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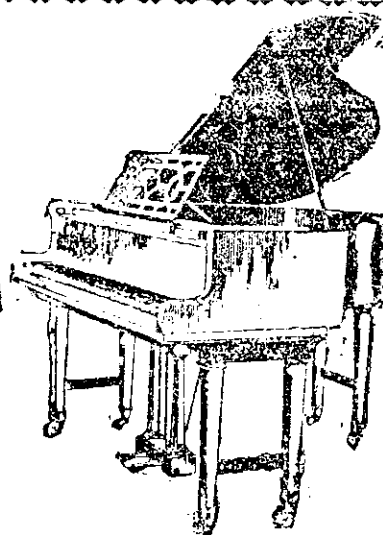
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CALENDAR.

March 8, Sun.—Second Sunday of Lent. St.
John of God. Confessor.

9, Mon.—St. Frances of Rome. Widow.

10, Tue.—The Forty Martyrs of Sebaste.

11, Wed.—Of the Feria.

12, Thur.—St. Gregory the Great.
Pope, Confessor, and Doctor.

13, Fri.—Of the Feria.

14, Sat.—Of the Feria.

The Forty Martyrs of Sebaste.

These holy martyrs were soldiers from different countries, but serving in the same troop. By order of the Governor of Armenia, they were exposed naked, in the depth of winter, on a frozen pond in the neighborhood of Sebaste, A.D. 320.

St. Gregory the Great, Pope, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Gregory was born in Rome about the year 549. In 590 he endeavored in vain to decline the dignity of Supreme Pontiff, to which he was elected on the death of Pelagius II. In the calamities which befell Italy in consequence of the invasion of the Lombards, St. Gregory showed himself a father to all in distress. He was most successful in maintaining the purity of Catholic doctrine in some of the countries where heresies had arisen. In 597 he sent a number of monks, with St. Austin at their head, to preach the Gospel in England. He died in 604, having by his eminent holiness, great erudition, and illustrious achievements earned for himself the title of "The Great."

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TO THE SACRED HEART.

O Heart! where human sorrows find
An echo and a balm combined,
Be with us in this weary way
That men call life, Oh, be my stay
Teach me to bear misfortune's stings,
The agony of little things,
The thorns in duty's pathway spread,
That wear the heart like tears unshed;
Oh! lift me up, till I can see
Naught, but Thine own Divinity.
Help me, O God! when I must bear
Heart-aches that Thou alone canst share,
Unworthy of Thy faintest sigh,
To Thee I cry! to Thee I cry!
Give me Thy Love! Give me Thy Love!
Oh! let my life be spent above
Earth's sordid cares! Oh, let me be
Thine, most Sacred Heart, eternally. Amen.

REFLECTIONS.

Do not fix your eyes on temptation: look solely on Our Lord. . . . Divert your mind with any right and healthy occupation, for if that takes possession, and fills your thoughts, it will drive away temptations and evil imagination.—St. Francis de Sales.

It was not Christ's death, but His freely dying, which was pleasing to God.—St. Bernard.

THE STORYTELLER

NORA

Translated from the German by PRINCESS LIECHTENSTEIN
(Published by arrangement with Burns, Oates, Washbourne, Ltd.)

CHAPTER XVII—(Continued.)

The train is once more moving rapidly away. . . . A group of students, who have been enjoying the summer night, raise a loud cheer after it, and now the merry university town is left behind in the far distance. The two in the carriage are still motionless; their eyes no longer seek one another; on the contrary, they both look fixedly out of their respective windows, as if they were staring at a world of dreams.

Gone by! gone by! has their happiness also whirled by them, and dwindled into nought, as the landscape they are passing, as the smoke which vanishes before their eyes? They are incapable of thought, there is a chaos in their heads, and a beating in their hearts, as if they would turn mad, and their hearts break for this great and immeasurable woe.

The tepid air of night enters and refreshes their burning foreheads. The moon has risen in the heavens, sharply delineating the distant mountains, and causing the broad river to sparkle with a thousand gems.

Is it then so long ago since they stood side by side upon these mountains, or were rocked together upon this river, for ever seeking and meeting each other, these two who now turn away the one from the other so sadly and so coldly? And was it not here in this lovely land of the vine that they had told each other of their love?

At the remembrance a tear starts to her eyes, and suddenly, as if overpowered by an intense longing, she turns towards him and looks at him imploringly; but he has turned his head away, and is looking out with a fixed gaze and a marble coldness upon his face, as if he completely ignores who that woman is sitting in the same carriage with him.

Then the softer feeling in her breast is also frozen up, she remembers her letter disdainfully returned to her, without even having been opened, and it now rises as a wall between them.

And he what is he thinking of? He is thinking that once before a rushing and rattling train also led him day and night, every moment seeming too long which kept him from her; he remembers how he had thought nothing of distance, and had laughed at impossibilities in order to look at her, and to hold her rejoicing in his arms: if only for a few minutes.

And that is the woman who now sits there opposite to him. He can hear the soft rustle of her dress at every movement she makes, and the heavy breathing which passes across her lips.

What would he not have given in old times for such hours spent with her? And now that lovely form has lost all charm for him. Almost unwillingly he turns his eyes upon her.

Yes, those are the same admirably chiselled features, the same long black eyelashes shadowing her cheek. These are the same red and full lips, and on her brow those same locks of dark hair which had been his delight. Beautiful, more beautiful than ever, . . . and yet he turns away suddenly and indignantly.

Where did he last see that face portrayed? Ah, yes; he remembers now, he saw it in a newspaper as the likeness of the most admired and sought-after beauty of a circus.

He closes his eyes so that he may see her no longer. Perhaps his heart would have melted had he found her pale and worn; but he finds her fresher and more blooming than ever. The fact is, we can hear any amount of sorrow in the exuberant days of our youth; and it is only later on that it leaves marks on our brow and poisons the blood which flows in our veins.

The train puffs on farther and farther. They are in the plain now, and the romance of that mountainous country is as far away from them as the romance of their own lives. God help them! Will all now be with them as flat, as devoid of charm, as this landscape drawn out in so melancholy a fashion by the grey morning dawn? Farther, farther, hour after hour. The night is over, and the train still moving on, together with their thoughts. In their minds arise endless questions, prayers, and accents of indignation, but none pass their lips. When will he get out? Is she not arrived at the end of her journey? Now, again, a shrill whistle is heard, and the name of a large south German town is called out. She raises herself as if with some great alarm; the journey has lasted so long, and yet it seems so short.

The old abigail now awakes and arranges the parcels in order to get out.

Nora also takes her small bag in a mechanical way. She is obliged to pass in front of Curt, and for one moment her eyes rest upon his face; no longer with a terrified look as before, but full of a silent despair.

Now, indeed, he may be satisfied with the wan and sorrowing expression he had missed; her lovely face is deadly pale and completely upset with grief.

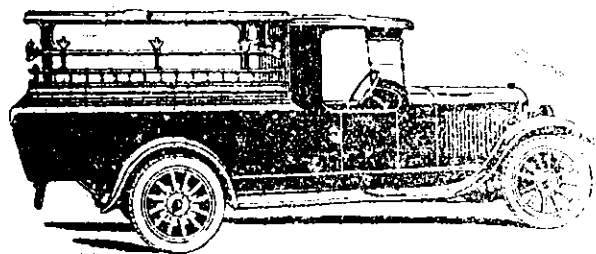
A mist suddenly rises before his eyes at that moment, and he holds out his hand, but only from pure courtesy.

A gentleman, who has evidently been awaiting her on the platform, is already on the carriage-steps and helps her down. Only a dumb and cold bow, and she is gone. She is met with zealous offers of service, but she refuses them with a haughty gesture; the gentleman, however, takes possession of her things, as if it were his right to do so, and leads her to the carriage waiting for her.

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Curt stares at them as if he had seen two ghosts. The guard passes by, and, remembering him as the traveller who had given him so generous a present, feels drawn to a little conversation.

"Handsome lady that, sir, ain't she? She's quite a celebrity, too, at the Karsten Circus. Her father arrived yesterday by an extra train; but perhaps your Excellency would take a cup of coffee, as the morning is uncommon fresh?" he added, looking at Curt's pale face.

The man is right. Curt is shivering from head to foot, but he refuses to take anything and sinks back in his seat, as if decidedly disinclined to carrying on the conversation. The guard, who feels particularly chatty and amiable this morning, is obliged to look out for some more cheerfully-disposed traveller.

At last Curt is alone. She is gone, after having spent these long hours with him. The moment God had perhaps sent them in which to clear up every doubt is now irretrievably past. One word might have saved them, and neither spoke it.

"Nora! Nora!" he now cries in wild despair, covering his face with his hands. "Oh, why did you not give me that look a second earlier?" and in the agony of his grief, remembering that it is too late, all his buried love lives in him again and tortures him.

The day is advanced when the train stops at the station Curt is to get out at. Lily's smart footman is already awaiting the traveller on the platform, hat in hand, and leads him at once to the carriage.

The sun is shining on the neatest possible equipage, so bright and clean, that it quite dazzles one, and the little ponies toss about their heads with a coquettish wagging, as much as to say: "If there is taste left in the world, people must think us remarkably pretty!"

But Curt is in no mood for admiring anything, and he throws himself, tired and exhausted, into the vehicle with as little ado as if it were a common fly, and closing his eyes, he does not even bestow a look at the green meadows or upon the fine house which now rises in so stately a manner before him, amidst the luxurious trees of its beautiful park.

Lily has already asked herself ten times the same two questions to-day: "Will he come? Will he not come?" She had often peeped out of the window opening upon the pathway which leads up to the house, like Sister Ann, to see whether anyone is coming. Now, at last, the rolling sound of wheels upon the bridge announces that her guest has at last arrived. She hastens to her drawing-room in order to receive him with all the dignity of the mistress of the house.

The mixture of reserve and of intense joy depicted on her face are really very becoming; but, alas, it is only the footman who enters.

The count's compliments, and he begs to be excused from appearing to-night. He has been obliged to go to his room, feeling too exhausted to present his homage at once, after the fatigue of a long journey. He hopes to be able to come down to-morrow."

Lily's face sinks to zero, for hope deferred maketh the heart sick. But what is to be done?

CHAPTER XVIII.

"That was an uncommonly silent companion, upon my word!" muttered old Hannah, rubbing her sleepy eyes, as she sat down in the carriage by the side of her young mistress. Dear old Hannah! she had remained faithful to the director, and accompanied Nora everywhere; taking care of her as devotedly now as she had done in the days of her childhood. "Nora dear! I'm sure you're shivering," she added anxiously, pulling up the carriage-rug in order to cover her completely with it. "That all comes of racing about the world, and travelling day and night as we do. Thank God! we shall stay here some time at least! My old bones can hardly put up with it, and I'm sure your young ones cannot do so either," she went on to herself, as she now with some difficulty got down from the carriage which had stopped at one of the best hotels.

The gentleman who had met Nora at the station was likewise there to receive her.

"The director arrived last night," he reported. "Everything is fixed for the day after to-morrow, unless you are too tired, Miss Nora."

Nora did not seem to hear him, and only nodded silently, without taking any further notice of him.

"She's ungacious!" muttered Landolfo. "I suspect you're a little too much spoilt, young lady! You'll have to get out of the way of that, if I am not much mistaken. But, now I think of it, the young gentleman who looked out of the carriage window bore a great resemblance to the count. . . I hope no *rendez-vous*! However, it doesn't much matter, she may do what she likes, our *belladonna*, but she won't get him back again in a hurry! So that's the reason why our young duchess was so ungacious! Well! Never mind! We can wait, and settle our accounts a little later on," he added, laughing sardonically, and entering the dining-room in order to drown his rage in spirits.

Old Hannah had already arranged Nora's room as comfortably as she used to do her mother's in days gone by; and now, smoothing out the white pillows, she drew the window-curtains, and brought her a comfortable dressing-gown in which to rest after her fatiguing journey. Nora had submitted to everything passively, and lay extended speechless upon the sofa. Old Hannah looked at her, and shook her head deprecatingly.

"This restless life will kill her, just as it did her mother," she muttered as she went out. "Yes, yes, kill her, I say, were she ten times as strong! Poor, handsome missy!"

Nora was alone, and complete rest had followed the well-nigh endless motion. But she hardly realised the difference; everything seemed still to be puffing and blowing, rushing and roaring in her brain, and to be hunting her to death. She saw him still before her, so cold, so mute, so inanimate! It had been a dreadful night, and the storm of those hours appeared to have annihilated her poor, suffering heart. Three years had passed by since that first appearance in the circus, after which she had lain thus broken down, then, as now, by great physical and moral exertion. Since then her reputation had spread far and wide in all the towns on the Continent, and Landolfo's calculations had

so far been crowned by complete success. Her beauty and her talent had worked wonders, and the director might well be pleased.

To her soul, meanwhile, a reaction had gradually taken place, for we poor mortals are alike unable to remain for ever in the depths of woe or on the pinnacle of joy. In the place of an irrevocable fact, we are generally visited by a certain inward tranquillity—all the more so when this fact brings with it an active and busy life which requires continual bodily fatigue. The latter is indeed the best remedy against the mind's sickness. Nora's occupation in itself was one which she liked, and as she did it well she could not help feeling some pleasure in it. She had gradually become used to the public, and its applause did not move her more than the sudden cessation of it would have astonished her. She was accustomed to such homage, and accepted it as an understood thing.

Her father had tried to spare her feelings as much as he possibly could. She was never forced to mix with the rest of the company, and never took part in any combined or theatrical representation. She always appeared at his side, displaying her skill in riding, or showing off the paces of some new horse.

She certainly had thought, when first she appeared in public, that she would never be able to bear it—that she would die from the pain of humiliation and of lost love—but one does not die so easily. There was steel in her blood, steel in her mind, which caused her unwittingly to raise her head once more, feeling how great was the sacrifice she had made, feeling at peace, for she had been unselfish. It had been until now her great object to remain upon this pedestal of self-respect and of conviction that she was worthy of Curt's esteem.

The sight of her unopened letter had indeed smitten her as with a dagger, but at that time she was almost incapable of feeling anything very acutely—her feelings being quite benumbed by all the anguish she had gone through. She did not even recognise his handwriting, so changed was it, and the envelope was so covered by stamps and postmarks that she fancied, perhaps, the letter had never reached him. She put it carefully away just as it was, so that she might one day let him read therein of all the deep sorrow which alone could justify her in his eyes. Her life, too, would be a justification—she lived quietly and gravely, away from the noisy pastimes, even from the innocent ones, of the people who surrounded her. Wherever she went, she was pursued by the obnoxious admiration of young men. She found admirers in every rank, and her step-mother assured her over and over again that she need only raise her little finger in order to have ten counts at her feet, instead of the faithless one she chose to pine for.

But Nora only shook her head silently when such speeches were made to her; she never received any of their tokens of admiration, nor did ever an encouraging look fall upon any aspirant.

The young men asserted that the proud Amazon never touched any of the bouquets or of the wreaths which fell at her feet. The clowns generally picked them up, and, with

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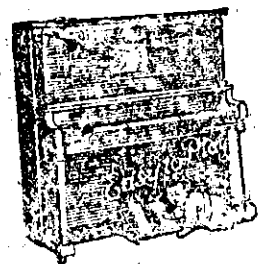
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comical looks and gestures, either bombarded the public with them, or used them as adornment for their own ridiculous selves, to the discomfort of those who had offered them, and to the rejoicing of the general public. It was dreadful to think of all the mass of flowers and of money which had thus been uselessly thrown away for the prattish beauty. Some of the most daring had at last sent their bouquets directly to her house, and it had required all her step-mother's eloquence to prevent Nora returning them. It was only the thought that to make herself enemies might injure her father's career, which induced her to keep the flowery messages; but they bloomed away and at last withered without her casting one look upon them, or without her deigning to read one of the declarations which lay concealed amongst the blossoms. She never assisted at any of the suppers arranged by gentlemen, under the pretext of amusing her father, but in reality with a faint hope of enticing his daughter out of her retirement.

Her warmest admirers had only been able to steal a few short moments at the *manège*, or, when she was out walking; but always at her father's side.

It soon went from mouth to mouth that the

beautiful Amazon could be seen, early in the morning, attired in the darkest and most simple of garments, on her way to church at an hour when all the *beau monde* was still lying in profound sleep.

Her charms had induced some particularly energetic young men to try and effect a meeting there; but, as soon as she noticed this, she no longer went to the same church. Moreover, the fresh-morning air had somewhat cooled down the warmth of their feelings, and made them lose their taste for the object of these expeditions.

Such had been Nora's life until now, but last night had cruelly torn away the veil from her eyes, had extinguished the last ray of hope in her breast.

Despised! despised! excluded from the heart which had been all in all to her! So, he had found no extenuating circumstances; not a ray of sympathy or compassion had he bestowed upon her in the hours of her dark despair! For despair it was. She clutched her head convulsively and pressed her hands passionately upon her black hair, hiding her face amidst the cushions, as if she could not support even the faintest ray of light—fathomless was her shame, so deep her sorrow.

(To be continued.)

their raids for whisky and their quarrels—sometimes with revolvers as well as with fists—with the more clean-lived of the old Royal Irish Constabulary who were still condemned to keep their obscene company. They had turned against them the most timid man in the country, Unionist, as well as Nationalist, who was not within range of their rifles. As for the nation in general, who had smarted under the taunt that Irishmen fought bravely for every country except their own; who were humiliated to remember that for nearly a century they could only quote the three Manchester Martyrs and a very few others who had thought it worth while to offer up their lives for Ireland—who remembered with a certain self-reproach, how lately it was that the country seemed to be sunk in shameless political corruption and self-seeking—they were opened in wonder and delight to discover that a generation had arisen ready in thousands and in tens of thousands to die for Ireland with a mystic love-light in their eyes, and most wonderful of all that they were striking all the hosts of England with paralysis behind their fortresses and big guns. Every Irishman worth his salt the world over began to glow with pride in the young soldiers of his nation.

Sir Hamar Greenwood might go on undauntedly bragging and lying, but England was awakening to horrid glimpses of the truth. English men and women, who came over to see for themselves, were going back with stories that turned honest cheeks aflame; and Mr. Lloyd George, excellent opportunist that he was, was beginning to ask himself whether in place of "having Sinn Féin on the run" and "holding the murder-gang by the throat," it was not perhaps the murder-gang who were having the best of it and whether it was not about time for him to "go on the run himself."

CHAPTER XXIX—THE TRUCE OF JULY 11, 1921.

One of the worst consequences of Mr. Lloyd George's mistaking reasonableness in the Sinn Féin leaders for weakness was to accentuate the demand for a Republic. Up to that time, the talk of a Republic arose largely from the habit of putting demands higher than expectations, which the shiftiness of English party politicians had encouraged. In his interview with me in August 1922, Mr. de Valera made a statement which throws a flood of light upon the secret processes by which the Irish Revolution was turned from peaceful action to arms. "He said" (I quote from my own note of our conversation) "he had spent the last four years trying to keep the peace between Cathal Brugha, on what he might call the old Fenian side, and Arthur Griffith, representing the Constitutional Sinn Féiners. They were really two separate movements, and nothing except the pressure of the Black-and-Tan terror kept them together so long." That I believe to be probably the historic truth of the matter. Parnell had the same nearly superhuman task as between the two wings of his own movement; but not only did Parnell possess a supreme genius for com-

The Irish Revolution and How It Came About

(By William O'Brien)

(CHAPTER XXVIII—(Continued.)

The Black-and-Tans for their part, if they were less resourceful in wit, made up for their inferiority by a brutality run mad. Whatever atrocities the jack-booted Germans committed in the first weeks of their occupation of Belgium, the Black-and-Tans committed and improved upon for a year and a half during their Satanic reign in Ireland. They roamed through the country by night in their armored cars bellowing with drunken fury in search of vengeance for some successful ambush or captured barrick; set fire to defenceless villages or blew them up with bombs; flogged, tortured and murdered without ceremony the men whenever they could find them, under conditions too loathsome to be particularised; whenever the men were missing, they extorted their last penny from the terror of the women, outraged them with drunken obscenities more hateful than their flourished revolvers, and left with a whole generation of Irish children memories of their midnight devilries more horrible than any Dante could imagine for his *Inferno*. For the bare offence of being found in possession of revolvers men were hanged, and the statesmen who hanged them were shocked to find that the hangings were followed by vengeance no less drastic. A trick more cunning than crude barbarities like these was the systematic destruction of the people's means of living by the burning down or blowing up of the factories, like those at Balbriggan and Mallow, upon which half the working population depended for employment. Even the blameless rustic creameries to which many thousands of farmers trusted for a market for their milk were given wholesale to the flames; and the only comment of the Prime Minister upon this

pretty employment for the arms of England was his sneer at the influence of Sir Horace Plunkett as a peacemaker, that "he could no longer depend even upon the support of his creameries."

And the ineffectualness of all this gigantic apparatus of "frightfulness!" The only people at all terrorised were the old folks, the sick, the mothers and their babies trembling in their cabins, or driven to fly to the mountains or the graveyards for refuge from their midnight invaders. The young men who were the real quarry of the terrorists—even those who had hitherto kept aloof from the Revolution—were left no alternative but to swell the ranks of the Republican Army in their fastnesses in the hills, whence they swooped down in their own good time with a vengeance too often as savage as that of their antagonists and far more sure. The young women defied bullets and the courts-martial even more bravely than their brothers or sweethearts. After twelve months while this *ter latitans* was the only law of the land, the Irish Republican Army had so far got the better of the apparently irresistible forces opposed to them; that even in the cities no military lorry from which the muzzles of the rifles protruded could pass through the streets in open day without a bomb hurtling in the cars of its garrison, and in the country the railways were made impassable, the bridges blown up and the roads trenched and barricaded, and their most confidential despatches intercepted until their armored cars no longer ventured outside their garages and the Black-and-Tans found themselves cooped up in their guard-rooms, with no other resource left to relieve the tedium except the proceeds of

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mand, but the captains he attracted from the old Fenian host were men of as weighty a political judgment as his own, and the actual physical force movement had declined into a small and beaten sect, while the original Sinn Féin intellectual group had almost disappeared when the men of the Easter Week Rising by an absurd accident were forced to inherit their name, and the ferocity with which Dublin Castle persecuted every form of open and advised action every month increased the secret predominance of the men of action.

Mr. Lloyd George's unlucky response perforce threw Mr. de Valera more and more into the hands of the more revolutionary of his counsellors. The Dail was secretly assembled and the Republic solemnly proclaimed. A more serious matter still, the members were made to take an oath of allegiance to the Republic, and the difficulty of getting the young idealists who were the flower of the movement to break the oath by which they were thus consecrated to the service of the Republic as an organised reality became the most insurmountable of all the obstacles in the peace negotiations later on. When I commented to Mr. de Valera upon the unwisdom of thus prejudicing the ultimate issue by an engagement so notoriously sacred in Irish eyes, he answered (I again quote from my *précis* of our conversation), "that he was from the beginning opposed to any oath of any kind being taken. It was while he was in prison the first Dail began by swearing allegiance to the Republic, and at the second Dail they had to follow the precedent."

I did not myself take too tragic a view of Mr. Lloyd George's *non possumus*. It was impossible to know him without counting upon his readiness with a new set of opinions whenever the old set proved unworkable. I construed his letter as an order that the war must go on—until further orders. One of the brainiest of the Republican leaders, who afterwards became a Minister in the Cabinet of the First Dail (Mr. Austin Stack) has more than once reminded me of my prognostication at the time: "If you can hold out for six months longer, you'll have a sporting offer from Lloyd George," and his own amused reply: "If you're a true prophet, that's all right; we can hold out for two years longer against man or devil."

Before the six months were over, the Prime Minister was wobbling, and the "sporting offer" if it had not already come was on the way. In the meantime, Sir Hamar Greenwood's desperadoes grew more frantic than ever. Fresh regiments were poured across from England, it was made death to be in possession of firearms (two men were actually hanged for the offence) and the war of reprisals from both sides month by month assumed a more bloody and inhuman aspect, while a third party to the quarrel made its appearance in the shape of bands of highwaymen (mostly demobilised soldiers of the British Army) who roamed the country, plundering individuals and banks with impartial pistols. It is curious to remark that, for the bank robbery campaign, as for the substitution of assassination for persuasion in the case of the Constabulary, it was the Black Cabinet in Dublin Castle who set the example. They directed one of their Resident Magistrates, Mr. Alan Bell, to hold a Star

Chamber inquisition at the Castle, at which he took forcible possession of the most confidential books of the Munster and Leinster Bank and laid hands on £20,000 of their funds on the suspicion that they belonged to Sinn Féin depositors. The unfortunate magistrate was promptly taken out of a tramcar on his way to the Castle, and shot dead on the roadside, and the bank robbery initiated by the Government was copied with interest on the other side, until armed raids on the banks became everywhere a common incident in the anarchy.

If women's purses (even that of General Strickland's wife) were snatched in the public streets by the Black-and-Tans, still less were the ministers of religion spared, and the higher their station the more ferocious was the relish with which they were persecuted and murdered. Dr. Fogarty, the Bishop of Killaloe, was the only one of the Irish bishops, since the death of Dr. O'Dwyer, who openly took his stand with Sinn Féin in its time of agony, but he was none the less an innocuous politician who had been up to a quite recent date a fervid admirer of the Parliamentary Party. The Bishop's palace at Ennis was raided in the middle of the night by an armed gang whose object, it can be charged upon unanswerable evidence, was to murder him. It came to my knowledge, upon the testimony of an actual eye-witness, that the Inspector of Constabulary, who commanded the Raiders, was shortly afterwards summoned to Dublin Castle to give a report of his expedition to his principal in chief command of the Auxiliaries. He related, with somewhat bumptious pride, the perfection of his arrangements, but "cursed his rotten luck that the old fox had given him the slip," and attributed to "some damned Catholic peeler" the warning which had saved the Bishop's life. My information (which comes from a quarter not open to doubt) is that the Commandant, far from rebuking his subaltern's murderous zeal, followed him to the door when he was leaving, and took him by both hands with this shocking parting message: "Good-bye, old chap. God bless you! Better luck next time!" And for months afterwards the hunted Bishop was "on the run" for his life in the mountains of Clare, like the most persecuted of his predecessors of the Penal Days.

Two other strokes of "frightfulness" which it was counted would mark the final subjugation of Sinn Féin, in reality put an end to the last possibility of breaking its spirit. One was the capture by a British warship on the high seas of Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, Archbishop of Melbourne, on his way to pay a last visit to his aged mother in his native country. The deportation to England of the Archbishop (admittedly the most powerful man in the Australian Commonwealth next to, if even next to, its Prime Minister, Mr. Hughes), and the paltry insolence of refusing him a last interview with his old Irish mother had the double effect of exhibiting the realities of the Irish situation to all civilised mankind in a way there could be no suppressing or falsifying, and of stirring up the spirit of resistance in Ireland to a pitch incomparably more passionate than could have been roused by the few public speeches it was the poor strategy of the British kidnappers to strangle.

A still more stupid offence against humanity was the slow torture to death of the young Lord Mayor of Cork, Terence Mac Swiney. He was seized during the ceremony of his inauguration in succession to his predecessor, Thomas MacCurtain, who was called out of his bed at midnight by a band of Auxiliaries and murdered in the presence of his wife and children, and who, Sir Hamar Greenwood with a face of brass assured the House of Commons had been assassinated by his brother Sinn Feiners. Young Mac Swiney, once in the toils of these monsters of lying and foul play, made the last protest that was open to him against the iniquity of his imprisonment by devoting himself to the slow torments of death by hunger. Day by day, week after week, the world kept watch outside Brixton Gaol while the Irish idealist lay calmly looking into the eyes of death every hour of the day and of the night with a steadfastness outlasting that of Mutius Scævola, whom History has made immortal for plunging only an arm into the flames. His gaolers were as inexorable as Death, but, as the clumsiest experimentalist in human nature might have anticipated, it was the dead idealist who left Brixton Gaol the victor, and not they. Sir Hamar Greenwood himself began to understand when an Archbishop and six Bishops, with their mitres and croziers and in their purple robes, tramped through the streets of Cork before the coffin of Terence Mac Swiney.

By this time the sea-change was beginning to work in the Prime Minister. As the Commission of Inquiry from the Labor Party and the foremost publicists of the American and French press swarmed over to see for themselves and published their experiences to a horrified world, Sir Hamar Greenwood's early manner as a professor of able-bodied mendacity could no longer yield much comfort to his chief. The first indignant denial that there had ever been reprisals had to be given up for shambling admissions that reprisals—and no doubt reprehensible reprisals—there had been; the stories that the Mayors of Cork and Limerick had been murdered and a hundred towns and villages given to the flames by the Sinn Feiners themselves could no longer be got to pass the lying lips of the mythomaniacs, although they have never to this hour been honestly apologised for. But at least the reprisals, it was promised, were henceforth to be "official reprisals" carried out under responsible military authority. The more barbaric vengeance of the Black-and-Tans were without doubt discouraged, instead of being instigated, by humane and gallant soldiers like Sir Nevill Macready. It was not possible for such men to come to close quarters with those miscreants without being obliged to report that they had placed themselves outside the pale of civilisation and that their deeds, far from diminishing the power of Sinn Féin, had maddened the country into a system of resistance so irresistible, so omnipresent, and so ably conducted that no army could put it down without a general massacre of unarmed old men, women, and children, which would make the name of England an astonishment and a hissing among civilised men.

(To be continued.)

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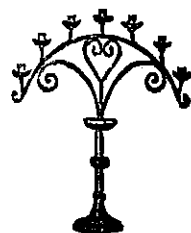
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"Bless the child!" ejaculated old Simon Rudford, regarding his daughter thoughtfully. "So you think that because I happen to be a little out of sorts I am likely to neglect Sunday Mass?"

"No, father, I know you better than that," she answered proudly. "But you see," she added seriously, "you are really very unwell; the doctor told me so, and I fear the mile walk to Mortney is too much for you at present."

"Don't worry, child," said her father cheerily. "I'm not so poorly as you think, and, please God, I'll get to Mass somehow."

Dorothy and her father had come to live at Sunnydale two years previously, the latter taking possession of the house bequeathed to him by a distant relative. It was a cosy little residence, situated in grounds of its own, on the long undulating road that led to Mortney, and here the two passed their days in peace and happiness, their only regret being that the church was so far away.

"Father," the girl said after a pause, "wouldn't it be lovely if this little dwelling of ours could be taken and planted within five minutes' walk from the church?"

"It certainly would," he agreed. "But then the merit of attending Mass under easy circumstances wouldn't be so great as when one perseveres through difficulties. Do you remember how your grandparents tramped three miles to daily Mass? And they never complained of the distance, no matter how inclement the weather."

"I know, father, I know," she nodded, "but I don't regret the distance for my own sake; it is for yours."

"There you go again, my dear." His tone was reproachful. "You worry and fret—and why? I am not broken-down, though you think I am. I tell you I am not so bad as you imagine, and—"

A sudden spasm of pain rendered him speechless, and Dorothy, realising his danger, sprang to his side, administering the stimulant, which the doctor had told her to keep always in readiness.

"I fear I am not much good, after all, my dear," he said feebly, holding his hand to his side. "This is a heart attack. I wish you could get the priest. I feel very ill."

"I will, father dear," she said soothingly. "But I think I had first better help you to bed. I cannot leave you in this state. You want rest."

She felt anxious and lonesome as she put the pillows at his back. She wished somebody was there to advise her. What could she do? Although she had said she would get the priest, she did not see how this was to be managed. Sarah, the maid, had gone home for a few hours, and would not return till seven. To leave her father alone was not safe. What was she to do?

Her eyes wandered to a picture of the

Mother of Sorrows, hanging above her father's bed, and on the instant her fears vanished.

"Dear Mother," she prayed, "you know I cannot leave father. Do help me. I am so worried, so upset. I want to send for the priest and the doctor, but cannot. Send some one to me."

She had scarcely uttered the words when there came a knock at the street door. Going down, she found it to be a cyclist, who politely asked her, if she could oblige him with a piece of clean linen.

"My bicycle skidded and pitched me over," he went on to explain apologetically. "I am not seriously hurt," seeing her look of concern, "but I thought I had better bind up these few scratches at once. My mother once had a poisoned finger through neglecting a small cut, and ever since she's been most careful over the slightest mishap. She would worry frightfully if I neglected this now."

"She's quite right," agreed Dorothy. "One cannot be too careful over these small accidents. Come in, and I will get some warm water. You must bathe those cuts before binding them up."

Within a few minutes the young fellow's hand was carefully washed and bound, and with many profuse thanks he prepared to take his leave.

"Have you far to go?" Dorothy asked him.

He smiled.

"I suppose you would consider it a long way," was his answer, with a somewhat superior air, "but it's no distance to a cyclist like me. I live at Hillside, some miles beyond Mortney."

Her hopes rose.

"Then your coming here is providential," she said, an eager catch in her voice. "Will you do me a favor?"

"With pleasure."

"As you are passing through Mortney, would you mind calling at the presbytery attached to the Catholic church there? You know it?"

He nodded.

"Will you ask the priest to call here at once? Just say the lady at Oak Cottage, Sunnydale, asks him to come and see her father, who is sick. The priest knows us well. I wish you would also ask the doctor to call. He lives a few doors beyond the presbytery, Doctor Hobbs."

"I know him," said the lad.

"Say that my father has had a heart attack, and that I should like him to come at once. I would be most grateful if you would do this for me."

"Indeed I will."

Looking behind him as he went down to the gate, he added:

"I am only too glad to do you a good turn. You've done one for me."

He was not long gone before both priest and doctor were in attendance on the sick man, and Dorothy had the satisfaction of

seeing him relieved and comforted. The attack proved to be only slight, and Father Doyle said that he did not think it necessary to administer the Sacraments. He would call again next day, he added. Doctor Hobbs prescribed, and the medicine proved effective. She was deeply grateful to the young cyclist for his prompt execution of her wishes.

"Father," she said, about a fortnight later when they were seated together in the cosy parlor, "wasn't it wonderful how my prayers were answered the day you were taken sick? And so quickly answered! When I turned to Our Lady of Sorrows and told her my predicament, I said I had no prospect of getting the priest and the doctor, and asked her to send some one to me. She heard me at once."

"It was certainly providential," her father remarked thoughtfully, "I wish I could thank that lad for his goodness."

"I should have asked him his name," she said, "but in my anxiety I overlooked it. I was so glad the priest came so quickly, father."

"So was I. Few of us are ready to stand before our Judge," he remarked. "When I thought I was about to die, I remembered how unforgiving I had been to poor John, and I wondered how I could dare to expect the Almighty to forgive me."

"What did my brother do to displease you? You know you've never told me. Did he marry against your wish?"

"Yes, he married a poor village girl."

"Was she a Catholic?"

"Oh, yes—one of the best, but from a social point of view John might have done better. He was so handsome; any lady would have been proud to marry him."

"But, father, surely it was a great blessing that John should have chosen a good girl for his wife," reasoned Dorothy.

"I didn't look at it in that light," he admitted. "John's social loss was a bitter pill to swallow, I thought; though, in truth, Agnes was a nice girl—refined and good-looking, and decently educated. John had a right to her."

"Have you seen John since his marriage?"

"No; he went away. Later, I heard that he had obtained a comfortable berth at Leyton. He wrote three different times, but I did not answer his letters. After some years I began to relent; so I made inquiries concerning him. They had left Leyton, and no one knew where they had gone. I've prayed to meet my boy again. I've not seen him for sixteen years."

"Is that a good portrait of him?" asked Dorothy, pointing to a picture hanging in an alcove.

"Yes; it was taken soon after your mother died. You were three at the time." The old man paused and regarded her wistfully. "It would greatly comfort me to know that you have your brother's protection when I am gone," he said thoughtfully. "I am afraid I've done wrong in keeping you at home, near me. You ought to have seen a little of the world. You might have been comfortably married by now."

She leaned forward and kissed him.

"Don't talk that way, dear," she gently

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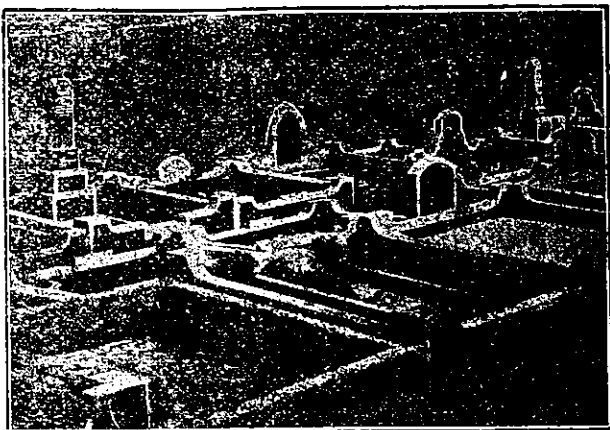
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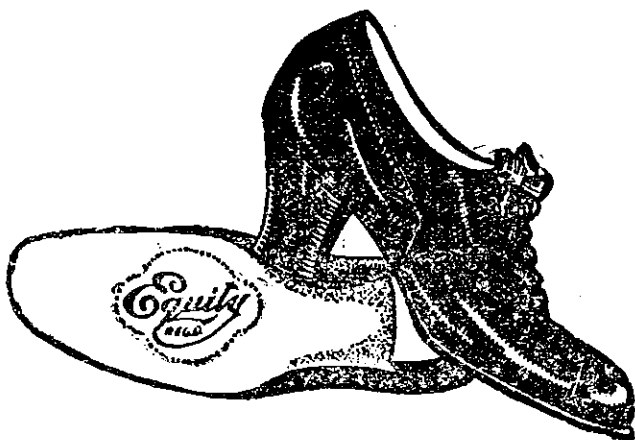
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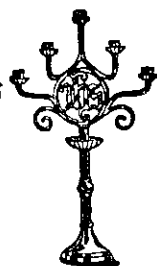
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said. "I'm ever so happy with you, and I pray God to spare you to me many years."

At that moment there came a loud ringing at the street bell. In a few seconds Sarah showed herself.

"A young gentleman has called to inquire after the master," she announced.

"Ask him in."

Cap in hand, Dorothy's providential messenger stepped briskly into the room.

"I hope you'll excuse me calling," he began apologetically, and with some show of awkwardness. "I happened to be passing your house, and thought I should inquire if you are better." He paused. "I hope the doctor and priest called all right," addressing Dorothy.

She nodded.

"We are most grateful to you; I don't know what we should have done without you."

"I am much obliged to you, lad," her father said, shaking hands with him, "and I am very glad to be able to thank you."

"Oh, I didn't come for that!" he answered good-naturedly. "I was anxious to know how you were getting on. This young lady," he added, turning to Dorothy, "did me a good turn that day I called; and I am grateful to her. My parents wish me to thank you for them, Miss."

"Is your hand all right?" she inquired.

"Yes—thanks. See! No scar anywhere."

He held out his hand to show.

Lifting his eyes, he perceived the portrait of her brother. In bewilderment and surprise he took a step forward, and then pointed to it, asking her:

"Where—where did you get that?"

"That's my son," the old man answered.

"Do you know him?"

"I know my own father well enough," the boy proudly said. "We have a portrait like that at home; it is the image of dad, and was taken before I was born."

Old Mr. Rudford sat up straight. His eyes scanned the lad curiously.

"What's your name?" he abruptly asked.

"Peter Rudford. My father's name is John, and my grandfather's is Simon; so they called me Peter to complete St. Peter's name."

Old Rudford leaned back in his chair. A sob of relief escaped him; and seeing his pallor—and fearing a relapse—Dorothy hurried to give him a restorative.

"Does your father ever speak of his old home at Cumpton?" Simon asked, on recovering.

"Oh, yes—very often. He went there a few months ago, but strangers were in the house. They could not give dad any information, they said, about his father."

"And does he really wish to see his old father again?" the old man asked eagerly.

"Rather! Yesterday, I heard him telling mother that his father's friendship was the one thing needed to complete his happiness."

"And the son's friendship is the one thing needed to complete his father's peace of mind," said old Simon impressively. "Tell him your grandfather says so, my lad."

Peter gazed from father to daughter. He was not quite convinced. It seemed so strange.

"Are you really my grandfather?" he faltered.

Dorothy got up and kissed him.

"Yes—and you're my nephew," she added, turning to her father, her eyes sparkling.

"Well, I never!" Peter gasped at last. "To think that I hurried off to the priest and doctor for my own grandfather!" He emitted a chuckle. "Why, it reads like a story! I must get home and tell dad about this. Won't he be astonished!"

"You'll have tea first," said his aunt.

"Tea?" His eyes twinkled. "Guess I couldn't wait; I am too anxious to tell dad and mother the news. But I'll have tons of teas with you henceforth. I'll be jolly glad to come! Oh, I must be off and tell them!"

He took an affectionate leave of them both, leaving an atmosphere of gratitude and joyous expectation behind him.—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

England's Martyrs

THE CAUSE OF THEIR CANONISATION

Hanged, drawn, and quartered! This was the horrible death suffered by the greater number of the two hundred and fifty-two Catholics who gave their lives for the Faith during the English persecutions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and the agony of their last moments had been preceded, in many cases, by long imprisonment in a foetid dungeon and hours of unimaginable torture upon the rack. Probably, in all the long annals of the Church, there is no record of martyrs who suffered more intensely—certainly, none bore their passion with greater fortitude. Priests and laymen and delicate women, the old and the young, were not merely unyielding under torture, and in the shadow of the gallows; they were bright-faced and merry—the merriest martyrs this old world has ever seen. One after another was dragged to Tyburn, with a smile on his lips and a jest on his tongue. Is it their light-heartedness that makes them so lovable?

The first band, who suffered for refusing to take Henry VIII's Oath of Supremacy, set the brave example. They disobeyed quietly, and respectfully and joyously, well knowing that heaven would be the penalty of their refusal. As the years passed Franciscans, Jesuits and secular priests, and the men and women who harbored or in any way aided them, lived in constant peril: hunted, spied upon, a price on their heads, with enemies numbering thousands and tens of thousands. But they thought less of the hardships of their lot, and of the danger of capture and death, than of God's goodness and the sweetness of His service. The gallows was not to be greatly dreaded: was there another so short and sure a way to heaven?

Typical of these gallant English martyrs was a Benedictine monk, Dom Mark Barkworth, who went to Tyburn singing for joy. The chronicler says: "Coming up with the cart in his black habit, his hood being taken off, his head being all shaven but for a circle on the nether part of his head, he most joyfully and smilingly looked up directly to the heavens and blessed him with the Sign of the Cross. Then he turned himself towards the gallows tree, whereon he was to suffer, made the Sign of the Cross thereon, and kissed it, and the rope also, the which being put about his neck, he turned himself and with a cheerful, smiling countenance and pleasant voice sang in manner and form, 'This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it.' A Jesuit Father, who was with him, joined in the

triumphant strain." The sublime duet continued until the hangman ended it.

The proverbially joyous Franciscans were not less joyous than usual in the grim shadow of England's displeasure. Friar Elstow, having publicly protested against Henry's divorce from Queen Catherine, was summoned before the Council to give an account of his words. "You deserve to be put in a sack, and thrown into the Thames!" thundered Cromwell; and the friar answered merrily, "As for the Thames, the road to heaven is as near by water as by land." Their story is well told in Father Steek's *Franciscans and the Protestant Revolution*.

Long afterwards one of his brethren, Father Bullaker, with his health shattered by months of imprisonment and severe attacks of gaol fever, had but one fear: that he would die before he reached Tyburn. At his trial, when he was called a seducer of the people, he exclaimed delightedly: "You fill me with gladness, for you give me the same title which the Jews gave to Christ." Even as his body hung from the gallows his face smiled, "as if it had been the face of an angel."

Dr. Allen, the founder of Douay, begged the assistance of the Jesuits in the English mission, and foremost in the first band of them, was Blessed Edmund Campion, with the possible exception of Blessed Thomas More, the most beloved of all the English martyrs. When the rector told him that he had been chosen for the work, he, "being scarce able to hold tears of joy and tenderness of heart, went to his chamber and there on his knees to God offered himself wholly to His divine disposition without any exception or restraint, whether it were to rack, cross, quartering, or any other torment or death whatsoever."

The approach of danger did not sadden or even sober him. Disguised as a jewel merchant, he landed at Dover. To his superior he wrote: "Such a peacock, such a swaggerer! A man must needs have very sharp eyes to catch a glimpse of holiness beneath such a garb, such a look. In any case I will take a part in the fight, though I die for it."

Some time later, living in hiding, surrounded by spies, but merry still, he wrote his famous *Brag and Challenge*, which ends thus: "Touching our Society, be it known unto you that we have made a league—all the Jesuits in the world cheerfully to carry the cross that you shall lay upon us and never to despair your recovery while we have

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"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
'This is my own, my native land'?"

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a man left to enjoy your Tyburn, or to be racked with your torments, or to be consumed with your prisons. The expense is reckoned, the enterprise is begun; it is of God—it cannot be withstood. So the Faith was planted, so it must be restored.”

When the end was at hand, after repeated rackings and the long agony of a mock trial, Father Campion was dragged on a hurdle through the muddy London streets, followed by a second hurdle bearing Fathers Briant and Sherwin. A priest who saw them on the way told how they had a smile on their faces, and actually laughed as they drew near to Tyburn. “But they laugh; they don’t care for death!” the bystanders cried.

Father Campion’s companions in martyrdom were as heroic and almost as magnetic as he. Father Briant, a Jesuit novice, had been tortured repeatedly. The rack-master boasted that he had made him a foot longer than God intended him to be. Needles had been thrust under his nails, he had been deprived of food and drink, and even after torture had been given no softer bed than the floor of a prison cell. Nevertheless, one who was present at his final examination spoke emphatically of his cheerfulness. With Father Campion he laughed for joy when the gallows came in sight.

The companion of these two Jesuits, Father Ralph Sherwin, had been one of a notable band which set out for England in 1580. He had not labored there long before he was apprehended. One of his fellow priests wrote at the time: “When Sherwin was taken into the inner court of the prison, they fastened on him very heavy fetters, which he could scarcely move. The gaolers then went away to see in what cell or dungeon he was to be confined. On looking round and finding himself alone, he gazed up to heaven with a face full of joy and gave God thanks. Then looking down again at his feet loaded with chains, he tried whether he could move them; but when he heard the clank of the chains as he stirred, he could not help breaking out into laughter, and then into tears of happiness, and with hands and eyes lifted up to heaven, betrayed the greatness of his joy. This scene was witnessed by two heretics, who were confined in a neighboring part of the prison, and who were filled with astonishment.”

Father Sherwin himself, writing from his prison, said: “I wear now upon my feet and legs some little bells to keep me in mind who I am and whose I am. I never heard such sweet harmony before! Pray for me that I may finish my course with courage and fidelity.”

He had been in custody for a year before he and Father Campion and several others were tried. When sentence was pronounced he cried: “This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad therein”; and as the prisoners were led back to their cells, he pointed to the setting sun, saying to Father Campion: “I shall soon be above you fellow!”

Nor were the women of those dreadful days less merrily courageous than the men. We read, for instance, of Mistress Anne Line, a widow, who offered herself to Father Gerard, head of the English mission, to do any work for God’s Church which he should as-

sign her. It was desirable that there should be a house where priests might find refuge on landing in England, and the management of the place was confided to her. Arrested at last, as she had hoped some day to be, Mistress Line feared she would not live to reach Tyburn. She had always been very frail, and harboring priests in those days was not invalids’ work. So weak was she at the time of her trial that she had to be carried into court, but her spirit was as strong as it had ever been. Accused of having sheltered priests, and asked if she were guilty, her reply was: “My lords, nothing grieves me but that I could not receive a thousand more.” On reaching the gallows she kissed them “with great joy,” and kneeling prayed until the hangman’s work was done.

Better known, perhaps, is Venerable Margaret Clitherow, whom her countrymen love to call the “Pearl of York”—a convert with more than the typical convert’s zeal and enthusiasm. Her greatest delight, especially after the bloody statute against priests and their harborers had been passed, was to have two or three Fathers in her house at the same time. Her biographer tells us “how she would laugh with inward glee to have Mass said within her home divers times in one day, and how she deceived the heretics.”

When, at length, she was denounced, imprisoned, and tried, the sentence imposed was that she must die by the *peine forte et dure*—the horrible torture of being slowly pressed to death. “God be thanked! I am not worthy of so good a death as this,” she cried, with a joyful countenance. So evident was her happiness that the heretics were puzzled to account for it, and decided that she was possessed by a merry devil!

She passed smiling through the streets to her martyrdom, giving alms to the poor who pressed close to see and touch her. “This way to heaven is as short as any other,” she told them cheerfully. They may have noted that her feet were bare. She had sent her shoes and stockings to her little daughter as a token that she should follow in her footsteps.

The merry wit of Blessed Thomas More is too well known to need more than passing mention. Father Benson emphasised it in *The King’s Achievement*, and Francis Thompson referred to it in the “Motto and Invocation,” which Mr. Meynell used to preface the volume of his collected essays:

“Thomas More,
Teach (thereof my need is sore)
What thou showedest well on earth—
Good writ, good wit, make goodly mirth!”

Honor and dishonor, good and ill fortune, life and death found him equally merry. His ready wit had amused the king and court, and it made his executioner laugh. No doubt it now delights the angels.

So the story is repeated again and again and again. For the English martyrs, the thought of the reward not only sweetened, it almost counteracted, the sufferings of this life. Father Francis Ingleby said to his friends, when fetters were put on his legs: “I fear I shall be over-proud of my new boots.” Blessed Thomas Woodhouse gave

money to the smith who riveted heavy irons on his limbs, and promised gold to the one who should bring him word that he was to be racked. When he fell and bruised himself severely on the stone stairs of his prison, he told some one who spoke pityingly to him, that such troubles were sweet in the bearing. He smiled upon a brute who struck him in the face. When his gaoler warned Blessed Thomas Sherwood that he was to be racked again, he said cheerily, laughingly: “I am very little and you are very tall; you might hide me in your pocket and they would not find me.”

The glorious list may well end with John Finch, a young farmer, who, to atone for years of tepidity, made it his special task to guide priests from one Catholic house to another. Betrayed by a spy, who had pretended to be a Catholic, he suffered a year’s cruel torture. His courage gave way at last, and he attended Protestant service; but repentance followed swiftly, and he did heroic penance. He began to long for martyrdom, and when he was condemned, on a charge of high treason, he smiled and gave thanks to God. Friends who visited him the night before his execution “found him so merry in God, and so joyful of the next day’s banquet which he expected, that they were marvellously comforted and edified.” It was in April, 1584, that he died. We are told that when the executioners came at the appointed hour, “this blessed man most joyfully bid them welcome, and thanked God for His infinite and innumerable benefits, especially for this death he was now to receive.”

The cause of these martyrs is going forward rapidly. Their canonisation will be a joy, not alone to English Catholics, but to all who love the old Faith and delight to see it defended ably and valiantly and gladly. England has no holier spot than Tyburn, no greater glory than her martyrs.—*Franciscan Herald*.

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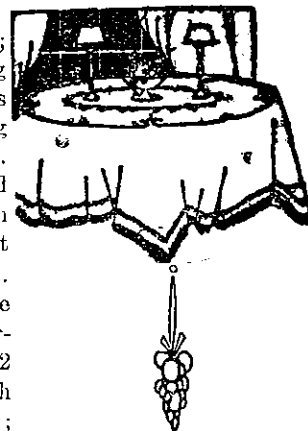
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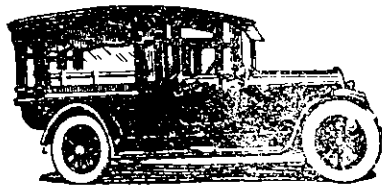
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BOOK NOTICES

Catherine. By Sophie Maule. Burns, Oates, and Washbourne, Ltd.—5/6.

A beautiful story for Catholic readers. It tells of the life and journeyings of a little English lad of the fourteenth century who wished to become a hermit. He was forced to become a page to his sister, but he ran away, and after many exciting experiences on the Continent succeeded in reaching Siena. This gives the author the opportunity of introducing Catherine Benincasa, the great St. Catherine of Siena, and of relating much about her miracles and visions, about the part she took in the struggle between the popes and antipopes of the time, and of her influence in bringing about the return of the Pope from Avignon to Rome. The atmosphere of the book is profoundly Catholic and there are many graphic descriptions of the home-life and travel conditions of those days when Christendom was Catholic.

Pagan and Christian Rule. By Dom Hugh Revenot, O.S.B. Longmans, Green and Co., London.—5/6.

Those who have a taste for history or apologetics, or political science will do well to obtain a copy of this book. The learned author portrays in three parts Civil and Religious governance in the past: (1) "Pagan Rule at its best (under Augustus), (2) Pagan Rule *versus* Christian Rule (under Theodosius the Great), (3) Christian Rule at its best (the thirteenth century), and in a fourth part treats of The Responsibility for the present state of Christendom, The Church and the Individual Mind, and The Church and the Nations. He supports his statements with abundant references to available contemporary documents, and he does what Hilary Bell in the Preface says should be done: "In history we must abandon the defensive. We must carry the war into Africa. We must make our opponents understand not only that they are wrong in their philosophy, nor only ill-informed in their judgment of cause and effect, but out of touch with the past, which is ours."

Meditations and Readings for Everyday of the Year. By John Baptist Coyle, O.S.B. The Talbot Press, Ltd., Dublin.—5/6.

These meditations and readings (two of the former and one of the latter for everyday) are selected from the writings of St. Ambrose, whose one great ambition, according to Benedict XV, was to make known to men the infinite admirability of Jesus Christ. The selections are admirable in every way, and are suited to the faithful of every condition of life. Every Catholic home should possess a copy to serve as an antidote to the rapid and sometimes harmful literature that is bound to find its way there; and it may even replace some spiritual books of the sugary sort that are occasionally met with. The present volume is the second of the series, and continues the year from Epiphany to the Septuagesima.

The Jubilee Year. By Rev. E. J. Mahoney, D.D. Burns, Oates, and Washbourne, Ltd. Price, Eightpence.

Gives the full text of the Bull *Infinilo Dei* proclaiming the Jubilee of 1925 together with a short account of the origin and history of

Jubilees, the nature of the Jubilee Indulgence and the conditions necessary to gain it, both at Rome and in other parts of the world. Priests will find in it much regarding their powers during Jubilee time, and a perusal of it will save them much time searching reviews and records or delving into the Code.

In South American Waters. By Thomas Coffey, B.A. H. M. Gill and Son, Ltd., Dublin. Price, 2/6.

A rather trite description of an uneventful voyage around the Horn and up the South American coast. The redeeming feature of the book is the Irish and Catholic spirit in which it is written.

Edmund Burke as an Irishman. By William O'Brien. H. M. Gill and Son, Ltd., Dublin.—12/6.

A valuable contribution to biographical literature by the author of *When We Were Boys*, etc., written in his own pleasing style. What is evidently his thesis, he announces in the first line of his Introduction: "Edmund Burke is the greatest Irish name in the history of civilisation; but even William O'Brien in the three hundred odd pages of the book fails to prove it. Burke was great; Burke was an Irishman; but Burke was not a great Irishman. However, he was

an Irishman, and its well to have that fact emphasised, because another nation has almost claimed him, and we seldom hear of him except as the great English statesman or orator.

The Life of Cornelia Connolly. Longmans, Green and Co., London.—7/6.

The ways of God are wonderful. Cornelia Connolly was born of Protestant parents, educated in the Protestant faith, happily married to a Protestant minister; yet by the workings of Providence, she became in time the foundress of a congregation for the education of Catholic girls. She was truly a wonderful woman, endowed with physical beauty and wonderful gifts of heart and mind. She attained a high degree of sanctity, probably on account of the sincere trials she had to endure—the greatest were from those of her own household—and because of her great spirit of prayer. All this is beautifully told in the abridged life, which has just been published. The book is most interesting, and moreover, can be classed as spiritual reading.

Catholic Truth Society Pamphlets.

Eastern Catholics. By W. L. Scott, K.C. St. Anthony.

Marriage. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward.

Town and Country News

NAPIER NOTES

(From our own Correspondent.)

February 25.

Preparations are well in hand for the celebrating of St. Patrick's Day. It is to be hoped that the parishioners as a whole will support and help to make the feast of Ireland's Patron Saint a happy occasion.

Always to the fore, the parishioners of Taradale are working like the true Irish men and women they are, to make the "night" a success in this little township where St. Patrick's Day is enthusiastically celebrated.

During last week we bade good-bye to our good Father and friend, Father Heffernan, who was exceedingly popular with the young and old of the parish and a true friend to all. "The best of health and good luck go with you in your new surroundings, Father!"

The Marist Brothers' and the Convent schools are still closed as a result of the infantile paralysis epidemic.

I learn that we will have amongst us the Rev. Father O'Shaunassy, from Ireland.

The choir are getting into form for the forthcoming Easter festival under the baton of conductor Frank O'Shaunassy.

I notice in the congregation Sunday after Sunday, numerous parishioners who are more than fairly good exponents of the vocal art, and the question arises, why is it they fail to lend their voices to the choir? There is no sweeter or more beautiful music than that of our Church, which is recognised by the world at large as being the founder of all that is best in this connection.

A movement is on foot to promote a combined choir for the Napier and Hastings branches of the Hibernian Society. It is to be hoped we hear more of this, as it forms

one of the means by which both branches are brought closer together and so tend to establish a firmer feeling of brotherhood.

ROTORUA NOTES

(From our own Correspondent.)

February 24.

The usual fortnightly dances and "500" cards tournaments in aid of the new Convent School are still flourishing. One was held on February 9, the ladies' first prize being won by Mrs. Fairley, the consolation prize going to Mrs. Brothers. The gents' first prize was won by Mr. Dowie, and the consolation prize by Mr. Manchester. The following Monday, by special request, an extra evening was arranged. On this occasion the ladies' first prize was won by Mrs. J. Campbell; consolation, Mrs. R. Aitken; the gents' first prize, Mr. Manchester; consolation, Mr. Rathol.

After nine years' service in the local branch of the Native Land Court, Miss Mary O'Brien has been transferred to the Auckland office. Before leaving, the staff presented her with a handsome leather attache case. Miss O'Brien was also president of the Rotorua Branch of the Children of Mary, so last Tuesday evening she was the guest at the centenary of the members of the sodality, who took the opportunity of bidding her farewell and asked her to accept a beautiful solid leather suit case as a mark of their appreciation. The following evening she was the guest at a dance in "Dixieland" organised by some of her girl friends, when a very jolly time was spent; novelty dances, with streamers and confetti, being a feature of the evening.

Very Rev. Dean Lighthouse and Father Alink have returned after their annual Re-

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treat. Several visiting priests have been with us the past few Sundays. Rev. Father Lagan, who was stationed here a couple of years ago, and who is now at Omapo, Opoiki, celebrated Mass a couple of Sundays ago.

PALMERSTON NORTH NOTES

(From our own Correspondent.)

February 27.

There are quite a number of Catholics in the hospital at the present time. Mr. Conney, Mr. Michael Hurley, and Mr. Morgan O'Brien, jun., being amongst the patients.

Auckland recently said good-bye to Mrs. Gordon Hillyer. Auckland's loss is Palmerston's gain, and Mrs. Hillyer has joined our choir. It's glad we are to have her.

The members of the church committee are busy folk now preparing for the opening of the church. Palmerston is blessed with good strong "church pillars"; and they're burning the midnight oil these days or nights.

"What comfortable-looking seats! quite arm-chair looking!" said a parishioner to his reverence last week, as two long seats for our new church arrived per motor lorry. "Comfortable, did you say?" was the reply. "Wait until I go into the pulpit and get one of my long fits; that will be the test." But the parishioner is convinced that even in the case of a long fit the seats will emerge victorious.

Our St. Patrick's Night entertainment this year, as last, will take the form of a euchre and dance. This function will be the "thin end of the wedge" for euchres will be held fortnightly thereafter. The social committee has brightened up its harness and slipped it on again. After last year's strenuous campaign one would have thought that the members had had enough hard work to last them a lifetime. When they went into retirement at the close of the year their attitude was: "Ready to come up if called upon." One admires their pluck and wishes them success. Praise and good wishes are all very well; but it's co-operation and shillings that count.

On Wednesday night ladies big and ladies little gathered at the presbytery for a meeting. It wasn't open to the press; but things like this floated out through the keyhole: "Stalls, side-shows, when and where shall we hold it? and for what length of time?" and so on. One would have to be very dense not to catch the drift of the conversation. So those ladies (aided and abetted by the clergy of the parish) have caught that awful disease "bazaaritis"; and you may be sure they'll leave no stone unturned until they have infested every man, woman, and child with the microbe. There's no dodging the business; it isn't the slightest bit of good to talk about "precautions" and "preventives"; because this complaint "gets" one in the pocket and not in the spine. Another bazaar—hard work, unpleasant work, worry, sacrifices many and varied—for what? For the new church of which each one speaks so glowingly! If our appreciation is not in word only, but in deed and in truth, we'll be amongst the bazaar workers from now on.

OAMARU NOTES

(From our own Correspondent.)

February 26.

St. Patrick's concert, which is a feature of the celebrations in honor of Ireland's patron saint in Oamaru, has been postponed to a later date, the infantile paralysis epidemic being responsible.

There is a rumor abroad that a very capable vocalist, Miss MacDonald, of Temuka, may be able to include Oamaru among the places favored by her, always provided the St. Patrick's concert takes place prior to her departure for Sydney.

Very Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, C.M. (St. John's College, Sydney), accompanied by his Lordship Dr. Whyte, paid a visit to North Otago last week. Dr. O'Reilly entrained at Oamaru for the North, on his homeward journey.

Rev. Brother Nunan, from the head-house of the Christian Brothers in Ireland, accompanied by Brother Murphy, of Dunedin, have been sampling the bracing atmosphere of North Otago. Bro. Nunan, who is visiting the branches of his Order throughout the world, is, I understand, greatly impressed with Oamaru—from the climatic viewpoint, no less than by its picturesque situation and surroundings. As there is some talk of the Brothers establishing a college in Otago, Oamaruvians are hoping that the many advantages of their town will commend themselves to the authorities.

There was a big congregation at Mass on Ash Wednesday for the distribution of the ashes. Quite a large number, too, approached the Holy Table.

Mrs. Lynch, of Oamaru, to whose generosity is due the pretty church at Richmond, was motored out to Mass there on the 15th by a local gentleman. Though Mrs. Lynch

frequently was in the church, she had never attended Mass there before.

The absence of Stations of the Cross at Richmond church is rather noticeable, but I understand the same generous benefactor has in contemplation the adornment of the walls of the church by a set of Stations.

Recent visitors to the town were: Father O'Regan, of Maitland, New South Wales; Father Vincent Kelly, of Wellington; and Father Fallon, also of Wellington.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

ANXIOUS.—St. Cajetan, the son of wealthy parents in the north of Italy, was remarkable for his charity to the poor. On the death of his parents he expended a great part of his patrimony in the establishment of hospitals and pious associations for the relief of the sick and the indigent; the remainder he divided between the poor and those of his relations who were in straitened circumstances. In conjunction with Archbishop Caraffa, afterwards Pope Paul IV, he founded the religious Congregation of Theatines. He died in 1517, worn out by labors and austerities.

A LISTENER writes complaining of the unseemly noises made by many of the congregation—coughing, shuffling, etc.—at the time when the priest is about to or is actually engaged giving out the notices, with the result that if one asked another coming from Mass what the priest said about "so-and-so," the invariable answer would be, "I don't know, I didn't catch it." He suggests that a preliminary request be made for silence, as was done with lasting beneficial effect by a priest of his acquaintance.

The Church in New Zealand

THE "FAR SOUTH" OF WESTLAND.

A Brave and Faithful Pioneer

Among the early settlers of Westland and pioneers of the rugged "Far South" of the province, few, if any, can show a record to surpass that of Mrs. Margaret McKenzie, whose death at the ripe old age of 89 years is recorded in this week's issue of the *Tablet*.

In Co. Tyrone, Ireland, in 1836, was born Margaret McKenna, the heroine of our narrative. Arriving in New Zealand in 1866, and marrying two years later, the pursuits and achievements of her long life form a veritable romance of colonisation. After her marriage to the late Mr. Daniel McKenzie (who predeceased her five years ago), the devoted couple lived at Hokitika for seven years. They then, with their three children, removed down the coast to Jackson's Bay, where a new settlement had been started. There, their second son was born, he being the first white child born in Jackson's Bay.

After two years, they again moved farther south to another new settlement at Martin's Bay, where they bought land and started cattle farming. A few other settlers were there at that time, but gradually all left except the McKenzies. One more son was born in Martin's Bay, which made a family

of five—three sons and two daughters—all of whom are still alive.

It says much for the bravery and endurance of Mrs. McKenzie that she lived and reared her family where it was impossible to have had medical attention should such have been required. When they first went to Martin's Bay, a steamer called monthly with mails and provisions. That service gradually diminished as settlers left till, for many years past, the Government steamer only calls there once a year. After living a life of complete loneliness for over nine years, being away only once during that time to have her youngest son baptised, in 1886, Mrs. McKenzie walked 70 miles to Wakatipu to perform her Easter duty. She was accompanied by her husband who had gone over the track several times before, but it must have been a very trying journey for a woman of fifty years of age. In those days there was no proper track: just a blazed trail in the midst of dense forest which was very difficult to get through. There were no huts on the way, travellers had to carry a tent in addition to provisions required, and set up camp on the approach of evening. The tracing of the path was so difficult, and so

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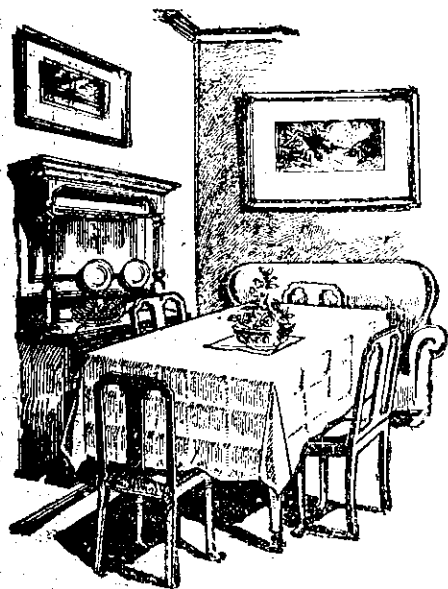
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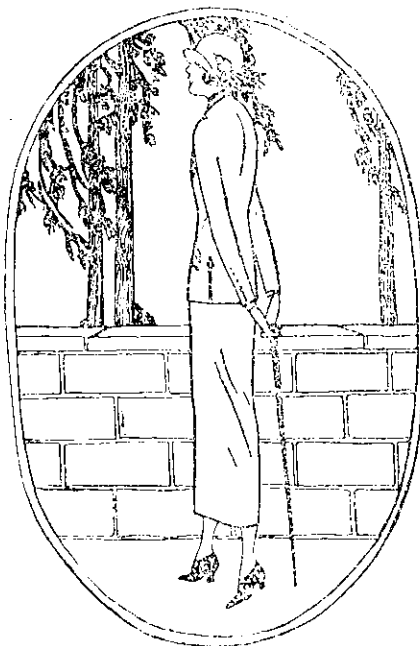
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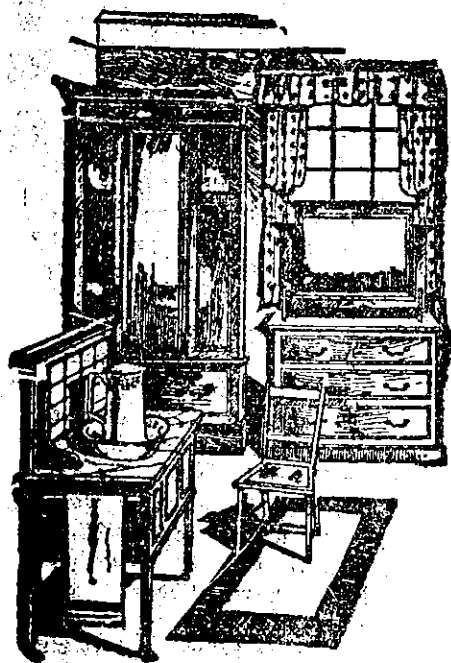


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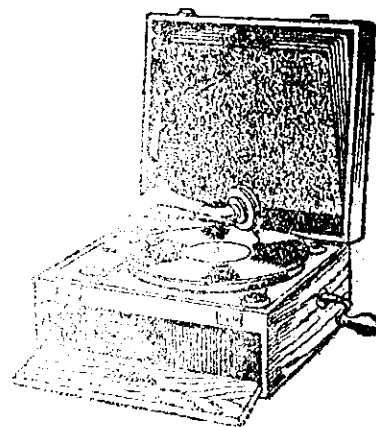


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Successor to Monsignor Mackay, as Pastor of Queenstown.

many rivers and creeks had to be forded on foot, that it took over a week to reach Lake Wakatipu, and cross it by steamer to Queenstown.

Monsignor Mackay, of Oamaru, was priest in charge of Queenstown parish in those days. After some years—about 1895—a bridle track was made overland from Martin's Bay to Lake Wakatipu, and huts were built on the way, which very much lessened the hardships of the journey. After that, Mrs. McKenzie went out yearly to attend her church.

Some 25 years ago, the late Father O'Donnell, of Queenstown, went overland to Martin's Bay, he being the first priest who ever visited and offered Holy Mass in that remote part of his parish. Father Corcoran, who succeeded to the charge of the parish on the death of Father O'Donnell, also made a visit to Martin's Bay. About 21 years ago the late Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie, both being well on in years, bought a small place on the Paradise Road at Glenorchy, and lived there until Mr. McKenzie passed away. Since then, Mrs. McKenzie lived with some of her family. A few months ago, the feebleness of old age and failing health made her wish to go to the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, where she would get the care and nursing she needed and would be enabled to attend Mass and receive the Sacraments more frequently than she could at Glenorchy.



THE LATE FATHER O'DONNELL
Who succeeded Dean Burke as parish priest of Queenstown.

The late Mrs. McKenzie was a woman of rare intelligence, and with a most remarkable memory. She and her husband brought up and educated their family in Martin's Bay, and gave them also a good religious training. Their life was a long and strenuous life, marked with a nobleness of purpose and ability to excel, the worthy couple now rest from their labors side by side in the picturesque little cemetery shadowed by Ben Lomond, the towering height of which was ever a landmark to them in their pilgrimages of love and devotion.

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Current Topics

A Letter and a Reply

The *Catholic Herald of India* has had submitted to it a letter received by a parish priest, who asks for a suggestion as to how he ought to reply to it:

"Rev. Father, I have explained to you in what dire straits I am, and I cannot understand how you refused to give me the Rs. 100 I needed so urgently. If you still persist in your refusal, I am sorry to inform you that I shall have to join the Anglican Church and go where I may have a better chance of finding greater charity,

Yours, etc., N."

Following is the reply suggested by the *Herald*:

"Dear Sir,—Go.

Yours sincerely, B."

Our contemporary goes on to say that people who stay in the Catholic Church only in the hope of extracting a few rupees from her cannot be worse off anywhere else. Let them go. They are no loss.

Chesterton on "St. Joan"

It has been asserted that Mr. G. B. Shaw has tried to suggest in his play that St. Joan was a kind of primitive Protestant. Says Mr. Chesterton, commenting on this:—"Now considering what a number of Protestant prophets and prophetesses have rioted over the world since the Reformation—thousands in England and tens of thousands in America—it seems very strange that if one wanted a Protestant heroine, one cannot find her except among Catholic saints." Last week the cables conveyed the announcement of an Anglican bishop that the Anglican Church did not canonise saints, but just made them. The foregoing suggests that the easiest way in which Protestant denominations can make them is to claim them after the Catholic Church has canonised them. If they do that they will be able to rest secure in the knowledge that the saints they have are real saints.

A Healthy Sign

According to a contributor to a Dublin exchange there is a religious revival affecting powerfully the life and thought of Italy to-day, influencing every rank and walk and condition of life, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, on a scale so vast as to have no equal in past history. "As I see this extraordinary movement in full operation," says the writer, "it recalls the remark made more than once to me in the hard days of the war, as we sat in our dug-outs in the old front line: 'Only a great revival of religion can save Europe. I am no religious man, but I am quite sure of this.' Will Fascism and religion hand in hand spread out of Italy and regenerate Europe? Stranger things than this have happened in the past, and may happen again. Those who, like myself, have known Italy for twenty years or more, and possess a really intimate knowledge of the country and the people, can only describe the change as the most amazing phenomenon of our time. Socialism, Communism, and Freemasonry, not to mention

Jewry, formerly dominated the country, the educated classes were largely unbelievers, and any public manifestation of religion was practically out of the question. Now all is changed, and amidst scenes of great enthusiasm, the Sacred Host is borne through the streets of cities that were formerly hotbeds of red revolution; there is no shred of human respect, for men who have never darkened church doors since childhood fall on their knees as the Host is borne by, imploring forgiveness and calling on the bystanders to pray for them. One of the outstanding facts of this extraordinary revival is its entirely spontaneous character. There is no great dominating personality, no great preacher like Savonarola to focus the movement. Yet scenes are enacted up and down the country that recall vividly the days of the great Florentine; immoral books and novels are brought forth and burned in the public streets, blasphemy and swearing are being rigidly put down, and there is no question as to the marvellous moral change being wrought in the character of the people."

Street Theology

It is customary for the flies of the Catholic Church to speak of Spain and Italy as Catholic countries steeped in ignorance and superstition because they are Catholic. They tell us that it is only by keeping the people ignorant that the Church can exist. To clinch their argument they point to England, America, and several other countries (excluding Germany, of course), which they term Protestant countries, to show that the high standard of intelligence and education among Protestant peoples is the great bulwark against "Roman idolatry." Miss M. Ward, in referring to the work of the Catholic Evidence Guild, which consists mainly of street-corner preaching by lay Catholics in the big cities of England, cites some startling examples of Protestant knowledge regarding the Catholic Church. Here are a few of the gems that fell from the lips of enlightened Protestant hecklers:—

"My good sir, it's no earthly use you trying to convince us you don't pay to get your sins forgiven—I've seen it in your own prayer-book—it says you've got to make an *act of contrition* when you go to confession!"

"I take confession to mean, sir, that you tell your sins to the priest, and the priest tells 'em to the bishop, and the bishop tells 'em to the archbishop, and the archbishop tells 'em to the Pope, and the Pope tells 'em face to face with the Almighty. Am I right?"

A man had been giving a vivid description of the tortures inflicted upon nuns in convents—but the very worst one of all is a thing they call *Extreme Unction*; and this is so terrible [he wound up with gusto] that the nun practically always dies after it!"

"Purgatory? Purgatory? That there teaching was invented by the Vestal Virgins of ancient Greece!"

"Look here, Mr. Speaker, can you tell me what the Catholics did to the Protestants in the catacombs of Rome?"

A speaker had been dealing excellently for twenty minutes with Papal Infallibility, taking questions and constantly driving home what Infallibility was *not*. Finally he asked: "Any more questions?" An old woman at the foot of the platform, who had been listening attentively to the whole lecture, raised her voice: "You may talk, young man, and you may talk till you are black in the face, but never will you convince me that your Pope is God!"

Human Evolution and the Church

We hope many of our readers are familiar with a series of American press publications which deal with the burning religious, social, and ethical problems of the day. They are reasonable in price, averaging 10 cents for each brochure; and they are worth ten times the money. Among the most recent we must notice a pamphlet entitled *Human Evolution and Science*, by Francis LeBuffe, S.J. Having discussed the learnings of the problem from all sides, and examined the arguments adduced by evolutionists, the author gives us a masterly exposition of the Catholic view in the last few pages. Considering the importance and actuality of the subject, we are justified in presenting our readers with a summary of his conclusions here.

1. It is often asserted that the Catholic Church has no definite attitude on evolution. As the statement stands it is not true. The Church has a very definite attitude where there is question of the evolution of man—that is, the whole man, a rational creature composed of body and soul. No Catholic can hold the evolution of man in this sense, because the soul comes into existence fresh from the hand of God Himself.

2. The question is then narrowed down to evolution of the human body. Has the Church any attitude on this point? Certainly it has. The Bible tells us that the human race has one origin, that it descended from Adam and Eve. Hence no Catholic is permitted to hold the tribal evolution of man from non-man ancestors. On the descent from common parents is based a great body of dogmatic teaching, viz., the supernatural elevation of the whole human race, the fall, original sin, and redemption by Christ. The Council of Trent says:—

"Can. 1. If anyone does not admit that the first man, Adam, when he has transgressed the command of God in Paradise, immediately lost the holiness and justice in which he had been created . . . let him be anathema."

"Can. 2. If anyone asserts that the transgression of Adam harmed him only and not his offspring and that the sanctity and justice he lost, he lost for himself only and not for us . . . let him be anathema."

In these Canons is contained the teaching that Adam and Eve were the first man and woman and that from them we have all descended.

3. Does the Church admit that Adam's body may have originally been the body of an animal or a sub-man with a non-spiritual soul? Does the Church admit that God took this non-man body, removed therefrom its non-spiritual soul, thus forming man, "composed of body and soul?" Again, the answer is, the Church does not. The Church's atti-

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tude is definite towards this theory: it is one of condemnation in the present state of evidence. The Biblical Commission, June, 1909, decreed negatively in answer to the following:—

"Can we, in particular, call in question the literal and historical meaning (of Genesis: caps. I. II. III.) when in these chapters it is question of the narration of that which touch the foundations of Christian religion: as, for example, the creation of all things by God in the beginning of time; the production of man; the formation of the first woman from the first man; the unity of the human race?"

That is, in the present state of evidence, the Commission meant to deny the actual ancestry of Adam's body man in a sort the immediate formation of Eve's body from Adam's.

4. What is the binding force of this decree? The decree is not an infallible pronouncement, but in the matter of such decrees a Catholic is bound not to teach anything against them. We cannot verbally, or in writing, combat these decrees without incurring the note of excommunication. But, it is held by theologians that, if in our own mind we are convinced of the cogency of the contrary arguments, we may represent them to the Commission or we may hold them internally. The Church's course is the rational one of forbidding her subjects to advocate publicly a doctrine that entirely lacks proof. She thus protects the unlearned and upholds truth.

The Public Conscience

Some time ago we listened to an orator criticising our social and economic conditions. He produced much evidence in support of his arguments; and he emphasised repeatedly the need of letting the public know the facts. He assumed that when the public knew something they would do something. It was not the first time we had heard that fallacy enunciated; and as the orator was speaking we could not but remark that here was a man, a professed supporter of secular education, expecting a result from secular education which only religious education can give. People do not act so much from what they know as from what they feel; and their feelings are determined to a great extent by their early training. Knowledge by itself has no propelling power. It is only when knowledge is confronted with principles which have been deeply impressed on the heart that we are moved to action. It is not sufficient to know the difference between right and wrong; we must also feel it. We heard two men discussing a war-time conspiracy, in which a number of highly-placed public people were alleged to have filled their pockets with the fruits of their dishonesty. Said one: "I suppose we should do the same thing if we were in their places." The other replied: "I suppose so." And then he added: "Good luck to them if they can get away with it." To those two men the fraudulent act was as immoral as a dogfight. To them the criminal was to be envied if he escaped detection and punishment. That little discussion indicated the root cause of many evils in our midst. It showed first a toleration of wickedness

that only an immoral system of education coupled with a laxity in home training could inculcate. It is vain for men to raise their voices against rampant evils in the State so long as they support a system of education that does not influence feelings on questions of right and wrong, that places the material before the spiritual. As long as that system obtains, the schools will be the birthplace of moral plagues that will march like an army of occupation throughout the land. Until we learn to shudder at evil, evil will remain an honored guest in our household.

How Conscience Is Trained

In this connection Balmes is worth quoting. "It is an error to suppose," he says, "that conscience resides solely in the intellect or in the emotions of the heart. It is a judgment, both true; but we judge of things in a very different way according to the manner in which we feel them. Add to this, that the feelings have an immense influence on moral ideas and actions; the result is that conscience is formed under the influence of all the causes which forcibly act on our hearts. Communicate to two children the same moral principles, by teaching them from the same book and under the same master; but suppose that one in his own family sees what he is taught, constantly practised, while the other sees nothing but indifference to it; suppose, moreover, that these two children grow up with the same moral and religious conviction, so that as far as the intellect is concerned there is no difference between them; nevertheless, do you believe that their judgment of the morality of actions will be the same? By no means; and why? Because the one has only convictions, while the other has also feelings. In the one, the doctrine enlightens the mind; while, in the other, example engraves it constantly on the heart. Thus, what one regards with indifference the other looks upon with horror; what the one does with negligence the other performs with the greatest care; and the same subject that to one is of slight interest is to the other of the highest importance. Public conscience, which, in fact, is the sum of private consciences, is subject to the same influences as they are; so that mere instruction is not enough for it, and it requires the concurrence of other causes to act on the heart as well as on the mind." If our secularists had imbibed a little of the wisdom of Balmes they would understand that the surest way in which to stem the tide of evil is not to tell indifferent adults about it, but to train the children to hate and avoid it. In that case they would cease to be secularists.

The "Coming Christ" of the Theosophists

From the *Fortnightly Review* we learn that Mrs. Annie Besant, the leader of the Theosophical Society, has for some time been coaching a young Hindu to play the part of the "coming Christ." She had this fellow with her in Holland not long ago at the annual meeting of the Order of the Star of the East, the esoteric section of the Society. His name is Krishnamurti, and the adulation lavished upon him and Mrs. Besant herself throws a significant light upon the whole movement. "We have been extra-

ordinarily fortunate," writes one member, "because we have been talking in the wonderful sunlight of the presence of Dr. theosophy with another." "Is there any language in the world in which one could adequately express the infinite love and tenderness of the heart of Mr. Krishnamurti upon a great deal during those never-to-be-forgotten days." "It was amusing," we read again, "to see Mr. Krishnamurti fetch his cloth and wash his plate and fork and knife, just as the others did." One must be a Theosophist to appreciate the humor of the spectacle, for in Mrs. Besant's circle Krishnamurti appears not as a man, but as a divinity. It would be unjust to blame this luckless youth for the cult of which he is made the object. Notoriety has been thrust upon him against his will. Left to himself, he would doubtless have preferred a manual profession than that of forming the centre of a group of adoring women. Sane Theosophists, not under the domination of Mrs. Besant, describe him as "quite a good lad." He confesses naively to having discovered an affinity in Charlie Chaplin: "Many a philosopher would give many years of his life to feel as he does." We may yet live to see the famous moustache and interminable trousers figuring on the platform of the Theosophical Society.

Sensible Warfare

The war in China is said to be progressing wonderfully well. One observer lately returned from the seat of war describes it as a war between generals. No soldiers are killed. Every combatant shoots wide of the mark, or pops paper balls into the enemy ranks; but all honestly try to get hold of the enemy general, and if successful, cut off his head. That kind of warfare has much to commend it, but it would not cut much ice in Europe. Think, for example, how disconcerting it would be, how opposed to all constitutional usage, if in the event of a European war, the soldiers decided to refrain from attacking one another but confined themselves strictly to capturing and punishing the enemy politicians, financiers, and diplomatists. That would put an end to war talk. Several Radical newspapers recently expressed dismay at a statement to the effect that it is now possible for an aeroplane carrying super-Louis gas to fly over a city and exterminate all the inhabitants in a few moments. We see no cause for uneasiness in this. On the contrary, it is about the most hopeful note that has yet been sounded. It brings into the danger zone the politicians and conspirators who make the wars. Hitherto, this confraternity have been able to insult the enemy from afar, to dispense hot air in comfortable halls and cosy luncheon rooms miles away from the trenches. But to run the risk of being choked with gas in the midst of a passionate lament that the duties of State prevented them from rushing out to seek death in "the far-flung battle line" would be too ridiculous altogether. Peace, distasteful as it is, would be better than that.

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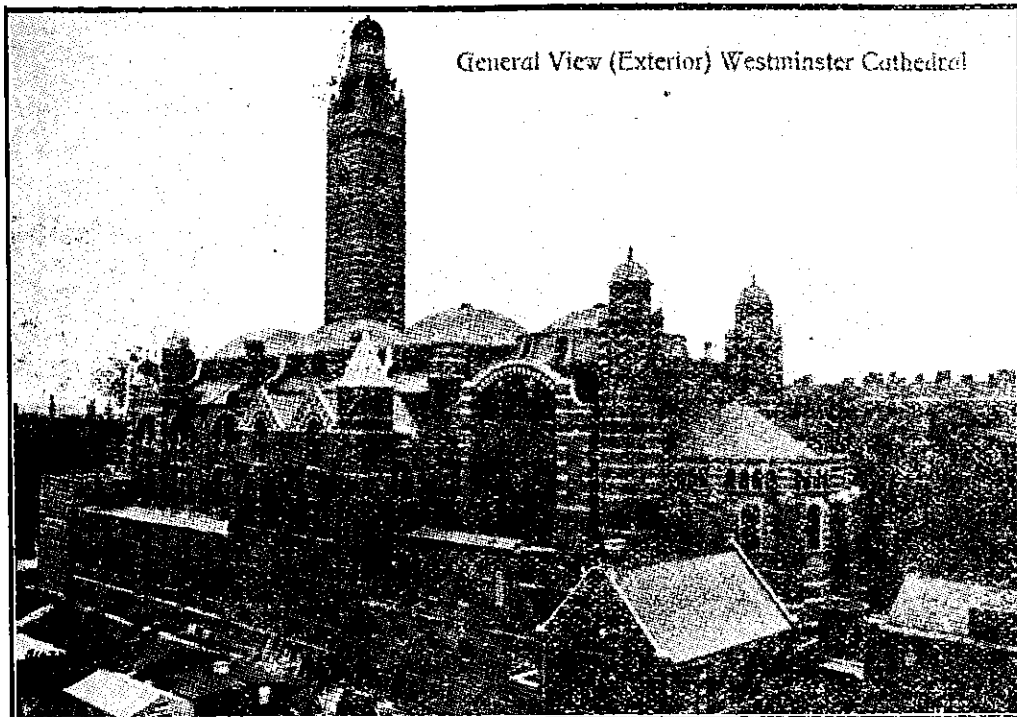
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NOTES OF TRAVEL

III—A LONDON CHRISTMAS.

(By J.K.)



General View (Exterior) Westminster Cathedral

In the early hours of the morning of December 24 the Arawa passed from the wild seas of the western Channel into the calm of Southampton water, and we came on deck at day-break to see a forest of masts through the haze on the water, while the towers and domes of Netley Hospital arose on the right (east) hand.

Then the bustle of getting mails and luggage on board the tender. Then the farewells to our friends of the voyage. Then the routine of the customs examination. And finally the London train and, after many years, fifty miles an hour and no more about it.

A visit to the Bank of New Zealand was imperative, as we wanted to get away to the Sunny South as quickly as possible. Dunedin people need not be told that we were received with great kindness by Mr. Mills, who had our financial affairs quickly adjusted for us.

Next to Cook's for tickets for dear old Rome. Here a hitch occurred. My passport was O.K., but through some mistake the fact that my two companions intended visiting France, Italy, etc., had been omitted, and we were forthwith held up until the passport office opened again after the Christmas holidays. However the weather was good, and after our long sea voyage we were happy anywhere provided we could have a walk. Besides, a London Christmas was a new experience, even for a seasoned old traveller like the Editor.

Seeing the City.

An ancient, homely, quiet hostel near the Strand received us, and having deposited our impedimenta we sallied forth to join the crowds in the streets. All the evening merry shoppers moved before the gaily lighted windows, and, for once, London was as cheery

as a Continental city. The shops had their best dresses on. The Strand, Oxford Street, Victoria Street, etc., were worth going a long way to see, and we could sympathise with many a male householder whom we saw stamping with impatience as his better-half lingered before some blazing window.

People told us we should find London much changed. Some alterations had taken place in the Strand, in Regent Street, and Piccadilly Circus. But the old village was still the same. The old restaurants we used to know in other days were still the same—only a little dearer, as a result of the war "for small nations." Gow's was as unpretentious and as satisfactory as ever. Simpson's showed no sign of senile decay. Gatti's flourished and kept its style. The Trocadero's success might be gauged by the prices its patrons were willing to pay. And the "corner houses" of Lyons had the popular vogue at the moment.

Perhaps some day New Zealand will have even one decent restaurant. But it will be a long day before she can hope to have one worthy of comparison with those of London and Paris, where one can select a luncheon



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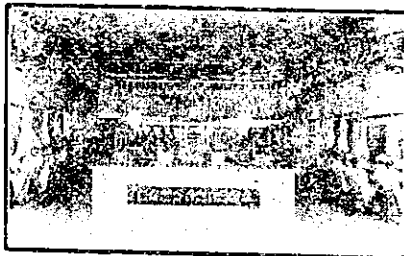
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Our Christmas Masses.

When the shades of night had fallen we wandered along Maiden Lane and interviewed

faith, and they always have charity and loyalty, one for another.

The weather on Christmas Day was clear and cold. The streets were practically deserted. Consequently it was an admirable

which there was a maximum of words and a minimum of message. And after Mass we had a good look round the vast building, which has made hardly notable progress during the past fifteen years.

Some of the side-chapels are finished, and here and there a blaze of gold and mosaic gives promise of what the interior will one day be—perhaps a hundred years hence. At present it is sombre and cold, and we doubt if it can ever be made beautiful. I send you some pictures of it, and if the *Tablet* publishes them you can judge for yourselves.

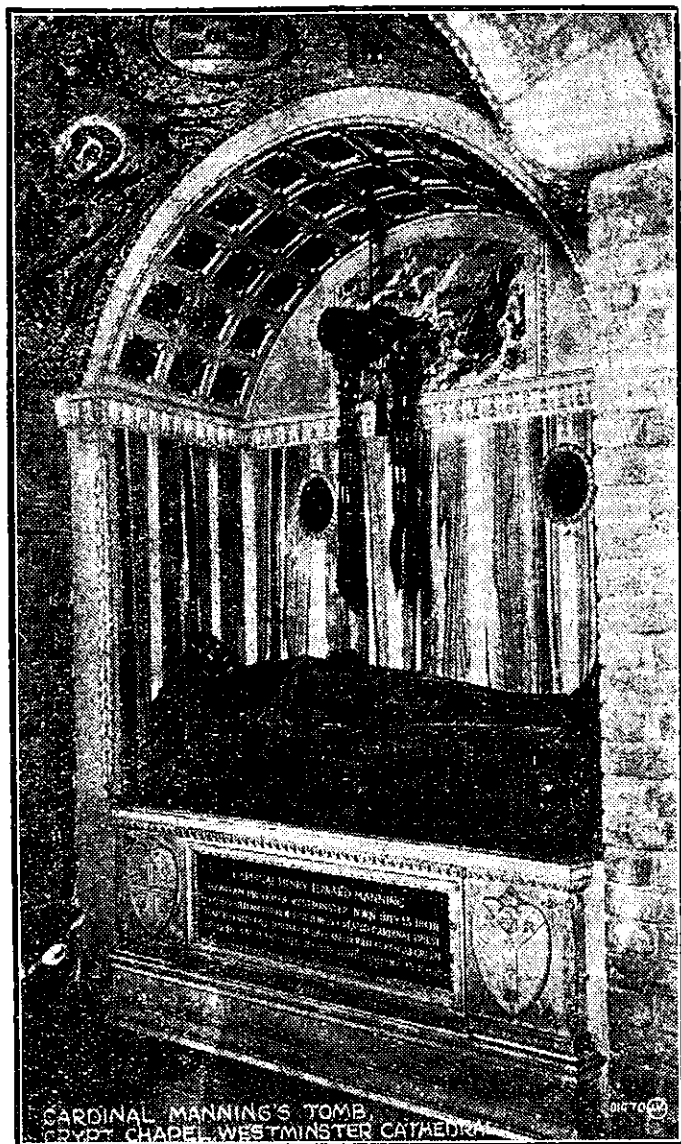
We had our Christmas dinner in one of the popular restaurants. There were literally thousands of people there, and they seemed to come and go all day. The habit has taken hold on London, and now many families go to a restaurant or hotel instead of eating their turkey and plum-pudding at home. I suppose home-life is going here as it has gone in New Zealand. But from what I can see and hear England has not yet reached the degradation of our cabaret dances with their attendant motor cars for the convenience of couples who have to sit out and drink, as the recent Hawke's Bay Anglican Synod complained.

Off to Italy on Monday and hoping to get there by New Year's Day. *Beannacht De orrer go léir.*

OBITUARY

MOTHER MARY TERESA O'FLYNN, ST. BRIDE'S CONVENT, MASTERTON.

Deep regret will be felt by the many friends of the Brigidine Nuns throughout Australia and New Zealand on learning of the death of Mother Mary Teresa O'Flynn, which occurred at St. Bride's Convent on Saturday, January 31, after a long illness. Mother M. Teresa, who had entered her 56th year, was born at Youghal, Co. Cork, Ireland. In 1891 she entered the head house of the Brigidine Order at Tullow, Co. Carlow, Ireland, and after her profession in 1894, went to Australia, where she worked till 1898. Deceased was one of the first six nuns who came to St. Bride's Convent, Masterton, when it was founded 26 years ago. After seven years she was recalled to Australia, returning to Masterton only three years ago. At different times she was superior of Brigidine convents in Cooma, N.S.W., and Randwick, Sydney. Of a most kindly nature, Mother M. Teresa was universally loved, and her loss will be greatly felt by the Catholic community of Masterton. From Sunday morning till Tuesday morning several private Masses were said for the repose of the soul of M. M. Teresa. Her obsequies took place in St. Patrick's Church at 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning, Right Rev. Mgr. McKenna presiding. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. R. Moran, with Rev. R. Hegarty as deacon, and Rev. P. Fallon as subdeacon. Ven Archdeacon Devoy (Island Bay, Wellington), Rev. Fathers Walshe (Lower Hutt), O'Regan (Sydney, N.S.W.), Clancy (Napier), Harnett (Taihape), Cashman (Pahiatua), Lenihan (Newtown), Klimeck (Upper Hutt), and Griffin (Johnsonville) were also present. The Sisters of St. Bride's Convent, visiting nuns, and a large number of the local congregation at-



CARDINAL MANNING'S TOMB, CRYPT CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL

the good Irish *sagart* who has charge of the little church at the end of that lively little street. And thus it was that several of the Christmas Masses in the old church were said next day by the travellers from New Zealand.

Of course you know that Maiden Lane's hostels are largely frequented by the theatrical and artistic world. Now and then a special Retreat for these people is held in the church, and, mind you, it is invariably well attended. There are good people and bad people in every walk of life, and under their gay exterior many of the Bohemians have hearts of gold. They often have the

opportunity for a good walk round London. So we rambled off down the Strand, past Trafalgar Square, through Leicester Square, among some of the French and Italian streets, back to Piccadilly Circus, down Regent Street, across the Mall, over St. James's Park, round the Parliament Houses and the Abbey, along Victoria Street as far as Ashley Gardens, where we turned into

Westminster Cathedral,

just as the Cardinal was concluding Pontifical High Mass.

We waited for a low Mass which began at noon. We heard a rather prosy sermon in

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tended to show their sympathy. Immediately after the Requiem, the cortege proceeded to the Masterton cemetery, where the mortal remains of Mother M. Teresa were laid to rest beside those of three other Brigist Nuns. Right Rev. Mgr. McKenna conducted the burial ceremony. The "Benedictus" was sung by the clergy. Ex-pupils of St. Patrick's School acted as pall-bearers.—R.I.P.

THE CURE OF ARS AND BLESSED MAGDALENE BARAT

DECREES FOR CANONISATION APPROVED.

A few days after Christmas the Pope presided at a ceremony in the Consistorial Hall of the Vatican, when there was read the decree *de tuto* concerning the canonisation of the Curé of Ars, Blessed John Baptist Vianney, and the decree on the miracles of Blessed Magdalene Sophie Barat, foundress of the Institute of the Dames of the Sacred Heart. Many of the Cardinals took part in the ceremony, among them Cardinal Mercier.



BLESSED CURÉ D'ARS.

His Holiness spoke at length, reviewing in particular the work of the Sacred Heart Sisters. The first house of the Order (his Holiness said) was founded at Amiens in 1808; a century later the Order had 142 houses with 6500 religious.

The Pope alluded to the severe rule and robust discipline of this Order, recalling the fact that twice were the Sisters dispersed by persecution, once in Germany and once in France. Yet, continued the Holy Father, from these persecutions the Order arose stronger than ever, so that even one of its persecutors had to admit grudgingly that the Sisters had the hearts of lions.

The venerable Cardinal Vannutelli, as Dean of the Sacred College, presented the customary address to the Pope from the Cardinals at the end of the year. Dealing with topics of the day, Cardinal Vannutelli spoke at length on the Year of Jubilee and the Pope's plea for the pacification of the world.

"To our heartfelt wishes (concluded Cardinal Vannutelli) let there be also added a



BLESSED MAGDALENE BARAT.

fervent prayer to the Most High, that He will hasten during this Holy Year the pacification so much desired, and the coming of that real and durable peace which your Holiness seeks and desires to see established; of a peace not merely written on the parchments of treaties, but grounded in the hearts and firmly established amongst all peoples—the Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ."

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Diocesan News

Archdiocese of Wellington

(From our own Correspondent.)

February 27.

Solemnised recently at Lower Hutt the wedding of Miss Lena Lynch to Mr. Thomas McKillop. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Daly.

Buckle Street is feeling something like consternation. The news spread with the rapidity of bad news that Rev. Father O'Donnell is transferred to Waipawa. There is no one here that is not sorry. From the children in the slums who came to him displaying their battered toys to the men of his sodality who brought him their troubles everyone is sad about his going. If ever two figures are known in the humblest part of the city they are his and Canon Taylor's, an Anglican clergyman who has chosen the same beat. Father O'Donnell's Christmas tree brightened many a poor child's Christmas—was its Christmas in fact. And then the men's sodality! They told you with pride their's was the biggest sodality in the Dominion. The departing soggarth will receive the good wishes of the most faithful people in the wide world, that is the poor. The whole parish will look to catch a glimpse of him sometimes, for they are sure he too will remember.

Absolutely the best programme ever offered! How often have we read it and gone along to find the usual mediocrities performing the obvious! Well all the same there

are exceptions and the St. Patrick's Night concert should be a dream come true. One can say without straining one's conscience that never has such a set of concert singers sung here together on St. Patrick's Night. They are the best that can be obtained here. First of all, back with her honors from Europe, the universal favorite, Teresa McEnroe, whose exquisite voice captivates all hearers. Others also well-known are Miss Kathleen Jansen, concerning whom we have all heard glowing reports; Miss Mary McKeown, a favorite singer of the old ballads who is well-known to Wellington audiences; and Mrs. Lawson-Broad, a Dunedinite who was with the New South Wales State Orchestra. Less known here than the others, she is held in high esteem elsewhere, and the audience is promised something unusual. Among the other performers are Mr. Barnes, a very popular baritone, and Mr. Austin Blackie, tenor, both of whom need no introduction. The instrumental side is represented ably by Mr. Leon de Mannay. The other performers are up to standard also. And of the accompanist no other mention is needed than that it is Mr. Harold Whittle, New Zealand's greatest. Mr. Hoskins has every detail arranged with his usual care. The committee insists that every song be Irish. So there is nothing for the audience to do but come along and listen to the treat prepared for it.

The Hibernian Society held its meeting this week. There is a great revival of interest in the welfare of the society. So many outside lodges exist that offer the same concessions that competition is very keen. The Hibernian Society is a Church Benefit Society. It offers the same material advantages as any other society, and there is besides the spiritual link between its members that finds expression in the annual Communion. It is a symbol of brotherhood, and a profession of faith. Rev. Father O'Donnell, chaplain of the branch, opened the meeting, and in a few words exhorted the office-bearers and members to take up a campaign of recruiting new members. He laid before them an outline of the campaign. The members at once made arrangements to carry out his suggestions. On next Sunday and the following Sundays in March members will attend St. Joseph's Church in regalia in order to take the names of eligible young men of the parish with a view to enrolling the men the Hibernian Society, which offers such excellent safeguards against hard times during illnesses. The president (Bro. J. F. Taylor) donated a gold medal to be given to the member who secures the greatest number of recruits during the next six months. It is hoped by energy and effort to double the membership by next St. Patrick's Day. The annual Communion of the branch will be held on Sunday, March 15, at the 7.30 o'clock Mass at St. Joseph's Church. It is needless to remind members that loyalty demands their attendance on this occasion and at this time. The spectacle of an annual general Communion is an edifying one, and the society and the members alike gain grace by it.

His Grace Archbishop Redwood preached on Sunday night at the Basilica, having returned from the south.

His Grace Archbishop O'Shea spoke on the

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LIVEN Invercargill

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subject of the Lewisham Nuns and the hospital they project here, at all the Masses at the Basilica on Sunday. A meeting of the parishioners was held in the afternoon.

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Wanganui

(From our own Correspondent.)

February 25.

The Gonville school-church, which has been doing church duty regularly since Christmas Day, is now ready for school. There is an up-to-date house also on the section, but the Sisters will not be in residence there this year. There seems no certainty about when the schools are likely to re-open. Fortunately the infantile paralysis is a little better just now, we have had a few clear days without any cases being reported. Counting off the weeks from what we know officially and otherwise—mostly otherwise—there is a fair chance of starting classes before Easter.

Races and trots last week and this week, just missing Ash Wednesday. Now we've settled down to count our dividends—there were some fine parochial "doubles"—and to cut out all frivolities. To suit the convenience of business people who could not otherwise attend, we are having Stations of the Cross on Wednesdays, as well as on Fridays.

Talking of Lent, did everyone notice in our weeklies lately, the picture of an "Atuna," a very big fish? A newcomer to these waters, we are told it is a favorite sporting fish in America, where it attains a wonderful size and some hundreds of pounds' weight. The fact of the matter is that the "Atuna" is quite as well known on the coast of France, where it is caught by deep sea fishers, and shares the place of honor with salmon, being even preferred by many. A very solid fish with few bones to worry about and help to bring up the weight, down round St. Jean de Luz, on the Biscayan Coast, everyone knows it and relishes it in winter. It is like hearing of the arrival of an old friend, and let us hope it will find its way to the fish depots in the country. With "Maureen's" permission, may I tell you how it is served in France? The fish, of course, is seldom cooked whole, and it may be boiled or cooked in the oven, and is generally eaten cold, like salmon, as it is very rich. If boiled, it is served with any sauce to taste; the French nearly always using mayonnaise or just oil and vinegar dressing. When cooked in the oven, an earthen casserole is mostly used, or the modern pyrex ware would be ideal, and use a dish without a lid. The fish is cut into slices about an inch thick and half covered in the dish with good olive oil—but be sure that it is oil and not cart grease!!—and then put over it a layer of finely sliced onion, pepper, and salt. Bake in a moderate oven till the fish comes away easily from the bone. Try it, if you get the chance, and you'll taste *real* fish.

Rev. Father J. M. O'Ferrall, S.M., was here for a few days before going on to Otaki to his new home. Although there have been many changes since Father O'Ferrall was working amongst us, there were enough old friends left here to keep him busy during the short leave. Rev. Father D. J. Campbell, S.M., is holidaying here and giving a hand as well in this busy parish.

New Plymouth

(From our own Correspondent.)

February 24.

The half-yearly meeting of the local branch of the H.A.C.B. Society, held in the Rolland Hall, on 13th ult., was well attended. The principal business was the election of office-bearers for the ensuing half-year, which resulted as follows:—President, Bro. C. Hannan; vice-president, Bro. C. Burkett; warden, Bro. J. Courtney; guardian, Bro. J. P. Brien; sick visitors, Bros. J. A. Clarke, J. J. Powell, and J. Courtney; auditors, Bros. J. W. Connell and J. A. Clarke; treasurer, Bro. E. Walsh; secretary, Bro. G. T. Grace. Bro. Joseph Mahar was appointed to fill the vacancy of trustee caused by the resignation of Bro. Grace, who has been appointed permanent secretary to the branch. Brother members realised the good work accomplished by Bro. Grace as secretary and showed their appreciation of his services by appointing him permanent secretary. The installation ceremony was performed by past-president Bro. J. J. Powell. The Rev. Father Butler, who is chaplain to the branch, took the opportunity of congratulating the members on their choice of office-bearers, to all of whom he wished a pleasant and successful term of office. This branch, which was established in 1876, will celebrate its jubilee next year, in view of which it is pleasing to see so many of the younger members undertaking the burden of office.

The fancy fair, held in the Workers' Social Hall on February 13, was well attended. The fair was but a forerunner of a bazaar and carnival to be held shortly in the campaign for funds to build a new St. Joseph's School. Hosts of ready helpers presided at heavily-laden stalls and disposed of many bargains. Numerous guessing competitions were conducted for valuable prizes. The musical portion of the evening's programme was very popular. Mr. J. Rennie's orchestra rendered several selections, while songs were given by Mrs. Hayward and Mr. East. Mr. H. Cutting gave an excellent display of club swinging, while Mr. T. Thompson and his pupils gave a clever exposition of some of the blows used in boxing. During the course of the evening's entertainment Hector Gray, who piloted Stork to victory in the Taranaki Cup on Thursday, was presented with a silver mounted whip as a memento of that accomplishment. The Rev. Father Lynch, who made the presentation, congratulated Mr. Gray and wished him future success. Mr. Gray suitably responded, adding that he was pleased the horse which won the cup belonged to Taranaki. Mr. Newton King, the owner, in thanking the public for their good wishes, paid a tribute to the riding of H. Gray and the work of the trainer—E. George. The success of the fair was primarily due to the energetic hon. secretary, Mr. J. A. Clarke. The stallholders were:—Children's Stall: Mesdames Liston, Walsh, Ross, Burke, Sinclair, Misses Mills and McPhillips. West End Stall: Miss McCarthy, Mesdames Staunton, Eddie, and Marr. Central Stall: Mesdames Orbell, Cameron, Crawshaw, Caruthers, F. Simpson, W. Simpson, and Moore. Refreshment Room: Mesdames Golding,

Muir, Dutton, Parrish, A. Courtenay, J. Courtney, and H. Allen.

A euchre party in aid of the refreshment stall was held in the Rolland Hall on February 24.

Mr. E. Whittle, jun., left last week for an extended holiday in Australia.

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Hastings

(From our own Correspondent.)

February 25.

Since the 15th inst. the Catholics of Hastings have had one great topic of interest—the mission preached by the Marist Fathers. The crowded Communion rails and the numbers that are unable to find ordinary accommodation at the evening devotions tell of the response of a congregation who have always exhibited a virile Catholicity.

The rural districts of Clive and Maraekahaho first heard the missionaries. Dairy farming makes strenuous calls upon those who live by it. Yet the country congregation made a splendid response to the preachers' earnestness. Father Vincent, who conducted both of the above missions, has a wonderful gift of lucid doctrinal exposition, and won the hearts of all by his gentle earnestness.

On the 22nd commenced the mission in the Sacred Heart Church, Hastings. The opening nights of the mission saw a crowded church. The attendance is so markedly on the increase that one wonders where the augmenting congregation is going to be accommodated.

Father McCarthy and Father Vincent jointly conduct this mission. Father McCarthy, who, by the way, preached his first mission sermon in this church, shows the result of 16 years of missionary experience in powerful and moving discourses. This mission bids fair to eclipse all previous missions in its splendid show of faith and its resultant conversions.

A very touching feature of the mission was witnessed on Thursday evening when the solemnity of Our Lady was effectively carried out. Following an eloquent sermon on Our Blessed Mother came a most imposing procession. The blue and white robed Children of Mary carried a beautiful image of the Mother of God—all the parish confraternities and the Hibernian Society (in full regalia) joined in the procession through the church. The function was concluded by a solemn consecration of the whole parish to the Blessed Virgin.

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Diocese of Auckland

(From our own Correspondent.)

February 26.

Mr. J. P. Kalaugher, who has lived in Auckland for the last 15 years, and is well-known in Catholic circles, has been appointed secretary to the New Zealand Friesian Association, and will leave for Wellington early next month. The departure of Mr. Kalaugher and his family from Auckland will be a great loss to the city. He won the respect and esteem of the community by his splendid public services. Recently he retired from

R. J. Callan

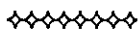
GENTS' OUTFITTER



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Waimate

the position of Director of Manual Training under the Auckland Board of Education, but being practically still in the prime of life and full of activity, Mr. Kalaugher has decided to remain in harness, and is well fitted for the position to which he has been appointed. In church matters both he and Mrs. Kalaugher were indefatigable workers. For years they have contributed to, and assisted in, the Devonport parish functions. His departure from Auckland will be a decided loss, but both Mr. and Mrs. Kalaugher have the warm wishes of many sincere friends in their new surroundings.



ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY, AUCKLAND

A SUCCESSFUL YEAR'S OPERATIONS.

(From our own correspondent.)

I have before me a copy of the Particular Council's report for the year ended December 31, 1924. It is a carefully prepared and comprehensive report of the operations of the society in Auckland. The statement of accounts showed that a total sum of £631 0s 3d was expended, leaving a balance in hand of £102 6s 1d.

During the year a change in the personnel of the office-bearers of the society took place. Mr. C. Little, who has been connected with the council for many years, was obliged to resign the office of president through ill-health. His association began with the inception of the society sixteen years ago. He has left an imperishable record of good work behind him. In the capacity of vice-president, Mr. Little is keeping in touch with the Council.

Mr. M. Kelly, who has taken up the office of president, is a worthy successor to his late chief, and is carrying on the great work with unabated enthusiasm and zeal which must command success. Mr. Kelly has long been connected with the society as secretary, and Mr. P. Barry now fills that position.

The Boys' Guild is successfully progressing under the patronage of the Brothers, and a most edifying sight is the regular attendance at Holy Communion of the guild members with the Brothers.

The Auckland Rugby Union has shown its practical sympathy with the society by making a generous donation to its funds.

The report specially mentions the great work done by the Rev. Father Buckley in regard to rescue work. Father Buckley is noted for his great efforts in the cause of humanity.

The pilgrimage to the Little Sisters of the Poor this year was a very successful visit, being well attended by the city and suburban conferences. The society was not able to have a representative present at the triennial congress at Melbourne, but felicitations were sent.

Special thanks are accorded his Lordship Bishop Liston, the spiritual director, Archdeacon Holbrook and others of the clergy for their keen interest displayed in the society. The ladies' conference has also well earned the appreciation of the council for the great help accorded.

The statistical information compiled and embodied in the report strikingly indicates the valuable work done by the members. The

roll of membership shows 59 (including active and honorary); 220 new cases were attended to during the year; some 680 persons were relieved; 494 visits were made to the poor in their own homes and assistance given; medical aid cases, 4; clothing and boots distributed to 99 persons; lodging and meals provided for 158; books and Catholic papers distributed, 2838; visits to hospitals, gaols, blind institute, asylum, and Costley Home, 444.

The above is sufficient testimony to the great work done by members, and the value that such a society is to the Auckland community.

Bishop Liston's Address.

The meeting at which the report and balance sheet were submitted was presided over by his Lordship Bishop Liston, who, in addressing those present, stated that it was his happy privilege to extend a welcome to the members of St. Vincent de Paul Society at its 17th annual meeting. The Bishop said that it was indeed hard to find something fresh to say on this occasion. Everything seemed to have been done to continue the good work that had persistently characterised the previous efforts of the members. It was worthy of every commendation and support. One and all should offer up their thanks to God for keeping alive the spirit of St. Vincent de Paul. The Bishop detailed the remarkable amount of work carried out in visiting the hospital, blind institute, homes of the poor, and the amount of relief given; and also stressed the splendid act of generosity achieved by the society in donating £100 towards refurnishing the Takapuna Boys' Orphanage. Moreover it was pleasant to see that the operations of the society had extended as far as giving help to the Deaf Mutes' School at Castlehill, Sydney; to the Leper Hospital at Fiji; Mt. Magdala Home, Christchurch; St. Mary's Anglican Home, Otahuhu; the Little Sisters of the Poor; the Catholic Girls' Orphanage, Onehunga; Avondale, Thames, Coromandel, Devonport, and King Country. Rosaries and catechisms were distributed at Pakatoa, Rotorua, and the Evelyn Firth Home for Soldiers.

In conclusion his Lordship enumerated the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and asked all present to seek God's blessing on their activities for the ensuing year—1925.

Captain Plunkett, associated with society work at Auckland, who was present, stated that it was a great pleasure to him to be again amongst old friends in this work, and expressed his surprise and gratification at the magnitude of the operations of the society. In his travels in the Old Country, Captain Plunkett said that it was of much interest to him to note the work of St. Vincent de Paul societies, and he found that no better work was being done than in Auckland. One instance came under his notice that he considered worth repeating. At Glasgow in a very small parish something like £5 a week was being contributed by the congregation to the objects of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. A great sacrifice was being made by these people, but it indicated the wonderful spirit that actuated them in helping this cause.

Diocese of Christchurch

(From our own correspondent.)

February 28.

Owing to the epidemic his Lordship the Bishop has decided to postpone the opening of the new church at Fisherton until Sunday, March 15.

The new church at Marshlands, to be blessed and opened on March 8, is to be dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes. All the furnishings and statues have already been generously donated by the parishioners.

Very Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, C.M., Sydney, is at present the guest of his Lordship the Bishop.

Rev. Father Seward has returned from Auckland, and will resume duties at Darfield during the week.

The St. Patrick's Day national concert will be under the auspices of the Hibernian Society, and will be held in the Caledonian Hall on the evening of March 17. Quite a good programme is being arranged.

Rev. Father Hugh McDonnell, procurator St. Patrick's College, Wellington, and Rev. Father Ainsworth, S.M., are visiting Christchurch.

Miss Kathleen Garven will give a concert in the Caledonian Hall on Monday evening, March 2. Miss Garven will be assisted by many local artists. The proceeds are in aid of Nazareth House.

Rev. Father McLaughlin, Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, preached at the Cathedral on Sunday evening.

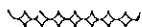


Addington

(From our own correspondent.)

February 28.

Arrangements are well advanced for the garden fete, to be held at the residence of Mr. W. Hayward, Lincoln Road, Spreydon, on Saturday next, the 7th inst. The stallholders appeal to all lady parishioners for supplies of produce, home-made goods, etc. This function is being held in connection with the Addington stall with the object of assisting the greater Nazareth House garden fete now being promoted.



Alexandra

(From a correspondent.)

Mr. J. C. Millar, one of our choir members, prior to his departure to take up the position of canvasser-inspector to the Otago Power Board, was the recipient of a parting gift in recognition of his services. Referring to his departure, Rev. Father O'Connell said that Mr. Millar possessed enthusiasm, one of the best qualities in a good choir member.

The Sisters returned recently, and are patiently awaiting the pleasure of the Health Department to open the school.

Judging by the attendance at Mass it will soon be necessary to get the new church building under way. It is a healthy sign for religion to see the churches becoming too small.

Tell us when and where you propose to remove your furniture and competent men with roomy vans will shift it with no inconvenience.—The New Zealand Express Co.

Jas. McArthur



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Selected Poetry

THE LARK.

I saw a lark within the dawn,
Rise, joyful, from his watery nest;
The sunshine glittering on his breast,
As swift he sped to hail the morn;
And higher, higher, to the skies
I watched the tender warbler rise
Till in a blaze of living light
He vanished from my clouded sight.
If midst the cares that circle me,
My soul might spread her languid wing,
And into Heavenly grace should spring;
And like the bird, whose radiant flight
Had led him far from earthly sight,
Thus soar above earth's sinful sod
And journey closer to my God.
—G. THOMAS in the *Irish World*.

TO ROBERT BROWNING.

A Japanese Appreciation.

You are a smoking-room story-teller of the
pageant of life seen by senses,
Your gusto in speech turns your art into
obscurity,
Again from the obscurity into a valedictory:
You are a provincialism endorsed by eccentric
pride.
You are sometimes riotous to escape from
anarchism.
Your great thirst for expression makes you
a soul-wounding romancer,
You often play the mystagogue, and appear
cruel.
You are a glutton of colorful adventures.
You are a troubadour serenading between
the stars and Life,
Your love song on a guitar torments us even
physically:
You are a realist who under the darkness
purifies himself into the light of opti-
mism;
You are a griffin wildly dancing on human
laughter.
—YONE NOGUCHI in the *English Review*.

THE OLD WOMAN.

She keeps her nook, sitting with folded
hands
And looking abroad with dim unquestioning
gaze.
Her heart grown strangely quiet and toler-
ant.
She has learned patience: those she loved
are gone,
And youth is gone, and all the dreams of
youth,
And grief itself hath found its natural end-
ing.
And now she feels there is no more to learn.
Proud she sits gnarled simplicity,
Not hills nor rocks more tranquil, and even
as they
She bears Time's marks upon her patiently.
Here is the sober wisdom of the years,
And now she waits for what she knows will
come

Breathing the calmness of all quiet things,
Twilight and silence and a heart at peace.
—JOHN BUNKER in the *Commonwealth* (New
York).

THE LISTENERS.

"Is there anybody there?" said the Trav-
eller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the
grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor;
And a bird flew up out of the turret
Above the Traveller's head.
And he smote upon the door again a second
time;
"Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwell in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moon-
light
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the
dark stair
That goes down to the empty hall,
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark
turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder and lifted his head:—
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word," he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the
still house
From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.
—WALTER DE LA MARE in *An Anthology of
Modern Verse*.

EARTH MAGIC

Fernando's eyes stare past you gray as rain,
His body's limber as a bough and straight.
You speak to him, he never seems to hear,
And then he answers you a minute late.

His gift—his father had the trick before
him—
Makes him a person in the country-side.
Give him a forked stick, cherry or sweet
apple,
And he can show you where ground waters
hide.

He lurches over our green hills and holds
A fresh branch in his grimy, vise-shut fists,
The fork straight up until the water's near,
Then in his grasp its very fibre twists.

The high point swoops—Fernando stops and
waits,
Turns his stick up again and holds it fast!
And when it answers to the water's call,
He nods and grins his weasel grin at last.

"Your spring's right here," he says, "some
eight foot down,
I make it, though I ain't so good on knowin'
The depth as father. He could always tell,
But you dig here, and keep right on a-goin'."

Magic so old, so simple, and so strange!
To be the medium between a spring
Deep underground and a bough's love of it—
Truth has sometimes an odd and pagan ring.

And why Fernando? Scarce articulate
As brooks and windy branches, one with
these
He speaks an older language when he tells
The secrets he and earth know and the trees.
—HELEN IVES GILCHRIST in the *New York
Sun*.

"WHAT PORRIDGE HAD JOHN KEATS"

Shaper of gold, in what mine of amazement
Dug you the metal Time's acid eats not?
Whence were the tests of your cunning ap-
praisement—
Whispered from darkness and never forgot?
What was the mystery hid in the flame?
Had you your greatness in real prevision?
Spread you your wings for the pundits'
derision—
Babbling that beauty and truth are the
same?

Some, supercilious, grant, as in pity,
Gaze to your treasure-house, blinking to
see
Starry great chalices, saying, "They're
pretty."
What had they said when the fluster was
free?—
Gold of the vein without trace of alloy!
Some of us agonise, some of us fake it:
Is it a wonder we never quite make it?
What was your secret, incredible boy?

Silversmith, casting the nymphs and the
dragons,—

Artisan clever in gilding or glass,
Hark to the tinkle of delicate flagons!
Hark to the roar of the vessels of brass!
Potter, with hands on your requisite clay,
Tell of its uses, and we shall believe you;
Still shall the custom of patrons deceive
you,
Dreaming your wares are for more than to-
day.

We that are given to problems alchemic,
When the brain's crucible glows at the core,
Frown to find genius is non-epidemic,
Grieve that its riddle is not in the ore.
Wanton of rule flows infinity's rhyme:
Whose shall protest when he sees the con-
clusion?—

Gold of the ingot and slag of the fusion!
Gold of your star on the heavens of Time!
—GEORGE STERLING, in the *New Republic*.

Leader, p. 33. Notes, p. 34. Topics, pp. 22-23. Complete Story, p. 11. England's Martyrs, p. 13. Church in N.Z., p. 19. Travel Notes (by J.K.), p. 25. Sunday Afternoon Readings, p. 51. Catholics and their Schools, p. 57. Canonisations, p. 29.

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, MARCH 4, 1925.

MUSSOLINI AND SECRET SOCIETIES

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S new Bill, which aims at preventing public servants from belonging to secret societies, was bound to create a tumult among those who look upon public officials, not as the servants of the State, but as the creatures of the Camorra, the Mafia, and the Grand Orient. The secret society, in a greater or less degree, plays a sinister part in every country. Therefore, it is not surprising to find influential journals outside Italy severely condemning both the Bill and its sponsor, attributing it to a desire on the part of Mussolini to put political opponents out of action rather than to rid the country of an intolerable abuse. This is like saying that a Government should not suppress ruinous abuses which threaten the very existence of the State when such suppression will give it an advantage over its enemies. But even Mussolini's critics admit the abuse. They say that Italian Freemasonry is well represented in the highest ranks of the bureaucracy and the magistracy. The question, then, which is of first importance is not whether Mussolini wishes to intimidate the Lodges to serve his own ambitions, but whether any Government in any country can conscientiously permit oath-bound societies with a secret objective and a secret method of procedure to dominate the State so that the rights of the people are rendered subservient to the designs of conspirators.

In the eyes of the Church secret societies are an abomination. It is astonishing that they are not an abomination in the eyes of the citizen as well. The very test that can be said of them is that they are established for a secret purpose. In that case they are objects of suspicion, for secrecy always breeds suspicion. Candidates for membership are bound by oath to preserve secrecy, and they

bind themselves in the most solemn fashion to assist in something of the nature of which they are absolutely ignorant. When they give the required guarantees they are admitted as members, and not before. No person can conscientiously take an oath of that description. In a promissory oath that which is promised must be morally good and lawful. Candidates for membership in secret societies take a blind oath, which is decidedly unlawful. As the State is an institution delegated by God to assist the moral and material well-being of the collection of families which comprise it, it must take steps to prevent independent forces from turning it from its purpose or from using its servants to the hurt of the people. What a public outcry there is whenever it is found that private financial interests have bribed public officials in order to win some private advantage! This shows that the necessity of preserving the integrity of public office is generally recognised. Though transactions of this kind are highly reprehensible, they are comparatively trivial when measured by the actual and possible corruption of the State by secret societies. The State official who is also a member of a secret society is not free to carry out the duties of his office. He will be the subject of wire-pulling; he will be forced to carry out measures which he cannot conscientiously defend; and all the time he will be in the dark as to the object of what he is forced to do and of the identity of those whom he serves. Such an official is not a public servant at all: he is merely a secret society creature drawing a salary from the State. In his case the 30 pieces of silver are paid by the victim instead of by the persecutor. It is idle to say that certain secret societies are above reproach because high-placed persons are members of them. This is not a certificate of the good character of the society: it merely calls into doubt the integrity of the official by proclaiming the fact that above and beyond his duty to the State there is his blind and pernicious oath to an association that works in the dark. The people cannot safely admit as a master a person who is the bond slave of subterranean powers. One of the worst features of the secret society is that it absorbs the State, places its creatures in executive positions, and thus manipulates the State authority for its own ends. The objective of the more influential secret societies is now well known. They exist for the purpose of propagating Rationalism and undermining religion. They inculcate pernicious principles which can lead only to anarchy; and they make use of the economic stress for which their own gross teaching is in no small measure responsible, to entice to their ranks, not only the bold and ambitious seeking power, but even the humble workman who shuts his eyes and swears an oath in the hope that the society will solve his economic difficulties for him by using its influence to secure him a comfortable berth. Thus the secret society undermines religion by weaning men from spiritual ideals, and by teaching them to seek the things of the world as the only permanent good. By training humanity in godless schools they hope to "extinguish the lights of heaven." Pope Leo

XIII, in his Encyclical Letter, *Quod Apostolici Muneris*, refers to the Rationalism which since the sixteenth century has invaded the political, scientific, and economical order, and then he goes on to say that "as soon as secret societies began to take extension, in the midst whereof the germs of those evil principles already adverted to were nursed, the Roman Pontiffs Clement XV and Benedict XIV failed not to unmask the impious designs of the sectaries, and to warn the faithful throughout the world the mischiefs they were thus hatching in secret." In pre-war days France filled her departments with the creatures of the Masonic Lodges. The war disclosed their incompetency, and in order to save herself France had to get rid of them and fill their places with competent men who had been victimised to make room for the conspirators.

Mussolini has declared war upon these evil influences in Italy. It is a pity that his policy in this respect is not taken up outside Italy. Those who condemn him as a dictator conveniently forget that when he assumed control in Italy he was faced with gross abuses which could not be overcome by constitutional measures. It is worthy of note that the chief body of complaint is directed against his methods. The important point to remember, however, is that he has done good things, even if he has done them in a rough-and-ready fashion; and it is certainly much more creditable to have done good things roughly than to have done evil things with the grace of a courtier. Too long has Italy been the happy hunting ground of these vicious clubs with their aprons and trowels and daggers and cables and coffins and pagan mummery. Mussolini is taking serious steps to protect the State against them and their nefarious schemes. He is taking the initial precaution to ensure that the offices of the State will not be occupied by the agents of those who are the State's most dangerous enemies.

A "BOUQUET" FOR NEW ZEALAND

In a late issue of *America* reference is made to the work of Father H. I. Westropp, S.J. Readers of the *Tablet* will not need to be told that Father Westropp, of Our Lady of Victory Mission, Paharia, India, carries on a vigorous stamp crusade, and turns to good account the cancelled stamps which thoughtful donors send him. The work of classifying the stamps, which are sold only to collectors, furnishes thirty poor girls and women with a living, and pays fifteen catechists and some other workers. Father Westropp is quoted as saying that the most ardent promoters in this charitable work are those that are farthest away. "What," he asks, "is farther away from the 'hub' of civilisation than Dunedin, New Zealand, the last city this side of the South Pole? And yet it is there that Bessie Gallien, her brother Bert, and their friends are producing the greatest results. If we had a few more New Zealanders scattered throughout the globe we could work wonders."

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NOTES

By Eileen Duggan

A Glimpse of Tonga

One had some months since the privilege of receiving the works of his Lordship the Bishop of Tonga, who visited this country last year. The Bishop is from Provence and his writings are in his native tongue. It is with his work on Tonga that one will deal here. Many have chosen to write of the ocean islands, and their books have found New Zealand appreciative. This book, *Chez les Meridionaux Su Pacifique*, because it is written in French has found its audience in France. Bishop Blanc explains that the title of his book is merely a translation of the native word, since Tonga means the south. Will the author forgive a halting translation of a paragraph of his preface?

He explains that if he had chosen he might have made it a book of romance. He chose, like Daudet, to write the strict truth, the thing seen by the eyes of himself or of others equally dependable. "The Ocean with its isles is a vast field lying wide to the imagination. Here, I have limited myself to dealing with fact as I have lived it, of things as I have seen them, or as eye-witnesses have shown them to me."

There is scarcely an aspect of Tongan life that is not touched upon. The author has brought to his task a mind purged of love of worldly possessions, a mind stored with the riches of the classics. Palestine, Rome, Provence, Oceania—there are echoes of them all in this book on Tonga.

Any mention of the ocean islands brings a memory of his countryman, Loti. The author himself mentions Loti's descriptions in a paragraph of fine French prose:—

"Pierre Loti has confessed his discouragement when he tried to describe the charm of the islands of Oceania. He defies the reader to understand until he has heard the plaintive sound of the flute of Pan or the faraway murmur of a sea-shell at night on the white coral shores of Polynesia.

But this strange sadness which, according to Loti, broods over all the islands of Oceania, is it truly the breath of the poesy of things? Is it not that the poet believes himself free of it, while it flows from his own heart? Without doubt the majesty of the ocean is shaded with sadness wherever a land arises from its waves. But these groan of Nature in travail, these sighs that she breathes for the deliverance of the last day are heard by men under every sky. Everywhere life and death are in combat. And if the effort of the creature towards a state more perfect has something more of pathos in Polynesia, it is because a race is dying there."

A penetrating passage, that! At first sight it would seem that the author by writing it was disproving his own correction of Loti. On second reading the mournfulness disappears, and the calm and resigned declaration of the way of nature, of the impulsion of life, the inevitability of death stands out

clearly, almost triumphantly. "No man at all can be living forever," says old Maurya in *Riders to the Sea*. It is the same thought in different words but the sad under-surge of the sea underlies them both. They have gone to school to the sea. So Loti was not utterly wrong.

Descriptions

As an example of the quickwittedness of the Tongans he relates this story:—

"An old Catholic happened to be at a Kava party where divorce was discussed. A non-Catholic, a fine speaker, believed that he had proved its legitimacy, and for a final stroke said, 'Besides the Gospel declares that if your hand scandalises you you must cut it off, and if your eye scandalises you you must tear it out. Consequently, an intolerable woman—one must separate from her.' And the old Catholic replied: 'It is true. But though I am not very strong in religion, I do not believe that the Gospel says to replace the hand cut by another hand, or the eye torn by another eye.'"

He describes the copra industry, and the shark fishing. Everyone can enjoy the old chief's description of how the shark come at his call. "I cry 'Haou (Come) Haou' until they come. This time I had not called as long as the hen that has laid an egg when the first shark showed itself.

"When it appears you must soften your voice and say to it, 'Malie' (Very good). Then when it is a little nearer, 'Tafoki atou' (Return), and he turns as if to go. One says again, 'Malieu mai' (return right here). And he returns to his station by the boat. One of us puts a little roast pork on a bit of wood. Meanwhile I make compliments to the shark as he waits, 'Oh how lovely your skin is, how nimble your fins! How sweet are your eyes! Come to our feast that is preparing for this evening.' The shark listens with one eye on the pork it is presumed. He raises his head, and lo, the noose is thrown and there is one shark the less in the maw of Hine moana.

The day the first shark does not answer the crew returns and there is no fishing that day. The Bishop explained to them that the tapu or rather the violation of tapu by which they explained their failure was a fallacy fathered by cunning. They appear receptive.

The Human Touch

On that same fishing expedition the crew went out of sight of land, and one young Tongan sailing for the first time lay flat in the boat and wept when he saw the rim of the shore sink away.

Another young Tongan was dying. He was only eighteen, and so calm, so beautiful before death that the Bishop was touched to tears. One can imagine the scene:—"Seizing my arm, he said with a great as-

tonished smile, 'Do not weep.' Then he died, singing a hymn." There are other stories like that, giving their virtues. On the other hand there is pity but no blindness for their faults. They are children, he says, loving, grieving, laughing, mocking, in a breath.

Their legends are set forth, too, gracefully and tenderly. Well might the Bishop of Quimper and Leon say of his *confrère*: "*Vous racontez en historien, et vous décrivez en poète.*"

◆◆◆◆◆

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The students of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, assembled last week to resume studies after the Christmas vacation.

By permission of the Health Department the Christian Brothers' School re-opened on Monday for pupils over sixteen years of age.

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament from the eleven o'clock Mass at St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday, many attending in adoration during the afternoon. His Lordship the Bishop officiated at Compline in the evening; and in the procession and Pontifical Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The usual monthly meeting of the men's Confraternity of the Sacred Heart was also held, the attendance being remarkably good.

Lenten evening devotions at St. Joseph's Cathedral include Rosary and Meditation on Mondays and Tuesdays, Rosary and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on Thursdays, and Stations of the Cross on Fridays.

His Majesty's Theatre and annexes have been definitely engaged for the De Luxe Carnival and spectacular display entitled "Mexicano," to provide funds for the erection of a new convent for the Dominican Nuns of the North-east Valley. The opening date will be March 23, and the carnival and stage performances are to be continued for 15 nights.

Arrangements are well advanced for the annual national entertainment in celebration of St. Patrick's Day. As in former years, this popular concert will be given both at Burns Hall in the city and Town Hall, South Dunedin, the performers being motored between the two halls and presenting a similar programme. The promoters have been successful in securing the services of some of the best local talent, so that patrons will be favored in having an evening's entertainment of rare excellence staged for their enjoyment.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Woods, who left by the north express on Saturday, to join the Maunganui at Wellington, on a holiday trip to America and Europe, had a cordial send-off at the Dunedin railway station. Relatives and friends in large numbers, among them being his Lordship Bishop Whyte, assembled to wish them a final *bon voyage*, and those popular citizens received a farewell which will be a pleasant memory to them during their lengthy tour abroad.

◆◆◆◆◆

We do not ask in the name of our Master what we ask otherwise than by our Master's rules.—St. Augustine.

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Invercargill

(From our own Correspondent.)

February 28.

The Children of Mary spent a very pleasant day at "The Rocks," Riverton, last week. Last year they motored to and fro—rather a big undertaking for such large numbers. This year the train came to their assistance by running at a very suitable hour. The weather was beautifully fine and one and all benefitted by the day spent at the seaside.

Next Sunday will be the general Communion day for the Children of Mary and the Handmaids of the Blessed Sacrament. All are expected to be present in choir dress.

Two ex-pupils of St. Catherine's College—Misses Charlotte and Gladys Petrie—left Invercargill last week for London, to continue their studies in painting and singing respectively. Both pupils deserve the praise meted out to them lately by the Invercargill public, and if they pursue their studies in the Old Country with the same earnest application and enthusiasm shown whilst under the tuition of the Dominican Nuns, then they deserve success. A few years ago Miss Charlotte won first-class honors for oil painting at a New Zealand exhibition and at competitions; while Miss Gladys Petrie secured the same for singing. All wish them *bon voyage* and success in their studies, and hope to welcome them again in our midst as finished artists.

A number of ladies of the parish held a "gift evening" in St. Mary's Schoolroom on Tuesday, to furnish the Brothers' new home with kitchen utensils and household linen. Many and various were the articles received, which included a beautiful dinner set from the ladies' committee. A very pleasant time was spent: some dancing, others playing cards. During the supper interval Rev. Father Martin and the Brothers thanked those present for the many useful articles received.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE, MOSGIEL.

In the degree examinations of the New Zealand University the following students of Holy Cross College were successful:—B.A. Latin: A. H. Hyde (Auckland), W. J. Meade (Dunedin), A. E. Bennett (Auckland). B.A. French: A. E. Bennett, A. V. Scanlon (Wellington), G. G. McLeod (Auckland). B.A. English: A. H. Hyde, W. J. Meade. B.A. Mental Science: A. V. Scanlon. B.A. Mathematics: G. G. McLeod, G. Daly (Christchurch), A. V. O'Reilly (Dunedin). B.A. History: C. Von Rotter (Auckland), A. H. Hyde, W. Herlihy (Wellington), F. Terry (Auckland), G. O'Meehan (Christchurch). B.A. Economics: F. Terry, C. Von Rotter, A. V. Scanlon, W. J. Herlihy.

All the students presented in Latin, French, English, Mental Science, History, and Economics were successful.

James Henley (Dunedin) passed the M.A. Degree, with second class honors in Mental Science; and G. O'Meehan, A. O'Reilly, and G. V. Daly have now gained the B.A. Degree.

ST. DOMINIC'S COLLEGE, DUNEDIN.
RECENT SUCCESSES.

Miss Katherine Bourke, passed the second section of the B.A. examination in the following subjects: Latin (advanced grade), Philosophy (pass grade).

The following pupils of St. Dominic's College were successful in passing the Theoretical examination of the Trinity College of Music, London, held in December, 1924.

Senior Grade.—Kathleen Prendergast 89, Noel O'Kane 87, Teresa Harridge 86 (Convent, N.E. Valley), Lily Beard 81 (Convent, N.E. Valley). Intermediate Grade.—Frances Dolan 96 (Convent, Milton), Mercia Johnstone 81 (Convent, N.E. Valley). Junior Grade.—Effie Williams 100 (Convent, N.E. Valley), Nellie Lane 99, Margaret Fahey 98, Margaret McCaughan 98, Marion Legg 97 (Convent, N.E. Valley), Myra Buchanan 95, Maureen Bourke 94, Archie Lomas 94 (Convent, N.E. Valley), Jessie Bradbury 92, Jack Byrnes 92 (Convent, N.E. Valley), Willie Harridge 92 (Convent, N.E. Valley), Constance Smith 91, Maisie Wells 88, Margaret Mary Comer 85, Mary McAtamney 60. Preparatory Grade.—Gertrude Hall 99, Moira Mahoney 99, Moira Duggan 97, Kathleen Nees 97, Mollie O'Reilly 96, Ngaira Coughlan 95, Dale Austin 92, Vera Sullivan 88, Katie Bartholomew 76, Mona Valenski 73.

IRISH SOCIETY, DUNEDIN.

A delightful musical programme formed the central feature of the monthly meeting of the Irish Society of Dunedin, held at the Overseas Clubrooms on last Monday evening. The president (Mr. J. Maguire) occupied the chair, and there was a good attendance of members and friends. Mrs. Moran (a recent arrival from the Homeland) sang "An Irish Melody," and Miss McCormick "Little Town in Old County Down," both responding to recalls. Mr. E. Eagar and party filled in the remainder of the evening with quite a feast of Irish national airs, many of those given being rarely heard from the concert stage. Mr. Eagar interspersed the various numbers with introductory remarks of an educative and deeply interesting nature. The renditions were quartette: "Come Back to Erin" (Misses M. and A. Eagar, Messrs. Eagar and Napier); songs—"O Erin My Country" and "The Gap in the Hedge" (Miss M. Eagar), "Molly Asthore" and "Dublin Bay" (Mr. Napier), "Barney O'Hea" and "Irish Folk Song" (Miss A. Eagar), who also gave a descriptive recitation in artistic style; "The Low-backed Car" and "Rose of Tralee" (Mr. E. Eagar); vocal duet—"What Will You Do, Love?" (Miss A. Eagar and Mr. Napier); vocal trio—"Dear Little Shamrock" (Misses A. and M. Eagar and Mr. E. Eagar). A lively chorus by the whole party concluded the programme. Miss M. Sandys was pianist; Mrs. Eagar playing the accompaniments for the party. On the motion of the chairman a hearty vote of thanks was accorded the performers. After supper was served, dancing terminated a particularly enjoyable evening.

Trouble not at the loss of thy bodily eyes. Thou hast the eyes with which the angels see, by which thou mayest behold God.—St. Anthony.



MASTER JOHN FAULKS,
of the Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin.
Awarded a Senior National Scholarship at
the recent examinations.

THE LATE FATHER FRANCIS MARLOW
MONTH'S MIND OBSERVANCE AT
WAIKIWI.

Pontifical Requiem Mass was celebrated by his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, Bishop of Dunedin, at Waikiwi church on the 18th ult. in observance of the Month's Mind of the late Father Francis Marlow. The Rev. Father J. Lynch (Wrey's Bush) was assistant priest; Fathers S. Marlow and Martin (Invercargill), deacon and subdeacon respectively, and Father Delany (South Dunedin) master of ceremonies. The solemn Gregorian music was sung by the clergy, those present including the Very Rev. Dean Burke (Invercargill), Rev. Fathers Kaveney, Adm., Tylee, and McMahon (St. Joseph's Cathedral), P. J. O'Neill (Riversdale), O'Reilly (Port Chalmers), Collins, Andersen, and Dr. H. O'Neill (Holy Cross College, Mosgiel), and Lennon (Gore). A panegyric on the deceased priest was preached by the Rev. Father Buckley (Riverton). There was a crowded congregation, many attending from a considerable distance. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Marlow, of Dunedin, parents of the late Father Marlow, were among those present at the ceremony, which was most impressive.

AKAROA CONVENT.

In the Theory of Music examinations held last December in connection with Trinity College, London, the following pupils of the Sisters of Mercy, Akaroa, were successful:—Intermediate Honors: Alice Hall, Margery Peterson, Rhoda Barwick. Junior Honors: Ethel Walker. Preparatory Honors: Winnie Cusdins. All the pupils presented were successful.

He who receives the mystery of unity, and does not hold the bond of peace, receives the mystery, not for himself, but against himself.—St. Augustine.

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My dear Little People,

How is the competition getting on, are the scrap books nearly finished I wonder? You haven't long now to be ready, so hurry up and get your books sent in to the *Tablet* Office. Send them c/o Anne, same as my letters. Try and fill the books nicely, and wrap them carefully in strong paper so that they'll not be broken in the post.

Now for our March birthdays, we have such a lot of them. Unfortunately as we had so much other business last week we are a few days late with our good wishes and some of the birthdays are past. Never mind, we'll wish them Many Happy Returns all the same, in fact even a little more so. Here is the list:—Pat Callaghan and Kathleen Byrne, same date; Paul Brennan, Dan McCormack, and Luke Mullany, all same date; Margaret Hyland, Kathleen Rourke, Molly Murphy, and Kathleen Crowe, same date; Maureen Welsh and Francis and William Thornton, on same date; Maggie Black, Kathleen Egan, Jean Smith and Kathleen Byrne; Eileen O'Donnell and Patrick Byrne, same date; Josephine Smyth, Connie Dodunski, Winnie Fitzgerald, Kathleen Green, and Fanny Murphy, same date; Jack Carroll, Baby Archer, Doris Tunbridge, and Maureen Fitzgerald, same date; Tom Dixon, Greta Blyth, and Betty Phelan, same date; the Murphy Twins and Joan Gallaher, same date. A happy birthday to all of these, and I'm sure some of you should find birthday mates in this lot.

L.P.L.C. BUSINESS.

By a very sad mistake, I sent the wrong bundle of letters to press last week, and all the Little People who sent stamps for badges will find their letters in this week's page instead. It was shocking, because when a person receives anything that thing should be acknowledged *at once*. I *did* put the list in, but meant your own letters to be with it. Never mind, just forgive your sorry Anne this time. Here are the letters now:—

Dear Anne,

Enclosed please find seven stamps. One for postage of L.P.L.C. Badge, and six for paying for it. From Agnes Emerson, Wellington.

(Thank you for stamps Agnes. You'll have your nice new badge in no time now.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

It seems a long time since I wrote to you. I am having a very pleasant holiday. We live out in the country now in my grandfather's house, and it is lovely. I write to Helen O'Callaghan. She lives away down South. I think it will be very nice to have badges Anne, and I am enclosing sixpence in stamps for one. I got a lot of nice things in my stocking at Christmas time. Amongst them being a crochet hook, and some skeins of lovely cotton. I am going to make some pocket handkerchiefs and work around them. I will send them to you for the little children at the Orphanage. I am going to start my scrap book this week. I have a nice drawing book and mother is going to buy me

some glue for pasting in with. Well Anne, I must now say good-bye. We have a fortnight longer holidays on account of sickness. I like holidays but I don't like people getting sick. So good-bye. Love from Zoe Howarth, Palmerston North.

(Thank you for stamps Zoe, hope you'll like your badge. Glad you're writing to someone and hope you'll get an answer.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Will you please excuse me for writing in pencil as I have a very sore hand. My birthday is on Wednesday (February 4), and I am having a birthday party. I have quite forgot when the competition closes—will you let me know? I will have to close now as I have to get my hand dressed. Enclosed you will find 1/- in stamps for a badge for Pat and myself. Your friend, Mollie Campbell, St. Bathans.

(Thank you for Badge money for yourself and Pat. Hope you had a nice birthday party and that your hand is well again now.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I was very glad to see my letter in the *Tablet*. I have just returned from a holiday in Christchurch. I had a lovely time with my cousins. I have one correspondent writing to me from Martinborough. I have written to Lorna Carroll in Victoria but have not had an answer yet. In last November Bishop Brodie came down to lay the foundation stone of our new church. I think it is a grand idea of having badges and I enclose six penny stamps for one. I remain, yours, Yvonne Londringan, Little River.

(Thank you for stamps Yvonne, glad you had a nice holiday. You'll get an answer from Lorna one of these days, but, Victoria is a long way off.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Being a very interested reader of the L.P.P. for a long time, I decided I would write to you. I enclose six penny stamps for a badge. It is my own money because I made £2 10s picking raspberries. I would like to correspond with somebody about my own age. My birthday falls on August 13, when I will be eleven years. We get the *Month*, *Tablet*, *Garland*, and *Far East*. My sister Julia wrote about a year ago, but I do not think she will write again, because she is too busy. Wishing every success to your page. Yours truly, Annie Hannifin, Waimate.

(We're glad to welcome you Annie, thank you for the stamps. Think it was fine of you to work so hard in raspberry time. I've got a birthday mate for you, but I have only her name, no address, so perhaps she will write first this time. Her name is Mary O'Leary.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

It is such a long time since I wrote to you that perhaps you have forgotten me. My twin brother and I were 13 on New Year's day. We both passed our examinations in

December. My brother Pat also passed. We did not go away from home for our Christmas holidays but we went for plenty of car rides in the holidays as Dad has a car. We go to Raetihi to Mass and Vespers as it is only nine miles from Horopito. There is a lovely new church built in Raetihi. The Raetihi Catholics are holding a bazaar in March to pay off the debt of the church. I am selling art union tickets and I have sold £5 worth. I hope to sell another £5 worth. Our school may not open this month on account of the sickness that is going about. This is a very healthy place to live in. My sister, Norah, is getting a big girl and can say almost everything. She will soon be three years' old. I think it is a lovely idea to have badges. I am sending stamps for one. I like reading the L.P.P. We have nine cows milking. Now, dear Anne, I will close and I hope to write to you again soon. Your little friend, Doreen Haddock, Horopito.

(I was wondering what had become of you Doreen and am glad to hear from you again. How is Pat getting on and can you drive the car yet? Hope you will like your badge, and that you will sell loads of tickets for the bazaar.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Just a short note to ask you if you would forward two badges: one each for my brother Terence and myself. I am enclosing a shilling in stamps. Have you received the letters that Terence and I wrote to you last week. Well, I have been trying to help the little girl put her circus together that her brother broke up, and I have managed them all but three, and I have tried all ways, but I can't get them at all. Well, Anne dear, I think I will bring this short note to a close, hoping to receive the badges when you get them, with love to the members and your self. Your loving friend, Trephena Quinn, O'Kains Bay.

(Thank you for stamps Trephena, hope you and Terence will like your badges. You did very well with the circus, did you see it after it was in going order again?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

It is a long time now since I have written to you, so I am writing now in my spare time to let you know I have not forgotten you. I see Kathleen McCormack is writing to you now. I know Kathleen, she just lives about a mile away from where I live. I am giving you 1/- for the Nelson Orphanage. That infantile paralysis is a very bad sickness Anne, don't you think so? We would have gone to Hokitika for our excursion picnic today if it was not so bad. I hope none of our Little People get it or any one else also. I have gone for plenty swims this swimming season but I cannot swim without a log. My two aunties and my four cousins were up at our place for their holidays. They live very close to the sea beach at Paekakariki. When they went away my mother and I went to Westport for a week and I enjoyed myself there. I have no more news now Anne, so I will close my short letter. From

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AUCKLAND

DEATHS

HESLIN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Annie, dearly beloved wife of John Heslin, who died at her residence, Kana Street, Matama, on February 17, 1925; aged 69 years.—R.I.P.

McKENZIE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Margaret, relict of Daniel McKenzie, who died at the Home of the Aged Poor, Anderson's Bay, Dunedin, on February 13, 1925.—Rest in Peace.

O'BRIEN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of William O'Brien, who died at Dunedin, on January 19; aged 62 years.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his brother and sister.

IN MEMORIAM

BOURKE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Sarah Agnes Bourke, who died at Winton, on March 7, 1924.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

CUTTANCE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Joseph George, second son of Harry and Theresa Cuttance, who died suddenly at Ururua, on July 28, 1920.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

HUDD.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Anne Hudd, who died at her residence, Alexander Street, Grey-mouth, on February 14, 1920.—Sweet Jesus, have mercy on her soul; Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for her.—Inserted by her loving daughter (M. Chapman, Invercargill).

McCABE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Julia McCabe, who died at Timaru, on March 3, 1916.—R.I.P.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

WANTEDS

WANTED.—For North Island town, Catholic GIRL (about 16) to look after children and assist with household duties; good home. Reply (urgently), stating wages required to "Brigid," c/o Tablet Office.

WANTED.—For the country, CAPABLE WOMAN to take charge of Bachelor's Home. Easy place. North Island. Apply, "X.Y.Z.," Tablet Office.

WANTED.—HOUSEKEEPER for presbytery (one priest); house, all conveniences. Apply—Father Klimeck, Upper Hutt.

WANTED.—GIRL to assist, other help kept small household. Apply—Mrs. Delargy "Fettercairn," Hakataramea.

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The Dyed Garments from Bosra—1/6.

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Mollie's Mistake, or Mixed Marriages (Rev. Book)—1/-.

The Priest's Vade Mecum (Bouvier, S.J.)—3/6.

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Christian Spirituality During the Middle Ages (Rev. P. Pourrat)—11/6.

The Mystical State, its Nature and Phases (Auguste Saudreau)—6/6.

Convents of Great Britain (Francesca M. Steele) (Darley Dale)—8/-.

Life of St. Paul of the Cross (Rev. Fr. Pius a Sp. Sancto)—6/6.

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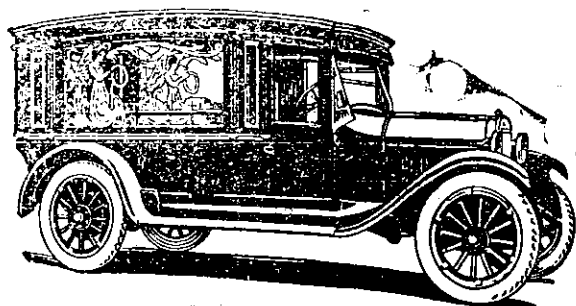
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your old friend, Len McMahon, Cronadun. P.S.—Will you get a boy about my age (11 years) to write to me please Anne.

(Thank you for the stamps Len, I have put you down for a badge and the other sixpence will go into our "Treasure Box." Glad you're swimming well, even with a log. Some boy will be sure to write to you when your letter goes on the page. I'll put a postscript.—Anne. P.S.—Will someone please write to Len, he'll answer for sure.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Just a few lines to let you know that I should like to have a badge as I think it is a lovely idea. I have nearly finished making my scrap book which I made out of brown paper because I could not find a suitable drawing book. Will that kind of scrap book do, Anne? We are very busy on the farm now with the harvesting. At present we are stacking wheat, and when we are harvesting a good way from the house the dinners have to be taken out to the paddock. Besides the four recently mentioned members of the L.P.L.C., I am writing and receiving letters from Teresa Patterson so that now I am writing to five Little People. As I have no more news I shall close, with best wishes. From your loving friend, Pearl McNeill, Lauriston.

(Thank you for the stamps Pearl, I'm glad you have so many letter friends. Yes, I'm sure the scrap book will be very nice indeed.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I think it is time I wrote to you. I sent three post-cards to Edward Prendiville. Everybody round about here are all got their crops stooked. One day as we were having a swim, my brother brought a round tub down to the creek. I got into it and got two paddles to work the tub, and it went along smoothly. I am reading a book called *Cook's Voyages Round the World*. Have you read it Anne? One Sunday afternoon dad, my sister, brother, and I went to the plantation at Conical Hill. I must close now. Yours truly, Jack Scott, Pomahaka.

(Hullo Jack, that was a fine trip you had in the tub. Wouldn't you like to make a voyage round the world like the hero of your book did.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Please find enclosed one shilling in stamps for two badges for my brother and I. My big brother banked up the creek which runs through our place and we have a good time swimming in it. Please Anne could you give me a name for a kitten. My vegetable garden has peas, potatoes, lettuce, turnips, Kohl Rabi, and Brussel sprouts in it. I have a dolls house and it has a sofa, chairs, table, pictures on the walls, and a little vase of flowers on the table. I have four dolls. The dolls table is set. I shall close now with a few riddles. Yours truly, Frances Scott, Pomahaka.

(Thank you for stamps Frances, hope you and Jack will like the badges. What a fine garden you must have, and I'm pleased to see you grow a lot of vegetables. If you eat plenty of them they'll make your eyes shine and your cheeks rosy. Call the kitten "Snooky."—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I thought that I would write to you today to kindly ask you if you would please send me a badge. I think it will be lovely for all the little people to have badges. Anne, are you going to have a badge too? I think it would be nice for Anne to have a badge too, as well as the Little People. I got a letter from Betty Phelan in the holidays and I answered it. A good while ago I wrote to Mary Agnes Carroll but I did not get a letter from her. Anne, where did you live when you were a child. Our little baby Lucy is nine and a half months' old and she has got two teeth. I will close now. With love from Ida Archer.

(Thank you for stamps Ida, hope you'll like your badge. Of course I'll have one too so that you'll know me when you meet me, because I'll be the only grown-up wearing one. When I was a child dear, I lived on land and sea, in the town and in the country.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I am writing to you to ask you if I may become a member of your L.P.L.C. I am 13 and I am in Std. 6. My birthday is on 28th of June and I go to the Public School as there is no convent here. I would be very pleased if you could get me a mate about 14 years of age. I will close now, wishing your club every success. Your new friend, Alice Mundy, Kaitangata. P.S.—I am enclosing 6d in stamps for a badge.

(Thank you for the stamps Alice. I have no birthday mate for you but I'm sure some girl of your own age will write now that you have asked.—Anne. P.S.—Will someone be a mate for Alice and write to her.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I am sending you a shilling in stamps for a badge for my sister Irene, and myself. It has turned very cold up here too, and I have a very bad toothache so I can't tell you much more. Your little friend, Mollie Hanrahan, St. Bathans.

(Thank you for the stamps Mollie, hope you and Irene will like the badges. Is your poor aching tooth better now.—Anne.)

LETTERS TO ANNE.

Dear Anne,

It is nearly a year since I wrote to you last. We get the *Tablet* every week and I always read your page first. I am twelve years old. My birthday is on 29th April. Could you please tell me if there is any other girl in the club with a birthday on that day, and would you please ask her to write to me. I went for my Proficiency in November and I passed. I have two brothers and two sisters. A new church-school is being built at Linwood. I think it is a good idea about the badges. As this is all I have to tell you now I will close wishing you every success. From your friend, Eileen Byrne, Linwood, Christchurch. P.S.—Could you please give me a name for our black cat?

(So glad you wrote again Eileen dear, and I have got a birthday mate for you—Eileen McCarthy, Anzac Street, Takapuna, Auckland. Don't you want to join the L.P.L.C. and have a badge too? Call your black cat "Lucky."—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

As I do not write to many girls, I thought I would write and ask you if you would let me join the Little People's Letter Club. Hoping that you could get a girl of my own age to write to me. I am twelve years of age, but I will be thirteen on the 3rd of September. I go to the public school and I am in Std. 5. Hoping to see my first letter in the *Tablet* soon. I have two sisters older than myself. We have a black and white collie dog. Could you please give me names for two cats. From your new friend, Clara Mundy, Kaitangata.

(Welcome Clara, we want every member who wants us. I have a birthday mate for you—Veronica Kane, 72 Molesworth Street, Wellington. Perhaps someone else will write to you. What about calling your cats "Pip" and "Squeak."—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I often read the children's page in the *Tablet*, so I thought I would write. I am ten years of age. I go to Waimate Convent School and am in Std. 3. My birthday is on the 15th of August. I have been staying out at my Auntie's at Morven for five weeks and have been having a most enjoyable time. They gave me a little black kitten and please would you give me a name for it. I have two brothers and one sister. Sister Alton teaches me at school and she is very nice. Now dear Anne this is all the news for the present so I will say good-bye with love from your little friend, Kathleen McDonnell, Morven.

(Glad you have joined us Kathleen dear. Would you like to be a member of the L.P.L.C. Sorry I have no birthday mate for you, but perhaps one will come along soon. Would you like to call your kitten "Dusky"?—Anne.)

RIDDLE BIN.

We haven't had room for riddles lately, have we? Perhaps we'll manage a few now. First we'll have the answers I promised you.

ANSWERS.

No. 1. From house to house he goes, etc.

Answer: "A Path."

No. 2. When is a hat like a thumb?

Answer: "When it is hanging on a hat peg."

3. What lesson can a boy learn from a fountain? Answer: "Writing."

5. Why is a donkey looking over a gat like a penny? Answer: "Because his head is one side and his tail on the other."

6. Why is a black hen smarter than a white one? Answer: "Because a black hen can lay a white egg but a white hen cannot lay a black egg."

I cannot give the answers to Numbers 4 and 7 yet, as they have not been sent in to me.

Good-night Little People. Sleep well and rise early, before the sun even, if you can manage it.—ANNE.

—ANNE.

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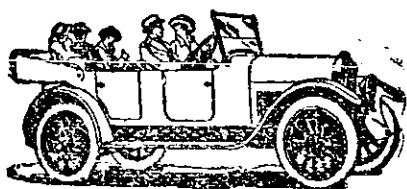
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The Rev. Charles Schoonjans, S.J., Collège Saint-Servais, Liège (Belgium) writes to us expressing thanks to all co-operators in the matter of collecting old postage stamps.

He asked that collectors continue their efforts in the good work, and keep on sending. The stamps prove a great source of revenue for the missions, and every parcel is received with gratitude. If the name of the sender is enclosed, an acknowledgment is sent by Rev. Father Schoonjans.

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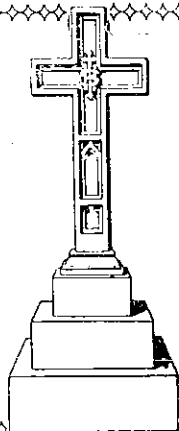
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Our Sports Summary

LEAGUE RUGBY CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' CLUB, DUNEDIN.

Mr. W. Casey presided over an attendance of about thirty members at the first annual meeting of the Christian Brothers' Old Boys' Rugby League Club, held last week.

The chairman extended a welcome to the League supporters, saying that a good deal of spade work was required to get the sport established, as the code was quite a new one for Dunedin. There was sufficient evidence to show that quite a large number were available to play the League game, and so far as the grounds under the control of the local authorities were concerned, they could rest assured that they would receive justice and get their share of playing areas. Considering that the club had been in existence for only the past few months, the financial position was good, there being a credit balance of £20 odd. He suggested that the Christchurch Marist Club be written to and asked to send an invitation for the Christian Brothers' Club to go there at Easter, and that Kaitiaki, if visited, should a favorable reply not be received from Christchurch.

The suggestions were agreed to.

The following office-bearers were elected:— Patron, Bishop Whyte; president, Mr. W. Casey; vice-presidents—Rev. Father Delany, Messrs. C. McCuskey, J. Clark, J. O'Reilly, R. McDermott, S. Devereux, A. Foley, H. Street, P. Collins, P. Spiers, W. McKewen, J. Kilmartin, W. and B. Daniold; committee—Messrs. T. Ball, F. Donnelly, W. Lindsay, D. C., and P. Walsh, D. Fitzgerald, R. and P. Turnbull, B. Blackledge, T. O'Connor, S. Devereux; treasurer, Mr. F. Donnelly; secretary, Mr. S. Chaney; delegate to Otago Rugby Football League, Mr. W. Lindsay.

The membership fee was fixed at 5s.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' CRICKET CLUB, DUNEDIN.

The 1st grade team secured another meritorious win on Saturday, the 14th inst., defeating Albion B by 161 runs. O'Neill and Martin played well, the former reaching 60 and the latter 60. O'Neill also performed creditably with the ball, and O'Neill, who scored the first wicket, and B. Albert for 4 runs. The 1st grade made a point of defeating N.E. Valley, although Paul was the only player to reach 50, each of the other batsmen contributed good runs to the total. This team should now have a chance for the championship. The 2nd grade drew a bye.

THE VICTORIANS.

Speakers of the clubs or junior players for inclusion in high class cricket, the *Catholic Press* (Sydney) says:—

Look at Karl Schneider, for example. He was only 16 when the Melbourne Cricket Club became interested in him. He is a student of Xavier College, Melbourne. Well handled by Warwick Armstrong, he made good at once. Chosen for the Victorian colts, he made 43 and 64 against the young players of South Australia, and took 5 wickets for

92. Later, against Tasmania, he made 55. Last season he headed the Melbourne batting averages with 54, and against South Australian Colts made 38 and 100 n.o. This year he averaged over 113 for all college matches. He is captain of Xavier College, and against Geelong College scored a brilliant 120 n.o., and took 11 wickets for 103.

In view of the above, it seems a pity that this young player could not come over with the team now touring New Zealand and for which he was chosen.

TIPS FOR THE RUNNING TRACK.

The "Green" Man.—The training of an athlete is a science, a perfected business. It demands patience, perseverance, and self-restraint. It demands patience and perseverance because a course of training, to be effectual, must be carried on over a lengthy period, and it must of necessity consist of exercises that will become irksome, and tend to degenerate into mere meaningless motions unless they are performed with energy. It demands endurance and self-restraint because many of the exercises call for great physical exertion, which cannot be endured by those who are slaves to habit and appetite. It may be said with equal force that it also demands understanding on the part of the athlete. He must know why he is doing this exercise or that in order that he may do it correctly and with a will. Many years ago Sandow invented the "grip" dumb-bell. It is like the ordinary dumb-bell split in twain, the two halves being separated by spiral springs. In using these dumb-bells it is necessary to grip them very tightly in order to press the two halves together. Sandow's invention was calculated to keep the attention fixed upon the exercise, to make sure that in doing the exercise a certain amount of strain would be placed upon the body, and to ensure that the exercise was performed with a will and not merely by rote.

The "green" (untrained) man must be prepared to devote himself to a lengthy period of preparatory work. He must not get the idea into his head that violent physical exertion will benefit flabby muscles, and contracted sinews. Such a notion has ruined many a man who might have had a brilliant career in the athletic world. The novice must endeavor to become fit gradually. He must confine his efforts to "slow" work for at least six weeks. Long jog-trots on tip-toe, with the arms hanging loosely at the sides, are an excellent form of "slow" work, as in these all the muscles of the body are brought into play gently. Running on tip-toe strengthens the ankles, and thus lightens the stride. In the earlier stages of training the temptation to indulge in fast sprints must be overcome. The long, slow runs make for a gradual development of all the muscles brought into play in the exercise of running. It is in the long work that the athlete develops his natural style of running, which, of course, is best suited to his physique. It is a grave fault, and one very common in the novice, to try to copy the style of some crack because the latter when

running is good to behold. All the cracks have a different style of running, but all of them run with easy grace by reason of the fact that they have developed their own natural style, and not because they have discovered a knack that can be learned by anyone. Many beginners do themselves a deal of harm by trying to sprint while holding the body in an unnatural position.

In addition to track work the athlete should take long, brisk walks. These should be indulged in during all periods of training. His care at all times should be to keep in good health. The most common complaint among athletes is indigestion, this frequently being the result of irregular habits and unwholesome fare. Regularity in training is more than a virtue—it is a dire necessity. Men who work at night cannot train properly because their sleep is irregular. Loss of sleep is a deadly enemy to anything else, and the athlete who tries to burn midnight oil will find it a very costly business on the slender path.

Massage is the most important feature in training. Without it exercising is of little value. The athletes of old knew its value better, possibly, than we know it to-day. The old Roman athletes who performed such prodigious feats of strength and agility in the circus used to knead their muscles and have their bodies in water. Ancient chroniclers aver that it was the custom in old Rome for the citizens to massage their bodies in order to enjoy life. It is a pity that this custom has ceased to be general, as there is nothing so calculated to dispel weariness as massage. It is the sworn foe of the dull eye, the dragging step, and the pasty, unhealthy skin. It brings an exhilarating glow, and it charges the muscles with an inviolent vigor that demands satisfaction in movement. It is not always possible, of course, to have complete massage. Frequently a rub down has to be substituted for it. The athlete should never neglect his rub down before and after exercise. The rubbing may be well administered with a pair of flesh gloves, and should be sufficiently brisk to make the body glow, but not sufficiently hard to break the skin. Most novices find it hard to bear the flesh gloves at first, but a rough towel is an excellent substitute until the skin has become tough enough to bear the brushes. The runner who does not bother with the rub down always suffers from cramped contractions, and hard muscles. He is almost certain, also, to suffer from strain. Such an one will be found after a few weeks' training swathing his legs in rubber bandages and plastering himself with embrocations. It may be said here that embrocations and bandages and electric brushes ought to be studiously avoided. They have their uses, but their uses are not general. It is always unwise to use artificial remedies for something that requires natural treatment. There was a successful runner who used to dose himself with arsenic prior to competing in a race. He lasted only two seasons. He degenerated into a physical and moral wreck. He gave up running, of course, but he never gave up the arsenic. The body should be exposed as much as possible to the air and sun. The sun is a great strengthener, and when we see a competitor coming to the track with skin the color of a ripe apricot we ought to make up our mind that he is dangerous. (To be concluded next week.)

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Commonwealth Notes

NEW SOUTH WALES.

On Friday last (says the *Freeman's Journal* for February 12), in celebration of his 75th birthday, his Grace the Archbishop of Sydney gave a luncheon at St. Mary's Cathedral Presbytery, to which representatives of the clergy and laity were invited. His Lordship the Bishop of Bathurst proposed the health of the Archbishop, and congratulated him on the happy occasion which was being celebrated, and on his extraordinary vigor and robust health. Speaking on behalf of the bishops of New South Wales, Dr. O'Farrell assured his Grace of their ardent sympathy with the project so dear to his heart—the completion of St. Mary's Cathedral—and told him that they would presently manifest that sympathy in a practical manner. Monsignor McDermott supported the toast on behalf of the priests and Sir Thomas Hughes on behalf of the laity, the latter expressing the love and appreciation his Grace had inspired in the hearts of his people by his saintly leadership and selfless labors. The Archbishop, who made a happy reply, was in great spirits, and looked wonderfully well and strong for a man of his years.

Over 100 persons attended a meeting on a recent Sunday morning, for the purpose of making preliminary arrangements in connection with the opening of St. Michael's Cathedral, Wagga, following upon extensive additions and alterations. The contractors are now putting the finishing touches to the very beautiful interior, and everything will be in readiness for the opening ceremony on Sunday, March 22. The Very Rev. Father Ryan (Administrator of the Cathedral) stated at the meeting that 17 archbishops and bishops from all parts of the Commonwealth would be in Wagga for the opening, and about 50 or 60 priests, and many other distinguished visitors.

His Lordship Bishop O'Farrell, in the course of a scholarly address at the blessing and opening of additions to the convent school at Cowra (says the *Cowra Free Press*), referred to the disabilities Catholics labored under with regard to education, and said that all they wanted was payment for their teachers, the same as in Protestant England and Presbyterian Scotland. He said that in England at one time, it was proposed to do away with the payment of teachers and the Trades Unionists of 800,000 refused to allow it. The Government refusing to subsidise their schools, he likened to an employer collecting a certain levy for a picnic every year and refusing to allow the employees to participate in it. In Australia the Catholics were one in four of the population, and in England and Scotland, only one in ten or twelve. British Justice was talked of, but there was no such thing as Justice where their Catholic schools were concerned in Australia. When their statesmen had the same public spirit as they had in England and Scotland, then, and not till then, would they get Justice. All they wanted was payment for the work the secular teachers did! Was that not just? Catholics wanted their children taught in a religious atmosphere and did not want religion treated as a good suit—something to

put on on Sunday. Was there any other denomination had done or would do what the Catholics of Australia had for education?

♦♦♦♦♦

VICTORIA.

The Rev. Father Michael Watson, S.J., the well-known poet-priest and litterateur of St. Patrick's College, East Melbourne, celebrated his 80th birthday on Thursday (says the *Catholic Press* for February 10). For over half a century, Father Watson has been attached to the teaching staff of the college, and he has also been a prolific writer. In 1887 he founded the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, which has one of the largest circulations of any religious magazine in Australasia. He relinquished the editorship in 1918. Father Watson also founded the *Madonna* in 1897, which he still edits. Other devotional works from his facile pen include many volumes of poems of remarkable spirituality and religious fervor, including *Christ, the Well Beloved*, and a choice collection of lyrics and sonnets, entitled *For Christ and His Kingdom*, replete with gems of thought and poetical inspiration of the highest and holiest order. One of Father Watson's poems, set to music, has been frequently sung by the famous Irish tenor, John McCormack, who is also a native of Athlone (Ireland), the birthplace of Father Watson.

For years it has been felt in Geelong that the establishment of a Domestic Arts School was a necessity, and such an institution has now been opened by the Sisters of Mercy at St. Agnes' Ladies' College, Myers Street. The first term began on Monday, February 9. Fully qualified teachers have been secured, and it is hoped by the Sisters to provide the students with a training at least equal to the best obtaining in State schools of the same grade. The building is a handsome, airy one, with the ample ventilation that is so essential for pupils remaining indoors, as it enables them to maintain a bright demeanor and careful attention.

♦♦♦♦♦

QUEENSLAND.

A bronze statue of the late Hon. T. J. Ryan, a former Premier of Queensland, which is to be erected in Brisbane in a few months, has been completed by Sir Bertram Mackennal, the noted Australian sculptor, who is living in England. The statue has been handed over to the Agent-General for Queensland (Mr. J. Huxham), who has been asked to ship the statue as soon as possible. It is expected that the statue will be in Brisbane in about two months' time.

In forwarding a cheque for £25 to the honorary secretary of the fund for the statue of the late Mr. T. J. Ryan, the hon. secretary of the Queensland Returned Sailors' and Soldiers' Labor League (Mr. A. G. Grier) wrote: "Your appeal for a donation towards the worthy object of providing a pedestal in free stone for the statue of the late Mr. T. J. Ryan, was before the annual meeting of the Returned Sailors' and Soldiers' Labor League this week, and I am pleased to say that the members were very enthusiastic about it. I herewith enclose cheque for £25,

as the league's donation to the fund, and send hearty good wishes to your committee in their noble work."

His Grace Dr. Duhig has a good word for the Italian immigrant. "It is difficult to understand, except on narrow national grounds, the opposition that is being shown to Italian immigration to this country," he said at a recent gathering. "The Italians are an industrious people, and those of them who have come to this country have been an object lesson to us in that respect. They do not hang about the towns, but go straight to the land, and they cause no industrial trouble, because they work in groups, and on the share system, and become themselves holders of farms before they are many years in the country. I think it is a calamity to say that they are not law-abiding, and I was very pleased to read recently the testimony of Northern police magistrates to their good qualities as citizens. The Italian is essentially a family man, and a large family man at that. He loves his home and his children, and there is no reason why we should not hope that those children will become as good Australians as the children of any other European, or even native-born, parents. If we do not allow into the country those that will fill up the vacant spaces, instead of crowding into the cities, then we may expect trouble in the future, and trouble too, from people who may be much more alien to us than the Italian or the German. We have from the Creator no right to hold an empty country while there are people who would become estimable citizens offering to enter it, abide by its laws, and help in developing it."

DEPLETED CATHOLIC CHOIRS

The Australian Catholic parents have always been noted for the anxiety displayed by them regarding the musical equipment of their children (says the *N.Z. Herald*). In no country perhaps more than in Australia is there so unstinted generosity displayed in this matter. But it certainly is a matter of reproach and shame to find that so few of these musical enthusiasts ever find their rightful place in our local Catholic choirs in after life. Our choirs are suffering stagnation owing to lack of members, and the question of having the advantages of church choirs are becoming seriously imperilled. It is difficult to fathom the mentality of those young people who have had a musical education, and yet will not use its benefits in the due choral adoration of God. Choir work may perhaps be beneath them. Adopting this attitude they thereby display their ignorance of the right thing. If things were as they should be, and all our young Catholic ladies and men offered their service for choir work, the difficulty should be of finding suitable parts for all. As it is now, the work cannot be done in a proper manner owing to an appalling lack of members.

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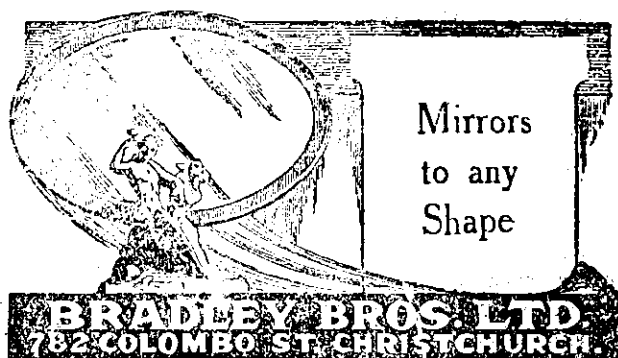
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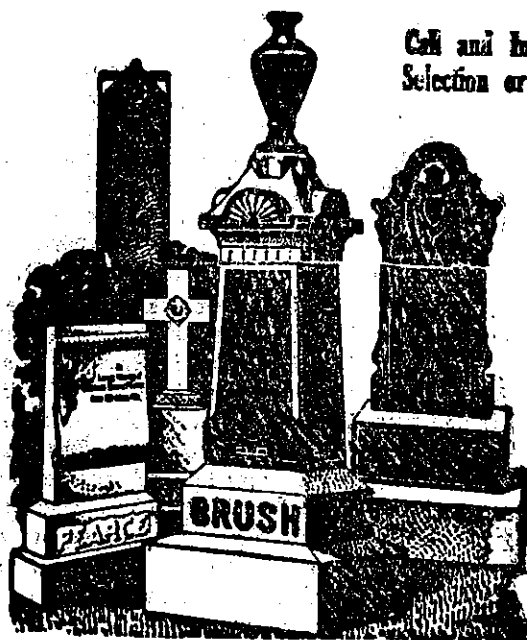
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Here and There

An Act of Justice.—The court at Jerusalem has at last given its judgment in the case of the action brought by Mgr. Barlasina against the Zionist newspaper, *Davar Hayom*, for publishing an article containing scandalous and blasphemous insults against Our Lord and His Virgin Mother. The action was brought under the provisions of the law which treats as a criminal offence the publication of insulting attacks upon any of the recognised religions of Palestine. The hearing of the evidence and the pleas of counsel on both sides closed on November 25, when the court reserved its decision. It has fined the editor five pounds sterling and the writer of the article twenty-five pounds, further sentencing the writer to 125 days' imprisonment. The defence tried to show that the article had been misunderstood, and that some of its allusions were mis-interpreted by the Catholics, and that it was really only a matter of fair controversy. Amongst the witnesses called in support of the Patriarch's case against the Zionist journalists were two Anglicans, Canon Danby, of the English Church, and Professor Albright, of the American School of Archaeology. It is interesting to add that the presiding magistrate was a Jewish lawyer.

* * *

A Catholic President for Switzerland.—The Catholics of Switzerland, a little more than a million and a half in number, form 41 per cent. of its people. In several of the cantons they are in a majority. Lucerne and the Forest Cantons, the original home of Swiss freedom, are almost entirely Catholic. The President of the Republic is elected annually by the legislature at Berne, and in December the choice of the President for 1925 fell upon M. Jean Marie Musy, one of the Catholic deputies of the Canton of Fribourg. He is a native of the canton, where he was born in 1881. He made his studies at the Catholic University there, and at the age of 36 was elected to the local Council of the Canton. In 1914 he was elected as one of its deputies to the Swiss Parliament. In 1919 he was placed at the head of the Ministry of Finance, and held that position till his election as President. He was chosen by 172 votes against 50. He returned to Fribourg immediately after the voting and was given an enthusiastic public welcome. The whole city was hung with flags and at the railway station representatives of all the public bodies and local organisations awaited his arrival, accompanied by crowds of students and citizens with bands and banners. A procession through the streets, a reception at the city hall, a Te Deum in a neighboring church, and a general illumination in the evening made up the day's programme.

* * *

The War Orphans of Italy.—The war orphans of Italy form an army of more than three hundred and fifty thousand boys and girls who lost their fathers in the Great War. The State pays an annual allowance towards

their maintenance and education, and this is supplemented by a well-organised system of voluntary help. Its chief promoters and directors have been from the first two priests, Father Scameria, who was attached as chaplain to the Italian headquarters at the front during the war, and Father Minozzi, who was during the same time the principal organiser of the soldiers' clubs. The chief agency that has co-operated with them is a Catholic association which was formed some fifty years ago for assisting orphans, and since Italy entered the war has specialised on help for its child victims. A long list of agencies, which have given help of various kinds to the association in this charitable and patriotic work, shows that most of them are religious communities or Catholic social organisations all over Italy. In connection with the convents many new orphanages have been founded and existing institutions enlarged. But tens of thousands of the children are not gathered together in orphanages but, where the mother survives or some other relative can give the child a home, help is given and education provided at a local day school. There has been a very widespread and successful endeavor to train the children of the workers and peasants for their future self-support. Many farm schools have been organised, and in several districts a plan is at work by which the boys, when they become men, will acquire as their own a cottage farm. Others are learning trades in technical schools.

* * *

An American "Apologia".—Reference in Father O'Neill's lecture (reprinted in last week's issue of the *Tablet*) to a College in Australia named after Cardinal Newman serves as a reminder of another eminent convert, whose "apologia" caused a sensation in America about the middle of the last century (writes "Liam") in the *Munster News* for December 10). More than seventy-one years ago—on October 14, 1853—Levi Silliman Ives, D.D., up to that date Protestant Bishop of North Carolina, U.S.A., was solemnly deposed by the "General Convention of the Episcopal Church," sitting in New York, his offence being that he had been received into the Catholic Church in Rome on Christmas Day, 1852. Dr. Ives had been deeply influenced by the Tractarian Movement in England and his *Trials of a Mind*, written after his conversion, might be called an American "Apologia," which tells of the struggles and uncertainties of a perturbed soul, just as Cardinal Newman's more famous work did in his case. Dr. Ives, who belonged to an old Puritan stock, must have been a model Protestant Bishop, as he showed great concern for the poor and the lowly, the absence of the love of whom in his Church was one of his early stumbling-blocks. As in the case of Cardinal Newman, the writings of the Fathers exercised great influence in drawing him to Rome. He had no correspondence with Catholics on the subject of his doubts,

and his apologia was written without help of any kind. He states that he consulted the following Catholic authors—Passaglia's *Commentary*, Perrone's *Prælectiones* and Cardinal Mains' book on the Fathers. Dr. Ives died in 1867. The Rev. W. B. Hannou, a native of Limerick, edited *Trials of a Mind*, which was published at 15 cents by the Catholic Truth Society of Canada, which also brought out a neat booklet entitled *Memoir of a Convert*, with a short but pregnant preface by Dr. F. J. Kinsman, one of the latest American convert Bishops.

* * *

Porto Rico's First Catholic Church.—One of the most ancient churches in the Western Hemisphere, held by many to be the second oldest in the two Americas, is to be restored and honored as one of the shrines of the Catholic Church in the New World, according to the plan now being perfected by Senor Gabriel Corre, a native and resident of San German, Porto Rico, the little village where the church stands. A commission is being formed which will soon seek authorisation from Right Rev. George J. Caruana, Bishop of Porto Rico. The church, called the Porta Coeli (the Gate of Heaven), was built by Dominican missionaries in 1537, forty-five years after the discovery of America. It stands on a little knoll overlooking the village and is reached by twenty-seven decaying brick and stone steps from the street below. Adjoining it on the left is the ruined front wall of the old monastery of the Dominican Fathers. The rest of the monastery has disappeared. The church is built in the typical style of the old Spanish churches of Latin America and is made of brick and plaster. It is still strong, its solid walls having withstood the wear of time and storms and the shock of earthquakes for nearly four centuries. The roof and ceiling are of native woods and great plain pillars of native hardwood support the roof and decorate the rude interior. The town of San German was founded by Diego Columbus, the son of the discoverer of America, in 1512. It stands but a few miles from the sea in the hill country of southwestern Porto Rico. In early days it was a military stronghold and a training camp for Spanish soldiers in the West Indies. The people of the town and the surrounding country are now, most of them, day-laborers in the great sugar plantations of the district. Spanish Augustinians are in charge of the parish. Mass is said no longer in the old church of Porta Coeli. The wooden altar has been dismantled and the statues removed from their niches. Mass for the villages is said instead in a larger church in the centre of the town. The only use to which Porta Coeli is now put is to house the Sunday School classes of the village.

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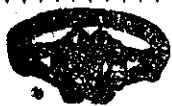
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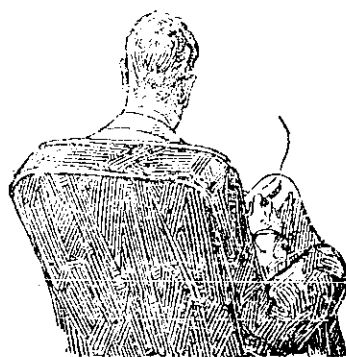


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St. Mary's Convent School Hokitika

In the recent Matriculation results it is gratifying to find that the four candidates presented from this school were successful as follows:—

Matriculation and Solicitors' General Knowledge: Bridgie Heil, Frances Knowles, Kathleen Kennedy. Partial Pass: Mary Kerridge. Kathleen Kennedy was also successful in the Junior Public Service Examination.

In the Teachers' Examination for D in August, two candidates presented were successful.

The gold medals presented by Dr. Kennedy for Christian Doctrine were won by Mary Kerridge (senior division), Eileen Carroll (junior division), and Ebbie Whiley (Kanieri) and the gold medal presented for Speed Shorthand by the National Business College, Sydney, was won by Marjorie Cameron.

It is also interesting to note that in a January, 1924, and again in January, 1925, Trinity College has awarded the Fellowship Diploma to two different Hokitika candidates.

Frances Knowles, L.T.C.L., has been awarded Webley and Co's gold medal for highest in piano playing in Hokitika centre.

The following are the results of the Commercial Examinations held under the auspices of the National Business College, Sydney, on December 16 and 17, 1924. All the pupils presented were successful, the Examiner in his report stating that "In every case, the work submitted was of the highest standard. I wish to congratulate the pupils upon their great zeal and industry and the teachers on the splendid training for this examination."

Speed Shorthand: Marjorie Cameron, Katie Lock.

Advanced Shorthand: Frances Radomski, Muriel Stephens, Eva Chapman, Addie Wor-

mington, Magdalen Knowles, Rita Borton. Advanced Book-keeping: Muriel Stephens, Frances Radomski, Mary Martini, Marjorie Cameron, Magdalen Knowles.

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OBITUARY

MRS. ANNIE HESLIN, MATAURA.

There passed away at her home on February 17, Annie Heslin, wife of Mr. John Heslin, Kana Street, Matura. The deceased left her birth-place, Co. Galway, Ireland, 51 years ago, and a few years after landing in New Zealand married Mr. Heslin at Invercargill. They settled in Matura, where they almost continuously resided for the last 45 years. Mrs. Heslin was an ardent Catholic and died fortified by the rites of the Holy Church, which she loved so well. She was attended in her short illness by the Rev. Father Lennon, who also officiated at the graveside. She will be long remembered by loving friends in many parts of Southland for her generous hospitality and warm-hearted kindness. The funeral was a large one, many travelling long distances to attend, and the great number of beautiful floral tributes which completely covered the grave, testified to the esteem in which the deceased was held. The sympathy of the whole community goes out to the bereaved husband, who has lost his helpmate of nearly half a century, and also to the family, of which there are three daughters and two sons. The daughters are Mrs. T. Carrol (Christchurch), Mrs. J. H. Clark (Matura), and Mrs. A. Turnbull (N.E. Valley, Dunedin); the sons being John and William, of Matura. The youngest daughter, Bessie, died during the 1918 epidemic.—R.I.P.

MRS. MARGARET McKENZIE, GLENORCHY.

There passed away on February 13, at the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Anderson's Bay, Dunedin, one of the brave old pioneers of the West Coast, in the person of Mrs. Margaret McKenzie, relict of the late Daniel McKenzie, of Glenorchy, who predeceased her five years ago. The late Mrs. McKenzie (nee Margaret McKenna) was born in Co. Tyrone, Ireland, in 1836, and came to New Zealand in 1866. She was married two years afterwards, and thenceforward with her husband and growing family experienced all the vicissitudes of a life of pioneering in the wilds of Westland. [The story of wonderful faith and endurance under great difficulties of this valiant woman is told on our page devoted to the Church in New Zealand in this issue.—Ed. N.Z.T.] Her remains were conveyed to Queenstown and interred alongside of those of her husband, Rev. Father Woods officiating at the graveside. The deceased lady is survived by her family of five; also 12 grandchildren, and 18 great-grandchildren.—R.I.P.

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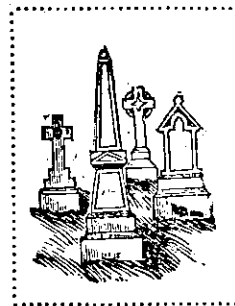
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Sunday Afternoon Readings

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

XVII.—THE SEVEN LAST WORDS.

In our last meditation we were considering how Our Lord's death was our salvation and our life; but He was Teacher as well as Doer, Light-bearer as well as Life-giver. We naturally, therefore, turn to His sermon from the Cross to learn its lessons. It contains only seven brief sentences.

First Word—"Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." It is the Victim that speaks, the Victim of the evil deeds of men, of their ill-will and hatred and secret craft; yet not a word of reproach, not a breath of complaint, only a plea for pardon. Jesus is still persecuted and crucified in His Mystical Body; the Church and its members must be conformed to Christ, the Head; and must endure suffering. How shall we treat our enemies? The sermon from the Cross teaches us that if we would have fellowship with Christ, we must treat our enemies as He treated His executioners. The world will not listen to such preaching; it pins its faith to revenge, veiling it under the semblance of justice, deceiving its own self. Vengeance, reprisals, the brandishing of swords, the smoke of powder and of poison-gas hide God's Heaven from its view, and it can see only human beasts where faith points out the brethren of the Crucified. "Woes to the vanquished" preaches the world. "No, no, My Father," says the dying Jesus, "let My blood outpouring usher in the reign of mercy."

Second Word—"This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." Here is hope for every sinner, no matter how weighed down by sin; a hope he will foster if he be wise. Jesus was crucified between two thieves or murderers. One of these continued in his course of evil to the end, he joined in the blasphemies of the executioners and died impenitent. The other spoke up for Jesus and rebuked his fellow criminal: "We receive the due reward of our deeds, but this Man hath done no evil." A small favor, yet it touched the heart of Christ; see in which, the penitent said: "Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy Kingdom." Jesus said to him: "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." Put yourselves in the place of this pardoned thief and think of your sins. Have you ever robbed any man of his due, have you ever robbed God of His due, have you ever robbed a Christian child of his right to a Christian education, have you ever by a criminal vote put men in political power who glory in this form of soul-murder and thus become an abettor of assassins? Your day of death will come, as his came to the penitent thief; do not lose hope on that day no matter what your sins may have been! The great enemy will parade them to fill you with despair, but turn to Jesus and say: "Lord, I am justly suffering for my sins, I have ruined my own soul, I have missed Mass and made little of Thy Sacraments, but pardon me and remember me in Thy Kingdom." Your hope of pardon that day will be all the stronger

if now, while you have the opportunity, you have courage to stand up for Jesus and speak a word for Him.

Third Word—Now, there stood beneath the Cross Mary, watching the agony of her Son, and John the Beloved Disciple. To these He said: "Woman, behold thy Son; Son, behold Thy Mother." This word, which reveals to us the tenderness of the heart of Christ, deserves a whole chapter. Here I shall only say that, since Christ left her to us as Mother, to cast her out or neglect her would be to make little of His redeeming love.

Fourth Word—For nearly three hours Christ is silent; He is listening to the mockeries His persecutors are flinging at Him, and one of His greatest sorrows is that He finds no one to defend Him. His bodily sufferings are almost forgotten before this more bitter anguish of mind. The Divinity too seems to have withdrawn from Him; in His human nature He is suffering for our sins, and the influence of His Divinity is shrouded that His humanity might suffer to the last extremity. In this extreme dereliction He utters His fourth word: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" This word is too deep for us to search into here, but let us mark this point: In His mental anguish in the Garden He prayed for help to His Father, to the same Father He now prays in His greater mental anguish of the Cross. Shall we not in our turn cry to God in earnest prayer in our hours of trial and seek sovereign aid where alone it can be found? When the world oppresses us and makes us suffer, as it assuredly will if we be conformed to Christ, shall we not turn to Him Who gave succor and strength for the greatest suffering the world has known? Woe to us, if deserted, mocked, and scorned by men, we are deserted by God also. But He will desert none who cry to Him.

Fifth Word—"I thirst." At the beginning the soldiers offered Him vinegar and gall, they offer it now again and He tastes it. The soldiers dying from loss of blood on the fields of France cried to their comrades for water. Thirst is the most imperious of appetites, and when it comes from loss of blood is greater than all other pains. But a greater thirst was consuming the life of Jesus—the thirst for human souls; it is for these He cries, for these He is dying. Let us be moved to gather souls to Him. He looks upon your town wherever it may be, He knows the number of its unbelievers, the number of those who, outside the true Church, are seeking a way towards Him, He knows the names of the Catholics who are growing cold in His service, He knows others who easily miss Mass and show no great love for the Sacraments—for all these He thirsts. Let us at least show the humanity of the soldier who raised a wet sponge to His lips.

Sixth Word—Immediately after the fifth word He spoke the sixth, with a loud voice that filled all with wonder—"It is finished." It is finished, that is, I have glorified Thee,

My Father; I have done the work Thou gavest Me to do, I have taught the truth to men, I have given them an example of virtue, by giving up life I have taught that rest comes to God's people only after toil. "It became Him, for Whom are all things, and by Whom are all things, Who had brought many children into glory, to perfect the Author of their salvation by His passion." It is finished; this word should be our law of life, we should be able to pronounce when death calls. If our lives are spent in idleness, if the hands we hold out for the last anointing are empty so far as works for God are concerned, then assuredly we shall not be able to utter them. If ignorance kills humanity, what witness have we given for the truth? If vice ruins the soul of man, what model of virtue have our lives set us? If mortification is necessary to save from spiritual corruption, have we by our own spirit of mortification kept the Cross of Jesus planted on the highways of life for the healing of human souls?

Last Word—After His loud cry Jesus said: "Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit." This word teaches us how to die. If men only practised during life to make this their dying prayer, there would be more consolation for those who kneel by deathbeds. But most men live for the world, and take pains to die out of the hands of God. His enemies leave the Cross, beating their breasts. Let us strike our breasts and cry: "O God, be merciful to me a sinner; let us take up the Cross and reproduce its beloved marks in our lives; let us cry with St. Paul: "I count all things to be but loss for the excellent knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord. . . . and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable to His death." This conformity must be in all who would be saved. "Crucifixion," writes Bishop Hedley, "is Christ's attitude towards the world, His greeting to it, His defiance of it—that He refuses either to enjoy it, or to covet it, or to be defrauded by it, as thou also must refuse." How beautiful is the cry of St. Paul: "I bear the marks of the Lord Jesus in my body." This is to suffer with Christ, this is to profit by His sermon from the Cross, this is to understand that the true science of death is identical with the true science of life: "always bearing about in our bodies the mortification of Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our bodies."

HOW YOU MAY HELP

The writer of the historical notes on the Church in New Zealand, now running through the *Tablet*, having in mind the added interest imparted by illustrations, would be very grateful if those possessing photographs of priests who formerly labored in the Dominion—the early missionaries especially—would forward such (with name, etc., attached) to the *Tablet* office. After being reproduced, these would be carefully returned to the owners.

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On the Land

MARKET REPORTS.

At Burnside last week 271 head of fat cattle were yarded, against 282 on the previous week. The bulk of the yarding consisted of cow and light steer beef, prime bullocks being in short supply. Prime bullocks were dearer by 15s per head than the previous week, and cows and unfinished steers sold at the preceding week's rates. Values were: Heavy prime steers to £15 10s, prime to £12 10s, medium to £9, extra prime heifers to £12 10s, prime to £8. Fat Sheep.—There was a slightly larger yarding than on the preceding week, 2183 being penned as against 1916 at the previous market. Several pens of prime wethers were forward, but the bulk of the yarding consisted of medium-weight freezing wethers and ewes. The market opened at the previous week's rates for heavy sheep, and continued steady, while for freezing weights values hardened to the extent of 1s to 2s per head as the sale progressed. Prime heavy wethers made to 50s 3d, prime to 38s 3d, medium 31s to 36. Fat Lambs.—There was a small yarding, only 915 being forward. The quality generally was poor, only a few pens of really prime lambs being forward. For finished lambs there was a keen sale at the previous week's rates. Extra prime made to 45s, prime to 41s, medium to 35s. Pigs.—An entry of 140 fats and 69 stores. Prices for porkers and baconers were up about 5s.

GROWING ONIONS: SECRET OF SUCCESS.

The first secret of successful onion growing or the way to grow a crop of onions which are good enough for the show bench is to properly prepare the onion bed. The second secret is to get the seed in early, so that the bulbs have got a good long season of growth. A good onion bed will consist of good, deep rich soil, not one full of fresh manure, but one from which the first sting of the manure has been taken, and is just nicely rich. Soil that is not rich enough may be manured now. Some well-rotted cow or stable manure may be worked into the top and bottom layers, using the longest strawy manure for the bottom ones and the short manure for the top. The original surface soil should be placed back where it was, however, without any manure. Before sowing care should be taken to see that the soil is not lumpy, sticky, nor loose; it should be firm, fine, and dry. If the top soil is thoroughly stirred up the wind will soon dry it; and this can be done by a shallow hoeing or with a pull through cultivator. Deep stirring should be avoided. As some soils are infested with eel worms, the best method is to raise the seed in boxes of sterilised soil, adopting one of the methods previously given for sterilising soil. The boxes should be about 4½ in deep, and adequate drainage should be provided. A mixture of fibrous loam two parts, decayed leaf mould one part, and some old horse manure, with a little sand added to make it porous, makes a good compost. Once the seeds are germinated they require plenty of fresh air, and should be stood out in the open until ready for transplanting. The strongest should be planted out at least 12 in apart.

GARDENING NOTES

WORK FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH.

Give the garden a thorough good hoeing all over the growing crops so as to get rid of all weeds before the autumn sets in. The autumn weather being generally cool, vegetation grows freely, and if the weather should happen to be wet it will be hard to keep it in check. The celery trench should have its final earthing up; also leeks should be moulded up. Sow a good breadth of Golden Ball turnip or White Stone for winter use. These kinds stand the winter best. Now is also a good time to put in a bed of autumn onions. Winter spinach should be sown now; the prickly is the best for standing the winter. Sow thinly, and if too thick when it comes up, thin out to about 6 inches or a foot apart, so that it may develop good leaves. Cabbages, brocoli, cauliflowers, Brussels sprouts, and Savoy's may be planted out. If the ground is rich, plant wide apart. Plenty of manure for this class of plants should be always dug in, as they never should get a check from the time they are planted until fit to use. Sow a little seed of the above for planting out as needed, also a good breadth of lettuce should be sown. Give

cucumbers, pumpkins, and marrows a good watering of liquid manure to help them along. Go over the tomatoes and thin out all surplus growth. When squares of ground are cleared of crops, they should be thoroughly manured and dug in roughly and left until wanted for use.

The Flower Garden.—March is a good time to plant out all kinds of bulbs, such as tulip, hyacinth, daffodill, crocus, snowdrop, ixias, and sparaxis. Plant a nice batch of freesias in a sheltered situation by the verandah, where they will get plenty sun; also a few in pots or boxes for house decoration. All little flowers, such as primroses, daisies, cowslips, auricula, pansies, etc., may now be planted out. Violets should also be planted in a nice cool situation. All kinds of hardy annuals and perennials should be sown in well-prepared patches in the borders. Commence to put in cuttings of well-ripened wood of geraniums. Most of the budding plants may now be propagated by cuttings. Collect seeds as they ripen and cut away all spent flowers from roses and other plants. Keep dahlias and chrysanthemums well watered. Keep the sprinkler constantly in use during the dry weather. Mow and roll the lawns regularly. The grass should get special care now to keep the grub down; good heavy rolling will keep them from travelling. If the grass is not looking quite healthy, a good sprinkling of fertiliser would not be amiss. Keep the weeds well in hand by a judicious use of the planet, or Dutch hoe. Winter will soon be coming, and if it catches a crop of weeds in the garden it will be hard to get rid of them. Collect all fallen leaves and other spent vegetation and cart them to the dung heap. They are invaluable for the cultivation of flowering in the garden.

The Fruit Garden.—Spray for codlin moth and other pests if their appearance warrants it. There are always directions for use in the cans and tins sold by seedsmen, etc. Pick ripe pears and plums and get rid of them as soon as possible. Prune away all surplus wood from apples and pears. Clear away, if not done already, the many shoots which spring from the base of the raspberry plants, leaving about six of the strongest canes. A good spraying with some suitable insecticide will do them no harm, as they are very often infected with a grub which destroys the buds. When the pear scab or leech has made its appearance the trees should be sprayed with hellebore or some other convenient remedy to destroy them. Strawberry beds should get a good dressing of well rotted manure. New beds may be planted. Pick up and destroy all fallen infected fruit.

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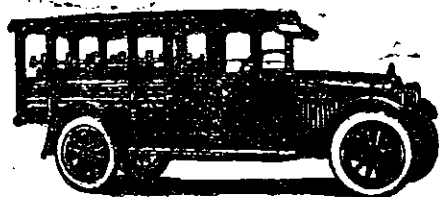
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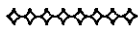
Catholic World

THE NEW BISHOPS.

Dr. Keating, the Archbishop of Liverpool, is to consecrate the two new Bishops whom the Pope has appointed to the English See. The consecrations will not take place at the same time (says *Catholic News Service*, London, for January 5).

Dr. Thorman, who is appointed Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, will be consecrated in his own cathedral church in Newcastle on January 27.

Dom Wolstan Pearson, O.S.B., the Bishop-designate of the new diocese of Lancaster, will receive his episcopal consecration in the Church of St. Peter at Lancaster, his future cathedral. The date is not yet fixed, but it is understood that the consecration will be on or about February 11. Dr. Pearson will be the only Benedictine Bishop in England. This was a privilege reserved to the old See of Newport, but it was abrogated when the title of the See was changed to Cardiff and it was made the metropolitan Archbishopric of Wales.



SAVED FROM THE SEA.

The Apostleship of the Sea, whose headquarters are at Glasgow, has shown that it has a positive genius for discovering potential Catholics among the crews of merchant vessels visiting British ports, as witness the story of a Calcutta seaman.

This seaman joined the army during the war and was stationed in Mesopotamia. Under the influence of companions he gave his religion as Catholic, and for years he attended Mass as opportunity arose, passing all the time for a Catholic.

His desire had been to be baptised at one of the ports in Great Britain, but the opportunity seemed never to occur, until his case was brought to the attention of the Apostleship in Glasgow. One of the ship visitors took this Indian seaman to St. Patrick's. The priest there found that he was already well acquainted with the fundamentals of the Faith, and the Vicar-General gave permission for him to be baptised and received.

The baptism took place on the feast of St. Thomas, Apostle of India, and the Calcutta seaman received the name of Thomas in baptism. Not long ago a Chinese convert was discovered in similar circumstances.



WELFARE OF CATHOLIC SEAMEN.

In a little report of some twenty pages the Apostleship of the Sea, the organisation for welfare work amongst Catholic seamen, gives a survey of the increasing field of its labors.

The Apostleship has its headquarters in Glasgow, with the Archbishop of Glasgow as its president and the Cardinals of Westminster and Malines as patrons. It is now in affiliation with seamen's welfare societies in India, Australasia, the United States, and Canada, the West Indies, the Argentine, as well as many Continental ports.

Started originally for the Catholic seamen of the mercantile marine, the Apostleship has now units in the Royal Navy. It has its own official organ which it shares with a Dutch organisation. This weekly paper, known as *Recht door Zee* or *Down to the Sea*,

is published in both Dutch and English. Among its interesting features is a list of churches and institutes in all parts of the world for Catholic seamen—from New York to Iceland, from Brazil to Bombay. The interesting report can be obtained from the Catholic Seamen's Institute, 32 Hill Street, Anderston, Glasgow, and it will be read with interest in any part of the world where English is spoken.



CATHOLIC TEACHERS IN CONFERENCE.

On the last day of the old year the Catholic Teachers' Federation met for its annual conference at Cardiff, with the Archbishop of Cardiff in the chair.

In welcoming the conference to the metropolitan city Archbishop Mostyn referred to the latest fad, which has been seized upon by the cranks, that in all the schools provided by the State there shall be religious instruction, and that the local authorities shall draw up the religious syllabus.

This, observed the Archbishop piquantly, would not suit the Catholics at all. They were not prepared to give up their schools without a fight, and while hoping for a better system, would put up a fight to make certain that Catholic children had a Catholic education in Catholic schools.

The same theme was pursued by the President of the Confederation, Mr. T. Meehan, and the conference pledged itself to stand for no change which did not secure for the Catholics all their rights secured by the Education Acts.

The menace, in England at all events, is not so much in Acts of Parliament, which are generally fair in their provisions. It comes from the cranks and faddists who, by means best known to themselves, manage to insinuate their influence among the permanent officials in the Department. The strength of the Catholic position, therefore, consists in refusing to accept anything less than that allowed by law.



THE POPE AND SOCIALISM.

An interesting sequel to the Pope's outspoken warning against the menace of Socialism and Communism, at the recent Consistory, has been a brief correspondence in the London Socialist daily, the *Daily Herald*, on the part of a number of persons who profess to be Catholics and sign with Irish names.

Most of the views expressed were, to say the least, extraordinary, one supposedly Catholic correspondent going so far as to declare that the Pope was merely airing his own opinion, and that no Catholic need pay any serious attention.

The correspondence has been distinctly unedifying, and it is reassuring to know that organised Irish Catholics do not share these extraordinary views. The Liverpool Irish Party called a special meeting to consider the matter, and a unanimous resolution was passed that:

"We welcome the warning issued by his Holiness the Pope in referring to the grave perils attending the spread of Socialism and

Communism, and we trust that the high advice thus given will be acted upon with the traditional wisdom of our people."



THE MISSIONS OF JAVA.

The Dutch Catholic papers report the opening of a new Catholic Church in Java, the centre of a large mission district and the thirty-fourth church to be erected in the great island. Java is four times the size of Holland and has a population of thirty-four millions, amongst whom the Catholics are still a small flock, about 60,000 in all, of whom two-thirds are natives. But the Catholic mission is less than a hundred years old. In the 16th century missionaries from Portugal did some pioneer work in Java, but in 1596 the island was conquered by the Dutch, and the Catholic missionaries expelled. Then for nearly two hundred years the Dutch Colonial authorities rigorously excluded Catholics from the island. When Louis Bonaparte became King of Holland toleration was proclaimed, and two Dutch priests landed in Java in 1808. When the Dutch resumed possession in 1817 constant difficulties were put in the way of the few Catholic priests in the island, and progress was very slow, but in 1829 the Church of the Assumption, the first church of the modern mission, was opened at Batavia. In 1842, Gregory XVI (who made the reorganisation of the missions the chief work of his Pontificate) erected the Dutch East Indies to a Vicariate and sent Mgr. Groof, Bishop of Canea, to Batavia. But he was soon after expelled from Java by the Government. One may say that in Java the period of real toleration for the Catholic missions hardly began till the Pontificate of Pius IX. In 1874 he confided the missions of the island to the Dutch Jesuits. They have produced a popular literature of instruction and devotion for the native converts in the Malay language and the local Javanese dialect, the latest addition to this library being a version of the *Imitation of Christ* in Javanese, printed last summer by the mission press.



DEATH OF CARDINAL GIORGI.

A note of profound sorrow has marred the Christmas festival—the death of Cardinal Giorgi, Cardinal Penitentiary, whose death makes the second amongst the cardinals during the year. Cardinal Giorgi was born at Valmontone, in the Papal States, in 1856. He studied at the Roman Seminary, and received priest's orders along with Don James della Chiesa, afterwards Pope Benedict XV, by whom he was created cardinal in 1916. It was only on Christmas Eve that his late Eminence, as Grand Penitentiary, assisted at the opening of the Holy Door, his function being to hand the golden mallet to the Pope. Cardinal Giorgi was a man of great learning. Among the Congregations of which he was a member were the Holy Office, Propaganda, of Religious, and Ecclesiastical Affairs Extraordinary. His Eminence was also on the Congregation for the Oriental Church, and the Supreme Tribunal of the *Segnatura*. Last year, in the capacity of Apostolic Legate, his Eminence journeyed to Palestine to consecrate the two basilicas of Thabor and Gethsemane.

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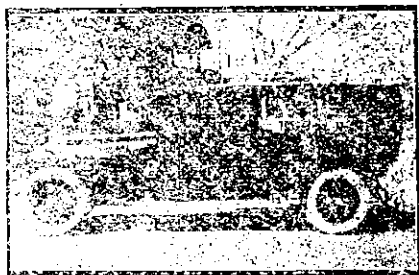
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Catholics and Their Schools

(By MARK O. SHRYVER, JES., in America.)

Catholics are deplorably ignorant of matters concerning Catholic schools. They know little or nothing of the history of Catholic education; they seem calmly oblivious of the attacks made on the schools in Oregon, Washington, and other States. Ask a thousand a simple question as to curricula, organization, numbers, locations, teacher-training, and not five would be able to answer. This information, and much more, is readily available in a small pamphlet, *The Catholicism of Catholic Education*, written by Rev. James H. Ryan of the Educational Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council, to which acknowledgment is made for much of the material in this article.

All of us have heard the ancient calumny that Catholics are opposed to education. Many not of the Faith have been brought to believe it the truth. But how many, even among ourselves, have heard that the first school established in this new world was a Catholic school at St. Augustine in 1606? The Spaniards did that, and before 1629, four years before there were any schools at all in the original colonies, Catholics had many elementary schools in Florida, Texas, New Mexico, and California. By 1776 there were seventy Catholic schools in the Thirteen Colonies as far west as Missouri and as far north as Maine. A Jesuit college had been founded at Newton, Maryland, in 1677, and the direct descendant of that college still exists as Georgetown University.

The public school system, supported by general taxation, as we know it to-day, was non-existent until about 1850. All the early schools were religious, and there was a fine Catholic school-system throughout what is now the United States under the direction of the Society of Jesus. To-day that system has grown and expanded beyond belief. There are 8706 schools of every kind, with 1,981,051 students. Of these 34,000 are in the colleges and universities, 130,000 in the high schools and 1,795,673 in the elementary grades. The remaining 13,000 are in the normal schools and seminaries.

The curriculum of the Catholic school is practically the same as that of the more progressive public school and non-Catholic college. Approximately the same time is given to languages, science, history, and mathematics, but where non-Catholics assign the remaining time to electives, Catholics give it to religion and religious instruction. Religion, of course, permeates Catholic school work; literature, history, and science are interpreted and understood in the light of the Catholic Faith and the religious heritage is given the first place. Educators agree that this is far from a fault. The religious instruction does not consume an undue allowance of time or cause the ordinary studies to be neglected.

Catholic schools have held and hold fast whenever permitted, to an old-fashioned *ratio studiorum*. There is no experimenta-

tion with educational fads and intellectual foibles; innovations and unproved plans meet with little sympathy, for the Catholic curriculum insists on fundamentals. History, language, mathematics and science are its backbone and eclecticism is at a minimum. That is the system. It is what Catholic men and women must support and maintain and defend. It is our heritage, to be guarded and preserved.

The things a man values he safeguards and passes on to his children. Catholics who prize and value the Faith, realising that it can best be handed down by religious instruction in the schools, must rally to the standard of Catholic education, and hand down the precious heritage to those who come after us. No one can be negligent, lethargic, neglectful, when he reads what thoughtful men have said of religious education. Burke has written that true religion is the very foundation of society. Once that is shaken, the whole fabric cannot be stable or lasting. In more modern days, former Vice-President Marshall declared that there has never been a time when men so honestly confessed that government does not hang on constitutions or leagues of nations, but depends on the Gospel of Christ for its salvation; that the real evil of the Church is that it has turned over too many of its functions to the civil power. "We are face to face," writes Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, "with a teaching that holds Christianity to be not only a superstition and an illusion, but a fraud invented to gain control over men." Speaking to the National Society of London in 1920, Mr. Arthur Bel-four said that a division between secular and religious training was fundamentally erroneous, and that if religious training was a good thing, it should not be divorced from the training of the mind; that a school was not and ought not to be a place merely for filling some unfortunate child to the brim with what is called secular learning. In an address to the Brooklyn Y.M.C.A., Dr. S. Parkes Cadman recently remarked:

"Religious education is the largest task that faces the world to-day. Culture alone cannot save mankind. If it could Athens would be the centre of civilisation."

Mr. Herbert Asquith in a discussion of education writes:

"Denominational schools are an indispensable part of the educational system. You cannot get rid of them because you cannot find a practical substitute for them."

So it goes with Catholic and non-Catholic voicing the need of adequate moral training. For American children, the need is self-evident, if our institutions are to endure. A nation cannot stand when its citizens manifest a disregard for law and order. The future of the country, no less than the future of the Church, depends on allegiance to the idea of religious education, and if religious education is to continue among us, Catholics of America must not swerve in their fidelity to the principles laid down by

the Church. Catholics may not send their children to schools where religious teaching is abandoned, and teaching of morality excluded from the curriculum. Says Mr. Bird S. Coker:

"No system of ethics that had behind it no living faith was ever successful in curbing the evil inclination of the human flesh. No ethical code has even been worth its paper that did not have behind it the authority of a living faith."

There must be religious instruction, and for us that can be had only in the Catholic school.

Catholic schools must bear the burden of teaching a standard of ethics not generally accepted by the masses. Through it they will preserve the Faith for their children and at the same time educate fearless, upright citizens for the State. For Catholics the way is clear; the duty plain. We must know our schools, we must support them, we must defend them. We must see that every Catholic child is blessed with a religious education in a Catholic school, and having before our eyes the experience of Oregon, Michigan, and Alabama, must see to it that the fight for the Catholic school is the fight of every Catholic man and woman in the country.

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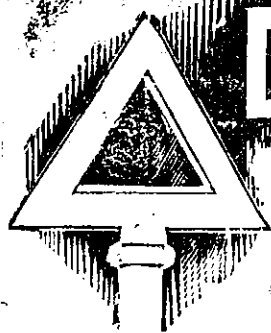
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Canary Pudding.

Three ounces flour, 3oz sugar, 2oz butter, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoonsful baking powder, 2 tablespoonsful milk (about). Beat the butter and sugar together, add 1 egg and a tablespoonful of flour, mix well in, add the other egg and a little flour. Mix remainder of flour and baking powder together, stir them lightly in, add milk to form a fairly thick batter, beat well for a few minutes, then pour into a well-buttered mould and steam for about 40 minutes. Serve with custard or jam sauce.

Walnut Pudding.

Fourteen walnuts, one and a-half ounces of brown breadcrumbs, 2 cupsful of milk, 3 eggs, 2 heaping tablespoonsful of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Blanch the walnuts and chop them finely, and mix them with the breadcrumbs; put them into a saucepan with the milk, and boil up; then simmer for ten minutes. Remove from the fire, and when cool stir in the yolks of the eggs one by one, the vanilla extract, and the sugar; mix thoroughly. Beat up the whites very stiffly, and fold them in, pour into a well-buttered pudding dish, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.

Sunshine Cake.

Three-quarters cupful of sugar, 5 egg yolks, 1 cupful flour, saltspoonful of salt, 1 teaspoonful cream-of-tartar, 6 whites of eggs, 1 teaspoonful lemon juice, 2 tablespoonsful orange flower water. Beat yolks of eggs until thick; add sugar, and beat again, then add flavoring. Mix and sift flour and cream-of-tartar four times, adding the salt. Cut and fold in stiffly-beaten whites, alternately with flour. Bake in an angel cake pan for one and a-quarter hours in a moderate oven.

Oxtail Soup.

One oxtail, 2 quarts of stock or water, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 1 onion, some celery tops or root, or a teaspoonful of celery seeds tied in muslin, a bunch of herbs, 12 peppercorns, 2oz of dripping, 2oz of flour, lemon juice, salt, pepper. Cut the tail into small joints, wash well and remove all superfluous fat. Blanch the tail by putting it into a pan of cold water. Bring to the boil, then strain, and dry the pieces of tail. Put 1oz of the flour on a plate and coat the pieces of tail with it; melt 1oz of dripping in a pan and when hot put in the pieces of tail and brown well all over, add the stock or water and a pinch of salt, bring to the boil, skim, then add the prepared vegetables, herbs, and peppercorns and simmer gently for about 4 hours or until the tail is tender. Strain through a sieve and let the soup stand until cold. Remove the fat. Melt the second ounce of dripping in a pan, add the rest of the flour, and brown well, then gradually stir in the skimmed stock. Stir until boiling. Put in a few nice pieces of tail, season well, add 1/2 teaspoonful of lemon juice, and simmer for a few minutes, then serve.

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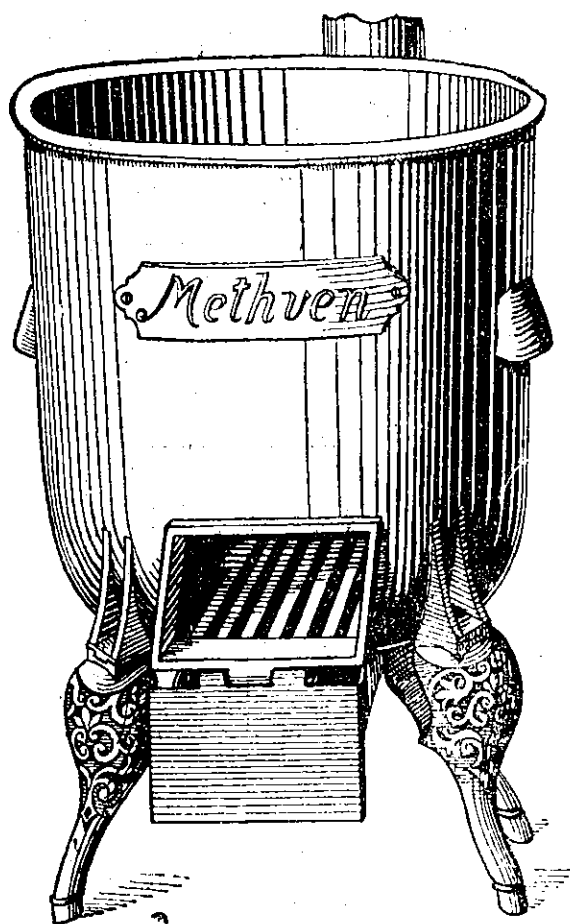
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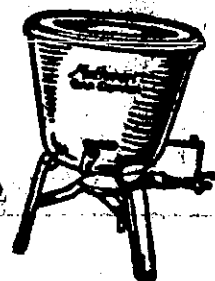
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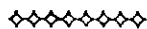
THE ROSARY BY THE SEA.

"Ave Maria!" Above the roar
Of the booming surf on the sandy shore,
Touching the beads of my Rosary chain,—
"Ave Maria!" again and again.
The waves hear the "Mystery" old, yet new,
And the high spray dashes it up to the blue.

"Ave Maria!" The sun goes down,
The ocean is wearing a jewelled crown—
Opal and sapphire, ruby and gold;
The billows are crested with splendor untold.
The Rosary, gliding my fingers through,
Is telling Our Lady I love her true,
"Ave Maria!" 'Tis twilight now,
With faint stars seeming a crown for her brow;
The white moon floats to its place at her feet,
With silvery loveliness, pale and sweet,
I catch my breath in the velvet space,
And watch for the sky to reveal her face.

But darkened waters grow black in the gloom,
And breakers echo their solemn boom;
And the deep-toned sea moans its evening prayer,
And the lonely vastness seems terrible there.
But up in the sky She is smiling on me,—
Queen of the Rosary, Star of the Sea!

—MERCEDES.



SOLID FOUNDATIONS.

"See, father," said a boy who was walking with his father, "they are knocking away the props from under the bridge! What are they doing that for? Won't the bridge fall!"
"They are knocking them away," said the father, "that the timbers may rest more firmly upon the stone piers which are now finished."

God often takes away our earthly props that we may rest more firmly upon Him. He sometimes takes away a man's health that he may rest upon Him for his daily bread. Before his health failed, though he, perhaps, repeated daily the words, "Give us this day our daily bread," he looked to his own industry for that which he asked of God. That prop being taken away, he rested wholly upon God's bounty. When he receives his bread, he receives it as the gift of God.

God takes away our friends that we may look to Him for sympathy. When our affections were exercised upon objects around us, when we rejoiced in their abundant sympathy we did not feel the need of divine sympathy. But when they were taken away we felt our need of God's sympathy and support. We were brought to realise that He alone can give support, and form an adequate portion for the soul. Thus are our earthly props removed, that we may rest firmly and wholly upon God.



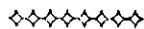
ACTION OF HOLY SEE IN REGARD TO MODEST DRESS.

The *Osservatore Romano* recently published the directions given by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Bologna and other Italian prelates in pursuance of the recent action of the Holy See with reference to the dress of

women in the churches of Italy. These episcopal declarations direct that women wearing low-cut dress with bare arms in church are not to be admitted to confession or to the altar rails or allowed to act as godmothers at baptisms; that women and girls presenting themselves for confirmation must be "seriously and modestly dressed"; and that those who disregard these regulations are to be prudently admonished, and, if necessary, requested to leave any church where they appear unsuitably dressed.

The *Osservatore* replies to the criticisms of the press and to the writers who have been indulging in very poor attempts at jests on the subject of the Pope and the Bishops posing as authorities on fashion, and points out that this action is directed against a growing abuse in Italy, and is an application of the rule laid down in Canon 1262 of the new Code, which sets forth that in the churches men are to be bareheaded and women are to have their heads covered and to be modestly dressed. It argues that the matter is, after all, one of common sense, even apart from the reverence due to the sanctity of the temples of God and the solemn rites of religion. It is recognised even by the arbiters of fashion themselves that some costumes are correct and others out of place at various social functions in the home, in the street, in the morning or in the evening.

Apart from other considerations, it is a piece of senseless bad taste to wear exaggerated or insufficient dress in approaching the Sacraments, hearing Mass and assisting at the other offices of the Church. A widespread neglect of this simple rule necessitates plain-speaking and clear direction on the subject, in order to react against a manifest abuse. There are already very precise rules as to the dress to be worn at audiences at the Vatican. No lady could object to its being pointed out that she had failed to observe these rules, and so could not be admitted to an audience. To prevent such mistakes the rules are made known to all who seek admission. In the same way, no one need complain of a reminder that some of the current exaggerations of dress do not meet the rule that a serious and modest costume should be worn at the altar-rails and in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. Reverence and good taste dictate this, even apart from any legislation on the subject.



CHRIST, THE KING.

"I have been established King over Sion," said the Son of God of Himself by the mouth of His prophet, and furthermore: "Ask of Me, and I will give you the nations as inheritance, and I will enable you to possess them even to the ends of the earth."

Where is, therefore, the royalty of Christ over the nations, and what are the people who, unanimously, proclaim His heritage?

It is difficult to say where the world is tending; whether at this moment it leans toward God or towards deliberate aversion

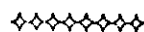
to Christ. But what we are able to say with certainty is that Christ is not yet fully satisfied with man's love for Him. The King is unknown by many; His inheritance is rejected.

Without doubt there are diverse and odious forms of this lack of recognition and this expulsion. And so Christ has not yet come into His rightful place. He Who is by right of birth and of conquest indisputable King of nations, ought also to be incontestable King of intelligences and of wills, the Sovereign Light of thoughts, the Sovereign King of laws and manners. And yet He is audaciously driven out and expelled.

With acts of violence or hypocritical intrigues the Heir is thrown from his heritage. There is—you know it—an entire portion of humanity furiously intent upon deposing Christ and taking from Him His crown. It is a sinister army, which recruits its troops by most effective means, from every country, from every social rank, ranks who cry in the words of Scripture: "Let us break the bonds of Jehovah and of His Christ, and throw off the chains with which they load us."

And so, violently, bitterly, obstinately, these antichrists make assault upon the sovereign throne where Christ sits as Master, Whose dominion is a domination of love. They would transform His sceptre into a sceptre of iron. Without regard for His benefits, the antichrists follow out the execution of their evil designs . . . *meditation inania*. They call themselves by diverse names according to their times and nations; they bear aloft many colors and banners, and claim contradictory systems in the name of liberty, in the name of intangible laws or of sovereign opinions, in the name of national superhumans, or in the name of international levellers. But at root they all resemble one another and bear toward the same end . . . absolute independence of their Creator, Legislator and Saviour.

All this is but the secular echo of that revolt which took place in Paradise, the original revolt . . . "you will be as gods, like to the Most High."



WHO SHALL ASCEND?

Who shall ascend to the Mount of the Lord.
Or stand within His holy place?
The few whose hands are innocent,
Whose hearts are clean.

And he with eyes astrain to catch a sight
Of better things, the while his heart disdains
To join in low pursuits, whate'er the gains,
Who feeling foes press hard will fight for right.

Not winged feet alone will reach the height;
The road for most climbs up the sides where yawn
Depths whose shadows dark engulf the dawn,
Changing the day into a second night.

The splendor of His holy place will light
Eyes that have shed cleansing tears of pain,
And shine upon the hearts, who not in vain,
Midst evil days have kept their jewel bright.

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HER MISTAKE.

The inexperienced maid was instructed to prick each sausage so that they should not burst open before they were served at breakfast. She seemed surprised at the instruction, so her mistress said: "Just stick a fork in each."

The girl nodded comprehendingly.

Imagine the family's astonishment when at breakfast a dish of sausages was served up with a kitchen fork standing upright in each sausage. One diminutive sausage had a cork-screw in it, there being a shortage of forks.

BLAMED THE BAND.

At a performance of an amateur dramatic club an amusing incident occurred through the nervousness of one of the performers.

In the play a very fine band was the leading feature, and on every side nothing but praise and flattery of the music was to be heard.

In the third act the nervous young amateur, who was playing a minor part, was to rush on the stage while the band was playing and cry: "Stop the music! The king is dead."

The critical moment came, and the excited highly-strung amateur rushed on. "Stop the music!" he cried. "It has killed the king."

SMILE RAISERS.

"You are the sunshine of my life! You alone reign in my heart. Without you life is but a dreary cloud."

"Is this a proposal or a weather report?"

▼

"He knows all the best people in town."
"Then, why doesn't he associate with with them?"

"They know him."

▼

Miss Camperdown: "Don't you think there should be more clubs for women?"

Miss Assid: "Oh, no! I should be inclined to try kindness first."

▼

Customer: "But if you are selling these watches under cost price, where does your profit come in?"

Salesman: "We make our profit out of repairing them."

▼

After a meeting of the City Council a grouchy old ratepayer had this to say:

"Gentlemen, you ought to hold your next meeting on a merry-go-round."

One of the councillors asked him why.

"You never get anywhere," he said.

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Science Siftings

(By VOLT)

Power From the Air.

A well-known scientist proposes to obtain power from the air by having a number of thin metal gas-filled balloons anchored by conducting wires at a height of 1500 feet from the ground, thus making use of the static discharge from the atmosphere, first discovered by Benjamin Franklin in his famous kite experiment.

The great difficulty, however, with such apparatus is to control and regulate the energy received, as at times the discharges are of great violence. Many wireless amateurs who have experimented with vertical aeriols have found that atmospherics are more violent and more continuous with such aeriols than with horizontal ones.

First Seaplane Ambulance.

A new seaplane has been built for service in British Guiana between the plantations of a certain company and the nearest township, and has been equipped with wireless apparatus.

The machine has been specially designed to carry white men who fall ill with fever on the plantations to the nearest place where they can obtain treatment. Hitherto the distance, though little more than 200 miles, has taken seventeen days owing to the many rapids necessitating portage, and many sick men have not survived the journey. The seaplane will accomplish it in little more than two hours.

The wireless installation will enable telegraphic or telephonic communication to be carried on with both ends of the route. A special wireless station has been erected to work in conjunction with the seaplane.

Colored Pictures by Wire.

A few months ago considerable interest was aroused in the scientific world when engineers demonstrated a method of transmitting pictures by wire. Now, by the same process, pictures in eight colors are transmitted and reproduced within an hour.

The transmission of colored pictures is effected by a method resembling that used in printing pictures in colors. Three pictures are sent over the wire. From one all colors except red have been screened out; from the second, all colors except blue; from the third, all colors except yellow. The pictures are transmitted and received in black and white by the usual process. Then, when received, the original colors are restored, and the result is a picture that contains not only the three primary colors transmitted, but five other intermediate tones, just as in color printing one color plate is superimposed on the printing of the other color plate.

The transmission of colored pictures was undertaken merely as a laboratory experiment, but the engineers who developed the process say that it is fraught with practical possibilities such as the identification of criminals or stolen property.

The Death Rocket.

A new weapon of offensive and defensive warfare has been developed in the form of a "death rocket" designed to throw out a flaming shower of molten metal miles above the earth's surface.

The inventor is Mr. Ernest Welsh, of North Ferriby, Yorks, and his experiments with medium-sized rockets are said to have proved that each shower, bursting high in the air, can cover an area of 100 square yards, and can ignite any object within that region. The experimental rockets, it is claimed, can climb to a height of five miles.

The rocket contains a destructive charge of seven hundred pellets, a regulating charge, a detonator, and a propelling charge. When it is to be sent aloft, it rests in a diagonal launching cradle, somewhat similar to those used for ordinary sky-rockets. When the fuse is ignited, the propelling charge sends the rocket soaring out of its cradle. Thereafter, at regular intervals, it is given fresh impetus by the bursting of additional charges.

For use as defence against raiding aircraft, the inventor says that batteries of the rockets could be shot upwards in the form of a barrage. The pellets burn themselves out quickly, so that the rockets could be used over a city.

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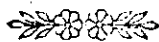
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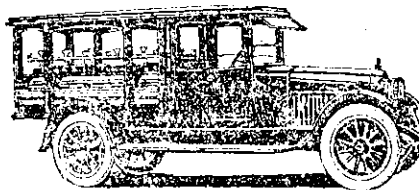
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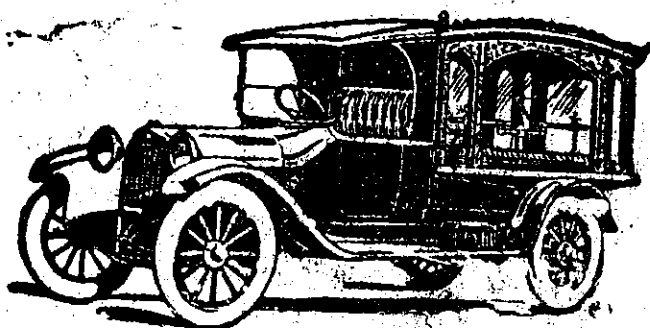
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