persecution so many young Irishmen received that education for the priesthood which they were forbidden under pain of death to pursue in their native land. At the annual meeting of the bishops at Maynooth in 1866 they appointed Father Logue to the chair of Dogmatic Theology at Paris. For eight years he occupied it, and his repute as a theologian grew. Father Logue was attached to the diocese of Raphoe, and the Most Rev. Dr. McDevitt, his Bishop, arranged for his recall from Paris in 1874. He was appointed parish priest of Glenswilly, a district not far from his native place. It is a coincidence that his predecessor in the See of Armagh and the Primacy was also for some years parish priest of Glenswilly. To this poor parish came Father Logue, whose life had so far been spent with books or in the professor's chair. His flock's needs were not merely spiritual but often temporal. It was here that he learned the grim realities that underlay the lives of the hard-working, patient, poverty-stricken flock committed to his charge. In 1876, however, he was recalled from pastoral cares to the professor's chair once more.

Maynooth.

At Maynooth the study of the old Gaelic language has been kept up. The knowledge of it was needed, as many of the priests who were destined for the West of Ireland required it in order to minister to their flocks. In Donegal the people largely spoke their native tongue, and Father Logue, who learned it as a boy in actual conversation, had during his Maynooth course made a very thorough scientific study of it. He both spoke and wrote it. In 1876 the professorship of Irish at Maynooth fell vacant, and the bishops appointed Father Logue to the post, at the same time making him Dean of the College. At the end of two years he left the chair of Irish Language for that of Dogmatic Theology, the same subject which he taught with such success in Paris. He was not, however, destined to occupy the chair for long. In the spring of 1879 Dr. McDevitt, the Bishop of Raphoe, died, and Father Michael Logue was returned as *dignissimus* when the clergy of Donegal met to elect his successor. The Holy See confirmed the choice, and on July 20, 1879, in the old Cathedral of Letterkenny, he was consecrated Bishop by the Primate, Dr. McGettigan.

Bishop of Raphoe.

For eight years he was Bishop of Raphoe. They were years of hard work, and he took little part in public affairs outside his diocese. He visited repeatedly every part of his diocese, laboring to improve the material conditions of his flock. Every attempt to develop local industries had his hearty co-

operation. In one of the periodical famines which visited Donegal he collected close on £30,000 for the relief of the starving victims. Political matters were much to the fore, but the Bishop made no formal pronouncements upon them. Everyone knew, however, that the national cause had a staunch friend in the Bishop—none stauncher. Soon after his appointment he determined to replace the humble edifice which did service for a cathedral by a stately church more fitting St. Columba's land. Donegal is St. Columba's country, and St. Columba is one of Ireland's national glories. Dr. Logue's appeal to Donegal men the world over and to Irishmen in general was generously responded to and the success of his design was assured. Ere he could inaugurate it he was called to a higher position in the Irish Episcopate. The venerable Primate, Dr. McGettigan, was in 1887 in failing health and asked the Holy Father for a coadjutor. On April 19 in that year Dr. Logue was transferred to Armagh as coadjutor, with the right of succession to the Primacy.

Cardinal and Primate.

On December 3, the aged Primate died, and Dr. Logue became Primate of All Ireland. In Armagh, as at Raphoe, he worked unobtrusively. Whenever there was need, however, for a lead in national or local matters he never hesitated to voice the sentiments of Catholic Ireland. So little did he court publicity that his elevation to the Cardinalate in 1893 came as a surprise to many people. The solid merits of the great Archbishop of the North were known in Rome, and Pope Leo XIII, desiring to show a special mark of favor to the faithful Irish people, selected the successor of St. Patrick for a dignity never before attained in the line of the 108 Primates who preceded him. St. Patrick was the first Bishop of Armagh, and it is worth notice that, while the See of Dublin had during centuries Danish or Anglo-Norman prelates, those of Armagh have always been a thoroughly Irish line. One, the Venerable Oliver Plunket, martyred at Tyburn, was the last Catholic to suffer death for conscience' sake under English law.

Armagh Cathedral.

The Cardinal's memorial at Armagh is the Cathedral. When he came there he found that, though started nearly fifty years before, it was unfinished. He determined to complete the work. Money was scarce. Population was dwindling, and so some doubted even the necessity for building a great cathedral. With passionate fervor he took up the work, determined that the glories of the ancient Irish Church should be revived once more in the Cathedral of the Primatial See of Armagh. To-day it stands a monument not alone of the Cardinal, but of devoted poverty. To God alone is known how many thousands of workers gave their mites to build it. It is the gift of a race, out of money won by hard toil not only in Ireland but in the furthest ends of the world. Where, less than two hundred years ago, Mass was heard by stealth on the hillsides St. Patrick's Cathedral witnesses to the failure of persecution. It was a proud moment for the Cardinal

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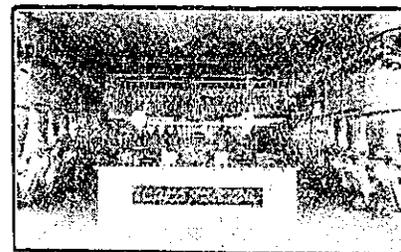
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when, in 1904, the Cathedral was consecrated by Cardinal Vannutelli, the Papal Legate. Will Armagh in happier days become once again a university for Western Europe?

Ancient Glories.

"So great," says Archbishop Healy, "was the number of students flocking to Armagh in the sixth and seventh centuries that the city came to be divided, for peace' sake, we presume, into three wards or thirds, named respectively the Trian Mir, the Trian Massin, and the Trian Saxon, the last taking its name from the crowd of students from Saxouland who took up their abode therein, where, according to the testimony of the Venerable Bede, they were all supplied gratuitously with books, education, and sustenance." To Cardinal Logue these traditions were an inspiration during his long career. Born but 39 years after the passing of the Act of Union, he lived to see it abrogated. The peasant boy from Donegal became a Prince of the Church. At his death he was the *doyen* of the Cardinal Priests. He attended three Conclaves. He was a notable figure at the Eucharistic Congresses in London and Montreal, and in 1908 was received with extraordinary honor in New York, when he attended the centenary celebration of the New York diocese. Throughout his many years he preserved his early love for the open life of the country, and an astonishing vigor of body. The story is that up to the last he enjoyed his morning plunge in Carlingford Lough, on the shores of which he had a summer residence. He was an expert yachtsman too.

Of the People and For the People.

He found his people. To them he preached charity, and practised it. He inculcated temperance and encouraged education, knowing that they would prove a two-edged sword in Irish hands to cut a way through the difficulties which beset his native land. Secret societies he abominated, knowing what a curse they are and always have been. In politics he never interfered save when some moral question or vital national cause was at stake, and then he spoke out with a clearness and downrightness that showed his strength of character. Some time must elapse before we shall be able to estimate justly the whole of the part he played in Ireland's national life. When it is known it will be found that Cardinal Logue was an even greater Churchman than the world thought him to be. His death on the 17th of November, 1924, is mourned as a great national loss. A great Churchman, a great Irishman has passed to his reward.—R.I.P.

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OBITUARY

MRS. MARY McLAUGHLIN, ELTHAM.

By the death on the 12th inst. at Rawhitiroa, of Mrs. Mary McLaughlin, Eltham lost one of its oldest and most respected parishioners. The late Mrs. McLaughlin was a native of Ballycastle, Co. Antrim, Ireland. With her husband she came to New Zealand in the 'seventies, and resided for many years at Patea; afterwards removing to Eltham 25 years ago. She endured a long illness with fortitude, patience, and resignation, and died most peacefully fortified by all the rites of Holy Church. She is survived by her husband, Mr. Hugh McLaughlin, and a large grown-up family. On Wednesday, the 14th inst., a Solemn Requiem Mass was sung at St. Joseph's Church, Eltham, by the Rev. Father Butler (New Plymouth); Rev. Father McLaughlin (Holy Cross College, Mosgiel) being deacon; Rev. Father McMannus (Palmerston North) subdeacon; and Rev. Father Lynch (New Plymouth) master of ceremonies. The music of the Mass was sung by a choir of clergy under the leadership of Rev. Father Kimbell, S.M. The Right Rev. Mgr. Power, P.P. (Hawera) officiated at the graveside. Other members of the clergy who assisted were Rev. Fathers Maples (Stratford), O'Dwyer (Manaiia), Forrestal (Inglewood), Phelan (Patea), Kennedy (Opunake), Nicholas and James Moore (Eltham), Masterson (Patea), Hilly (Stratford), and Rev. Dr. O'Neill (Holy Cross College, Mosgiel).—R.I.P.

MR. BENJAMIN SEAVER, HAWERA.

With deep regret the death is recorded of Mr. Benjamin Seaver, of Hawera, which occurred at Waipukurau, on the 11th inst., at the early age of 37 years. He had been in failing health for some time, and went to Waipukurau in an effort to recuperate. He was in Hawera for a number of years in the business of gunsmith and cycle expert. He was keenly interested in sport, and was very popular. He leaves a widow and five children to mourn their loss. Previous to coming to Hawera the late Mr. Seaver spent a few years at Devonport, Auckland, and did quite a lot of good work for the Church in that parish.—R.I.P.

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ST. MARY'S BRANCH, TIMARU.

At the half-yearly meeting of the St. Mary's branch of the H.A.C.B.S., Bro. D. Pearse (president) presided over a large attendance. Sick allowance to the value of £4 was passed for payment. Correspondence was received from the S.C. branch of the British Medical Association re the formation of a female branch; also from the district secretary, who forwarded a copy of minutes of the district half-yearly meeting held in Auckland. One candidate presented a certificate for admission to the branch, and was duly elected; whilst two candidates were nominated as full benefit members. The election of office-bearers resulted as follows:—President, Bro. D. Pearse (re-elected); vice-president, Bro. J. P. Leigh; secretary, Bro. P. B. Hogan; treasurer, Bro. C. Sullivan;

warden, Bro. J. Collins; guardian, Bro. A. Hall; sick visiting officers, Bros. J. Lapanche, J. Laws; canopy bearers, Bros. D. Casey, J. G. Venning, F. O'Connell, and W. Stirling; auditors, Bros. B. Conlon and J. G. Venning; delegates to the U.F.S. Council, Bros. Travis, Venning, and Collins; delegates to U.F.S. Dispensary Board, Bros. Travis and Venning. The president proposed a vote of thanks to the outgoing officers for their useful term of office. Several other matters of importance were discussed, and a pleasant meeting terminated with the usual formalities.

More "Bouquets" for the "Tablet"

From Auckland—

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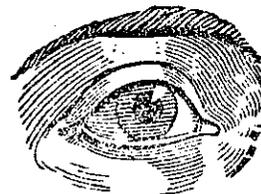
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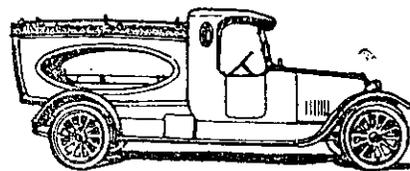
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Diocesan News

Archdiocese of Wellington

(From our own Correspondent.)

January 16.

His Grace Archbishop Redwood is visiting Taranaki.

A pretty wedding took place at Kilbirnie church yesterday, when Miss Margaret Carrick, of Hataitai, was married to Mr. Kerslake, of Masterton.

Rev. Father Duffy, C.S.S.R., got a boat from Auckland for Australia. The strike is making Australians here anxious about their chances of returning home.

Condolences to the relatives of Mr. Cornelius O'Connell, who died at Lower Hutt this last week.

Small boys and girls are beginning to wonder why they are being restricted from their summer pleasures. Heard one yesterday explaining it to another—"It's this 'infan palasis.' You got to wear a hat, an' you got to wear shoes. You can ketch it in the head or in the feet." It is saddening the summer here, and mothers are guarding their little broods from the scourge.

The Retreat for the secular clergy commences on Monday evening next. It is to be preached by Rev. Father Clune, C.P.

His Lordship Bishop Cleary is at present in this city.

Rev. Father Lenihan has returned from Australia, and will assist Father Fallon at Newtown.

Mrs. T. G. McCarthy Reid has returned to Wellington after an extended tour of the Continent.

The Retreat for the Marist Fathers commences on January 26.

Rev. Father Collins, of Mosgiel, is staying with Rev. Father Connolly, of Kilbirnie.

Commemora Relief Fund.—Donations have been received as follows: Mrs. W. O'Shaughnessy, Ellesmere, Canterbury, 10s; Mr. F. Fanning, £2 2s; Mr. M. Crombie, £1 1s.

On the counter at the Catholic Supplies is a modest little box—a mite-box for contributions to the Far East fund. The Chinese Mission is an object that appeals to all, and the little box that is there is emptied when it contains a pound. This week a grateful letter has reached the Supplies from Father Hayes, the Head of the Mission in Australia. Father Hayes was here for the jubilee, and during his short stay made many friends. He thanks the Supplies for forwarding the contributions, and assures the donors of remembrances in the Masses offered by the Missioners. Father Hayes and the staff at Mentone are to be congratulated on the beautiful calendar produced by them yearly. It is an artistic production and much valued on this side.

Palmerston North

(From our own Correspondent.)

January 16.

His Grace Archbishop Redwood came this way last week; soon, very soon he will return to bless and open the new church.

A little while ago a letter bearing the Dunedin postmark found its way up to this part of the island. It came from Mr. Denis

O'Sullivan; said he: "My best wishes to all inquiring friends."

Mr., Mrs. and Miss Watson have returned from abroad; and so have Mr. and Mrs. Totman and family. Both families were on holiday bent; but after all is said and done "there's no place like home"—even if it is little Palmerston.

Retreats have been a prominent subject of conversation lately. Some of the ladies set the ball rolling by departing for Island Bay to take part in the ladies' Retreat at the Sacred Heart Convent. Then Father Francis Clune, of the Passionist Order, conducted the Sisters' Retreat, and at present the Children of Mary are enjoying a short one. Next week the priests enter into Retreat at St. Patrick's College, and when they return our men folk will have an opportunity of attending the Retreat for laymen to be given there.

The exterior of the new church is almost completed now; the leadlights are in; the doorways have doors; the scaffolding is gone from the greater part of the tower; and, to use a racing term "we are coming up the straight." Most of us have spent so much time "spire-gazing" that we forgot the church had a back to it; and a trip round there last Sunday showed everything finished and "tidied-up" ready for the opening. We Palmerston people are looking forward with eagerness to that day of days when our Eucharistic King will take up His residence in the new home that we have built for Him. Think of the weather we "suffered" for the foundation stone ceremony! and pray, good Christians, pray!

"Father Francis Clune will preach at the evening devotions" was the announcement made at the various Masses on the first Sunday of the month. The mention of the name took the minds of many parishioners back over a span of 18 years to a mission—a mission of missions—when "Father Francis" as many of us called him, worked and prayed amongst us, so hard and so earnestly. Father Francis's brother (now Archbishop of Perth) labored here during a mission given by the Redemptorist Fathers about February, 1909. Two years later (note the coincidence!) last year at the laying of the foundation stone of the church Archbishop Clune was here—the field of past labors—and this year, only a few weeks before the opening of the church, Father Francis Clune again visits the parish to conduct the Sisters' Retreat.

On New Year's Day Miss Mary Mullan, a much esteemed member of this well-known local family, closed her eyes for ever upon this world of sorrow; and clothed in the blue cloak and white veil of a Child of Mary she went to her last resting place, after much suffering. Several years ago the Angel of Death gave warning to Miss Mullan of his impending visit; but even though her death was expected, and long expected, it came as a great shock to her family and friends for whom the sincerest sympathy is felt. But the Mullan family's loss is also their gain, for their departed one led an exemplary life. Her long illness was really a long preparation for death; and to her death came as a happy release from this vale of tears. May she rest in peace!

Diocese of Auckland

(From our own Correspondent.)

January 15.

The results of the Junior National Scholarship examination are now to hand, and it is pleasing to announce that Ronald Parker, of the Sacred Heart College, secured one.

Congratulations to the Marist Brothers of Vermont Street School on their success. Three students at this school obtained scholarships, the successful candidates being Allen Ingram, Maurice Laws, and Terence Nixon.

It is also pleasing to record that Christina Pennell, of the Convent School, Te Kuiti, secured a Junior National Scholarship.

At the present time several visiting priests are giving Retreats to the religious of the Auckland diocese. The Rev. Father Campbell, C.S.S.R., is at St. Joseph's Convent, Grey Lynn, giving a Retreat to the Sisters of the Order there, and the Rev. Father O'Meara has concluded a Retreat for ladies at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Remuera.

On Tuesday last the Rev. Father Lecu passed through Auckland on his return to Christchurch. He has been absent from the diocese for a period of twelve months on a visit to Ireland and Continental countries.

Diocese of Christchurch

(From our own Correspondent.)

January 7.

The ladies of the Cathedral parish are holding a meeting for the purpose of promoting a stall to assist the Sisters of Nazareth in the forthcoming garden fete.

The additions at Mount Magdala convent are making rapid progress, the walls having now reached the second floor.

The ceremony of profession was held at the convent of the Sisters of the Missions on Thursday. His Lordship the Bishop presided. Seven Sisters pronounced their vows and five postulants took the holy habit.

The Retreat for the diocesan clergy commences on the 26th and concludes on the 30th of the present month.

The half-yearly meeting of St. Mary's branch (No. 624) of the H.A.C.B. Society was held on last Monday evening, Bro. L. M. O'Sullivan presiding. The election of office-bearers for the ensuing term resulted as follows:—President, Bro. L. M. O'Sullivan (re-elected); vice-president, Bro. E. Parkin; secretary, Bro. J. H. Johnston; assistant secretary, Bro. F. H. Wilson; treasurer, Bro. N. Hooper; warden, Bro. Bean; guardian, Bro. W. Randall; sick visitors, Bros. P. Gunn and J. Ormandy. The installation was conducted by Bro. G. Rogers, assisted by Bro. J. Ormandy. The installing officer congratulated the new office-bearers and wished them a happy and successful term; and each suitably replied.

(Continued on page 31)

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St. John of the Cross

After the door of St. Ann's Monastery at Medina del Campo had been closed for the night, at the end of a dreary autumnal day in 1650, the monks gathered for Compline in the chapel were surprised by the redoubled striking of the great knocker at the gate. The porter, after finding his way across the court by the light of his lantern, peered through the wicket at a youth whose ragged discolored garments were in almost comical contrast with his refined and delicate features. Neither the old lay-brother who judged by externals, nor the youth, in his humility, had any suspicion that one day John d'Yepez, entering now into the Carmelite Order, would become the powerful assistant of St. Theresa in the reformation of that glorious division of the Church's army.

Born in 1542 of Spanish parents, in the town of Fontiberius, near the city of Avila, John, from his earliest years, was noted for his love of retirement and tender devotion to Our Blessed Lady, a devotion which became all-absorbing as the years flew by, filling our saint with a longing to become a priest and devote his life to Our Lady's service. The extreme poverty of his parents, far from promoting these wishes, seemed to destine him

to a life spent in their aid, while his father's untimely death made his duty of supporting his mother all the more imperious. A classical education being now out of the question, John went to work in a hospital. Our Lady, it would seem, was still watching over this child of her choice, for here John became acquainted with the virtuous Alphonsus Alvarez, a man who was devoting life and fortune to the service of the poor. This pious servant of God, pleased with his young assistant, sent him to Avila to begin his studies for the priesthood.

Enters Monastery.

When the time came to choose between the secular and the religious clergy, John's great love of retirement and his special devotion to the Mother of God, determined him to enter the Carmelite monastery at Medina where we have seen him clad in the poor garments of a pilgrim begging admission. Sent to Salamanca for his studies, he passed through them in obedience, humility, fervor, and love of the Cross. He was ordained there, and in a few years was called to a task possible only to one who depended for all on God's help.

At that time St. Theresa had undertaken

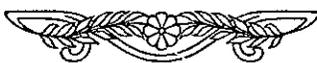
by God's inspiration the reform of Carmel. During a visit to Medina, she made choice of John to aid in the great work as reformer of the monasteries for men. A small house was purchased in the neighboring village of Durvelle, where he retired and where he was soon followed by many fellow religious. Led by the example and exhortations of their holy abbot, these monks sought peace in retirement, humility, and austerity, endeavoring daily to model themselves on Jesus Crucified. But God was to begin to purify the heart of His servant from the least stain of earth, and many bitter trials, interior as well as exterior, were now to be his lot.

Having recognised his great qualities displayed in the government of the small monastery at Durvelle, St. Theresa sent him in 1576 to begin the reform of the convent at Avila. Here by his advice, and especially by his holy example, he soon induced the majority of the monks to take up again the life of solitude and penance which they had once vowed to God and had forgotten. He met, however, such great opposition that in a chapter of the Order, held at Placentia, he was condemned as an apostate and imprisoned for nine months at Toledo. Released through the influence of St. Theresa, he soon was wholly exculpated.

The highest charges in the Order were in

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turn laid upon the saint, and his heart rejoiced as monastery after monastery returned to its first fervor. But opposition from within still stormed around him, and it reached the climax when he silenced two of his subjects as famous for their preaching as they were indifferent in their way of living. These at once used their great influence to depose the saint, and so successful were they that he was removed to a distant monastery in the Sierra Moreno mountains. Crushed by bodily ills and this lengthy persecution, his life became endangered and change of scene was prescribed. Given the choice of two houses, one governed by a lover of the Reform, the other by one of the religious whom he had silenced, he chose to live with the latter that he might have a greater share in the Cross he loved so well. The helpless old man had many trials to put up, but he never complained, rather he rejoiced "that he was accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus."

Holy Death.

However, the time of his trials and sufferings was about to end; on December 14, 1591, he departed from this world. The numberless miracles, afterwards obtained through his intercession, covered with confusion his persecutors or rather broke for them the bonds of sin, as they immediately yielded to those reforms they had so long refused. John's triumph was complete; his vengeance God-like. In 1726 the Church, by the mouth of Benedict XIII, declared him a saint, powerful with the Most High, and able and willing to obtain for us the graces we need.

From the mere recital of the happenings in this saint's life we clearly see the appropriateness of the title "John of the Cross." Constantly struggling against persecution, treachery, the falling away of friends, the mockery of the indifferent, one could imagine that it was of him Jesus said, "I will show him how great things he must suffer for My Name's sake" (Acts ix, 16). But if with loving scrutiny we look into his interior life we shall see that no other name could more justly be given him, for truly "through many tribulations he entered into the kingdom of God."

No instant of his life seems to have been free from violent temptations by which the devil sought to cripple this champion of the Lord. Day and night he was tormented also by scruples to such an extent that once he was about to flee as one unworthy to the absolute retirement of a Carthusian monastery. But to one who sought only Christ and Him Crucified such troubles from without did not satisfy his craving for the Cross. With constant fasting, mortification, and the daily use of instruments of penance, he ran on with great strides in the footsteps of Jesus, and his soul was ever united with the Sacred Heart by constant prayer.

St. Theresa said of him that no purer soul was to be found in the Church Militant, that even before embracing the Reform he was a saint and that God had communicated to him treasures of Divine light. Like that of his Master his life was folly in the eyes of the world; but to those who have tasted the sweets of suffering for Jesus, of accepting every trial as a gift from His hands, of eagerly seeking bodily and mental tortures

in order the more closely to resemble Him, St. John of the Cross, seated on his throne in heaven, is an encouragement to us all in time of distress and sorrow, as he is a powerful intercessor for the strength to persevere. And as for three centuries he has promptly succored all who pray to him, so he will not now fail to obtain comfort for us, the poor of the flock. Wander where we will the Cross awaits us, to condemn us if we are "shirkers"; if we accept it then to raise us aloft in glory.—*Canadian Messenger*.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(Continued from page 29)

The death occurred on Tuesday morning of Mr. J. Horton, who held the position of verger at the Cathedral for the past 18 years. A model of fidelity and punctuality in the discharge of his many duties, he was always courteous towards those with whom he came in contact. The funeral took place at the Bromley cemetery on Thursday. Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul was celebrated at the Cathedral on Thursday, and his Lordship the Bishop gave the absolution. The deceased has a daughter, a Sister of Mercy, in a convent in New South Wales.—R.I.P.



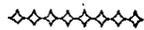
Addington

(From our own Correspondent.)

January 17.

The Children of Mary held their annual picnic on the 2nd inst. They journeyed across the harbor and spent a very pleasant time at Diamond Harbor.

The members of the Sacred Heart Choir recently entertained Miss Dolly Quinn (one of their most popular members) at a "Kitchen Evening" on the occasion of her approaching marriage. A very pleasant time was spent in competitions and dancing. Recitations and songs were contributed by the following:—Misses D. Quinn, G. O'Sullivan, and L. Wildermoth, Messrs. J. Lockhart, E. O'Sullivan, O'Malley, and W. Talbot. On behalf of the choir members, Mr. A. Marshall extended to the guest of the evening the congratulations and sincere good wishes of all, and asked Miss Quinn to accept the parcels, which were many and varied. In a happy little speech Miss Quinn thanked the members and their friends for the many gifts and also their kind wishes. The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought to a close a very happy evening.



Waimate

(From our own Correspondent.)

January 19.

With the holidays at an end, everyone appears to have settled down to the ordinary routine of business. The farmers are now very busy harvesting, and with the long sunny days, conditions are just about ideal.

Our worthy pastor (Rev. Father Peoples) has gone on a trip north to enjoy a well-earned rest. Father Knight, too, left by Monday's express for the north for a short rest.

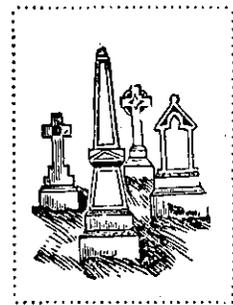
Looking back over the past year with its large amount of work and worry—the building of a new school, a fortnight's mission,

not to mention the large amount of ordinary duties of an extensive parish—the local clergy have experienced a strenuous and trying year, and they deserve a good deal more than the few days of holiday they are taking. Even so, all wish them the best of enjoyment in favorable weather conditions.

The half-yearly meeting of St. Patrick's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society was held in St. Patrick's Hall on Monday evening, and was attended by a fair number of members. After an amount of ordinary business was disposed of, the office-bearers for the ensuing term were installed by Bro. F. Lunan, P.P.

The news of the death of Mr. Maurice Ferriter, who passed away at his residence, Holmes Street, Waimate, on Sunday, the 11th inst., was received with deep regret not alone by the Catholic community but by the public of Waimate generally. The late Mr. Ferriter was born at Dingle, Co. Kerry, Ireland, some 69 years ago, and migrated to New Zealand at an early age. He was one of those sturdy Irish Catholic pioneers who laid such a fine foundation for Catholicity in this country. The deceased was of a happy and cheerful nature, and always ready to lend a helping hand whenever and wherever needed. During his short but painful illness he showed wonderful patience, and was never heard to complain. He was attended by Rev. Fathers Peoples and Knight, and died fortified by all the rites of Holy Church. Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul was celebrated at St. Patrick's Church on Tuesday, the 13th inst., and the funeral, which took place immediately afterwards, was one of the largest seen in the district, thus testifying to the esteem in which the deceased was held. Rev. Father Peoples officiated at the graveside. The happy face and cheery voice of Mr. Ferriter will be sadly missed by a wide circle of friends, who extend their sincere sympathy to the sorrowing wife and family.—R.I.P.

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Selected Poetry

THE BIRDS

When Jesus Christ was four years old,
The angels brought Him toys of gold,
Which no man ever had bought or sold.

And yet with these He would not play.
He made Him small fowl out of clay,
And blessed them till they flew away:
Tu creasti, Domine.

Jesus Christ, Thou child so wise,
Bless mine hands and fill mine eyes,
And bring my soul to Paradise.

—HELAIRE BELLOC in *An Anthology of Modern Verse*.

RIME OF A PROLETAR BOY

Translated by William A. Drake.

My father works from morn till night,
Toiling his life away;
There is no better man than he,
Search for him where you may.

My father's coat is frayed and worn,
Mine new; but when I show
That I shall soon be grown a man,
His old eyes seem to glow.

My father's masters are the rich,
Whose taunts his spirit grieve;
But he brings with him hope and cheer
When he comes home at eve.

My father is a valiant man:
He spends his strength for us;
He bends his pride, but not for gold
Is he most covetous.

My father is a sad, poor man:
And were it not for me
And for my hopes he'd flee this vast
And weary comedy.

And did my father not consent,
No rich man should remain
And every little boy would be
Like me, as poor and plain.

And did my father say the word,
The mighty rich would quake:
And there would be increased those few
Who joy in life can take.

My father works and sweats and stints,
Though strongest of them all;
He is more mighty than the king
Of those who hold him thrall!

—ENDRE ADY in the *New York Herald Tribune*.

THE BREAKING POINT

Often at night I've passed her in the street,
Poor stunted Ellen in the beaded cape
That once was velvet; rusty draggled-cape
Around the hat that crowned her grizzled
head

And broken widespread boots upon her feet;
But "that's the lovely night!" was all she
said.

Although the north wind brought the stinging
rain

If she was chilled and sad she made no sign,
For if you asked her of her health—"I'm
fine,

Now glory be to God! I can't complain."

They say her man is just a porter shark,
Who drinks the money if it comes his way.
You'll see him propping walls up every day,
Or with drink taken reeling home at night,
For many times I've passed him in the dark
And pitied her, poor woman, for her plight.
All day she must contend with work to earn
The scanty wage that goes to pay the rent
And feed the children, yet no discontent
Shadows the face her neighbors see return.

We thought she would lose heart when Josie
left

And joined the army, leaving her for good.
Her eldest boy and best. But "now his food
Will never fail, he'll grow a man," said she,
And waved farewell, though with a heart
bereft

She went to work each morning steadfastly.
The younger lads were idle, for a strike
Had stopped the work they'd sought so long
in vain.

"No matter, so," said she, "they'll work
again.

The Ganger sure can seldom get their like."
When 'Stasia died, the youngest of them all,
She set her face and had no tears to shed.

"Maybe the child is lucky being dead,"
She muttered and went out to seek the price
Of coffin, grave and decent funeral.

She had to beg, her pride made sacrifice.
Sickness, it seemed, was ever at her door.
But she had never time to heed her health.

"Let them go sick," she said, "that have the
wealth,

The like o' that comes hard upon the poor."

So on a sea of sorrow did she toss
Like some forlorn and shabby little boat
Storm-beaten, drenched with spray, yet still
afloat

Until the day when Fortune for surprise
Gave gold for cargo where there had been
dross.

Ellen was dazzled by the radiant guise
Of Death who came to her while yet she slept.
She woke to a new life with an angel's kiss
That bade her welcome to unending bliss.

"'Tis joy that breaks my heart," she said—
and wept.

—W. M. LETTS in the *Irish Statesman*.

THE HOUND

Some are sick for Spring and warm winds
blowing

Over close-sheathed buds and a patch of old
snow,

With the early arc-lamps delicately bowing
Across thin sunshine that hesitates to go.

But it's not for any April promises I sicken,
Though their stammering sweetness be a
plucked string;

My mind is bent toward Autumn, I am
shaken

More by her denials than by all the hopes of
Spring.

The curt cold days, the blue and windy wea-
ther,
The smoke of burning brushwood keener than
a frost,
An orchard full of odors night is wise to
gather,
The fur-collared stubble where the flower is
lost.

A clear green sunset and a pale moon show-
ing,
A sense of dawning ends, like the light in the
sky,

Autumn is a hound that shrills, my heart is
for her gnawing,

The quarry goes to Autumn, let Spring die.

—BABBETTE DEUTSCH in the *New Republic*.

THE BARGAIN

My true love hath my heart, and I have his
By just exchange one for another given;
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thought and senses
guides;

He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, (1554-1586.)

WALL PAPER

Aunt Sophronia lives alone
In a great, high box of a house
Fringed by a stiff, white fence
That leans over in places
Like trees bent by the wind.

Its tall rooms bewail the emptiness
Of their precision,
And through all the house
Weary ghosts of forgotten yesterdays
Stalk ceaselessly,
Prisoners
Behind the doors of tradition.

Narrow slits of sunlight
Steal through the shuttered windows,
And light up family albums and portraits
In stiff frames.
Bric-a-brac
Reclines in every posture
On shelf and what-not.

Aunt Sophronia sleeps in a room
Where blue wall-paper roses
Stare at her from every angle—
A thousand mocking eyes
Peering into her old age, asking,
"How much longer must we cling here?"

At night she twists her thin, gray hair
Into a knot upon her head,
And places her black-lace shoes
Side by side
On a footstool covered with patchwork,
In her ruffled, long-sleeved night-gown
By her high-backed walnut bed,
She reminds me somehow, of those blue roses
That should have been pink, instead.

—BEATRICE REYNOLDS in the *Buccaneer*.

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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader, p. 33; Notes, p. 34; Topics, pp. 22-23; Complete Story, p. 11; Catholic Germany To-day, p. 13; Sketches Grave and Gay, p. 15; Diamond Jubilee of Mother M. Clare, p. 17; The Church in N.Z., pp. 19-21; Are You Saved? p. 45; The Catholic Bible, p. 49; Sunday Afternoon Readings, p. 51; How I Became a Catholic, p. 57; A Great Catholic Editor, p. 57; The Late Cardinal Logue, p. 25.

MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII TO THE "N.Z. TABLET."

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiae causam promoveri per vias Veritatis et Pacis.

LEO XIII, P.M.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

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.

The New Zealand Tablet

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1925.

EARLY TRAINING

EXPERTS tell us that the human brain attains its maximum weight about the age of fifteen, and in the case of girls a little earlier. It is conceded that among the more favored classes the growth may go on up to the age of twenty, or perhaps even a year or two more; but on the whole, the period of nerve plasticity is not extended beyond youth. As years go on the weight of the brain decreases, although in the case of eminent men it has been known to remain fairly constant into old age. But eminent men are exceptions, and the general rule is that the decrease sets in about the age of thirty-three. From this fact it is argued that the most important period for the training of youth are the years between the ages of seven and fifteen, and that it is a great mistake to say, as some people do, that it is well to defer education until the child can reason out for himself the why and wherefore of things. Much more depends on memory, habit, and association than is commonly thought, and the best season for developing these is the most plastic period of brain growth. The great psychologist, Wundt, said: "The old metaphysical prejudice that man always thinks has not yet entirely disappeared. I myself am inclined to hold that man really thinks very little and very seldom. Many an action which looks like a manifestation of intelligence most surely originates in association." Professor Menge says: "We find that . . . at about fifteen the average boy, and from ten to thirteen, the average girl has a brain as large as he or she ever will have; that at thirty-three all the *that reminds me* part of the brain has finished growing, that is, that the association fibres have assumed the form and position they are going to assume for life."

The deduction made from these premises by Professor Halleck is that if we do not get our foundations for training before, we are not going to get them after, we are fully grown. This means that the principles must be instilled early or never, for if they have not taken hold during the plastic period of the brain, in after life itself will be regulated only from the outside. Hence, it is of maximum importance that the young should acquire their guiding principles even before they are fifteen years of age, and there is real danger that if they fail to do so they will never acquire them. Hence again the need of drilling into the minds of the young the fundamental things which will determine the lines of their moral and intellectual growth in after years. The next question is what sort of principles are to be instilled? At present there are two diverging systems, two ways of teaching boys and girls that they ought to be moral. There is the penal system which holds up to the young imagination the horrors of vice and the terrible consequences of an evil life; the system referred to by Mr. Chesterton when dealing with the assertion that the exhibition of a drunkard's liver would be a more efficacious way of teaching temperance than prayer or praise. The other system is that based on religion, the system which teaches us to be moral because it is the Law of God, which teaches us to respect our bodies because they were made to be temples of God's Holy Spirit, which makes us see a brother in our neighbor, and makes the love for the neighbor the test of the love of God. This system is based on principles, on ideals. It points out to the young girl the beautiful example of the most chaste Mother of God, whereas the other points to the lower motive of social ostracism or physical degradation. The Christian system produces pure and moral men and women; the other only promises hygienic animals—promises and seldom fulfils. Only a debased and perverted mind can have the least hesitation about deciding off-hand which system is the best and noblest. Unfortunately, the fact that the "hygienic animal" system is the one in vogue in our present day secular schools is ample proof of the debasement and perversion of society as a whole.

*

The conclusion of all this is that teachers must aim at making the most of the child during the plastic period of the brain. And if it is their duty to prepare the young people to become good citizens in after life, it is clearly their duty to drill into them sound guiding principles which will mould their characters on right lines. The hygienic appeal is frankly nonsense: it never did and never will make moral men and women, for morality must have a deeper and greater foundation than fear or human respect. The one thing, the one thing alone, that can make for good-character formation is an early training on the old-fashioned Christian lines, a training that will teach children to aim at being good and to shun vice because to do so is God's will in their regard, and because in no other way can they work out their end in being, here and hereafter. God wants the man or the woman who can conscientiously say, "I have tried to live up to

the Ten Commandments, I have obeyed the voice of conscience, I have practised virtue." But we cannot imagine anyone wanting the man or woman who can only say, "I am an immoral being but I am quite hygienic." Experience teaches us that they who try to be merely hygienic are seldom even that. As a rule it is a case of being either moral or immoral. It needs no deep study of modern society to realise that much.

Tragic Death of Father Francis Marlow

RESULT OF A MOTOR ACCIDENT.

While motoring on Saturday evening, accompanied by his brother (Rev. S. Marlow) and Father Martin, of Invercargill, Father Francis Marlow, who was relieving at Wai-kiwi during the absence of the pastor, Rev. Father James O'Neill, on a holiday tour of the Old Land, was struck on the head by a passing motor car, and so severely injured that he passed away on Sunday afternoon. From accounts received of the sad occurrence it would appear that having trouble with his car Father Marlow alighted and was in the act of hailing an approaching car with the object of soliciting help when he was struck down as related above. He was removed to a private hospital where he subsequently succumbed.

The deceased was a son (one of twins) of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Marlow, of Musselburgh, South Dunedin, and received his early education at the school of the Sisters of Mercy, South Dunedin, and afterwards at the Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin. He was educated for the priesthood at Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, and was ordained by his Lordship Dr. Brodie at St. Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin, five years ago last November. For several years he was stationed at the Cathedral, and at intervals was engaged on relieving duty in various parishes of the diocese. He was an exceedingly zealous and popular young priest, and much loved by the children.

The first news of the sad occurrence was announced at the eleven o'clock Mass at St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday, the prayers of the congregation being solicited for him. When, at Vespers, the announcement was made of his death that afternoon, all present received a grievous shock. In concluding his sermon, Rev. Father Loughnan, S.J., made very feeling reference to Father Marlow's death, and at the close of the devotions, Mr. A. Vallis played the "Dead March" from "Saul." Mr. and Mrs. Marlow motored south to their dying son only to find that he had expired before they reached him. Deepest sympathy is extended to the bereaved parents and family in the great sorrow that has stricken them; also to his Lordship the Bishop in the loss of so devoted a member of the diocesan clergy.

Masses for the repose of the soul of the deceased priest were celebrated at the Cathedral, and chapel of the Dominican Nuns on Monday. The solemn obsequies will be observed at St. Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin, on Wednesday morning, the interment taking place immediately afterwards.—R.I.P.

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NOTES



Journalese

Common errors, made more common by their frequency in newspapers, are the use of *state* for *say*, *allege* for *say*, *administer* for *give*, *aggravate* for *annoy*, *mutual* for *common*, *factor* for *cause*, *ilk* for *sort*, *illy* for *ill*, *inaugurate* for *begin*, *liable* for *likely*, and for *to*. And is indeed one of the pitfalls of the language. There is hardly a day we do not come upon such wrong uses of it as in the sentence: "Try and come with us." Still worse is the clumsy conjunction of *and* with the relative, as in the sentence: "He owned a violin made by Stradivarius, and which was formerly the property of his grandfather." Another evil of journalese is the habit of using ready-made phrases. Men who have to write much and at short notice are prone to acquire this habit, and that is one of the reasons why journalese is often a language that it is a weariness to read. Ready-made phrases are not alive; they are not quickened by thought; they are the stock-in-trade of men who are unable to think, or who have not been trained to think. Thus, persons who read editorials every day (if there be such persons in existence) recognise that each and every editorial is only a combination of a very limited number of words and current phrases. These are flung on the paper without order, and without beauty, and often at the end of a leading article the reader asks himself what is it all about.

Nuts to Crack

If any boy or girl thinks that the correct writing of English is an easy matter we would advise the quiet study of the following sentences, all of which are faulty:

The Spectator: "The Great Powers, after producing this absolutely certain result, are ending with what they ought to have begun—coercion."

Beaconsfield: "There were other means of communication between Claribel and her new prophet. Books were mutually lent to each other."

The Spectator: "Whatever we possessed in 1867 the British Empire possesses now and is part of the Dominion of Canada."

The Times: "I am sensible that by conniving at it it will take too deep root ever to be eradicated."

Morley: "These journeymen are far too declamatory, and too much addicted to substitute vague and puerile dissertations for solid instructions."

Conan Doyle: "I think that if the matter were handed over to the parish councils . . . we would within a twelvemonth have exactly such a network of rifle clubs as is needed."

Gladstone: "I cannot let the moment pass at which I would have been enjoying a visit to you after your severe illness without one word of sympathy."

Carlyle: "Add to all this that he died in his thirty-seventh year: and then ask, If it be strange that his poems are imperfect?"

The Times: "Mr. Lionel Philips main-

tained that it was impossible to introduce white unskilled labor on a large scale as a payable proposition, without lowering the position of the white man."

The Times: "We are giving these explanations gently as friends, also patiently as becomes neighbors."

Scott: "It is to you whom I address a history which may perhaps fall into very different hands."

Thackeray: "With whom on those golden evenings I should like to have taken a stroll in the bayfield."

If the average reader is unable to discover where the fault lies in each of the foregoing sentences, he may at any rate console himself that errors in English prose are not confined to ordinary people. It may console others to remember that that maniac, the *Spectator*, which certain old fogies rank beside the Bible, is the worst offender of all.

Matthew Arnold's Poetry

We once heard a friend remark that his objection to Matthew Arnold's poetry was that the man knew too much about the technique of versification. That implied that he was more concerned with how he said a thing than with what he said; in other words indicated that the critic found Arnold wanting in vitality, in spontaneity, in careless rapture, in fire, in fierceness, in full-bloodedness. He strove indeed after the perfect form, but he had also the *content*—the *Inhalt*, as our German cousins would call it; he perhaps had too much *Inhalt* and was too thoughtful, and this may be the reason why he was never very popular with people who like sugar and sentiment and jingle. There was not only a critic but also a philosopher behind his pen; and the result was a high seriousness, a sweetness that was never without light, and an atmosphere of wholesomeness with a music as of lapping waters. Mr. Birrell tells us of another kind of critic. "I read the other day in the *Spectator* newspaper," he writes, "an assertion that Mr. Arnold's poetry had never consoled anybody. A falser statement was never made innocently. It may never have consoled the writer in the *Spectator*, but because the stomach of a dram-drinker rejects cold water is no kind of reason for a sober man abandoning his morning tumbler of the pure element. Mr. Arnold's poetry is full of consolation. It would be strange if it had not been. It is

No stretched metre of an antique song,

but quick and to the point." His poetry, then, was consoling and serious, but its most distinctive note was perhaps its sincerity. He went in search of the heart of things, and in doing so he left the beaten track and with it the *profanum vulgus* who were too bleary-eyed to follow him. This may be seen in his love of Nature, of which Mr. Birrell writes: "Mr. Arnold's love of Nature, and poetic treatment of Nature, was to many a

vexed soul a great joy and an intense relief. Mr. Arnold was a genuine Wordsworthian—being able to read everything Wordsworth ever wrote except 'Vandracour and Julia.' The influence of Wordsworth on him was immense, but he was enabled by the order of his mind to reject with the heartiest goodwill the cloudy pantheism which robs so much of Wordsworth's best verse of the heightened charm of reality, for, after all, poetry, like religion, must be true, or it is nothing. This strong aversion to the unreal also prevented Mr. Arnold, despite his love of the classical forms, from nonsensical neopaganism. His was a manlier attitude. He had no desire to keep tugging at the dry breasts of an outward creed, nor any disposition to go down on his knees, or hunkers as the Scotch more humorously call them, before plaster casts of Venus or even Proteus rising from the sea. There was something refreshing about this. In the long run even gloomy truth is better than a cheerful falsehood. The perpetual strain of living down to a lie, the depressing atmosphere of a circumscribed intelligence, tell upon the system, and the cheerful falsehood soon begins to look puffy and dissipated." Mr. Birrell's own opinion is thus succinctly expressed: "But though severe and restricted, and without either grandeur or fancy, Arnold's poetry is most companionable. It never teases you—there he has the better of Shelley—or surfeits you—there he prevails over Keats. As a poet, we would never dare or wish to class him with either Shelley or Keats, but as a companion to slip in your pocket before starting to spend the day amid

The cheerful silence of the fells, you may search far before you find anything better than the volumes of Mr. Arnold's poems."

Unhealthy Books

Side by side with the taste for unclean books grows in our day a delight in books that are unhealthy without being really obscene. There is a kind of feminine, sentimental, emotional novel which is as disastrous to the mind as a diet of sweet cakes is to the bodily health. These books substitute emotion for argument, and cloying sweetness for noble thoughts. They have a laxative effect on the moral fibre of their readers, and they poison the soul and enervate its strength slowly and surely. There are many such books in circulation to-day and their popularity is a sad sign of the degenerate spirit of the age. The great feminine reading public creates for such writings a demand that authors are pandering to with much financial profit to themselves and much evil results to the race. People who read nothing but this sort of literature lose sight of every high ideal of manhood or womanhood, and the constant pabulum of worthless diet for the mind disposes the soul for actual depravity by weakening its powers of resistance. The readers live in a perpetual miasma and the fresh mountain breezes of true inspiration never reach them. There is no energy, no activity, no serious attention required for the perusal of such books, and the passive reading of them is the forerunner of decay. Our modern education—the product of innumerable fads and rash experiments, by persons without any proper notion of what

W. E. Evans

TAILOR and COSTUME MAKER

IF YOU APPRECIATE BEING WELL
DRESSED LET US OUTFIT YOU.

Waimate

education means—has already done evil enough by undermining habits of mental discipline and by removing the inhibitions and the precepts which are considered too strenuous for the growing children of modern society. The evil done in the State schools is brought to its logical conclusion by the literature of emotion which falls into the hands of the youths who have left school. The decay is all in keeping with the atheistic State which encourages people in every way to forget that they have souls to save as well as bodies to feed.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

Rev. Father Loughman, S.J., of Melbourne, who is at present on a visit to Dunedin and a guest of his Lordship the Bishop, preached an impressive sermon at Vespers on Sunday

Christopher Columbus

A MAN OF INDOMITABLE COURAGE, UNQUESTIONABLE GENIUS, AND CHRISTIAN ZEAL.

(By REV. BERNARD X. O'REILLY in *New York Truth*.)

Each celebration of Columbus Day brings out a symphony of praise and a bedlam of abuse. Whole libraries have been written about the great discoverer, yet there is still a lingering doubt about the time and place of his birth, and even about the last resting place of his remains. It is said that seven cities claim Homer. Over a score claim Columbus. The startling statement was made—a few years ago—that Columbus was a Jew. The Spanish historian who tried to establish the semitic origin of the great admiral says that Columbus feared to profess his race lest the prejudices of the day against Jews would bar all help from Church authorities and from Catholic sovereigns. The arguments are far from convincing and certainly are not of sufficient weight to set aside accepted history.

When Columbus first appeared before the Spanish Court his chief support came from Friar Antonio de Marchena and Diago de Deza, Bishop of Placencia. Columbus himself declared that these two priests were always his faithful friends. It was through the influence of these men that the Government appointed a commission of ecclesiastics that met in the Dominican Convent at Salamanca. They investigated his scheme, but finally rejected it. It seems that Columbus gave unsatisfactory information to the commission and because of this his proposals were rejected. It is probable that he feared that his ideas might be used by another and he be robbed of the glory of his project. Among the early friends of Columbus was Luis de Santangel. According to Washington Irving, Santangel was the receiver of the ecclesiastical revenues of Aragon, which he advanced to Queen Isabella in aid of Columbus. If this be true, it was the Church that furnished the necessary money for Columbus' first journey.

The success of Columbus with Queen Isabella was due entirely to the efforts of the Prior of the Convent of La Rabida. When Columbus left Granada after its fall he in-

at St. Joseph's Cathedral, in the presence of a large congregation.

In our advertising columns holders of books of tickets in connection with the Omakau Catholic church art union, are reminded that the art union has been postponed until March 26, owing to a number of blocks not having been returned. The drawing will take place definitely on that date at the grand bazaar which will be held at Omakau in furtherance of the same object, and holders are advised accordingly. Father O'Dea, who has had the organising of the art union in hand for the past six months, appeals to all friends to assist him in his great undertaking of building a new church at Omakau at an estimated cost of £5000. This is his first appeal to the public for over 20 years, and book-holders will assist this worthy object by returning blocks at an early date.

tended to go to France. Reduced to almost beggary he stopped at the Franciscan Convent of La Rabida. He begged the friar who acted as doorkeeper to allow his son to rest at the convent over night. While he was pleading with the porter the Prior, Father Juan Perez, stood by and heard the plea of the pilgrim. He was struck by the appearance of the man, who seemed to be superior to his condition. He invited him to the convent and, after having provided for his immediate wants, talked over with him the aspirations and hopes of the traveller. Columbus and his son stayed as guests of the convent and Father Perez went to Santa Fe for the purpose of inducing the Queen to take an interest in the undertaking of the Italian navigator. Columbus was called to court and through the influence of the Prior of La Rabida preparations were immediately begun for the equipment of the expedition which resulted in the discovery of a new continent. We may be sure that if Columbus were a Jew it would be known to the churchmen who were so closely affiliated with him. This would not, however, have prejudiced his cause, for at that time the Catholic Church was the only protector of the Jews in Europe.

It may be said with equal certainty that if Columbus were a Jew the general prejudice held by the southern races of Europe would have prevented him getting a hearing before the courts of Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The jealousy of the Spanish and Portuguese mariners put every obstacle in the path of Columbus. If there were a suspicion that he was a Jew, it would have been used to incite popular prejudice against him. We find no mention of it in any of the histories or chronicles that deal with his life.

That he was a Catholic is proven beyond doubt. On the eventful day that he sailed from the little port of Palos on his epochal journey across the trackless Atlantic he and his crew received Holy Communion at the hands of his good friend, Father Perez.

There is nothing in the life of Columbus that would cause the slightest departure from the traditional belief that Columbus was a Catholic and of Genoese origin. The fact that he named the island on which he landed San Salvador shows where his heart was.

Columbus was of a deeply religious nature. Whatever influence scientific theories and the ambition for fame and wealth may have had over him in advocating his enterprises, he never failed to insist on the conversion of the pagan people that he would discover as one of the primary objects of his undertaking. This is not characteristic of the Jew. Even when clouds had settled over his career, after his return as a prisoner from the lands he had discovered, he was ready to devote all his possessions and the remaining years of life to set sail again for the purpose of rescuing Christ's Sepulchre from the hands of the infidel.

There will be discussion about the character, race, and religion of Columbus until the end. In the face of contradictory pronouncements it is impossible to speak with certainty of many of the details in the life of the remarkable man who gave a new world to civilisation. But as yet we have no convincing evidence to set aside the traditions that have stood the test of four centuries. Christopher Columbus, the greatest of all discoverers, still stands as a shining example of indomitable courage, unquestionable genius, and Christian zeal.

The Cure of Ars to a Protestant

The Blessed Curé of Ars one day received a visit from a distinguished non-Catholic. Ignoring the fact that the man to whom he had just been speaking of the things of God belonged to a dissenting sect, the holy priest placed a medal in his visitor's hand at parting.

"Monsieur le Curé," said the man, "you are giving a medal to a heretic,—at least a heretic from your point of view. Still, in spite of our differences of belief, I hope that some day we shall be in heaven together."

The Curé took the man's hand in his, and, fixing upon him a look in which were expressed the firmness of his faith and the warmth of his charity, he replied with an accent of profound tenderness:

"Alas, we shall not be united above unless we have been united on earth! Death will change nothing. 'In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall lie.'"

"But, Monsieur le Curé, I trust myself to the Christ who said: 'Whosoever believeth in Me shall have everlasting life.'"

"Our Lord also said that he who did not listen to the teaching of the Church should be considered a heathen. He declared that there was but one flock and one shepherd; and He made St. Peter the shepherd of the flock." Then, in a gentler tone, the servant of God continued: "My friend, there are not two ways of serving God; there is only one true way: that is, to serve Him as He wishes to be served."

Thereupon the priest withdrew, leaving his visitor in a troubled state of mind, a forerunner of divine grace, to which he yielded later, and was received into the one true Church.—*Ave Maria*.

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Pines, Rahotu, 30/11/25; Convent, Pahiatua, 15/1/26; M. L., Waihi Rd., Hawera, 15/6/25 J. F., N.Z. Rlys., Te Horo, 30/12/25; W. O'D., Bush Grove, Eketahuna, —; P. McG., 107 Mein St., Wgton., 30/7/25; Mr. R., 18 Union St., Hawera, 23/5/25; A. E. B., 71 Essex St., Masterton, 30/7/25; E. H., 70 Tasman St., Wgton., 15/1/26; P. P., Portia St., Stratford, 15/1/26; J. P. C., 29 Colombo St., Newtown, Wgton., 23/11/25; S. T. H., 431 Adelaide St., Wgton., 8/6/25; J. B., Racecourse Rd., N. Plym., 15/1/26; Miss W., Tramway Hotel, Wgton., 15/1/26; F. T. O'N., Johnsonville, 15/8/26; W. L., 286 The Parade, Wgton., 15/1/25; J. K., jun., Te Roti, 23/12/25; Mrs. S., 106 Piri St., Wgton., 23/5/25.

AUCKLAND, HAWKE'S BAY, AND FOREIGN.

M. McG., 266 Jervois Rd., Herne Bay, 30/9/25; W. J. M., Waipukurau, 23/12/25; P. M., Matiere, Taumarunui, 15/6/25; M. M. S., Box 40, Ohura, 8/1/26; W. H. F., Niho Niho, via Taumarunui, 23/7/25; Mrs. M., Trafalgar St., Dannevirke, 8/1/26; J. G., Peach Grove Rd., Hamilton, —; A.P., Awatere, Wairoa, 8/1/26; B. L., 6 Church St., Ponsonby, 15/11/25; J. C., c/o P.O., Whatatutu, P. Bay, 23/1/26; G. G., High St., Nth. Dannevirke, 15/11/25; C. B., Methven St., Hastings, 15/6/25; J. L. Rauraka, Hastings, 8/12/24; J. P. D., Caledonia Hotel, Auck., 8/1/26; P. W., Pukehou, 30/11/25; F. J. W., Hekumutu R.R.2, 8/11/26; M. M. D., 19 Wellington St., Hamilton, 30/1/25; M. O'C., Tutanekei Street, Rotorua, 8/11/25; T. P., Takapau, 23/12/24 M. R., 610 Havelock St., Hastings, 30/12/26 J. T., Box 27, Onga Onga, —.

Parliamentary Electoral Rolls

COMPULSORY REGISTRATION OF ELECTORS.

Notice is hereby given that every person qualified to be registered as an elector for any district, whether or not he is already registered, is required to make application, in the prescribed form, to the Registrar of Electors for the electoral district wherein he has his usual place of abode within four months from the 6th day of November, 1924.

Every person who fails to register within such period, or within four months after the date on which he becomes qualified to be registered, shall be guilty of an offence.

Full information and forms of application for registration are obtainable from any Registrar of Electors or Postmaster.

Wellington, J. HISLOP,
7th January, 1925. Chief Electoral Officer.



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A Page for Little People

Conducted by
ANNE

My dear Little People,

The very first thing I'm going to tell you to-day is to be good Little People, and don't be giving your mothers and fathers and all the grown-ups who love you a whole heap of worry by being *careless about your hats* on these hot sunny days. You can go on playing and enjoying yourselves, doing messages—in fact doing all the things the grown-ups let you do, but you simply *must not* play round in the sun without your hats on, unless you all want to find yourselves very ill in bed. And what will your poor Anne do then, poor thing?!!! Now then, all my members of the L.P.L.C. rally round your Captain and promise me that you'll all be careful for yourselves and for others, and remember the watchword "HATS ON OUT OF DOORS." Has any one ever told you that we mightn't have half the sickness we have in this jolly old world, if there were less silly people? And the Little People who forget to wear their hats or who won't be bothered with them when the hot sun is shining down on their dear little heads, simply bring sickness to themselves and to others, and are therefore SILLY PEOPLE. You'll be careful then, won't you, all my Boys and Girls. Of course, anyone who has a WOODEN HEAD needn't be careful!!!

Of course you're all enjoying yourselves, some in the towns and some in the country, but all the same I've had quite a good mail-bag, considering. I suppose many of you are helping with the hay-making, the shearing, the milking, the cooking, the sewing—and of course the eating and fun. Mind now, you don't forget the Scrap Book Competition. Has anyone put the "Broken Circus" together yet? I'm very anxious to see how you get on because I have some more good things waiting for you. We'll read our letters now, and as so many riddles have been sent in, and answers too, I'll just put all these into the

RIDDLE BIN.

1. When is a hat like a thumb?
2. What two flowers ought to be in the Zoo?
3. What lesson can any boy learn from a fountain?
4. How many words does the word "excellent" possess?
5. Why is a donkey looking over a gate like a penny?
6. Why is a black hen smarter than a white hen?

Please send in any answers you know.

ANSWERS.

1. I rode up a hill on Monday, stayed two days, and came back on Monday?
Answer—Monday is the name of the horse.
2. What is it that has a tongue yet never speaks?
Answer—A boot.
3. When is a farmer very cruel to his corn?
Answer—When he cuts it.
4. What is it the more you take off the longer it grows?
Answer—A hole.
5. Why is a baby like a diamond?

Answer—Because it is precious.

6. What smells first when you go into a chemist's shop?

Answer—Your nose.

7. As I was going to St. Ives I met a man with seven wives, every wife had seven cats, every cat had seven kits, how many were going to St. Ives?

Answer—One was going (I).

8. What is alive at both ends and dead in the middle?

Answer—A worm.

9. Round a rock, round a rock, a clever young rascal ran, if you'll tell how many r's in that I'll call you a clever man?

Answer—There are no r's in that.

10. Why is a spoilt child like a straw bonnet?

Answer—Because it is beaten.

11. What case is the easiest for a lawyer to get up?

Answer—His suit case.

If these answers are right will the Little Person who sent in the riddles please acknowledge.

L.P.L.C. BUSINESS.

Dear Anne,

I hope you are keeping well. I wish you and all the little people a very happy New Year. Did you not receive the letters which we wrote in October. I think that it is a very good idea to get badges for us. At Christmas time Santa Claus gave me a doll, a box of chocolates, a bag of beads and a Christmas stocking. I passed into Standard 4. I will be ten on the 14 of February. My mother and brother gave me crackers and bombs for Christmas Eve. On the 17 of Dec. we had our school concert. On the 19th of Dec. Fred Foley came to Wai-koiko. I shall close now with love from Frances Scott, Pomahaka.

(I can't remember now Frances dear if I received your letters in October. Weren't they answered or acknowledged on our page? I'm very sorry if they went astray before reaching me. Santa Claus was very good to you, are you a favorite of his, I wonder? I hope we'll get some badges one of these days.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

May I be one of your little friends? I wish you a happy New Year. I am in Std. 4. I have two sisters and three brothers. I have three kittens. We have five cows. I get the cows in every morning and night. Your little friend, Clem Scannell, Sutherlands.

(We're real glad to welcome you Clem and we think your family is just a lovely one to visit. Do you get the cows in by yourself or have you got a dog to help you?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

We had our school concert on Dec. 17. I went to see Fred Foley and he was very good. I think, having a badge is a very good idea. One day we went to the mountains to pick gooseberries. When we were there we saw a deer. I passed into Std. 5. I shall close

with some riddles. Jack Scott, Pomahaka.

(Glad you would like a badge, Jack. Are those wild gooseberries up the mountains or were they planted there. Look out for your riddles in the "Riddle Bin," and if anyone knows the answers you'll see them in the Bin another day.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

We are writing to wish you a happy New Year. It is the first time we have ever written to you, and we are thinking of joining the L.P.L.C. If we join the club, do we have to buy the badges, and how much are they? Will you please send us further particulars. We remain, yours sincerely, Veronica Quirk and Molly Guinness, Te Aroha.

(Welcome Veronica and Molly, for the present we have no badges, so you can join right away. We're only just beginning to wonder about badges, and, if my lazy "Little People" don't hurry and tell me what they think about them, we'll all be too old to wear them.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

This is my first letter to you so I hope it is a good one. I am 9 years old and I am in the third Std. this year. I came first in my class last year and I received a special prize for the highest marks in Stds. 1, 2, and 3. I have 7 brothers and 4 sisters. Three of my brothers, 2 sisters, and myself drive 4 miles to a public school because the nearest convent is 10 miles away. My birthday is on the 5th of October, while my sister Pearl's is on the 21st of the same month, and my brother Frank's is on the 30th of October. I am enjoying my holidays very much, although I am not going anywhere. We all think that the idea of having badges is a very nice one for the L.P.L.C. As I have no more news, I must close with best wishes from your new friend, Colleen McNeill, Lauriston.

(Welcome Colleen, you did very well indeed last year. Try now to be top again this year. Glad you like the idea of badges, we'll see what we can do about them.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I hope you are quite well and enjoying Christmas. I am writing to a new member called Joan Gallagher. Joan said you would get someone to write to her, and when I was looking down the L.P.L.C. page I saw her name and I wrote to her and she sent me a pretty little card for Christmas. I got some nice little presents for Christmas and there were three dolls, a book, and a wristlet watch. I think I fared all right. Well Anne, I must close now as I want to write now to Joan. Good-bye for the present. Lots of love and good luck for the New Year. I remain, your little friend, Noreen de Vere, Wellington.

(I'm quite well thank you, Noreen dear, had a happy Christmas and am glad to hear that you and Joan Gallagher are better friends. What a beautiful lot of presents you got. Indeed you fared remarkably well.—Anne.)

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KING—MURPHY.—At St. Brigid's Church, Swan Bay, Richmond River, N.S.W., Teresa Veronica Murphy, of Swan Bay, to John Francis King, of Kaponga, Taranaki.

DEATHS

CONNOLLY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Charles Connolly, beloved father of James Connolly, who died at his residence, Port Chalmers, on January 3, 1925. Deeply mourned.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

FAHEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Timothy, dearly beloved sixth son of Mary and the late Michael Fahey, of Moyvilla, Atheury, Co. Galway, Ireland, who died at Taumarunui, on December 25, 1924; aged 38 years.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

FERRITER.—Of your charity pray for the happy repose of the soul of Maurice, dearly beloved husband of Cecily Ferriter, who died at his residence, 23 Holmes Street, Waimate, on Sunday, January 11, 1925 (Feast of the Holy Family).—Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

LONG.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Jeremiah, beloved husband of Margaret Long, who died at his residence, "Listowel," Otaito, on January 8, 1925.—R.I.P.

McLAUGHLIN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary, beloved wife of Hugh McLaughlin, who died at Rawhitiroa, Eltham, on January 12, 1925; aged 75 years. Fortified by the rites of Holy Church.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

SEAVER.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Benjamin Joseph, dearly beloved husband of Annie Seaver, of 95 Regent Street, Hawera, who died at Waipukurau, on January 11, 1925; aged 37 years.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

IN MEMORIAM

FOY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Ellen Mary Agnes Foy, who died at Auckland, on January 25, 1922.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by her loving mother and brothers.

WANTED

WANTED.—Capable **TEACHER** for "household" school; able to teach piano preferred; good salary. Apply—Box 93, Oamaru.

THANKS

Grateful thanks for favors received on two occasions, through the Sacred Heart and the Little Flower.

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Australasian Catholic Directory, 1925—3/10 (posted).

Catholic Home Annual, 1925—1/6.

My Changeless Friend (Le Buffe, S.J.)—8 vols.: 1/6 each.

The First Days of Jesus (colored illustrations)—1/3.

Highways and Byeways of the Spiritual Life (J. Stuart)—6/-.

Yearning for God (Williams, S.J.)—7/-.

Talks to Nurses (Spalding, S.J.)—7/-.

The Facts of Lourdes and Medical Bureau (Dr. Marchand)—5/-.

The Wonder of Lourdes (Oxenham)—1/9.

The Wonderful Crucifix of Lempias (Von Kleist, S.T.D.)—3/6.

An Ex-Prelates's Meditations (Edited by Heuser)—7/-.

Flowers of Nazareth—5/-.

Marriage and Parenthood (Gerrard)—6/6.

Christianity and Re-Construction: The Labor Question (Bampton, S.J.)—4/6.

Mussolini (Godden)—3/6.

The Irish Society

The Annual Meeting of the above Society will be held in the Overseas Club Room, on Tuesday next, January 27, at 7.45 p.m.

Nominations for office-bearers for the 1925 season to be in on or before 12 o'clock on Tuesday, January 27.

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Catherine (Sophie Maud)—5/6.

My Cousin Phillip (Roger Pater)—6/6.
Send for our Catalogue of Literature.

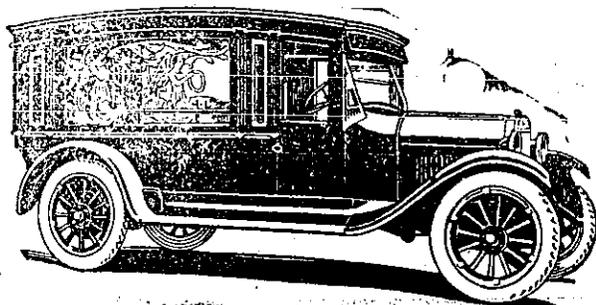
Note the new address—

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OMAKAU CHURCH ART UNION

Owing to a number of Blocks not having yet been returned, the Art Union in aid of the above has been **POSTPONED UNTIL MARCH 26**, on which date the drawing must take place in connection with the Grand Bazaar which will be held at Omakau.

P. O'DEA.



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LETTERS TO ANNE.

Dear Anne,

I saw a letter of mine in this week's *Tablet*, also one in the *Tablet* a few weeks back, and pleased I was to see them there. I know you will excuse me writing in pencil this time Anne, as I am sick with the flu. We made £200 out of our sale of work and art union. I bought some art union tickets for you Anne, also several tickets on other things such as raffles, but you came nowhere near it Anne; and I myself had no luck. I am going over south at Christmas time for a holiday, and I hope we shall meet Anne, as I am going to Dunedin for a week's holiday. My, Anne aren't we lucky to get two whole pages to ourselves (I mean the Little People) in the *Tablet*. The little people ought to write big, big letters to you now, Anne. We have lovely weather over here now for harvesting. It is just lovely now in the hay-fields. I say, Anne, what about coming up on a visit to us up here in the country next year. It would be a change from Dunedin. Well, Anne, no more news this time. Heaps of love to everybody. From Paula Creel, Martinborough.

(Sorry Paula dear that you've had the horrid 'Flu, but hope you're better now. Just think of you remembering your old "Anne" and taking tickets for me. It was hard luck we didn't win anything, but I'm a real "Jonah" and not at all lucky. But, it was really nice of your to think of me, and we may just meet some day.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Just a line or two to wish you a merry Christmas and happy New Year, and I hope Anne, you won't forget to wish all the Little People a happy Christmas and New Year in the next *Tablet*; also from Annie O'Neill as well as from Paula Creel, Martinborough. (Thank you for good wishes, I'm sure all the Little People had a lovely Christmas. Hope you're quite well again.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Please find enclosed a postal note for 5/- for a Christmas gift to a boy at Takapuna Orphanage. I think the competition will be good fun. I shall have a try. Please Anne send my book to Takapuna. If you shall send it there write and tell me. I got my proficiency this year. Wishing you a happy and holy Christmas. I remain, your old friend, Henry Campbell, Albany.

Yours is the first answer I've got about the competition. Glad you're going to try, Henry, old son. Thank you dear for the 5/- for Takapuna boys, you sure are their champion.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I am just writing you a few lines to wish you a very happy Christmas. When are you coming up to Macraes? We would be delighted to see you. Patty wrote to you before when she was at home but now she is staying at Palmerston. Kitty my sister is home for her holidays. She goes to the Convent school. Well I must close now with love from your friend, Betty, Macraes.

What a lovely letter Betty, but you didn't tell me your whole name, so I'm wondering who you can be. Are you Betty Brown, or

Betty Buster Cut, or Betty Phelan??—Anne.)

My dear darling Anne,

A very happy Christmas. I love your page although I have not written for a long time. I liked the last week's children's page because it was so long. I am sending a little Christmas card for Christmas. Anne if you are not away on the 4th of January will you come to my party? Well as it is time to close I better say good-bye. From Paddy Hussey, Roslyn, Dunedin.
A Very Happy Christmas.

(Thanks for pretty card Paddy, sorry I couldn't be with you on your birthday. You must write again soon and try to write with a pen and ink, because you are my very oldest Little Person.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

This is my second letter to you. I have just woke up after nearly two years. I am eleven years and in standard four. I have a twin sister and she is writing to you. We have lost our youngest brother about six weeks ago. We all miss him. He was eight years old. He died from the effects of the measles. I have only two brothers left. One is 14 and the other is 18. Dear Anne I am going to Dunedin to see the exhibition and I am coming in to you Anne for a cup of afternoon tea. Here goes for a riddle. (See bin). Wishing you a bright and happy New Year. Your little friend, Nora Mangan, Winchester.

(Indeed Nora dear, I just wish we could have a party together when you go to the Dunedin Exhibition. Wouldn't it be fun if we all met there? Mind you write again soon. Watch the "Riddle Bin."—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

You will think I am a very lazy little girl. It is nearly two years since I wrote to you. I suppose you have quite forgotten me. I was eleven on the 22 of December. I am in standard 4. I go to the St. Joseph School, Temuka. We are having our holidays. I am going to Hinds to my Auntie's for three weeks. We are having very bad weather at present, not very nice holiday weather Anne. How did you enjoy the Christmas? What did Santy put in your stocking? My youngest little brother died on the 22 of November. He was 8 years and three months. His name was Tommy. We miss him very much. Please ask all the little folk to pray for him. He was only sick from Tuesday till the Friday. Wishing you a bright New Year. Your loving friend, Kathleen Mangan, Winchester.

(Well, I declare, it was a great surprise to get a letter from you Kathleen. Am sorry dear to hear of little Tommy's death and am sure you miss him a lot. I had a lovely Christmas too.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Just a few lines to let you know I have not forgotten you and the page. We are having our Christmas holidays just now at present. Our school closed on the 18th of Dec. I went out fishing yesterday with my father. We caught an eel on a trout hook. We had great sport in trying to get him out of the river. We took our lunch with us. I

enjoyed myself very much. Our exam. was on the 16th of December. We all passed. Well Anne, as this is all the news for this time, I will close. Your old friend, Margaret Cuttance, Otokia.

(You're a lucky girl Margaret to go fishing with your father, but the poor eel you caught was rather unlucky, wasn't it? Mind you write again soon, we must have lots of letters this year.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

This is my second letter to you, and I hope to write some more. I might write again later. I think I know some of the answers to the riddle competition. Please let me know if they are correct. I board at Teschemakers Convent, but at present I am enjoying my holidays at home. At the break-up I got a prize for reading and writing. Well I think I will begin writing answers to the riddles now. Love from Madge Gallien, North-east Valley, Dunedin.

(Glad to hear from you again Madge, and congratulate you on the two good prizes you got. I'll put the answers in the "Riddle Bin" and we'll see if they're all right.—Anne.)

Lovingly,

ANNE.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

From pale sweet-pea to broad sunflower,
I've watched you flit full half an hour;
And, butterfly, to me you seem
A fairy in a pleasant dream.

On powdered wings of dusky brown
I've watched you flutter up and down.
And sometimes, dainty butterfly,
You vanish quite in the blue sky.

Then back you come into my sight;
With folding wings you do alight
On these rich flowers. And then, indeed,
I wonder if you rest or feed.

Self-poised on that rich bloom of gold,
Rest your faint wings in neatest fold,
And fear no harm, O queen-like fay,
No dreadful harm will come your way.

And when the breeze calls you from rest,
Unfold those wings so gently pressed,
And through our orchard-plot go roam,
Till setting Phoebus calls you home.

—JAMES OGILVIE DRYDEN.

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Our Sports Summary

METHVEN CONVENT SCHOOL: SPORTS SUCCESSES.

At the Caledonian Sports (writes a correspondent), the Methven Convent School relay team of four boys—W. Dolan, Jas. McKendry, Frank and Harry Drummond—won the Aitken Cup and medals in an event open to all primary schools in the Ashburton County. Another pupil won a first prize in the "Highland Fling" at the same meeting. Rev. Father Price congratulated the boys on their meritorious win.

CRICKET AT INVERCARGILL. CHRISTIAN BROTHERS, DUNEDIN v. MARIST BROTHERS, INVERCARGILL.

A friendly match between teams from the Christian Brothers' Old Boys' Club and the Invercargill Marist Club was played on last Friday and Saturday week on the Invercargill Show Grounds, under most favorable weather conditions, and on a wicket that was in perfect order. The visitors, under the captaincy of B. Lynskey, won the toss and elected to bat, their innings producing 248 runs. The Marists on taking the crease were fairly easily disposed of, their innings only reaching 46 runs. Going in again the Marists made 118 runs; Christian Brothers thus winning by an innings and 84 runs.

During the afternoon tea adjournment, Mr. C. Davis, on behalf of the Marist Old Boys' Club, wished the visitors a pleasant time in Invercargill, and assured them that everything possible would be done to make their stay an enjoyable one. Mr. Lynskey, captain of the visiting team, replied, and thanked the members of the Marist Club

for the very excellent arrangements made for the match, and also for the various social functions which had been arranged in his team's honor.

On Friday evening the visitors were the guests of the Marist Old Boys to dinner at the Federal Rooms, after which they were entertained at a social gathering by Mr. P. Gilfedder, whose kindness and hospitality were much appreciated.

On Sunday the visitors were motored to "The Rocks," Riverton, where a very enjoyable day was spent.

The team left for Dunedin by the second express on Monday, and the club's thanks are due to the Marist Old Boys' Club, and especially to Mr. Martin Staunton, Mr. P. Gilfedder, and Mr. N. Walsh. The club also wishes to thank all those who so kindly billeted the team.

The following were the scores:—Burrell, 0; Ryan, 4; Smith, 72; Toomey, 36; O'Connor, 5; O'Sullivan, not out, 69; Parson, 10; Lynskey, 10; Geddes, 2; Campbell, 0; McCarton, 2; extras, 38; total, 248.

Bowling averages:—Nisbet, 7 wickets for 50 runs; Stokes, 1 for 35; Walsh, 1 for 18; Mahoney, 1 for 21.

Marist—1st innings:—Nisbet, 10; Stokes, 8; Mahoney, 2; Toomey, 4; Hislop, 0; Harrington, 15; McGowan, 2; Halpin, 1; Walsh, 1; Jackson, 1; Stephens, not out, 1; extras, 1; total, 46.

2nd innings:—Nisbet, 69; Stevens, 1; Stokes, 14; Hislop, 1; Toomey, 0; Mahoney, 1; Harrington, 11; McGowan, not out, 7; Jackson, 2; Halpin, 3; Walsh, 0; extras, 9; total, 118.

Bowling averages:—O'Connor, 9 wickets for 47 runs; Burrell, 5 for 47; Lynskey, 4 for 34.



RUPERT CUDDON-LARGE
(Aged 12 years 9 months).

Rupert Cuddon-Large, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Cuddon-Large, Timaru, and pupil of St. Thomas's Academy for Boys, Oamaru, for the past six years, has been notified of a double success. He is winner of the St. Patrick's College (Wellington) Scholarship, 1924, and likewise of the Sacred Heart College (Auckland) Scholarship, 1924. This latter scholarship was won in 1922 by James O'Farrell, another St. Thomas's boy. The former's name also appears in the recently published list of winners of a Junior National Scholarship, securing the second highest number of marks for Otago.



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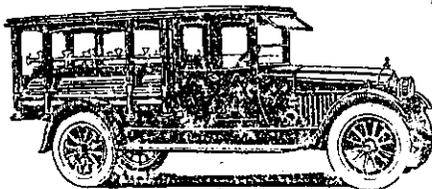
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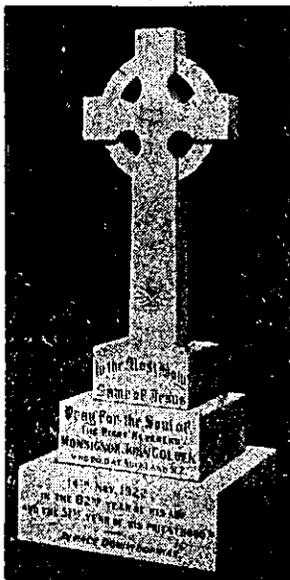
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Here and There

New Archbishop for Saragossa.—The archiepiscopal See of Saragossa, which has been vacant since the brutal murder of Cardinal Soldevila some months ago, is likely to be filled by the promotion of Mgr. Domenech y Vallis, Bishop of Mallorca. The Dean and Chapter have elected the Bishop of Mallorca to the Archbishopric, and the King of Spain, under a privilege conceded by the Holy See, has confirmed the nomination. It now remains for the Holy See to approve the election. The Archbishop-designate is a native of the diocese of Valencia, and is 54 years of age. He was appointed to the See of Mallorca, in the Balearic Islands in May, 1916. The See of Saragossa, or Zaragoza, as it is called in Spanish, dates from the fifth century; the name is a Spanish version or corruption of the Latin *Caesaraugusta*.

* * *

Pope Baiting Not Popular.—Baiting the Pope is not now the popular pastime that it used to be in England, as a loud-voiced ruffian found out to his cost at Sunderland the other day, when he was arrested by the police for causing an obstruction in the public streets. It is not many years since it was a quite safe and appreciated amusement to vilify the Catholics and the Pope in public, but this era has passed. The policeman who arrested this truculent person in the North declared before the magistrate that he was "running down the Catholic religion and abusing the Pope." Sunderland, which has a considerable Catholic population, does not take kindly to that sort of thing, and from the policeman's account, the arrest saved his traducer from a severe handling by a highly indignant audience. Nor was the magistrate any more kindly disposed. For after fining the Protestant orator ten shillings, he declared him to be a "nice sort of fellow to attempt to preach any religion."

*

Convert Anglican Ministers.—Three more Anglican ministers have made their submission to the Church. The Rev. John Pinsent, who was received at Boscombe, formerly held curacies at Woolwich, Biggleswade, Leiston, Crosby, and Lincoln. The news of his conversion has, therefore, created a widespread impression. The Rev. Frederick Beavan, F.A., late Anglican curate at Holme-on-pallding-Moor, Yorks, and at Benwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne, has also been received. The name of the third convert minister is being withheld for personal reasons. His name is very well known in England as that of a controversialist.

* * *

Distinguished Wexfordman's Death.—The death has occurred in New York of Mr. John Goff, formerly Justice of the Supreme Court of New York, in his 76th year. Ex-Judge Goff was a native of Gorey, and a member of the Fenian organisation. He emigrated to America, without money or friends, in his 14th year, and was one of the committee to

take charge of the "Catalpa" rescue in 1875, when several Irish military prisoners were rescued from an Australian penal settlement. As a supporter of Parnell he stood by the chief to the end. He always evinced great interest in the welfare of his motherland, as could be gathered from his interview with Mr. Ford, who promised him that, even were he to run the factory in Cork at a loss, he would still keep it working, as he, too, had a great wish to see Irishmen of the land of his forefathers prosperous and contented. Judge Goff's only son is engaged in the legal profession in New York, and his only daughter became a nun a few years ago. The late Mrs. James Scallan, Wexford Street, Gorey, was a sister of Judge Goff.

* * *

A Descendant of Robert Emmet Dead.—Colonel Myles Emmet Byrne, T.D., a descendant of Robert Emmet, Leader of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, has died at his home at Lelsham, near Liverpool. The eldest son of the late Councillor John Byrne, J.P., of Liverpool, Colonel Byrne, who was 55, came of an old South of Ireland family, the O'Byrnes, who figured prominently in resisting the English invasion in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and later fought on the side of the Royalists during the war against Cromwell. One of the O'Byrnes earned undying fame by leading the storming of Dublin Castle. Another, General Myles Byrne—after whom Colonel Byrne was named—was one of Napoleon's most trusted assistants, and his name is inscribed on the Arc de Triomphe. Colonel Byrne served for eighteen years in the 5th (Irish) Volunteer Battalion of the King's Liverpool Regiment, and commanded it for five years. During the Great War he was in command of the 1st Tyneside Irish Battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers, and in 1915 went to Egypt with the 20th Northern Rifles. He remained in Egypt till the end of the war, and was decorated with the Order of a Commander of the Nile.

* * *

Jesuit Musician's Golden Jubilee.—A Prolific Composer.—Father Ludwig Bonvin, S.J., author of six Masses and one of the most noted and prolific writers of sacred music in the United States, has just celebrated his golden jubilee as a Jesuit. Father Bonvin, born in 1850 in Switzerland, studied in that country and in Austria, Holland, and England and became a priest in England. He performed his chief priestly service at Canisius College, Buffalo, where for years he directed a famous college choir, taught French and presided at conferences on cases of moral theology.

* * *

Lloyd George's Chestnut.—One of the London papers printed the other day a selection of Election repartees and gave premier place for aptness to a reply said to have been given by Mr. Lloyd George to a heckler, who

asked his opinion of Purgatory. "You may go further and fare worse" is the answer attributed to the ready-tongued Welshman. Possibly he may have deemed his retort original, but in fact it is merely a variant of an answer given by the famous Father Burke to a railway carriage acquaintance who would insist on discussing religion with the famous Irish Dominican. Purgatory came on the tapis, and all the priest's arguments failed to carry conviction to his fellow traveller. "Very well," said Father Tom, in conclusion (if the legend is well founded), "if you don't believe in Purgatory you may go to H—1."

* * *

Notification from Bishop of Tarbes and Lourdes.—Mgr. Schoepfer, Bishop of Tarbes and Lourdes, recently published the following opportune notification regarding certain cures attributed to the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes and purported to have been wrought at the shrine of the Immaculate Virgin: "The proclamation which certain pilgrims use in proclaiming as 'miraculous' facts not confirmed by scientific or official assertion, is incontestably of a nature to furnish arms to the adversaries of the supernatural and of the Catholic Church. But, if these too hasty manifestations—not always easy to prevent—which the throng cry out as miracles, are vexing and inconvenient, it is infinitely more regrettable and more dangerous that, sometimes, certain persons whose position calls for dignity, and from whom one expects the example of calm, moderation and prudence, should show an excessive eagerness which is able to compromise the cause of truth and the favorable renown of Lourdes. It is easy, in fact, to comprehend that the unbelieving and the impious will be made to sneer at and to cast aspersions upon the great work of Lourdes, if, in the place of 'miracles' announced by too enthusiastic pilgrims, they find themselves in presence of one who has not been cured at all, or only imperfectly, or who has been cured by merely natural means. Inspired, doubtless, by intentions of themselves most honorable, the extravagant haste exercised to qualify these circumstances as supernatural, far from winning the conviction of the unbelieving, tends to the spontaneity of attacks on the part of the impious and those of bad faith. It follows, therefore, that any 'cure' at Lourdes not taking place in a religious ceremony or related in the accounts of pilgrimages made under rigorous control and authenticated by the proper inquiries, and officially published in the Bureau of Medical Constations of Lourdes, is to be suspected."

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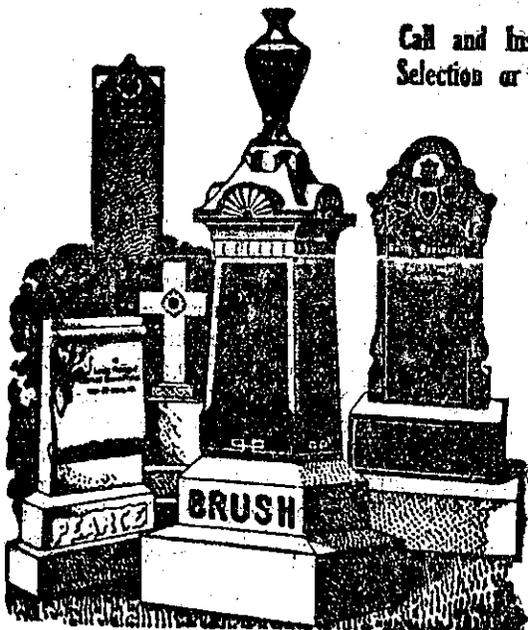
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Town and Country News

WAIKATO NOTES

(From our own Correspondent.)

Hamilton, January 9.

The 1924 scholastic year at the Hamilton Convent High School has been a most successful one. The percentage of passes in the various examinations has been very gratifying, while in other directions excellent results have been obtained. The conclusion of the year was marked by the annual prize-giving, when the following awards were made:—

Christian doctrine (gold medal): Gertrude Bowling 1, Irene Waters 2. Good conduct (gold medal): Roselle Skuse 1, Mavis Sorenson 2. Dux of the school (Allen Doone Cup): Vera Van-Houtte. English: Rita Page 1, Edna Clayton 2. French: Vera Van-Houtte (medal), Betty Quinlan (medal), K. Turner, and M. Corboy. Mathematics: M. Skuse (medal) 1, K. Scott 2.

Commercial Subjects: K. Murray (medal) R. Wilson and G. Flynn. Commercial certificates from Sydney College were gained by the following pupils:—Book-keeping: R. Wilson, A. Gwynne, E. Mills, G. Flynn, B. Cuming, Margaret Crosby, Marnie Crosby, M. Gray, R. Skuse. Pitman's Shorthand: R. Wilson, E. Mills, G. Flynn, Marnie Crosby, F. Heinemann, R. Skuse, A. Gwynne, J. Croxford, Margaret Crosby, K. Murray. (Speed 80 words per minute). Type-writing: P. Paltridge, F. Heinemann, M. Crosby, R. Skuse, J. Croxford, G. Flynn, E. Mills, R. Wilson, Margaret Crosby, A. Gwynne, B. Cuming, K. Murray, M. Gray.

Prior to the vacation the members of the Marist Brothers' light-weight football team, who were successful in winning the championship in their grade, were entertained at a banquet by a number of their friends. Eulogistic reference to the great work being done at the school in spiritual, and educational directions, and in the cause of healthy sport, was made by the parish priest (Rev. Father Bleakley), who presided. The school was indeed fortunate in possessing as its headmaster a man of the calibre of Rev. Brother Calixtus, who, the chairman said, was mainly responsible for the proud position of the young institution. During the evening the medal for the best forward was presented to H. Braithwaite, and that for the best back to Pat Stewart.

Prior to dispersal of the boys for the holidays the following prizes were awarded:—

Christian Knowledge: Nobel Grace (O'Dowd prize). Best all-round boy: William Cassidy (Randrup medal). Best pass in Sixth Standard: John Murphy (Allen Doone cup). Senior road race: Martin Elliott (Howden medal); junior road race, John Salisbury; fastest time, Roy Johns; handball prize, Len Grogan.

OAMARU NOTES

(From our own Correspondent.)

January 15.

Very Rev. Prior Hogan, O.P., who has been on a visit to Oamaru preaching the Retreats, was much impressed by the Basilica, particularly with the interior. Oamaru white stone, which lends itself so admirably to decorative effect, and gives that chaste appearance so requisite for church interiors, appealed greatly to the visiting Prior.

Much regret was expressed locally at the death of Mrs. Tansey, of Christchurch, and warm sympathy is felt for the bereaved family in their great loss. Mrs. Tansey was a native of Oamaru, and spent most of her life in this district. Father Ardagh, nephew of deceased, went up to the funeral, and celebrated the Requiem Mass at Christchurch Cathedral.

Father Rooney, of South Dunedin, has been in Oamaru during the week, visiting his relatives.

Another visitor to Oamaru during the week

was Father Farthing. The pastor of Litwence spent a number of years here in pre-war days, and his many friends were pleased to renew his acquaintance.

At the election of office-bearers, held at the last meeting of the Hibernian Society, those at present holding office, with the exception of Bro. McKinnon, who was elected president, and Bro. Ahern, vice-president, were re-elected.

Father Ardagh left at the beginning of the week for the purpose of doing chaplain's duties at the military camp at Wyndham. He will be absent from the parish for a couple of weeks.

Are You Saved?

(By AMBROSE ROY, in the *Catholic Herald of India*.)

"Are you saved?" I was asked the other day by an "Officer" of the Salvation Army.

"What do you mean, Sir?" I said. "Do you mean, Am I absolutely certain that I shall be in Heaven one day? If this is what you mean by being saved, I answer: No, I am not saved; and (if you won't be angry at my saying it) I don't believe that you are either.

"Now, I am a Catholic, and therefore I have no private views of my own on religion. I believe what the Church believes. Allow me to tell you what the Church teaches on this important subject. The Church teaches that when we are baptised, we are put into a state of salvation, or, in other words, we are started on the road to Heaven. If we continue in the same to our lives' end, we shall be saved and reach Heaven. Whether we do this or not depends on ourselves. We can get the necessary help from God by prayer and the Sacraments. But any one of us may fall from this state of salvation by mortal sin. If we have wandered from the right path, we may be restored to it on our repentance. We are never absolutely safe as long as we are alive. This is Church Doctrine. Let us now see that it is also Bible Truth.

"The writers of the Epistles in the New Testament take for granted that the Christians to whom they write are all 'saved,' and yet this Salvation is looked upon as conditional, not absolutely certain. In one sense all these Christians were saved. In another sense they were being saved. In a third sense they had yet to be saved on the Judgment Day.

"All Christians have been saved, for Christ by His Death and Resurrection has made it possible for all mankind to be saved. In this sense He 'is the Saviour of all men.' (I Tim. iv. 10.) Every man's sins were atoned for by Christ, and every man can, if he likes, be made a partaker of His Death and Life. So St. Paul says that God 'hath delivered us and called us by His holy calling.' (II Tim. i. 9.) It is also said that those who are baptized are saved, because in Baptism the benefits of Christ's Death are made over to them. So St. Paul says, 'According to His mercy He saved us by the laver of regeneration, and renovation of the Holy Ghost.' (Tit. iii. 5.)

"But the Bible also speaks of Salvation as a present thing, still going on. With fear and trembling," says St. Paul, 'work out your Salvation.' (Phil. ii. 12.) Working

out our Salvation is a matter which needs great efforts and wakefulness. Even a Saint like Paul said, 'I chastise my body and bring it into subjection: lest perhaps, when I have preached to others, I myself should become a castaway.' (I Cor. ix, 27.) If it was possible for St. Paul to fall away from God, it must be possible for any of us.

"But, again, Salvation is spoken of in the Bible as a future blessing which is to be obtained. 'Being now justified by His Blood,' says St. Paul, 'shall we be saved from wrath through Him.' (Rom. v. 9.) Frequently in the New Testament the type of God's dealings with the Israelites in their journey from Egypt to the Promised Land is impressed upon the minds of Christians. The Israelites were saved when they crossed the Red Sea. They were in a state of Salvation or safety in the wilderness, since they were daily being miraculously protected, guided, and fed by God. Yet they had to continue in this state in spite of temptation, and most of them did not continue in it, but fell away and perished, and none were finally saved until they crossed the Jordan and took possession of their inheritance. St. Jude applies this lesson to Christians. He says, 'I will therefore admonish you, though ye once knew all things, that Jesus, having saved the people out of the land of Egypt, did afterwards destroy them that believed not.' (v. 5.) And yet these people whom he thus warns are addressed by him in the beginning of the Epistle as 'them that are beloved in God the Father and preserved in Jesus Christ and called.'

"I think no one will deny that a larger proportion of the Christians in the Apostles' days than in the present day were truly sincere. To be a Christian then cost a great deal more than it does now. Yet it was to such persons that St. Jude's strong words of warning were said. If they needed them, how much more do we? Yet nowadays people are urged by preachers of the Salvation Army to 'come and be saved' that very moment. What are we to say about this? Why, that this 'tradition of men,' if ever a tradition did, makes the Word of God of no effect.

To sum up, my answer to the question is: I was saved by Christ's Death into which I have been baptised. I trust I am being saved from my sins day by day. I hope I shall be saved at the Great Day. But if I do not endure to the end, if I leave off working out my own Salvation, I shall be a castaway."

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Irish News

CORK CORPORATION DISSOLVED—BANNING INDECENT LITERATURE—DIVORCE LEGISLATION IN SOUTH IRELAND—BISHOPS PLEAD FOR IDEALS IN HOME—HISTORY OF IRISH BRIGADE—APPEAL FOR IRISH PRIESTS—IDLE WORKERS IN BELFAST—PROTESTANTS AND THE SIX COUNTIES' EDUCATION ACT.

Cork municipal corporation has been dissolved by the authorities in Dublin. Some months ago Dublin corporation was dissolved. These two cities are the oldest municipalities in Ireland. Since the middle of the last century the vast majority of the representatives elected by the people in each case to manage the affairs of the municipality have been Catholics. The elected members are to-day replaced by paid commissioners.

In Cork the elected aldermen and councillors have protested against the order dissolving the corporation. They say it is entirely undeserved and uncalled for; that it is an insult and an indignity put upon an ancient municipality. Extravagance in expenditure or neglect of public business had not, the elected representatives say, been proved against the corporation.

The Vigilante Association is pursuing with vigor its agitation against imported journals and periodicals whose contents are considered to be indecent and demoralising. Realising that the existing laws are inadequate to prevent or cope with the propaganda of indecency and anti-Christian ideas carried on by these imported journals, the association calls upon the ruling authorities to introduce legislation prohibiting the circulation of the obnoxious papers in Ireland. It is the opinion of the association that through the agency of these journals an organised plan to undermine the faith and morals of the Irish people is being carried out. It is expected that legislation dealing with the evil will soon be introduced.

The emphasis laid on the sanctity and indissolubility of the marriage tie at the conference of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland has rendered it most unlikely that any legislation will be proposed with the object of facilitating divorce in the 26 counties of southern Ireland.

Even Protestants now are conscious of the danger of legalising divorce. Dr. Peacocke, a Protestant Bishop, refers to the modern movement towards divorce as another threat against the home, which is the basis of Christian civilisation.

The various addresses delivered at the Irish Catholic Truth Conference dealt with family life and the home. For three years no persons domiciled in the southern 26 county area have been divorced. All indications at present point to a continuance of this state of things. This part of Ireland will enjoy the distinction of being the only country in Europe in which facilities for divorce do not exist.

Most Rev. Dr. Keane, Bishop of Limerick, lays down that it is not through the operation of a great army or navy that Ireland is going to cut a figure in the world, but through Christian ideals and principles which must be manifested in the domestic, social,

and national life of the people. There was a time, he said, when the country, though small, exercised a great influence in the world on behalf of Christian ideals and Christian principles.

Admitting that the people require relaxation the Bishop said: "Such is the appetite with which people are now pursuing pleasure that there is serious danger of an excess that will prove a shock to society."

Demoralising pictures, bad literature and modern dances are, he added, dangers against which safeguards are required.

Archbishop O'Donnell believes that Ireland shall never be right until there is some congenial industry in every household as there is in Belgium and Holland. He makes an appeal to Catholic young men's societies to foster the reign of reasonableness and set themselves against force and violence and against strikes and lock-outs with all their baneful consequences.

The history of the Irish Brigade in the service of France upon which Mr. Albert Depreaux is engaged, will soon be ready for publication. For the purpose of the compilation access to the official archives has been given to the author by the French Government. M. Depreaux is one of the most distinguished of French military historians.

He is librarian and vice-president of the Fondation Thiers, a research college endowed for the assistance of scholars in every field of knowledge. The Irish Brigades who fought in the service of France were comprised of members of leading Catholic families who had to flee from their own country.

Most Rev. Dr. Dowling, O.P., Archbishop of Port of Spain, Trinidad, makes a strong appeal to Irish Catholics on behalf of his mission in the West Indies. Besides a Catholic population of about 215,000 in his archdiocese there is a non-Christian population of 106,000. There are 208,000 Christians who do not belong to the Catholic Church.

In the whole of the archdiocese there are not more than 80 priests, while in six of the smaller dioceses of England with a total Catholic population of 211,000 there are 690 priests.

Archbishop Dowling's appeal to Ireland is for students, priests, and donations. The West Indian Mission is not, he points out, so vast nor so hard as the Chinese, but it demands great zeal and entails many privations.

Orangemen maintain that 'all the wealth and industries of the Irish nation are concentrated within their limited area in the north-east. This boast is, however, shattered by a few facts which have just come to light. The unemployed in the six counties under the Belfast Government number 42,000. The shipbuilding industry in Belfast is in a most depressed condition. In the Belfast

Parliament attention has been drawn to the deplorable state of agriculture, "the greatest industry" in the six counties. The North, as well as the South, depends mainly upon agriculture. The Unemployment Insurance Fund in the six counties is in debt to the extent of 15,000,000 dollars. This deficiency has to be made good out of contributions by the Government. The Belfast Government has a grievance because it has to provide the money out of its own resources. It claims that Britain should come to its aid.

If the six counties were as wealthy as the Orangemen pretend they are it would not be necessary for the Belfast Government to make such a claim on the benevolence of Britain.

* * *

Protestants in the Six Counties of North-eastern Ireland are dissatisfied with the Education Act passed by the Belfast Government. In the Anglican Synod at Belfast they declared that:

"No permanent settlement of the education question can be satisfactory to the Christian public while the clauses in the Act which have been objected to as stamping the Act with a secularising character remain unamended.

They called upon the Belfast Government to remove the obnoxious clauses. They maintain that it is essential that religious instruction should be given in the schools by the regular teaching staff.

Catholics have refused to transfer their schools to the education authority under the conditions prescribed by the statute. Referring to the Catholics' attitude, at the Protestant Synod Archdeacon Atkinson observed:—

"Not one Catholic school will be transferred under present conditions. The Catholic people will see that their children are taught the Christian faith as they hold it; and they are prepared to pay for it. All honor to them; I take off my hat to anyone who is prepared to pay for his principles. Protestant parents should also be prepared to pay."

The moment the Bill was introduced Catholics in the Six Counties made their position clear. If, at the time, Protestants had with equal clearness and vigor objected to the secularisation of education the Government could have been compelled to drop the offending clauses.

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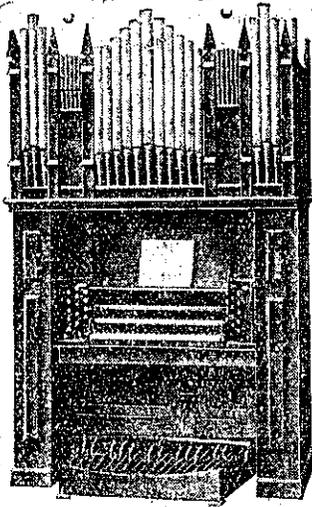
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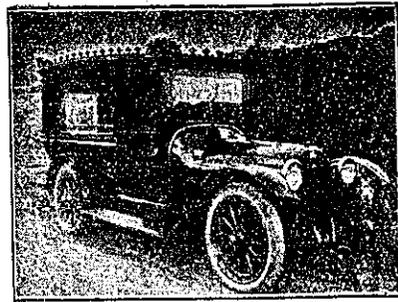
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The Catholic Bible: First Book Ever Printed

(By REV. THOMAS F. COAKLEY, D.D., in *New York Truth*.)

To-day in the twentieth century, as in every past century since Christ was born, the Catholic Church proclaims the Bible to be the very Word of God. She was already in existence and had preached the Gospel to Jew and Gentile, and had converted a fairly respectable portion of the world, penetrating even into Caesar's household (Philippians 4, 22) before the New Testament was entirely written. She was present when it was born; she rocked its cradle; she was its nurse and guardian. It was she who told us officially what the Bible is, for the Canon of Holy Scripture was determined and promulgated by her supreme authority in several of the General Councils of the early Church. It was she who separated the divinely inspired from the false, apocryphal and disputed gospels; it was she who preserved the Sacred Text from corruption and from destruction, else the Bible would to-day be in the sad condition of most of the Greek and Latin classics that have perished from the earth. It was she who popularised the Bible. When printing was invented by Gutenberg, one of her children in 1445, the first book ever printed was a *Catholic Bible*, the Latin Vulgate (1453-1455), and she immediately set about printing the Bible in the language of the people. In addition to 13 Italian editions, 11 French editions, 2 Bohemian editions, 1 Dutch and 1 Spanish edition, there were 18 German editions of the Catholic Bible in existence before the Protestant version of Martin Luther appeared in 1534, some 91 years after printing was invented.

Many copies of these first editions in the language of the people are in the United States. For some of them very fabulous sums have been paid by wealthy collectors, such as Messrs. Huntington, Morgan, and Widener. I hold in my hand a catalogue of the Bible Exposition now being held in the New York Public Library, and which I, myself, have inspected along with thousands of others, where authentic copies of the first German and other editions of the Catholic Bible in the language of the people are on public view.

Mr. R. A. Peddie, in his *Index of Fifteenth Century Books*, published in 1910 in London, says that there were 177 editions of the whole Bible before 1500. The Bible was the fifteenth century best seller, and the most widely read book in that age of no mean culture and refinement. In the fifteenth century one book out of every 150 printed was a Bible, a far higher ratio than prevails to-day, in spite of the prodigious free distribution of Bibles that we witness. This is indicative of the then popular demand for the Word of God, the eagerness with which the Church supplied the demand, and her solicitude in encouraging printers to issue repeated editions, not merely in Latin, which for several hundred years after the invention of printing continued to be the

language of the educated, but also in the language of the ordinary people who know only their own tongue.

There are in existence to-day copies of 239 different Catholic editions of the whole Bible printed in nine different tongues, between 1450 and 1520. In the United States to-day there are several hundred copies of Catholic Bibles printed before the year 1500. Strange to say, Protestant theological seminaries possess 127 of these copies; Protestant individuals possess 83 copies; 17 Protestant universities possess 36 copies, and there are no less than 54 copies in the New York public library. One copy is in the Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh, and another one, the property of Father Lambing, of Pittsburgh, not long dead, is now in Seton Hill College for Women, Greensburg, Pa.

The Catholic Church is still tireless in her efforts to make better known and better loved the inspired Word of God. She has conferred many spiritual favors and privileges upon her children, who piously read and meditate upon Sacred Scripture every day; she insists under pain of grave sin that all of her clergy, from Pope to parish priest, shall read a fairly large portion of the Sacred Scripture day by day; she has founded Biblical academies and institutions in various parts of the world to train professors of Holy Scripture to staff her colleges, seminaries, and universities. Inexpensive copies of the Bible are sold in church vestibules; conferences and lectures are given frequently during the year in public halls and popular assemblies to illustrate and explain the Sacred Text, and in every Catholic church in the world, every Sunday of the year, the Gospel must be read and explained to the congregation, not in Latin, but in the language of the people, while all stand reverently, and listen to the Word of God. The superficial reading of any newspaper or review will reveal the solemn fact that it is not the Catholic Church that is countenancing or permitting to go unchallenged the attacks of atheists, materialists, or higher critics upon the inspired Word of God. She loves Holy Scripture with a love that amounts to a passion; with an affection that is stronger than death. And never until time shall be no more will she cease to defend and protect, reverence and cherish, proclaim and popularise it.

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Wedding Bells

EISING—CREAGH.

The wedding was solemnised at St. Patrick's Church, Greymouth, on December 30, of William George, second son of Mrs. C. Eising, Makomako, Pahiataua, and Eileen, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Craig, of Brunnerton. Rev. Father Long, assisted by Rev. Father Madden, officiated and celebrated Nuptial Mass. The congregation filled the church, the parents of the bride being well known West-Coasters. Miss Maurcen Griffin presided at the organ. The bride, who was escorted by her father, wore a charming gown of the daintiest shell pink georgette, over shadow lace, finished with cabochons of an silver tissue. Her Limerick lace veil was an exquisite one, finely embroidered with true lovers' knots. With it she wore a coronet of silver leaves, matching her silver shoes. She carried a shower bouquet of palest pink roses, carnations, and fern, with pink and silver streamers. A pearl necklet completed the effect. The bridesmaid was Miss Kathleen Creagh, who was attired in a smart frock of silver novelty crepe-de-Chine shot with old rose. From the shoulders fell a capette edged with silver fringe. She wore also a large leghorn picture hat, underlined with rose and silver tissue, and finished with large flat flowers. She carried a posy in the same shades, and wore, like the bride, a pearl necklet. Mr. E. Caigou, of Nelson, was best man. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Creagh entertained about sixty guests at a wedding breakfast, when the usual toasts were honored. The newly-wedded couple left for Pahiataua, travelling *via* Nelson, where the honeymoon was spent, the bride travelling in a French model of cinnamon gabardine, and a mushroom hat with multi-colored georgette swathe and floral wreath. As an evidence of the bride's popularity in the district the Catholic social committee and other friends assembled at the residence of her parents on Christmas Night to bid her farewell. Miss Creagh was presented by Rev. Father Madden with a set of stainless cutlery as an appreciation of her work as secretary of the committee. Father Madden's graceful tribute was warmly endorsed by Rev. Father McMonigle. Mrs. Eising departs with the sincerest good wishes of many friends. She will be much missed, but the Coast's loss is Makomako's gain.

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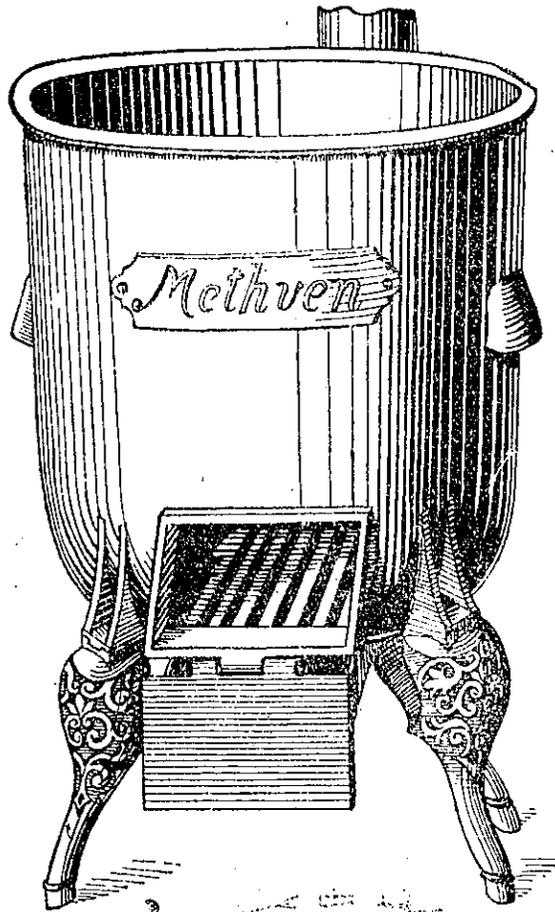
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Sunday Afternoon Readings

(By RIGHT REV. MGR. POWER for the N.Z. Tablet.)

IX.—A MODEL PENITENT.

Knowing now the enormity of sin, we must determine to turn from it by heartfelt sorrow; this sorrow must not only remove sin, but also extract its roots and plant in their stead the seeds of virtue. In St. Peter we have a model penitent, one who sinned grievously, but who sorrowed for his sin during all the years of a long life. Let us study this model and imitate him!

Three things contributed to St. Peter's fall: he was self-confident, he was not ardent in the way of the Cross, and he went into the occasion of sin. Since these are the dangers against which Our Lord Himself warns us, He may not be counted upon to help us when we walk into them with open eyes. St. Paul is very clear on this when he says: "Let no temptation take hold on you but such as is human," that is, such as cannot be avoided by human beings. It is only with unavoidable temptations God will make issue, and give us special graces to overcome them. Now, our chief temptation is to pride, and to pride in the form of self-sufficiency and self-confidence. We have done so much for ourselves in the natural order, so much in the way of improvements, discoveries, and triumphs over nature in every branch of science, that we are easily led to think that we can similarly overcome obstacles that are supernatural. But if we only exercise a little thought, we must conclude with St. Paul that here we can do nothing of ourselves. It is through God's strengthening grace we both believe and will; without that grace we cannot formulate a good thought, or utter a good word: we cannot say: The Lord Jesus, except by the Holy Ghost. What else does Our Lord mean by promising His grace to the humble? What else does St. Peter, taught by his own sad experience, mean by the warning: "Be sober and watch, for your adversary the devil like a roaring lion goeth about, seeking whom he may devour, whom resist ye, strong in faith"? It is with the eye of faith, not with that of natural wisdom, we must see our enemy, and it is with the weapons supplied by faith we must meet and conquer him.

The chief of these weapons is a humble distrust of self. The root of constancy is not in our heart, but in the Heart of Jesus, a way to which was opened to us by the soldier's spear. Self-oblation to God is better than self-confidence. The four-and-twenty Ancients are for ever casting their crowns of gold before the throne of the Lamb. If they thus joyfully cast down the symbols of their highest good, we might wisely imitate them by laying our mental self-importance, our mental self-sufficiency at the feet of Him Who will be our safest guide.

We must make a similar oblation of our free will. Peter was over-confident of his own will, and because of this came the three sins against his Lord. He had so often been warned; just a little while ago, Jesus had said to him: "Watch and pray lest you enter

into temptation." Surely, he thought, this warning could not have been meant for him. Was he not always by his Master's side? Was he not able to withstand every temptation? Had he not said from a heart of conviction that he should never be scandalised, that he would die with Christ? What could Jesus have meant by saying that he would deny Him three times that very night? Jesus was wrong; Jesus did not know His disciple. But Jesus is always right, and His warning is always justified. Presuming on his own strength, Peter was careless; he went where no friend of Christ should be found, amongst His enemies; a swift temptation came, and yielding to panic fear, he committed his three sins: he denied his Master, he perjured himself, and he invoked a terrible imprecation, calling God to affirm that the lie he had spoken was the truth.

There are too many like Peter to-day; well-intentioned, well-disposed, but careless about the occasions of sin. They find themselves amongst those who have no great love for Christ; questions arise, principles of worldliness are advocated, and the poor Catholic lets go his opportunity from human respect, or through fear of complications. It is a sorry story. Chapter after chapter will be added to it while men rely upon themselves. The Church will continue to warn them, but they will not listen: They feel themselves so strong, that they blindly rush in where angels fear to tread. They are not afraid of the bustle of the street, of the seductions of fashion, of the indecencies of places of entertainment, of the unrestraints of public morals. They forget that they have the same passions as other men; they ignore St. John's warning that "the whole world is seated in darkness," and so they fall from God. St. Paul was spiritually stronger than we can pretend to be, yet he was ever afraid of the broad road of wickedness, and ever warned his converts against it: "See therefore brethren, how you walk circumspectly; not as unwise, but as wise . . . because the days are evil. . . We have this excellency in earthen vessels, that the excellency may be of the power of God, and not of us." The Psalmist, recognising the self-same danger, cries to God: "Pierce Thou my flesh with Thy fear; for I am afraid of Thy judgments."

But now, though sin is a terrible thing, we are taught by the example of St. Peter that it may be made to serve an excellent purpose; it is included in the "all things," which, according to St. Paul, work together unto the good of those who love God. Peter sinned, but see the sublime use he made of this thought every day of his life! Leaving Pilate's Hall, he came face to face with his Master; Jesus just looked at him, and Peter, going out, wept bitterly. He wept every day, and his tears wore those deep furrows down his cheeks which the Christian painters love to portray. Where sin had abounded, grace did more abound. In one

moment he stepped from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to the Heart of Jesus. When the sun looks down upon the earth in Spring it makes all nature smile, and when Jesus looks with love upon the heart, healing, health, life, and vigor pour into it. "O God of Hosts, convert us and show us Thy face, and we shall be saved."

Jesus knew Peter after all, and Peter knew that He knew him. He remembered that day three years ago, when the Master looked into his heart by the Lake, and he fell at His feet, captivated for evermore by the mighty spell of that glance of love. Oh, if He would only look at us like that! But He does, and no one can ever be happy who resists that look. There will be a third look at Peter. Jesus has ascended into Heaven, the brutal Nero seeks Peter's life, for Peter is now Head of the Church; the people urge him to escape, his life is necessary for the Church's welfare; he reluctantly follows this counsel, and is hastening along the Appian Way from the wicked city; One meets him and looks at him. Peter, astonished, enraptured, cries: "*Domine, quo vadis*—Lord, whither goest Thou?" "To Rome," Jesus replies, "to be crucified afresh." "No, no, Master," cries Peter, "Thy disciple will take Thy place." He retraces his steps, he is crucified in the wicked city. "With head downwards," he whispers to the executioner. "I am not worthy to be crucified like my Master"; and his wish is granted.

Three looks of Jesus have made of Peter an Apostle, a penitent, a martyr. His long life and his glorious death have made a grand atonement for one hour's sin. Glory springs out of wreck and ruin, and it shall be so with us if we only will it. We too may behold that countenance, full of grace and truth, and sinners though we be, may become apostles, penitents, martyrs. Here then is our lesson: we cannot build a worthy house of the soul unless we lay its foundations on the genuine bed-rock of sorrow for sin. This sorrow must not be merely sentimental, but must show itself in works of penance and mortification heartily taken up and bravely endured in the service of God.

"O God, Who rejectest no one, but in Thy tender mercy art propitiated by the repentance of those who have sinned, however grievously, receive with favor the prayers we humbly offer Thee through Christ our Lord."

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On the Land

MARKET REPORTS.

At Burnside last week 292 head of fat cattle were yarded. This entry was made up of medium to good bullocks, while a fair proportion of the yarding consisted of heifers and cows. The number of prime heavy bullocks was not very big. The market opened at prices a shade easier for heavy cattle, while medium cattle sold much on a par with those of the previous week. Extra prime bullocks brought to £19 5s, prime from £15 10s to £17 10s, medium bullocks from £12 to £15, light from £10 to £11 15s. Extra prime cows and heifers made £10 to £12, medium £6 10s to £8, old and inferior £4 to £5 10s. Fat Sheep.—There was a large yarding of fat sheep forward, 2439 in all being offered. All the yarding consisted of shorn sheep, and comprised grades of all descriptions, the proportion of prime wethers being fully up to the average, while the balance of the yarding consisted of medium wethers and good to indifferent ewes. The above number proved to be in excess of requirements, and the sale opened with a drop of from 3s to 4s on heavy-weight wethers, while ewes suffered to much the same extent, and medium wethers were about 1s per head easier than of late. Prime wethers made 45s to 51s, medium 38s to 42s, light 32s to 37s 6d, prime ewes 35s to 40s, medium 30s to 32s 6d, old and inferior 23s to 28s. Fat Lambs.—A small yarding, 624 being offered. Exporters were the principal operators, and prices were on a par with preceding week's rates. Prime lambs brought from 45s to 52s 6d, medium from 35s to 39s, light and unfinished 28s to 33s. Fat Pigs.—There was a large yarding of fat pigs, principally porkers. Baconers realised values on a par with those of the previous week, while porkers showed a drop of from 5s to 7s 6d per head. Store pigs were slightly easier.

Entries last week at Addington were in most sections smaller than usual. There was a particularly good sale, with a hardening in prices in all the major classes of stock. Fat Lambs.—There was a small yarding of 2360 head and a good firm sale at values of 12½d to 12¼d for prime under 42's, 12d for light-weights, and 11½d for heavy-weights, extra prime 46s to 51s 6d, prime 41s 6d to 44s 6d, medium 37s to 41s, light 32s to 36s. Fat Sheep.—A small yarding and values advanced on the preceding week's rates. Exporters were unable to buy much at the values. Extra prime wethers 47s 6d to 49s 4d, prime 44s to 47s, medium 40s to 43s 6d, light 36s 6d to 39s 6d, extra prime ewes 40s to 46s 3d, prime 35s 6d to 38s 6d, light 31s 6d to 34s 6d, aged 27s 6d to 31s. Fat Cattle.—A heavy yarding of 460 head. There was an improved sale by 1s 6d per 100lb for extra choice. Best made to 46s per 100lb, prime 40s to 43s 6d, medium quality 37s to 39s 6d, light 33s 6d to 36s 6d, rough down to 25s, extra prime steers to £20 7s 6d, prime £16 15s to £19, medium £13 10s to £16 10s, light £9 10s to £13, rough £7 7s 6d to £9 7s 6d, extra prime heifers to £16, prime £10 to £12 10s, ordinary £6 10s to £9 15s, extra prime cows £13 5s, prime £9 15s to £11 15s, ordinary £6 15s to £9 5s, aged £3 10s to £6 10s.

Vealers met with a good sale. Runners to £6 10s, good vealers £3 10s to £5 10s, good calves £2 to £3, small 15s to 32s 6d. Fat Pigs.—There was a small yarding of baconers and a sharp rise. Choppers 50s to £5, light porkers 48s to 55s, heavy 57s 6d to £3 5s. Average price per lb 7d to 8½d. Light baconers £3 12s to £4, heavy £4 5s to £4 15s. Average price per lb 6d to 7½d.

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LIQUID MANURE.

During the spring and summer growing seasons the need for plentiful nitrogenous manuring is always felt, especially on farms (says an exchange) where green crops are extensively grown. We are well provided in this country with quick-acting nitrogenous manures, which are easily obtainable in all parts; but there is a most valuable supplement to them which too often is allowed to run to waste. We refer, of course, to the liquid manure which is produced on the farm, and which, as often as not, is most abundant on farms where green crops are grown particularly in the case of dairy holdings. Where no storage tank for the liquid manure is available, it would prove a paying investment in nearly every case to build one, for this is one of those instances in which a moderate expenditure in capital would result in a direct and immediate economy. In most districts an effective tank can be cheaply constructed of concrete; and we can only say that the initial outlay incurred would very quickly be paid for by the extra crops which would result from the valuable fertilising material saved.

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WORN-OUT PASTURES.

For pastures that have been long neglected, and as a consequence have become impoverished, incapable of producing anything but a crop with plenty of weeds and no nourishing herbage, the treatment which has been found to give the best results is to apply liberal dressings of mineral fertilisers in the cheap forms of superphosphate or basic slag, or even raw phosphate very finely ground, and potash salt, such as kainit or sylvinit.

The phosphates and potash are not liable to be washed out of the ground, and an improvement in the nature of the herbage will soon be apparent. In the following year the treatment can be modified by giving the field the benefit of an application of mixed fertilisers containing a little nitrogen. A dressing of farmyard manure is also always useful in such cases.

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MANURIAL VALUE OF CLOVER.

The increased cultivation of clover and lucerne, especially of the latter, is being recommended on the two grounds, that these crops provide valuable fodder, and that they leave in the soil a residue containing nitrogen collected from the atmosphere which supplies stimulating nourishment for the following crop, and by so doing enables the grower to dispense with the application of a dressing of a costly nitrogenous fertiliser.

The amount of nitrogen thus added to the soil by the roots of the legume crop is esti-

mated to be at least 50lb per acre, equivalent to a dressing of 3 to 4cwt of nitrate of soda.

And apart from the benefit of the grain in nitrogen, there are other advantages arising from the minerals brought nearer to the surface from the lower levels to which the long roots of the legumes have penetrated; moreover, during the autumn months a clover crop in possession of the ground helps to retain in the soil plant food which might otherwise be washed away by the winter rains.

It would appear, therefore, to be sound advice that farmers, who have suitable soil, should turn their attention to an extension of the crop.

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BONES AND BONE MANURES.

Bone meal, crushed bone, and bone dust have been used by farmers in many countries for more than a century as a means of maintaining the soil in a fertile condition. It is said that the Chinese knew the value of bones for the purpose before civilisation began in Europe. Old records show that Chinese farmers and fruit growers applied calcined bones to their fields 2000 years ago.

At the present time raw bone meal, unless very finely ground, is considered too slow in action for modern methods, but bone manures—that is, bones treated with acid—are much in favor as fertilisers for root crop and grass lands, supplying phosphate of lime and nitrogen derived from organic sources and in a readily available condition.

Steamed bone flour is a product which during recent years has, deservedly, attracted much attention. Being very finely ground, it is quick in action, and contains a high percentage of phosphate of lime, about 60 per cent., combined with about 1 per cent. of organic nitrogen. It can be applied alone and serves admirably for mixing with other fertilisers, such as potash salts, phosphatic manures, etc.

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SOIL ACIDITY AND ITS CURE.

Soil acidity is one of the chief causes of poor crops; it is injurious to almost all cultivated crops, though not in the same degree. The oat plant, for instance, is able to put up with a sour soil, whereas it is deadly to clovers and with the turnip crop is productive of the well-known disease, "finger and toe." The principal cause of the pernicious condition in the soil is due to—

Absence of drainage, giving rise to a water-logged condition of soil; too much organic matter leading to the production of acidity.

The remedy is obvious; it is—

Drainage if the land is water-logged and the application of lime in one form or another. Lime is the sovereign remedy. It is well called "a soil sweetener." It neutralises sourness and prevents the formation of noxious compounds; it checks fungoid diseases, and when applied to pasture land promotes the growth of the more nutritious herbage; but it should be borne in mind that lime is not in proper sense a fertiliser; it contains no nitrogen, no phosphoric acid, and no potash, and therefore it is incumbent after a dressing of lime to apply a dressing of suitable plant nourishment.

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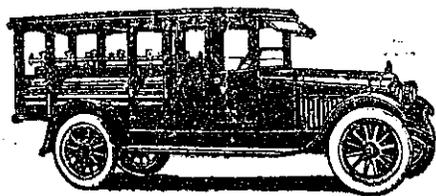
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Catholic World

A MORAL VICTORY FOR THE CATHOLICS.

By a majority of four to one (says *Catholic News Service*, London, for December 1) the supreme tribunal of the House of Lords has given judgment in favor of the Catholic appellant, in the now famous Sutherland-Stopes birth control libel action. The reasoned judgment handed down by the highest and final tribunal of the British Empire, and delivered by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Finlay, Lord Shaw of Denfermline, and Lord Carson, is a weighty document of legal terms and points of law.

But put into simple words, the House of Lords has overturned the award of £100 damages awarded to Dr. Marie Stopes against the Catholic physician Dr. Sutherland, and, as Cardinal Bourne declared on the day of the judgment, it is a great victory for the cause of morality. From court to court this case has been carried: from the court of the Lord Chief Justice to the Court of Appeal and thence to the House of Lords. Thousands of pounds have been spent in fighting this moral cause; and it has ended in victory for the side of Catholic morality. The costs of the action will run from £7000 to £10,000, and the whole of this will have to come out of Catholic pockets; for although other religious interests were appealed to to help in this moral campaign, the response has been utterly unworthy, and the Catholics are left to bear the brunt of it.



CHURCH AND STATE IN BAVARIA.

The disappearance of the Bavarian monarchy, as an outcome of the Great War, has had many effects on the position of the Catholic Church, and the Government is now considering a Concordat which will regulate relations between the State and the Catholic Church, as well as with the Protestant Churches.

The new legislation will give the Catholic Church complete power to administer its own affairs. Religious Orders will be able to establish themselves without any official interference, and the bishops will approve of appointments to professorships in the Catholic colleges and universities.

The Wittelsbachs were allowed by Rome to forward the names of candidates for vacant bishoprics. The monarchy has gone and this right has lapsed. In future the bishops will be nominated by the Holy See, but, as in many other countries, the right of submitting three names will remain with the cathedral chapters.

The question of the schools appears to be satisfactory under the proposed concordat. Religious instruction will be given in all the Catholic schools, whether primary or secondary; and further Catholic schools will be established in districts where the number of Catholic children warrants this. Bishoprics will have a juridical existence, and as corporations the right to possess and administer such property as is necessary for the endowment of the bishoprics.

CARDINAL BOURNE'S ADVENT PASTORAL.

Native priests, or London clergy for a London diocese, appears to be the policy foreshadowed by Cardinal Bourne in his Advent Pastoral, which is devoted to the important question of clerical education.

That there is a great future before the Church in the Westminster diocese is made very clear by the Cardinal Archbishop, when he says:

"In every large parish additional priests might be employed almost exclusively in the instruction and reception of converts, had we the means to multiply our candidates for ordination, and thus provide for a staff beyond what is barely sufficient for the ordinary routine of parochial work. New districts, too, could be opened up were priests numerous enough to undertake them."

The Cardinal then continues: "And for work of this kind it is essential to have priests ordained for and permanently attached to the diocese. No casual, extraneous, and uncertain help can supply the want."

Nor, as Cardinal Bourne implies, is the day far off when Westminster will be able to rely on its own clerical resources, and be independent of outside help. During the coming year, Cardinal Bourne says, the dislocation of studies with the constant interruption or delay of ordinations occasioned by the war will come to an end. While in 1926 normal conditions, so far as a regular sequence of newly ordained priests is concerned, should be fully restored.

But the most significant passage in the Pastoral is that in which it is said that the instruction and reception of converts alone could almost exclusively occupy a staff of clergy. Neither Anglicanism nor Dissent has need of a clerical staff for this purpose.



NOTES FROM ROME.

The Pope will shortly hold a Consistory, according to a report now current in Rome. There is nothing official in support of this, but the supposition has something more than vague rumor behind it. Speculation is more unrestrained when it comes to the acts of the possible Consistory. Mgr. Perosi, Assessor to the Holy Office, will be made a Cardinal, says one rumor. Two Spanish Cardinals will be created, says another; while a third says that the Pope will do no more than nominate bishops to vacant Sees and publish the second Bull of the Holy Year.

The Holy Year itself is a more profitable subject for speculation. It is certain that the number of pilgrims and pilgrimages will be phenomenal, and the civil authorities are alive to what this influx of pilgrims will mean, not only to Rome, but to the whole of Italy. Everything is therefore being done to make it easy for the prospective pilgrims. Transportation will be brought up to a pitch of perfection, vexatious delays will be done away with as much as possible, and the passport difficulty will be toned down very considerably. Altogether the pilgrims will

find their visit to Rome fenced about with the minimum of discomfort.

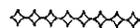
There was a Requiem for the late Cardinal Logue at his titular church, Santa Maria della Pace, at which the celebrant was Dr. Downey, Auxiliary to the Bishop of Ossory. The students of the Irish College sang the choral parts of the Mass, and the Irish colony in Rome was very well represented at the church.

Archbishop Dentonwell, of the Oblates, was present, and the religious Orders of Ireland were represented. The heads of the Irish College were present, and so were distinguished representatives of the Beda and the English College.

The Gioventù Cattolica, or Italian Catholic Young Men's Societies, have been meeting for their congress in Rome, some of the assemblies taking place at the Lateran. His Holiness, who is thoroughly at home with the young men and never so happy as when addressing them in a fatherly spirit, gave a reception in the Consistorial Hall and the Loggia, when he presented his ring to each to be kissed.

There was a further audience in the Sala Clementina, when an address was read to his Holiness by the president of the confederation, and to which the Pope made reply. The Holy Father spoke first of all of the excellent results that have been achieved by the Gioventù Cattolica. Referring to their hope that a national pilgrimage of the young men would be arranged during the Holy Year, the Pope replied that he would welcome them however great their numbers. "St. Peter's is big enough to hold you all."

The wireless has now invaded even the Secretariate of State, for the Marconi Society has presented Cardinal Gasparri with a wireless set, with a loud speaker. It is said somewhere that this set would make it possible to hear the wireless transmissions to be heard all over the Vatican; which is a doubtful blessing? Possibly there are means of switching the reception off to more than one room. But a loud speaker that could be heard all over the Vatican!



NEW YORK'S GOVERNOR.

Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York, before voting or taking any part in the activities of the recent election day, attended a Requiem Mass at the Church of the Assumption in Brooklyn celebrated in memory of his mother, who died after he had begun his second term in the Executive Mansion. The Governor was accompanied by his wife and family. For many years during her life, Governor Smith made an event of celebrating his mother's birthday, November 5. Since her death he has provided that a Requiem Mass be celebrated on the same day each year.

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How I Became a Catholic

(By HANS HERZL, Son of the Founder of the Zionist Movement.)

I come from a home in which, though it was not identified with any particular creed, religion was properly respected. If I can make such a distinction at all, there was upon my mother's side a leaning towards religion, while my father's mind conformed rather to the habits of Freethought in vogue amongst the Jewish world of writers and journalists in Vienna. My sisters and I were taught only two or three simple and short prayers (morning and night, as well as grace before dinner), which we said in German. We also received some tuition in Hebrew, which was a compulsory subject for Jews at school. Our resident governesses were Christian—Protestants in all cases that I can remember. Our father inculcated in us a sense of pride in being Jews; but after his death (which took place when I was thirteen) I remember our mother telling me that when we were small children our father had at times considered having us baptised into the Christian Church. That standpoint must date back to a period before the inception of the Zionist movement; but while I cannot remember ever having heard him express such views, there is a passage at the beginning of his Diaries which tends to support my mother's statement. Certainly there is no explicit condemnation of baptism, in so far as Jews are concerned, in any of his published writings, whatever views he may have privately come to hold.

Soon after his death the guardians to whose care we had been entrusted brought me to England, the intention being that I should conform to Jewish religious practice, follow an accepted course of study, and embrace a recognised career. My family did not migrate with me, and I lost my mother soon after, when I was seventeen. My removal to England I hold to have been unwise. It definitely put an end to our home life, and I very much fear it broke my mother's heart. For having disregarded her wishes I am much to blame, and I was punished with great unhappiness. One half of my nature was ever harking back to the world of my childhood; the other half was trying to conform to the ways and aspirations of my new environment. For several years I outwardly observed the principal Jewish customs, while I lost whatever inward religion I possessed. I do not wish to speak of my subsequent years at an English Public School and University, up to the outbreak of the war. It was, in the main, a futile existence.

The war completed my estrangement from my family. Then slowly, I began to grope my way back towards human fellowship. The fever and madness of the war abated. I, who had so long been apathetic in the matter of religion, began to look around for some definite creed. In England, during the war, I had been vaguely attracted to the National Church. I now attended spiritualistic meetings and theosophical lectures, and tried to take an interest in books embodying those and similar tendencies, but without lasting effect. Then I began to frequent the open-air meetings of the Catholic Evidence

Guild in Hyde Park (this must have been about three years ago). Those meetings I soon attended regularly, staying on sometimes for several hours on end. Here, at last, was food and drink. Only I did not yet connect all this with my own case. For one thing, I felt unworthy of being a Catholic. Further, there was the old principle which the guardians appointed by my father and, I suppose, he himself, during the last years of his life, had enjoined on me: that it was not manly for a Jew to leave his people.

In Vienna, where I held an appointment, during several months last year, as English correspondent to a bank, I came into touch with one or two Jewish converts to Christianity. I was surprised at finding them imbued with a strong "Jewishness," combined with loyalty and reverence for Christianity; they cherished my father's name. It was one of these men who first suggested that I, too, might become a Christian. Then Hope began to blossom: About that time I had been told of a small sect of good, fervent Christians, the Baptist community of Vienna, whose lives were ruled and inspired by the Gospels. I came to frequent their services. Above all, their preacher, Pastor Georg Saare, a native of Esthonia, made a

deep impression on me. My need, just then, was for the word of the Gospels. True, I had meanwhile made the acquaintance of two Catholic priests. But I had not yet realised that the Church, as the custodian of the Christian Faith, must be accepted along with that Faith. My desire for Holy Baptism was imperious, and accordingly I was baptised by Pastor Saare on July 20. My own intention, expressed to them, had been to enter, through baptism, into the larger community of Christians. This, I already felt, I could not unequivocally do save by becoming a Catholic. I returned to England, and told a kinsman and friend of what had happened to me in Vienna. Though not a Catholic himself, he thought that everything pointed to the necessity of my becoming a Catholic. It was he who put me into touch with Father Day, S.J., and after that all was "plain sailing." To Father Day and to her whom I regard as my second mother I owe more than I can say. On October 19, in the Chapel of Our Lady of Sion, I was received, by the priest who had instructed me, into the Church, a good number of prominent Jewish converts being present, who welcomed me as a new-found brother. It was on the feast of the Archangel Raphael, in the same chapel, that I received my First Communion. May the Archangel who restored sight to Tobias enlighten me, too, and guide me safely on my journey!

A Great Catholic Editor

FATHER HULL'S RETIREMENT.

Writing in the *Examiner* (Bombay), his Grace the Archbishop of Bombay says:—

It will be a surprise to many readers of *The Examiner*, to many it will be a painful shock, to hear that Father Hull has ceased to be its editor. For to most it has long seemed that *The Examiner* and Father Hull are irrevocably wedded together; that one could not live without the other; in fact that *The Examiner*, as it has been known these last twenty-years, is Father Hull, and Father Hull is *The Examiner*. How can the two live apart? It is unnecessary to dwell upon the services Father Hull has rendered to the Catholic public and the Catholic cause, not in India only, but wherever English is read, by the regular fruit of his self-sacrificing labor. For these twenty years, week by week, he has carried on the work single-handed; often he has been broken in health, often he has been compelled to seek rest by change of scene, very often it has seemed to him that his mission has ended, yet never once has the weekly number failed to appear, with its weekly comments and its weekly information. What this has meant those only can guess who have had the same road to travel, of dead monotony on heartless stones. It is unnecessary, too, to look back on the fruit of this toil. The long list of books, which the author has called by the modest name of *Reprints*, testifies to the breadth of his vision and the depth of his insight and the accuracy of his criticism; reprints which, curiously enough, are read more widely in England and America and Australia than they are in

India. Again, his answers to correspondents, appreciated everywhere, have been a source of information to us all; only the other day an American paper asked that these "Answers" should be collected and published in book form. But apart from these permanent results of his editor-ship we cannot forget the invariable courtesy and patience with which he has carried on his work. Naturally his letter-bag has been very heavy; he has received many letters which might well have tried a much less highly strung nature; yet no correspondent has ever been heard to complain that Father Hull dealt with him with anything but consideration. In his "Herr Schneebels" books he has laid down a philosophy of life; in his management of *The Examiner* he has practised his own preaching; and when that has been said it is enough. It is at least a consolation to know that *The Examiner* will not lose Father Hull altogether. Though he surrenders the management into younger hands, still he has consented to continue his articles on the history of the Bombay Mission, the fruits of twenty years' research among original documents: he has also undertaken to answer questions as before. If gratitude is best shown by a request for further favors, then we cannot thank Father Hull for all he has done better than by thanking him for what he has agreed to continue. May he have yet many years of fruitful work for his readers, and may the relief from the weekly and daily burden which, in spite of his sixty years, still gives him the vigor of youth.

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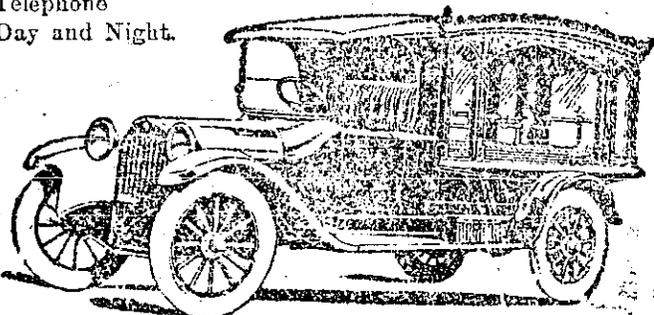
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any part of Southland. Motor Hearse. Personal supervision.

Corner KELVIN and SPEY STREETS, INVERCARGILL.

Domestic

By Maureen

Oatmeal Griddle Cakes.

1 lb fine oatmeal, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of baking-powder, a pinch of salt, skim milk. Mix all well together, then beat into it enough skim milk to make a light batter, and bake by spoonsful in the oven. If preferred, a griddle may be used. Care should be taken that it is very clean.

Lemon Pudding.

Half a pound of breadcrumbs, quarter of a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of finely-chopped suet, two ounces of castor sugar, two eggs, the juice and rind of one lemon. Beat the eggs, mix the other ingredients together, add the eggs and mix. Pour into a greased mould and boil three or four hours.

Essex Pudding.

This is a delicious pudding, and can be made the day before it is needed, and it contains no eggs. Take two tablespoonsful each of raisins, currants, sugar, breadcrumbs, ground rice, and flour, three tablespoonsful of shredded suet, half a teaspoonful of mixed spice, one piece of candied peel, and a pinch of salt; moisten with milk in which half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda has been dissolved. Boil in a buttered mould or basin for two hours.

Apple Cakes.

Half a pound of apples, three cloves, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, some scraps of pastry, three heaping tablespoonsful of brown sugar, two eggs, and one tablespoonful of granulated sugar. Roll out the pastry, cut in rounds, and line some small patty pans with it. Peel, core, and cut in quarters the apples, put them into a saucepan with one tablespoonful of water and the cloves, steam till soft, add sugar and butter, when dissolved rub all through a sieve. Beat up the eggs, and add to apples, put a teaspoonful of this mixture into each patty pan. Bake 15 minutes in a hot oven.

Cooking and Pickling Beetroot.

Baked Beetroot.—Wash, but be careful not to cut the beetroots; put them into a very slack oven for about eight hours. When cold, peel them, and dress them as follows: Chop half an onion finely, put it into a saucepan with a piece of butter; when it begins to take color, add the beetroots cut up into large dice, pepper and salt to taste, and 2 or 3 tablespoonsful of tarragon vinegar. When quite hot, serve.

Boiled Beetroot.—Wash the beetroot as for baked, and put it into fast-boiling salted water, to boil from one to two hours, according to size; then dress as baked. With cream sauce: Boil the beetroot, and when cold peel and slice it; stew the slices until quite hot in some well-flavored white stock well freed from grease; strain off the stock, and stir into it, off the fire, the yolk of an egg beaten up with a little milk or cream. Arrange the beetroot in a dish, pour the sauce over, and serve; or serve plainly, boiled,

with a cream sauce made without stock. If wanted cold, serve with a mayonnaise sauce, or with a little plain cream poured over, and with a seasoning of pepper and salt.

Preserved Beetroot.—Peel, trim, and slice thickly some boiled beetroots, fill some wide-mouthed jars about three-parts full of them, then add ½ oz pounded sugar, three or four cloves, and either ½ oz coriander seeds or ½ oz caraway seeds to every 1 lb beetroot; fill up the jars with boiled vinegar, and fasten them down with bladders.

Pickled Beetroot.—Boil the beetroots, and leave them to get cold; then let them be sliced, and put in cold vinegar with a teaspoonful of salt to the pint, and any approved spice. Some think a dust of cayenne sufficient, or simply boil a few peppercorns and a clove or two with some of the vinegar for a few minutes. This is a pickle which is often made as required; when intended for keeping much more spice is used.

To Wash Silk Stockings.

The best way to wash silk, or artificial silk stockings is to fill a basin with warm water and soapsuds. Let the stockings soak a few minutes, then rub gently and rinse again with water of the same temperature. If the stockings are white a little bluing should be put in the water both times. In that way you will avoid having them turn that peculiar shade of yellow that all silk is sure to do.

Using a few drops of turpentine in the water with the soap will prevent the most delicate shades, such as pink, green and blue, from fading.

Tan stockings are the most difficult of all to manage. They will get a greenish tinge to them that is the despair of the owner. It seems impossible to keep them from running, no matter what care is taken, and the water in which they are washed is sure to be discolored.

The best way is to wash a new pair first. Though the stockings may fade very little, the water will be a dark brown. Then take an old pair and let them soak in the water; in that way you are able to dye the old ones the original color.

No fine stockings should ever be ironed. After washing they should be shaken out and hung over a towel rack or the back of a chair. The hot iron removes the gloss and makes the stockings look as if they were cotton, not silk.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.

We have just received the latest Musical Novelty—"The Canary Songster"—considered to be the best and strongest musical toy ever made for children. Send postal note for 2/6 and receive this by return post.

—ALLAN YOUNG, Ltd., 17, The Octagon, Dunedin.

We remind our town and country clients that we have opened up a new shipment of goods, consisting of new and fascinating Toilet Requisites; also latest and up-to-date designs in Toupees, Transformations, Pin Curls, Switches, Ear Puffs, Braidings, and Temple Waves, which we will be pleased to show you, if a visit is paid to our well-appointed rooms. Waldron's Creams for Day and Night use. Astringent Lotions. Tonics and Pomades for dandruff, falling and lank hair.

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And other allied disorders of Rheumatic Origin

“Solvo” is an internal remedy and acts by dissolving the Uric Acid and other salts in the system, thus removing the cause of all these troubles.

The Patient taking a course of “SOLVO” should take light food sparingly. Take no solid meat and flush the dissolved Uric Acid and other salts out of the system by drinking freely of water.

DIRECTIONS—Commence by taking one teaspoonful in a glass of water a quarter of an hour before meals, and increase the dose gradually until the full dose of two teaspoonfuls is taken—three times a day.

Price for
Three Weeks'
Treatment,
7/6

Postage
1/-
Extra

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PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST

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(Agents wanted in every Town)

The Family Circle

MY SON, MY PRIEST.

My heart is filled to-day, asthore,
 With happiness so sweet,
 That I could wish for nothing more
 To make my joy complete.
 And these long years I'd live again,—
 Yea, though my toil increased;
 I'd bear a thousand years of pain
 For thee, my son, my priest.

I saw thee at the altar kneel
 In vestments gold and red;
 I saw the Bishop print the Seal
 Of Priesthood on thy head;
 I saw thy hands made consecrate
 With oil, and bless'd the hour
 That raised thee to thy priestly state,
 That gave thee priestly pow'r.

Though time has flown with rapid pace,
 It seems but yesterday,
 When nestled in my fond embrace,
 I taught thee first to pray;
 For thou wert then but four years old,
 Yet thy sweet, lisping voice
 Was dearer far than burnished gold,
 And made my soul rejoice.

How oft' thro' deep'ning shades of night
 I asked our Lord above
 To bless my boy, and guide him right
 In His great work of love!
 Dear Jesus, Who doth dry our tears,
 Whose love is deep and rare,
 Hath crowned the glory of my years,
 Hath heard a mother's pray'r.

"A Priest forever!" Ah, machree,
 What wond'rous pow'r is thine!
 "A Priest forever" thou shalt be
 For the Sacrifice Divine
 Upon the altar Christ the Good
 Will come to hear thy call:
 "This is My Body! This, My Blood!
 For men I've given It all."

My work is o'er. My course is run,
 And God will take me soon.
 I have one wish to make—just one—
 Of my own *Soggarth Aroon*:
 That thou be near me ere I go,
 Obedient to His call;
 And help me whisper soft and low,
 "Sweet Jesus! God! My all!"
 —MARTIN J. TRACY in the *Canadian Messenger*.



THE BLESSED TRINITY.

Verily the image of the Blessed Trinity is stamped upon the world. All time is divided into past, present, and future; all motion has distance, direction, and velocity; all sound has duration, timbre, and strength; all substances exist in a solid, fluid, or gaseous state; in fine, every created thing in its essence reflects the triune Personality of the Creator. Indeed, God is in all things and all in its end is good.

There are three sciences, physical, mental, and spiritual; the science of things, the science of men, and the science of God. Again there are three: the science of force, the science of law, and the science of love. Finally, there are three, the science of

right thinking, the science of true speaking, and the science of well-doing. As in music three notes are necessary to harmony; so in science, three are essential to truth.



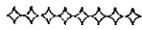
A SAINT'S PHILOSOPHY.

St. Veronica de Binasco, of the Order of St. Augustine, was once urged when sick to accept some exemption from her labors as a nun in the convent of St. Martha at Milan. She replied: "I must work while I can, while I have time."

With us, it is usually the other way round. The least obstacle, the smallest misfortune is eagerly grasped as an opportune excuse for shirking work that will promote either our spiritual or temporal welfare.

Mental, moral, and physical laziness are notorious qualities of the *genus homo*. Not much is required to turn a man or a woman into a parasite of a kind. Yet life is limited, and nothing is more certain than death. Like the ostrich that hides its head in the sand when danger impends, thinking thus to conceal itself, we shut our own eyes and try not to see the things that must come.

Good advice is the scrt least followed in this world, probably there are so few who can dispense it. Yet, the words: "I must work while I can, while I have time," express a truth, a bit of philosophy so simple but so inexorable that one wonders why more do not build their lives with that as a foundation.



A SHORT STORY.

A correspondent furnished the following story to the editor of one of the Catholic weekly papers. We are informed that one Sunday, during the sermon on the Blessed Sacrament and with special reference to thanksgiving after Holy Communion, the parish priest related the following incident concerning "a farmer, who after receiving Holy Communion, was always one of the very first to leave the church, instead of remaining at least ten or fifteen minutes to give thanks and to adore his God whom he had just received. One morning, however, when the farmer received Holy Communion the priest had two altar boys, each carrying a lighted candle, follow the man and walk one on each side of him. The boys walked quite a distance before the astonished farmer comprehended what it was all about. Needless to say, the farmer never made the mistake again.

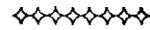
"How often I am reminded of that story. So many go to Holy Communion, and sad to say, many of them are like the farmer. They rush out of their pews, sometimes before the priest has left the altar and very often it is five minutes before they reach the door, owing to the crowd in front of them. If they spent even those few minutes in thanksgiving to God, Who has deigned to abide with them, what a good example they would give and how much more benefit they would receive from their reception of the Blessed Sacrament. It reminds one very forcibly of the parable of the ten lepers that were cleansed, and when one came back to give

thanks, Our Lord asked: 'Were not ten made clean? Where are the nine?'



WHAT DO YOUR CHILDREN READ?

Little minds are like a looking-glass. They reflect everything that passes before them. So do we all reflect what we are—either good or bad. If we reflect enough good, bad has no place in our lives. When children begin to read for themselves it is very necessary that mothers know absolutely what they read. Many mothers seem to think that they have no time for this. That seems strange, because all mothers care more for the good of their children than for anything else in the world. At school the child is safe, because there the teachers look after the matter. It is when the boys and girls get to be 12 or 13 years old that the most harm is done. Many of them read greedily the novels that are written for grown people. At that, most of the novels written now are not good reading for anybody. They are written with the idea of being as bad as possible without being denied the privilege of the mails. It is the children's thoughts that make them grow into fine and honest men and women. When a child loves to read, his future life is apt to be determined by what he reads. His mind will reflect it in his daily life. Good motherhood is never careless about a child's reading.



OF CERTAIN IRISH FAIRIES.

The Leprechaun—the omadhaun!—that lives in County Clare,
 Is one foot wide and three foot high without an inch to spare.
 He winks the sea blue eye of him, like other saucy rogues,
 And underneath the blackthorn bush he sits to clout his brogues.
 Then, if you catch the Leprechaun and never lose your hold,
 He's bound to show you where he's hid a pot of yellow gold,
 And find you, too, a fairy purse with tassels down the end,
 That's never bare, but always full, no matter what you spend.
 'Tis I would catch the Leprechaun—and then what would I do?
 I'd take the yellow gold, machree, and give it all to you!

The Cluricaun of Monaghan is mighty seldom seen;
 He wears a crimson swallow-tail, a vest of apple green,
 And shiny shoes with buckles, too, and silver ones at that,
 And on his curly head askew he claps a steeple-hat.
 'Tis I would catch the Cluricaun—and why? Because he knows
 The only spot in Erin where the four-leafed shamrock grows—
 The shamrock that the fairies tend, that does not grow from seed;
 'Twill bring you health and wealth and love—though 'tis not love you need,
 And ribbons, laces, brooches, rings, or anything you name,
 So when I've caught the Cluricaun 'tis you shall have the same.
 —ARTHUR GUITERMAN in the *Irish Catholic*.

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 Office, 376; G. S. Bruce (private), 1107; J. H. Jones (private), 1180. G.P.O. Box, 40. G. S. Bruce and Co.

NOT FREDDIE'S FAULT.

Freddie's father always expected instant and unquestioning obedience from his children. One day there was a sudden downpour of rain, so he told Freddie to go upstairs and close the trapdoor in the roof.

"But father——" began Freddie, remaining in his chair.

"Fred, close that trapdoor at once!"

"Yes, father, but I——"

"Frederick!"

Without another word Freddie went upstairs and closed the trapdoor.

An hour later, when the family sat down to tea, Freddie's brother did not appear, and his father asked what had happened to him.

"Well," said Freddie, "he was out on the roof when you told me to shut the trapdoor, and it has been raining ever since."



SMILE RAISERS.

Visitor (to butler who is showing him through the picture gallery): "That's a fine portrait! Is it an old master?"

Butler: "No, that's the old missus."



A vicar announced several Sundays ago: "The collection to-day is on behalf of the assistant curate, and I hope you will give liberally to this deserving object."

The deserving object suppressed his mirth with difficulty.



Teacher: "Why, Willie, when I was your age I did sums twice as hard as these."

"Willie: "Perhaps you had a better teacher, sir."



"Any luck on your fishing trip, old man?"

"Very little. If fish go in schools, they always seem to be playing truant or having a holiday when I go after them."

Wife: "Don't you think this is a duck of a hat, dear?"

Husband: "Yes, but I'd prefer a duck with a smaller bill."



Two stage hands were discussing their manager, and decided they didn't like him because of his meanness.

"Why," said one, "it's that mean, if he was a ghost he wouldn't give you a fright."



Teacher: "As an example in fractions, suppose a man kept a butcher's shop, and a customer called for five pounds of meat when he had only four to sell. What would the butcher do?"

Johnny (a butcher's son): "Keep his hand on the meat while he was weighing it."

SKIN CONTAGION.

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Science Siftings

By "Volt"

Milk From Trees.

It is generally supposed that only animals give milk, but in tropical countries the dairyman has competition from the vegetable kingdom.

A tree in the West Indies, known to the natives as the hyahya, yields from its bark and pith a juice richer and thicker than cow's milk. The people who live where the hyahya grows use its juice as we use milk. The tree when full grown is almost 40ft high and 18in in circumference.

The Gingalese have a tree, the kirighuma, which yields a milky fluid, while in the forests of Para grows the massenodendron, another species of milk-tree. The milk of the massenodendron can be kept for an indefinite length of time and shows no tendency to sour.

How Weather Experts Classify Winds.

We talk glibly of a "gale" of wind, and very often we are wrong. Wind must attain a certain velocity before it can be classed as a gale.

Wind blows in twelve distinct forces. The first of these strengths, "Force 1," is a wind blowing at three miles an hour. It barely deflects the smoke from chimneys, and is scarcely felt at ordinary walking level. "Force 2," is a six-mile-an-hour wind. This is sufficient to make the leaves of trees rustle and is felt on the cheek. It is the "gentle zephyr" of the poet.

A breeze is termed "moderate" if it ranges from ten to sixteen miles an hour. Such a wind is sufficient to scatter bits of paper and leaves that are lying about the streets. On the coast it would be termed a "fair" breeze for sailing.

At thirty miles an hour the wind is high enough to impede walking. This is "Force 6." It makes telegraph wires "sing" and whistles round the gables of houses. The largest trees are swayed when the wind reaches a speed of 36 miles an hour, or "Force 7."

"Force 8" is the official designation of what we term a gale. Here the wind reaches a speed of 45 miles an hour. It is a jump from "Force 8" to "Force 11." The latter is a wind blowing at 70 miles an hour. It is not common inland, but on the more exposed parts of the coast this speed is frequently reached. Such a wind is likely to cause shipwreck and destruction to light buildings.

Finally, we have "Force 12," a wind blowing at more than seventy miles an hour. This is commonly termed a "hurricane." A wind blowing at a greater velocity in this country is more or less a freak. But higher velocities are reached. At the beginning of 1922 a speed of 108 miles an hour was recorded.—*Tit-Bits* (London).

Electricity From Sand.

Electric batteries that will last thousands of years before running down are a possibility of the near future if a Birmingham scientist's theories become actuality.

Mr. J. B. Kramer claims to have discovered a new generative source of electricity, by which energy will be drawn in limitless quantities from vast natural resources of radio-active substances and harnessed to the service of mankind. Fuel and chemicals are not needed.

Mr. Kramer gave details of his discovery, the principle of which is based on a perfectly natural process.

"It is so noticeable and elementary," he said, "that scientists appear to have overlooked it."

"Briefly, it consists of placing radio-active material between plates of different metals, such as copper and aluminium, which by virtue of their differences have a quality of discriminating between the positive and negative elements in the radio-activity, and storing them up in a charge of electricity which can be drawn off in the usual way.

"The world is full of radio-active substances—there are countless millions of tons available.

"There are some kinds of sands on the shores of India and elsewhere which are radio-active, and upwards of 20 different minerals have similar properties. Most of these substances endure for thousands of years, and the energy would be good for the whole of the time.

"This radio-activity is a natural process. It is going on ceaselessly, and it remains only for man to devise some means of storing it and turning it into electrical energy."

Mr. Kramer believes that he has done this. With his apparatus he has succeeded in driving a small engine, which he hopes to demonstrate shortly.

"Imagine the progress applied to wireless," suggested Mr. Kramer. "With a cell made up in this way you would have a constant source of energy, which would last, at a moderate estimate, 2000 years, in substitution for the present troublesome high storage batteries."

Mr. Kramer is now hard at work on an instrument by which he will demonstrate the practicability of his discovery.

"I can foresee," said Mr. Kramer, "electronic batteries built up with metal plates, an acre or more in area. There seems to be no reason why every house should not have in an outhouse at the back a battery of cells of this kind to provide power and lighting.

"Such batteries would require no attention, and there would be no maintenance costs whatever.

"There are millions of tons of radio-active substances available, which go on discharging energy for a minimum period of 2000 years."

THE MOST OBSTINATE

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TIME TABLE.

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 9.45 and 10 a.m.

Leave Motueka for Takaka 10.30 a.m.
 arrive in Takaka 1 p.m.

Leave Takaka (Emms's Garage, or Junc-
 tion Hotel) at 7.45 a.m. daily, arriving
 Motueka 10.30 a.m.

Leave Motueka for Nelson 10.30 a.m. and
 3 p.m., arriving Nelson 1 p.m. and 5 p.m.

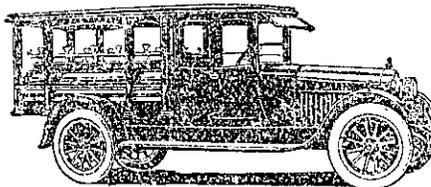
Leave Takaka for Collingwood every day
 at 1.45 p.m.; return next morning at 6.
 Leave Nelson daily 7.30 a.m. for Motueka
 via Tasman and Mariri, returning from
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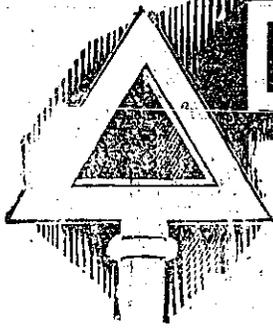


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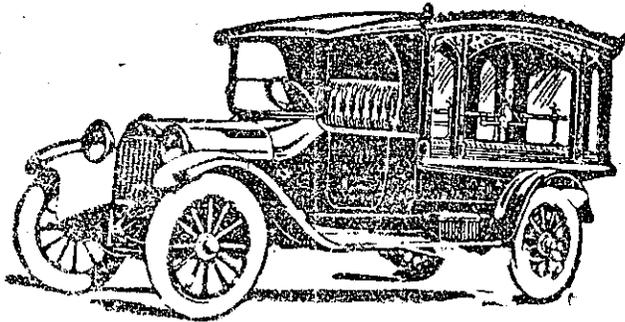
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