

which was an unmistakable and an overpowering one. The unopposed return on the first day for nomination of Sinn Feiners for each of the seven Divisions of the vast county of Cork, followed by the defeat, by a majority of more than 13,000, of the Hibernian candidates who were rash enough to await the polling in the City, let loose an avalanche underneath which the whole fabric of the Board of Erin tyranny lay buried when the elections were over. The Party which went to the country 73 strong came back 7, which, by an ironical coincidence, happened to be one less than the number of the All-for-Ireland group they had so often rallied on its littleness. The measure of their defeat did

not stop there. Only two of the seven survivors were elected by the free votes of Irish constituencies: Captain Redmond, who was re-elected in Waterford as a tribute of respect for his father's memory, and Mr. Devlin, whose power in the Hibernian district of West Belfast was still considerable. Of the remaining five, one (Mr. T. P. O'Connor) was elected for an English constituency, and the four others only succeeded in virtue of a compromise insisted upon by the Ulster Bishops by which, in certain doubtful constituencies, there was an exchange of seats between Sinn Feiners and Hibernians in order to avoid the success of the Orangemen in triangular contests.

(To be continued.)

A Complete Story

The Nurse's Story

(By ANNA C. MINOGUE in the *Missionary*.)

They were nurses, recounting some of the strange experiences that are ever creeping up in their intimate profession. Then the fair-haired girl began:

"I've had more thrilling affairs than the one I am about to relate; but I think of it oftener. I sometimes wish that I could go into every home and tell it to parents.

"It was at one of the training camps, when the influenza was raging. You remember how it was—doctors and nurses few, sick and dying everywhere. It was like the end of the world. It seemed foolish to try to stop it. Yet you kept right on. But you didn't feel like a human being—just a piece of machinery wound up and kept going, you didn't know by what. Ordinarily, you'd have died or gone mad.

"I was on duty in the death house. That's what they called it. We got the hopeless cases. It was rightly named. Then, as soon as they carried out a corpse, his cot was occupied again.

This day an orderly came to me and said: 'Nurse, there's a fellow over there under the staircase, who wants you to come and pray for him.'

"Pray! And these dying men waiting for their medicine—begging for water! Pray! I wanted to laugh hysterically. Not that I hadn't prayed with them. I had. But at that moment to stop and start praying seemed excruciatingly funny.

"Later, the orderly came again to me. 'Nurse,' he said, 'that chap's pretty bad. He asks you please to come and pray for him.'

"I'll come," I said dully, wondering why he could not pray for himself.

"He was a handsome young man and, at his first words, belonged, I knew, to the upper strata of society. He apologised for troubling me, 'But,' he said, 'I am going to die and I'm afraid to meet God.'

"Why should you be afraid to meet God?" I asked.

"Because," he answered, 'I do not know Him. I was so busy, I didn't have time for religion—to get acquainted with God.'

He told me something about himself. He was the only child of a banker in a northern

city. He had gone through college, then had entered the bank with his father. He had a young wife. All his life he had been so busy, first with school, then with work and the duties of his position. 'But,' he added, 'I now see my sin. That's why I am afraid to meet God. Will He condemn me for not knowing Him?'

"I told him to look upon God as his merciful and loving Father, and pray to Him for forgiveness.

"'But I don't know how to pray,' he replied. 'That's why I wanted you to come so badly. I've seen you praying with the others. They seem happier then. Nurse, please pray for me!'

"'But,' I said, 'I am a Catholic. I don't know how you Protestants pray. I know only my own prayers.'

"'Just say the prayers you say with the other boys,' he pleaded.

"So I went down on my knees and began. Our Father, Hail Mary, Creed, Confiteor, Acts of Faith, Hope, Love and Contrition. He listened with every faculty of his poor pain-racked body.

"'Please, Nurse, repeat that last prayer,' he pleaded.

"'I will teach it to you,' I said.

"I left him whispering the Act of Contrition.

"The next day I visited him early. He asked me, when I had time, to write a letter for him to his wife. It was a tender, loving letter. I was to send it, in case he died. He assured me that he was thinking always of what I had told him about God's love and mercy.

"In another part of the long room was a new soldier who had drawn my attention by the fact that he was so tall his feet extended beyond the cot. He was a splendid specimen of young manhood. He was from the hill district of the State, drawn, like thousands of others from the happy, free life of the farm to meet this ghastly death.

"As I was giving him his medicine, I caught sight of a badge of the Sacred Heart pinned on his shirt.

"'Are you a Catholic?' I asked. He admitted that he was. Learning I also was

of the Faith, his poor face brightened.

"'Maybe you can help me,' he said. 'You see I had been to confession, but I took down before I got to go to Communion. O, I do not want to die without receiving my Lord!'

"I sent for the chaplain. I was present at the administration of the Sacrament, and Oh, well! I saw some things in that charnel house to thank God for. This was one of them.

"By now, the parents and wife of the rich young man had arrived. They were distraught at his situation. 'Get a Nurse for him!' the father commanded. 'I'll give a thousand dollars for a Nurse!' 'All the money you have could not get a nurse for your son,' the doctor told him. 'Do you think if nurses were to be had the Government would not have them?'

"The poor man was dazed. Money, the god to which he had sacrificed himself and his only child failed him in the crucial hour. The poor boy was wildly delirious now. He died without knowing that his loved ones were with him.

"So long had my Catholic soldier lain absolutely still, I thought, he, too, had died. I went to him, saw that he was breathing gently. When he opened his eyes, I told him of my fear.

"'Nurse, I am so happy,' he whispered. 'I cannot think what I have done to deserve this favor. My Lord has come to me—a poor, weak sinner! Nurse, the goodness of God! I could die of happiness!'

"Sent there to die, he did not. I could have cried for joy the day I saw him taken away, to go back, after a while, to the little home among the hills, where perhaps father and mother, sister and brother, and a sweetheart maybe, were waiting and praying for him. I thought of the other sad home-coming. No other child to cheer those parents' declining days, no grandchild to inherit the wealth which they had piled up. And, worst of all, no religion to fall back upon in their sorrow.

"Yes, those contrasting incidents stand out among the experiences of my professional life. I seem to know how poignant was the Master's voice when He cried, 'What shall a man give in exchange for his soul!'

"Though I know my poor patient found mercy at the judgment seat."

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