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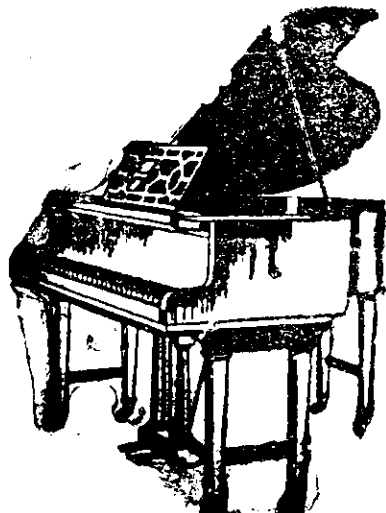
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There's two lips worth while
And a sweet, tender smile,
Up there in the magic sunbeams.
So let me gaze on those olden, golden days
In the Land of My Sunset Dreams."

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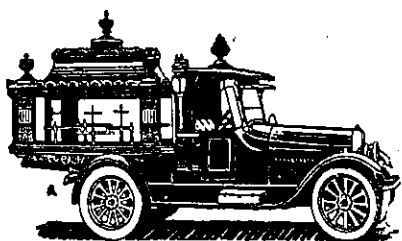


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GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

Nov. 29, Sun.—First Sunday of Advent.

Dec. 30, Mon.—St. Andrew, Apostle.

Dec. 1, Tues.—Of the Feria.

„ 2, Wed.—St. Bibiana, Virgin and Martyr.

„ 3, Thurs.—St. Francis Xavier, Confessor.

„ 4, Frid.—St. Peter Chrysologus, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

„ 5, Sat.—Of the Octave of St. Francis Xavier.

First Sunday of Advent.

Advent is a time of prayer, and penance, which the Church has appointed to dispose her children for the worthy celebration of the birth of Our Saviour. During Advent we ought to prepare ourselves to receive the Son of God, quitting the bosom of His Father in order to become man and converse with us. We ought daily to steal a little time from our affairs that we may meditate on the following questions:—Who comes? Why does He come? What should be the fruit of His coming? Let all our desires call on Him with the just, and the Prophets of the Old Testament, who longed for Him so much; and to open a way for Him into our hearts, let us purify ourselves by confession, fasting, and Communion.

St. Andrew, Apostle.

St. Andrew, the first disciple of Christ, and afterward an Apostle, was, like his brother Peter, a fisherman. Previous to his recognition of Christ as the Messiah he had been numbered among the disciples of John the Baptist. The career of Andrew as an Apostle after the death of Christ is unknown. Tradition tells us that, after preaching the Gospel in Scythia, Northern Greece, and Epirus, he suffered martyrdom on the cross at Patrae, in Achaia, 62 or 70 A.D. A cross formed of beams, obliquely placed, is styled St. Andrew's Cross. St. Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland. He is also held in great veneration in Russia, and, according to a tradition, preached the Gospel in that country. In both countries there is an order of knighthood named in his honor.

GRAINS OF GOLD

MARIA!

At morn, at noon, at twilight dim,
Maria, thou hast heard my hymn!
In joy and woe—in good and ill—
Mother of God, be with me still!
When the hours flew brightly by
And not a cloud obscured the sky,
My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee;
Now, when storms of Fate o'ercast
Darkly my present and my past,
Let my future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine!

—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

The Storyteller

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Ambrose Armstrong was the son of an attorney who, during the minority of the present landlord, managed the estates upon which the Dwyers of Corringlea were the oldest and most respected tenants. One day the attorney took his sickly little son with him in his gig when going his customary rounds among the tenantry, and finding that the boy seemed to have taken a liking to John Dwyer's eldest son, who was about his own age, left him to play in the old orchard during a long summer's day. In the evening, as Mrs. Dwyer was lifting him into the gig, little Amby turned round his head and burst into tears on seeing his playmate at the orchard gate looking shyly and regretfully after him.

"Leave him to me, sir," said the farmer's warm-hearted wife, "and you'll see how strong the mountain air and the goat's milk will make him."

"I will," replied the attorney with subdued emphasis, after a pause, during which his eyes glanced alternately from his son's pale face to the ruddy cheeks of the sunburnt urchin at the orchard gate. "Will you stay with Mrs. Dwyer, Amby?"

"Yes, sir, please," returned the boy, the tears again rising to his eyes; and thus commenced a life-long friendship between Martin Dwyer and Amby Armstrong—who for upwards of seven years after lived almost entirely at the old ivied farmhouse, trudging daily to the village school with Martin Dwyer, quite winning the old schoolmaster's heart by the gentleness of his manners and his superior penmanship. The penmanship and the wonderful improvement in the boy's health suggested to the attorney that after all "Amby might be good for something." He was sent for a couple of years to a good school, and then duly installed in his father's office. The delicacy of the lad's constitution, however, soon began to tell against him, and the attorney saw the wisdom of allowing him long intervals of rest. It was during these holidays that John Dwyer initiated him into the mysteries of the "gentle craft." His friend Martin, even in those early days, preferred holding the plough to amusement of any sort.

"Don't you think," said Mrs. Armstrong, addressing her husband one morning as he stood up from the breakfast table, "don't you think that Amby is getting to look very pale and ill again?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I have noticed it. I fear he'll never take kindly to the law."

"Why do you say that?" Mrs. Armstrong asked. "It is too hard he works. He never cares to go anywhere, except an odd time to the Glebe."

"He must try Mrs. Dwyer's prescription now at all events," said her husband. "Nothing sets him up like the goat's milk and

the mountain air. I really believe if she had not asked me to leave him that day when he was a little fellow he'd be in his grave long ago."

"They must be very kind people," said Mrs. Armstrong. "Amby was always so anxious to be with them when he was a boy; but now that he's a young man, and so much admired, I can't help wondering why he cares so little for society. And why do you say he doesn't care for law? Is it because he plays the fiddle?"

"Not exactly," her husband replied, "but I have reason to suspect that he pens a stanza when he should engross."

"Do you mean writing poetry?" Mrs. Armstrong asked in surprise.

"That's just what I do mean," replied the attorney, gloomily. "A fishing-rod and a book of ballads under his arm was bad enough; but if, as I am told, it was he wrote the verses in Saturday's *Loyalist*, I give him up."

"Oh, you shouldn't say that," returned his wife. "They were all praising that little poem at the Glebe last evening. Now I see why they like Amby so much. They prize talent more than anything."

"All very fine," the attorney answered with an impatient shake of the head. "Have his shirts and stockings ready," he added after a pause, "and I'll take him over to Corringlea on Friday."

Mr. Armstrong returned home from Corringlea that same Friday, more doubtful than ever as to Amby's "doing any good." Not that he had lost faith in the efficacy of Mrs. Dwyer's prescription, or that the fishing rod and book of ballads were likely to prove more deleterious than usual; but there was John Dwyer's eldest daughter just returned from the convent boarding school, one of the most intelligent and graceful girls he had seen for some time.

"I never thought of this before," the attorney soliloquised, as he tightened the rein while passing over a little mountain rill that crossed the road. "He didn't seem a bit surprised either—as I was—to see her grown such a fine young woman. And so far from showing any surprise or bashfulness at seeing the change in her, she looked and laughed at him as if he were still a boy. 'However,' he continued, looking at the bright side of the picture, 'she appears to be a sensible girl who won't listen to nonsense. She'll be getting married in Shrove. And nothing worse will come of it than an outbreak of poetry. Ned Cormack would be a good match for her,' the attorney went on, his mind reverting to business. "She doesn't look like the sort of girl that would turn up her nose at a man because he or his father got up in the world—instead of coming down as so many have done. I'm glad Ned Cormack got that farm of Connelly's. He's a decent sort of fellow." And Mr. Armstrong touched his horse with the whip and

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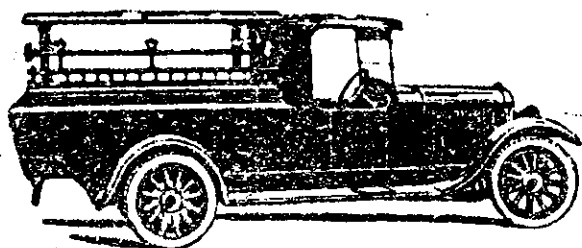
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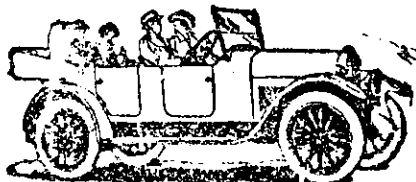
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got him into a brisker trot, as he thought of the cheque presented to him by Ned Cormack on getting possession of Connelly's farm. "But he ought to build a decent house without waiting for a lease. He's the best tenant on the estate now, only that he is so cautious."

The attorney's guess was a shrewd one enough. Ned Cormack did propose for Ellen Dwyer, though Molly Manogue, who was supposed to be omniscient in such matters, never got the slightest hint of it. Ned Cormack was not the man to set people talking about his match-making until he had made pretty sure that it would not end in talk. He learned from John Dwyer's daughter herself that her vocation was to be a nun, and the escapade to Cork was the result. It was not, however, generally known that the lady who played the piano and was afraid of the cows was a great friend and regular correspondent of his first love. In fact the escapade to Cork was all Ellen Dwyer's doing, and in after years Ned Cormack's children were her pupils and her pets, and even at the time our story commences—when these children were young women, and their father's hair sprinkled with grey—Sister Mary Bernard could never mention Ned Cormack's name without blushing. But as for that matter, her nephew, Tom Dwyer, noticed that a rosy tinge used to steal into his aunt's pale cheek whenever she inquired whether Mr. Armstrong still came down to the river to fish. However, it must not be inferred from this that he also wanted to marry her.

On the contrary, even in his father's presence, on that Friday evening when the attorney's fears for his son's safety were just awakened, Miss Dwyer made laughing allusions to the low thatched house beyond the river, and the narrow breen, at which young Amby Armstrong blushed like a girl. For it so happened that Ned Cormack had a sister who sang certain favorite ballads of his with such ravishing sweetness that the young angler often returned to the ivied farmhouse with an empty basket, confessing to Ellen Dwyer that he had lost the best part of the day listening to Aileen Cormack's singing. And how the memory of those hours clung to him for ever after! And how changed everything seemed when the voice that so charmed him was hushed for ever! But even when Aileen Cormack was mouldering in the silent dust, and Ellen Dwyer was a cloistered nun, the ivied farmhouse—and above all, the bridge—had a charm in the eyes of Ambrose Armstrong which he felt that no other spot on earth could ever possess for him. And as the quiet years rolled on until these last three, he was seldom missed during the spring and summer months for many days together from the river, between Glenbawn Mill and the bridge at Corringlea.

"I am always a dreamer, Tom," Mr. Armstrong repeated again, still looking earnestly towards the old house, and the orchard with its wall of great boulder stones. His heart sank within him as he pictured his old schoolfellow and life-long friend with his wife and children driven—as he had seen so many others driven—far from their home. "Tom is a strong young fellow," he reflected,

"who can make his way in the world. And as for his mother, she can grumble and complain to her heart's content wherever she is. But poor Martin's heart would break. And then the poor little girls!"

Nannie and Nellie had called to see him the previous Sunday after Mass, and how bright and happy they looked as they told him about their flowers in that corner that used to be so "handy for the young turkeys." At the thought of the bright, happy little creatures, the tears came into the old gentleman's eyes; and glancing hurriedly towards his companion, by whom he did not wish his emotion should be observed, he was struck by a strange expression in the young man's face.

Yes, there was Miss Cormack walking up and down by the hazels, in her red cloak, and with her long curls floating in the air. But what was there in that to account for the look of surprise and sorrow in the face of his young friend!

"She's a fine girl, Tom," Mr. Armstrong remarked, tauntingly.

"There's no mistake about that, sir," Tom Dwyer answered with a solemnity that the occasion scarcely demanded. "She has the name of being the finest and the handsomest and the most accomplished girl in the country."

"And she knows how to walk," added Mr. Armstrong, moving a step backward in order to keep the young lady in view to the end of her walk—for they were looking through the arch of the bridge. "I'd only ask to see the motion of her head to know that she has a graceful carriage. But now, Tom," he continued more seriously; "tell me, is there anything between her and you? I am more deeply interested in the matter than you may suppose. I'll perhaps tell you the reason why another time."

"There was never a word about it," Tom answered with quiet emphasis.

"Oh, it may not have come to words," returned Mr. Armstrong.

"Nor to thoughts," said Tom, with a laugh. "And if I did think of her it would be little use for me. It is generally said that no one but an estated man will get her; and sure there's nothing surprising in that."

"You talk like a sensible man, Tom. Her father will expect a rich husband for her. But do you know, I think you'd have the mother's good word; you were always such a favorite with her. And now tell me honestly what was the cause of that look of blank disappointment I noticed in your face just now? You were certainly looking at the lady in the red cloak at the time."

"It had no reference to her at all, sir," Tom Dwyer replied, dropping his eyes thoughtfully upon the ground. "The fact is," he added after a pause, and with a sad sort of smile, "the thought that came across my mind when I saw her walking by herself was"—here Tom Dwyer became embarrassed, and looking about him—as people are apt to do under such circumstances—he saw his father standing on the bridge with his hands resting upon the parapet, much in the attitude and with the expression of an after-dinner orator, conscious of having his

speech well by heart, looking smilingly down upon them.

"My father is glad to see you, sir," he remarked, not sorry for the relief from his embarrassment. "'Tis long since I saw him in such good humor."

"I never saw him in anything but good humor," said Mr. Armstrong, returning Martin Dwyer's wave of the hand. "But certainly he does seem to be in unusually high spirits," he added, as Martin Dwyer, his thin and worn face beaming with child-like glee, flourished his hand above his head, and then brought the open palm slowly down upon the parapet; as the before-mentioned after-dinner orator might have concluded a rhythmic and convincing peroration.

The old farmer, after another wave of the hand, got over the stile with an agility that reminded Mr. Armstrong of early days, and walked quickly along the path through the meadow which led straight from the bridge to his house.

"He's after hearing some news," said Tom. "Maybe, 'tis about the election."

This remark brought back the picture which Mr. Armstrong's fancy had conjured up a few minutes before—the old farm-house a desolate ruin, or occupied by strangers, and Martin Dwyer and his family exiles in a strange land, and, as if wishing to drive it away, he said hurriedly:

"Tom, tie up my rod," and opening the wooden gate he crossed an angle of the next field and came out through another gate upon the road, going at once—as a matter of course—to the bridge. A little to his surprise, he caught a glimpse of the red cloak disappearing within the glass porch; for it looked as if the young lady had seen and wished to avoid meeting him. His thoughts, however, were too busy with the old farmhouse and its occupants to give much heed to the whims of even the "finest and the handsomest girl in the country"; and he was rather startled a few minutes afterwards when he felt his hand grasped by Ned Cormack, who welcomed him to Corringlea Bridge with a warmth that was unusual with him.

"Margaret saw you," he said. "And they all want you to come in. Shake hands with Mr. Armstrong, Eddy," he added, turning to his little son, a bright, curly-headed boy of six or seven. "He'll be telling hereafter," he continued, "how he met you here on the bridge."

"Why," Mr. Armstrong asked, a little surprised, "are people likely to remember me hereafter?"

"To be sure they are," was the reply. "Everyone missed you these two or three years. Won't you remember Mr. Armstrong when you are a man, Eddy?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, who however, seemed to be entirely occupied with the wheel of the fishing rod, which Tom Dwyer allowed him to turn round and round.

"I'm going up with Tom," said Mr. Armstrong.

"But I'll run in on my way home to see Mrs. Cormack and the young ladies."

"Make him stay for the night, Tom," said Mr. Cormack. "Father Feehan is coming over; or, if you wish," he continued, turning to Mr. Armstrong, "I'll pack you

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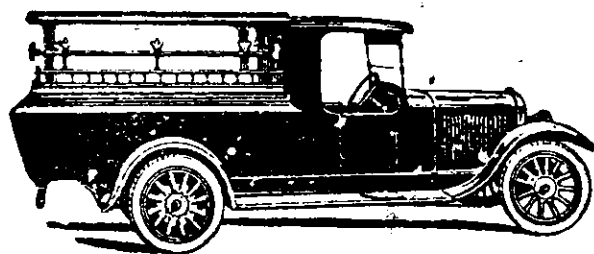
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"Well, when I have taken a rest on the rustic seat in the orchard, I'll think about it," returned Mr. Armstrong. "I hope the seat is still there?" he continued turning to Tom.

"It is just as it was the day you got your photograph taken there," was the reply. "The little thatched roof keeps off the rain, so that the timber is as sound as ever."

"I often hear that same photograph discussed," said Mr. Cormack. "My daughter Alice says it's the handsomest face and head she ever saw. I forget the name of the saint she says it is like."

Mr. Armstrong smiled, and perhaps a little bashfully, while Tom Dwyer laughed aloud, and turning round upon his heel seemed to have discovered something on the top of Kileafrehan that wholly absorbed him for several minutes.

"And she has some of your poetry set to music," Mr. Cormack added. "Good-bye till evening. Come, Eddy, my man, shake hands again with Mr. Armstrong."

Mr. Armstrong and Tom Dwyer seeming to have forgotten the stile and the path through the meadow—walked on in silence, until they came to where the road from the bridge met that which skirted the mountain, when Mr. Armstrong said:

"I suppose Alice has grown to be a fine girl since I last saw her?"

"So she is, sir," Tom answered assentingly, rather than as if replying to a question. "Though people don't take much notice of her, the sister is looked upon as such a beauty."

"Does she sing well?" Mr. Armstrong asked, his thoughts going back to the wood-notes wild that flung their magic spell around him long ago.

"Wonderfully!" Tom Dwyer answered. "'Twould thrill through you till you wouldn't know what was coming over you."

Mr. Armstrong smiled, but said nothing.

"Mrs. Cormack," Tom added, "was saying she wouldn't let her go back to school this summer as she was not very strong. It was Mrs. Mary Bernard that noticed it, and advised her to bring Alice home at Easter."

Again their conversation was interrupted by old Martin Dwyer, who was hurrying towards them from the house, with the same elated look as when they first saw him standing on the bridge. In fact from that moment to the present Martin Dwyer seemed to be on the brink of a side-splitting burst of laughter. Every object his eyes chanced to rest upon seemed provocative of mirth. Miss Cormack's ringlets floating on the breeze as she paced slowly up and down by the river, the lark that sprang from under his feet as he leaped with almost youthful lightness over a drain in the meadow—even a lonely heron on the top of a dead pine in a marshy corner near Poul-na-copple—though the very incarnation of desolation and despair—seemed to intensify Martin Dwyer's tendency to risibility as he hastened to tell his wife the "good news" he had heard at the forge.

A heavy deadening load was lifted from many another heart besides Martin Dwyer's

that day. Men who for weeks before had moped idly about, or gone through their daily tasks listlessly and with relaxed muscles, drew a long breath of relief, and resumed their wonted energy and cheerfulness. And women, wiping away the tears that sprang into their eyes at the glad tidings, went into their rooms, closing the door softly behind them, dropped upon their knees, and with clasped hands offered up prayers to Heaven for an unhoped-for mercy—The Honorable Horatio O'Mulligan had retired. There was to be no contest!

Fifty or sixty gentlemen connected with the law were disgusted. And Sammy Sloane, the process-server, ate his rashers and eggs that morning without an appetite. But some thousands of poor tenants-at-will rejoiced; and for their sakes—even without thinking of Martin Dwyer and his pretty little daughters—we are not sorry that the length (or the shortness) of the Hon. Horatio O'Mulligan's purse prevented him from "contesting the county" against the other Liberal candidate, the wealthy but ungrammatical Mr. Brummagem. In fact we are glad the legal gentleman, and Sammy Sloane, the process-server, and a great many others—including an embryo sub-inspector of police or two—to the contrary notwithstanding.

"No contest!" said Martin Dwyer, as a turn in the road brought them in view of the old ivied farm-house.

"Is that so?" Mr. Armstrong asked, turning to his old friend, whose silence, taken in connection with his evident high good-humor, was beginning to cause him some surprise. "I am very glad to hear that piece of news Martin."

"Yes," returned Martin Dwyer, moving to the side of the road, and raising his head high, so as to be able to see over the larch grove, the loads of lime that dotted a square patch of pale brown, like little

white tents a good way up the mountain. "I'll go on with the lime-burning."

Tom looked at Mr. Armstrong with a shake of the head, which said as plainly as words— "What a simple poor man my father is! He thinks the danger is over." And now Mr. Armstrong bent his eyes upon the ground as he reflected that a general election must come within three years, and might come before the end of one.

The light that sparkled in Nellie's eyes, and the more liquid lustre that beamed in Nannie's as they ran down to the road to welcome their old friend, brought a sympathetic gleam into their brother's face—which had been unusually clouded ever since he saw Miss Cormack walking along on the river bank.

The little girls hurried Mr. Armstrong away to see their flower-beds, before he could shake hands with their mother, who smiled approvingly as if the substitution of the flower beds for the rank docks and nettles was all her own doing, and looked like a woman who had never quarrelled in her life.

"Don't ye know," she said at length, "that poor Mr. Armstrong must be starved and tired? Come in, Mr. Armstrong, and don't mind their flowers till you're after having something to eat."

"Now," said Mr. Armstrong, turning to Nannie and Nellie, having done ample justice to the repast which Mrs. Dwyer, with many suggestions of regret that she had not been earlier apprised of his coming, had placed before him—"Now, let us go out to the orchard, and I'll have a rest on the old seat."

Tom walked up the hill, ostensibly to see how Mick Connell and Paddy Brien were getting on with the lime-spreading; but in reality to sit under the Brown Rock and commune with his own thoughts.

(To be continued.)

IRISH READINGS

(Edited by A. M. SULLIVAN, M.P., and T. D. SULLIVAN, M.P.)

THE DEATH OF OWEN ROE O'NEILL.

(From *The Chances of War*, a Historical Romance, by the REV. THOMAS A. FINLAY, S.J.)

"We thought you would not die—we were sure you would not go,
And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel blow—
Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky—
Oh! why did you leave us, Owen? Why did you die?"

"Soft as woman's was your voice, O'Neill! bright was your eye—
Oh! why did you leave us, Owen? Why did you die?
Your troubles are all over, you're at rest with God on high;
But we're slaves, and we're orphans, Owen!—why did you die?"
—Thomas Osborne Davis.

We linger yet a little longer amid the beautiful scenery that adorns the course of the Annalee. A few miles below the spot at which Owen O'Neill took leave of his

troops the river receives the superfluous waters of a chain of lakes of considerable extent and of great natural beauty. They are of most irregular shape, their sides are indented with innumerable fantastic bays, and they throw out their winding arms in every direction round the conical hills, which, like the colossal tents of some subterranean army, occupy the centre of county Cavan. Of these lakes the largest and most picturesque is Lough Oughter. Its waters fill the central basin of a rich and thickly wooded country. The fertile lands upon its shores have formed the prize for which many a fierce combat has been fought, and the spoil which many successive conquerors have divided. In the middle of the lake stands a small island almost entirely covered by the ruins of a castle. The water in some places washes the old walls; at other points a scanty border of green turf separates the ripples of the lake from the crumbling ruin. Ledges of slaty rock project at regular in-

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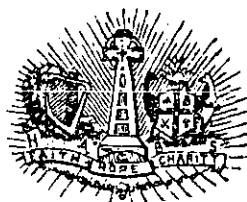
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spired the memorable lines:

"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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tervals from that side of the gaunt pile that rises immediately out of the water, and the probable use of these architectural curiosities has long exercised the ingenuity of local antiquarians.

In the days of our heroes and heroines the old castle still stood in all its strength. Its dark turrets rose in gloomy pride above the waves, and looked coldly down upon the tossing and tumbling of their summer playfulness, as upon the seething haste and uproar of their winter anger. The latter unamiable mood was upon the waters now. They could hear "November's surly blast" sweeping across the hills, they caught the groaning and creaking of the aged trees that stood sentinels about their resting-place, they heard the storm-gusts growling amongst the turrets and chimneys of the staid old pile in their midst, and they too grew churlish and sullen, and chafed and foamed and hurried to and fro in senseless haste, and beat themselves idly against the walls of the castle, and then went off, fretful and indignant, to mutter and sob over their grievances in the quiet nooks in the woods, under the branches, and in the secret chambers among the roots of the old trees. What cared they who was disturbed by their noisiness? Bah! They were angry and they would show it.

"It is a wild night, MacDermott," said a wasted invalid who lay in one of the chambers of the island fortress, to the solitary watcher who sat by his couch. "How the winds roar outside! How chill it is, too, and how dark the room is growing! The fire is burning low; heap fresh logs upon it."

It was not so. The pile of faggots on the hearth was sending out a warm, genial glow through the apartment, and showering upon the rough walls and the heavy vaulted roof a flood of rich purple light. The chill was at the sufferer's heart, the shadow was within his own failing eyes. With a painful sigh the watcher rose from his place by the bedside and obeyed the request of the sick man.

There was a pause. O'Neill lay motionless upon his couch, his eyes fixed upon the dingy roof, his chest heaving and throbbing from the lengthened effort his words had cost him, but answered nothing to his leader's parting advice.

"And if," pursued the sick man, when he had gathered strength to proceed, "before you quit this conquered land you should meet again the orphan girl who, as I have long ago perceived, has won your heart, and who is worthy of the love she has won, offer her a home in your native country; she will soon be destitute here."

Again the speaker paused. His companion was about to reply when he was startled by a prolonged and agonising wail, so wild and piteous that it drove from his thoughts the absorbing object that engrossed them. Again and again the plaintive cry rose above the moaning of the winds and the splash of the waters—now close at hand, as if uttered beneath the deep, narrow window of the room; now far away as if it issued from the gloom of the dark woods that swayed to and fro upon the shore. Was it the cry of some boatman in distress, or the scream of some startled night-bird frightened in the turrets

by the violence of the storm? MacDermott's ear was accustomed to sounds of terror and alarm, but in this weird and lonely cry there was an unearthly anguish such as he had never heard before, which made his soldier's cheek blanch and his soldier's heart beat faster.

"Did you hear it, MacDermott?" asked the sufferer faintly, as the last wailing note died away upon the waters.

"Yes," whispered his companion, with bated breath.

"It is the banshee," said O'Neill solemnly. "My hour is come."

"What mean you?" asked the puzzled soldier.

"The banshee," replied O'Neill, "a messenger from the world beyond come to warn me that my end is near." The chiefs of our race are thus strangely privileged: a spirit from the other world is sent to mourn in the strains you have heard their departure from this. This ghostly dirge is sung during the closing hours of all the heads of our clan. Its warning notes never deceive us. It is time for us to take leave of earth when we hear them. Request my Lord of Clogher to come to me, and let me be left alone with him a short time."

Strangely impressed by the incident that had occurred, MacDermott rose to summon the prelate. He was surprised that a mind so vigorous as O'Neill's should accord belief to what he believed a popular superstition. Yet the strange coincidence of time and place, and the peculiar unearthliness of the wild cry which still rung in his ears, shook his faith in his own wisdom. Perplexed, and somewhat awed, he quitted the sick room. Without he found the entire household indulging their grief as for one already dead. The narrow gallery that led to O'Neill's chamber was crowded with the retainers of the great general of Ulster, as well as with the family and followers of the chief to whose mansion he had come to die. They had heard the mysterious dirge, and, with a readier belief in its supernatural character than MacDermott had accorded it, had recognised in it the death chant of the chieftain whom they loved. It was a motley group of mourners: veterans with whitening locks and deeply scarred faces who had followed the dying man through the wars which had been his life's occupation, younger soldiers in the fulness of their strength who had learned the art of war from him during the campaign of the preceding four years; matrons and maidens of his own princely house, and ladies of the family of O'Reilly—his kinswomen by marriage; gray-haired servants who had served him with the fidelity which the clients of the great Irish family ever showed to their hereditary patrons; pages and huntsmen who had waited on him in the hall or attended him in the chase.

MacDermott closed the door softly, and with a warning gesture restrained the movement of the mourners towards the sick room. Hastily summoning the bishop, he ushered him into the chamber of the dying man, and left them alone together. The interview lasted but a few minutes. At the end of that time the door opened, the bishop reappeared, and beckoned into the room

O'Neill's more immediate relatives. Lights were brought, the assistants prostrated themselves in prayer, and the mystic ceremonies with which the Catholic Church prepares the soul for its passage into eternity were solemnly performed. The voice of the officiating prelate trembled perceptibly as he pronounced the words of the awful rite; he was the bosom friend and had been the companion-in-arms of the dying man. For him that poor, panting sufferer had once defied and threatened the Supreme Council in their own assembly-room; they had attempted to overawe him into a policy which he believed fatal to Ireland, and O'Neill bade them desist, on peril of incurring his enmity. Poor, poor, tormented, quivering frame! How often he had seen it in its bright clothing of steel lead the way through the storm of battle for the stout soldiers of Tir-Owen? How often he had seen those half-closed glassy eyes burn with the fierce excitement of the absorbing game where life was staked on the result, and that brow, contracted now with the agonies of death, beam bright and unruffled amid the tumult of angry debates and the gloom of despairing counsels. A modern philosopher will have it that striking contrasts provoke mirth—it may be so, but there are occasions when they excite sorrow; the contrasts which here occurred to the mind of Emer MacMahon made his voice stick painfully in his throat and the tears rise to his eyes.

The impressive rite was ended at length. The dying man lay motionless upon his couch absorbed in the dread thoughts which the ceremony just concluded suggested. His breathing became each moment more labored and painful, his features more ghastly pale. At intervals a low moaning sound, forced from him by the tortures he underwent, escaped his lips, and then he faintly uttered the Redeemer's name, and gently prayed that his impatience might be forgiven. A lady with streaming eyes and throbbing bosom bent over his couch and softly whispered his name. At the sound of her voice the sufferer struggled to raise his unnerved arm to clasp in his tender hand that wiped the death sweat from his brow.

"My own poor Rose," he murmured, with a painful effort, "grieve not for me. It is God's will; it is for the best. It troubles me to leave you thus without a home in the land where I had thought to make you a princess. When the worst happens, as happen it will, our son Henry will seek a refuge for you in Spain or in Italy. Say that you are the wife of the defender of Arras, and at the court of King Philip you will be received with honor. I suffer greatly, Rose. Pray that I may bear up to the end!"

Alas! poor sufferer, how well for him that he was not vouchsafed a glimpse into the near future! How it would have added to the agony he had endured to know that the gallant son to whose care he entrusted his weeping wife was soon to die an ignominious death by order of the man he had lately delivered at Derry from the clutches of his foes. The decree is merciful which debars us from the knowledge of events to come. It is a dispensation which, if it lessens the sum of our joys, materially abridges the catalogue of our sorrows.

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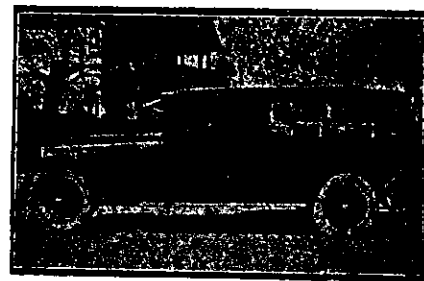
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Again there was silence in the sick room, long and distressing silence, broken only by the hard breathing of the dying man and the softly ejaculated prayers of the assistants. They listened with bowed heads to the struggle which life was making to maintain itself in that worn-out frame, the choking sounds in the throat, the long-drawn respiration, the feeble, half-repressed moan of pain. Death was winning the victory, and winning it fast, and they thought they were not to hear again the voice of his victim. Yet, before the close of the mortal struggle, the vanquished soldier contrived to shake off for a brief moment the cold clasp of his foe. Concentrating his failing energies in a supreme effort, the dying chief raised himself unaided from his pillow.

"Bear witness all!" he cried, in a hoarse voice, which startled the listeners, "that I die in the faith of Christ, true to my mother, the Catholic Church, and true to my country, Ireland. Take my last message to my gallant soldiers. Say that, dying, in my latest thoughts I thought of them. Oh, if they might but conquer yet! My God, if it might be—Ireland, my country! Jesus! Mary!"

It was his last effort for the faith and the country he had loved and served. His voice failed, his eyelids slowly closed, he fell back upon his pillow, and with the sweet name of heaven's gentle Queen, whom his soldier's heart had chivalrously loved in life, upon his lips, he died.

Mr. Driscoll was called off by the captain, and the wretched cook worked his way, snake-fashion, to his galley, and for a long time a moaning sound issued from the galley skylight.

Later that night, Mr. Driscoll, leaning over the poop rails, wondering if it were worth while to trim the yards to a slight shift of the very light breeze, thought he saw smoke issuing from under the tarpaulins of the fore-hatch. He rubbed his eyes, thinking that perhaps he was growing drowsy. Then a flaw in the wind carried to his nostrils an acrid smell. He leapt down the poop ladder, and ran along the main deck, and as he ran, the lookout-man on the fore-castle-head began to ring the big bell with frenzied strokes.

Driscoll blew piercing blasts on his whistle, and raised that most terrible of sea cries: "FIRE! . . . A-a-all Hands on deck."

In an incredibly short space of time the ship was ablaze from stem to stern. Useless it was to attempt to batten-down, or play the miserable trickle from the decrepit force-pump upon the roaring, leaping flames. The deck-beams buckled, the air got into the furnace, below-decks. The foremost melted at the heel, and lolled overside, involving the main-mast in its ruin, and killing four men outright. Roaring in triumph, the flames attacked the raffle of canvas and well-oiled spars. . . . Fire above and fire below—the Longada's very sides began to bulge and buckle.

Many of the crew got out of hand, rushed the second mate, and tumbled into the port life-boat. Some panic-stricken man let fly the after-fall, the forward-fall being immovably jammed. The stern of the boat shot down, the bows remained fast at the davit-head. The men were hurled from the vertically hanging boat into the sea. There were sharks in that sea.

The starboard life-boat was all wet paint inside; her gear lay in some confusion on the skids beside her. Driscoll, Laverty, "Cockney," Chips, and the captain, realising that all was over with the ship, rushed up on to the skids to get the boat into the water before the flames caught her. They found that the cook had got there before them, and was actively employed in pitching oars, mast, sail, etc., into the boat.

The ship began to settle by the head, there was not a moment to be lost. They got the boat swung out and lowered somehow, and leapt down into her. Only the nigger cook remained.

"Come on, you fool, jump," cried the captain.

"Shove off! Never mind him. Let the blighter roast; we don't want him here," shouted Driscoll.

The captain produced something from his pocket. There was a sharp click. "Take that man into the boat, you inhuman swine, at once," ordered the captain, "or, as there's a God above us, I'll shoot you dead."

So they took the nigger aboard, and shoved off. The heat near the ship was intolerable. At two cables' distance, they lay on their oars, awed into silence by the terrible spectacle. At last the Longada canted still more by the head; there was a loud explosion, a cloud of steam, and down plunged Captain

A Complete Story

THAT PERISHING NIGGER

(By R. L. DEARDEN, in *John O'London's Weekly*.)

The full-rigged ship Longada, loaded with cotton, rice, and a stiffening of teak-wood, lay at a buoy in the outer harbor. The sails were bent, the hands aboard; the ship was ready for sea, except for the fact that "Yank," the cook, had skinned out of her at the last moment, and his successor was to find.

Captain Trenery brought the new cook aboard, and having remarked, to Mr. Driscoll, the Liverpool-Irish mate: "He's a perishin' nigger, but he's been to sea before," the captain gave the order to unshackle from the buoy, while Mr. Driscoll guided the new cook to the galley in a manner dear to Liverpool "bukkos"—and footballers.

The new cook could speak little or no English. He was something of a mystery; he wasn't a Burman, nor a Chink, nor a Bengali, but, as the Old Man had said, just a nigger. What had induced him to ship in such a hard-case limejuicer as the Longada, none of the ship's company knew or cared.

The season was December, and with the N.E. monsoon humming pleasantly over the port quarter, and in fine, clear weather, the Longada, her white hull smothered under a cloud of whiter canvas, fled down the Bay of Bengal into the Indian Ocean.

The Longada was a "hungry ship"; her stores were of the cheapest, and were whacked-out, pound and pint, according to "the Act," but not one jot or one tittle beyond it.

Captain Trenery was a hard, dour man, of a breed now almost extinct. Circumstances had conspired to make him so, for his life was spent in conflict with the circumstances of latter-day windjamming. He had to "run" his ship, in face of the deadly competition of the tramp-steamers, with the most rigid economy; he had his family—he was a devoted husband and father—to provide for, and the sack from his command was not to be contemplated. It seemed to Captain Trenery that the Owners grew more parsimonious and querulous each voyage, and

that his crews became increasingly incompetent and awkward to handle without brute force. So Captain Trenery hid his humanity, and men called him a hard-case.

Brillat-Savarin himself could hardly have made a success of the culinary art aboard the Longada. No man, black or white, can make bricks without straw. It followed that the "perishing nigger" in the galley grew daily more unpopular with his shipmates, as the Longada dawdled her way south-west.

He probably did his best; it is even possible that he could have cooked if he had been provided with anything worth cooking. But the beef and pork were as hard as the teak-wood harness-cask; the ship's biscuits teemed with life. There were no potatoes; officially, it was a case of "substitutes at master's option," but the master of the Longada had no option but that of Mother Hubbard.

The long and the short of it was that although that perishing nigger had been all right as third cook of a Bibby boat, he was utterly all wrong as cook of the Longada, and, in consequence, his life was made very, very unpleasant for him. "Giving that perishing nigger blazes," became the dog-watch diversion of some of the Longada's crew.

Bob Laverty, A.B., "wanted" in Belfast by the police—playfully emptied a kid of uneatable but piping hot scouse over the cook's sable head, and the howls of the scalded man rose to heaven. "Cockney," another able-bodied, but mentally deficient, seaman pushed him against the stove. The galley fire was burning at the time. There came into the eyes of the cook a look which was not good to see upon a human face. . . .

Then Mr. Driscoll took a hand in the game. He was suffering from a gumboil at the time, and one morning found himself unable to partake of nourishment. Mr. Driscoll cut him half a fathom of two-inch bolt-rope, very hard and tarry, and spent some time in working a "fancy" knot into one end of it. Armed with this terrible weapon, he passed the word for "that perishing nigger to lay aft."

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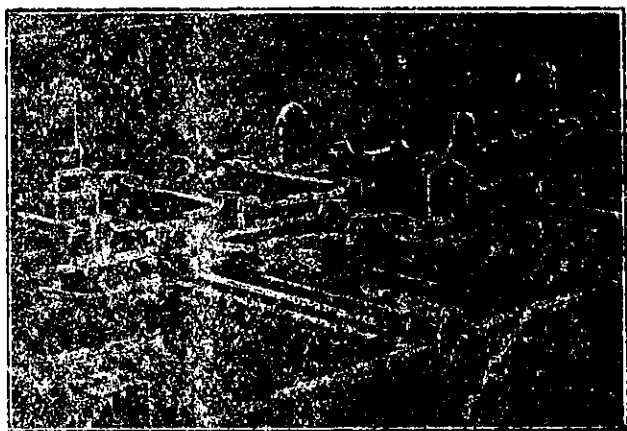
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Trenery's command to her ocean grave. Darkness, painful by contrast with the lurid flames, fell over the glassy sea. The stars looked down sorrowfully upon one more ocean tragedy.

Suddenly the voice of Able-seaman Laverty came out of the darkness:—

"Cap'n, sorr, can I be havin' a dhrink o' water? Me throat is surely parched wi' smoke."

The captain brushed some moisture from his eyes, and once more took up his ceaseless battle with circumstance:—

"Water? Ah, water. . . Mr. Driscoll, you'd better see to it. . . We must be very careful. Perhaps a small sup all round—after all that smoke and fire. . ."

Driscoll muttered an assent, and groped in the bottom of the boat, and in doing so came in contact with the cook, who was crouching there. He gave the cook a vicious kick and hissed at him:

"Get out o' that! Get forrard, you black swine—right in the nose of her—and stay there."

"Muttering, the cook went forward to the bows. Driscoll found the two water-breakers, flung in anyhow in the panic. As he laid his hand upon them, his heart missed a couple of beats, and all the blood in his body seemed to pause. He remembered—too late! While the boat was being painted out, he had ordered the breakers to be emptied of fresh water—which had got foul—and to be filled with salt water, to keep them tight under the tropic sun.

"We've no fresh water!" cried Driscoll, in a voice of agony. "No water. . . ! Only—salt! God Almighty. . . !"

Captain Trenery swallowed hard. "We must hope for rain and a passing ship," he said, trying to speak steadily. He sought to bring a note of confidence into his voice—but failed miserably.

It was the evening of the third day after the catastrophe, but an eternity of suffering had passed, and except for the three notches which the nigger cook had cut upon a thwart at each sunset, time had ceased to exist.

It had gone hardly with the occupants of the boat. By day the sun had blazed pitilessly down upon them from a cloudless sky, so that they almost felt the moisture, life itself, being dragged from them slowly and painfully. A dead calm had fallen upon the face of the sea, so that it seemed like a crucible of molten metal, radiating waves of shimmering heat. By night, the dew had fallen upon them, and, at first, they had licked the timbers of the boat, and sucked their clothes in their attempts to assuage the pangs of thirst. But after the second day, lips and tongues refused to perform their offices.

From the first, the whites had huddled together in the stern-sheets of the boat. There was no wind to sail, no land within rowing distance. There was nothing to do but wait.

The nigger had perched himself in the bows, as far from the others as possible, for the captain had been the first to collapse and Driscoll had taken charge.

So the whites rigged up a sort of awning for themselves with the otherwise useless sail, but with the sea like a mirror and the

sun almost vertical at noon, it was of little use.

At first the cook, by signs and gestures, and little scraps of almost unintelligible English, had tried to reason with his ship-mates. More than once he had tried to join them in the after-end of the boat, but they had repulsed him with curses at first, and when articulate speech failed them, with snarls and blows which grew feebler and feebler.

What did the sun matter to a perishing nigger? The smell of him was bad enough at the best of times. . . .

So he had perched himself on the casing of the forward air-tank, where he sat cross-legged, with arms folded, like some heathen Joss upon a pedestal, and watched. God knows from what generations of savage ancestors he had inherited his powers of endurance, his capacity to suffer! But at the end of that third terrible day, he alone was in full possession of all his faculties.

In various attitudes and stages of collapse the other survivors lay about the stern-sheets.

Mr. Driscoll, whose last conscious words had been a curse hurled at a nigger who didn't need water to keep his animal body and soul together, lay face downwards in the bottom of the boat, heedless of the salt water which swashed mournfully over the clinker-built planks as the boat rocked. The captain lay, face upwards in the stern, breathing still, but inert. "Cockney" sprawled sideways, with his head hanging over the gunwale and nodding oddly as the boat rose and fell in the send of the oily swell.

All that day he had been muttering and grimacing at his image reflected in the sea. At nightfall both his incoherent muttering and his grimacings had ceased. The carpenter, a grim, shrivelled old Swede, sat huddled up against the tank-casings. He was conscious still, but incapable of movement or speech. Of all that sorry crew, Laverty alone had rivalled the nigger in powers of endurance, but he, also, was far spent. Still, he sat there in the stern, glaring with implacable enmity at the black man who had outstayed him, and the other white men, in the dreadful combat with exhaustion and death.

In the bows the nigger sat immobile, conserving his strength; watching, with hooded eyes, the man who had done more than all the rest to make his life in the Longada a foretaste of wrath to come; casting, now and then, a quick glance round the darkling sea. He rose unsteadily to his feet, then suddenly pointed with his arm towards the horizon where it was still flushed with the afterglow of the sun which had that moment set. With an effort, Laverty turned his head, but from his sitting posture he could see nothing but sky and sea.

With a supreme effort of will Laverty struggled to his feet, and stood swaying dangerously on the after-thwart. Then he saw, above the horizon's sharp rim, the sails of a ship, shimmering with the colors of the sunset. The ship was, perhaps, only four miles distant, yet the gulf which separated her from the boat was as wide, in effect, as if she had been a star.

Night was falling, rushing up from the sea. By morning that ship might well have "ghosted," on the flap of her sails, out of sight; or, even if she happened to close, and sight the boat at dawn, she would find—only a perishing nigger, and some white men who had died of thirst. All this flashed through Laverty's mind as he stood looking over the impassable gulf which separated him and his dying companions from salvation. He burst into terrible laughter which tore his swollen throat. . . .

The nigger began to make his way aft, dragging himself painfully over the intervening thwarts. As he came he made signs as of a man drinking, tried to utter some words in an unknown tongue. Panic seized Laverty; his mind, already wandering in strange whorls, saw menace in the approach of the black man he had used so ill. He made a feeble gesture to the cook to stand back, to stay in his own part of the boat. But the cook still came on, and in his eyes there was a ravenous look.

Laverty croaked out some gibberish about a spring of fresh water which he saw bubbling up alongside the boat. It was only the eddy caused by some big fish breaking surface: a shark, perhaps. Several had been waiting patiently. Once more Laverty laughed, clutching his throat as he did so. Then he tipped over sideways into the water.

So, at last, the nigger reached the stern-sheets of the boat, and there was none to say him nay. He stepped over the prostrate form of Mr. Driscoll. He bent down and fumbled with the button which closed the door of the stern-sheet locker.

Uttering a whistling sound which was only half human, he flung himself down upon his stomach, thrust his arm into the locker, and dragged forth a curious object. It was the big, square kettle from the Longada's galley, and it was full to the brim with fresh water.

He thrust the sooty spout between his cracked lips. . . . Then he turned his attention to the captain and the carpenter.

At dawn the following morning, the mate of the British barque, Sierra Sanada, homeward bound, sighted a ship's life-boat. Had it not been for the fact that the boat's sail was hoisted and waving like a flag, the mate might never have seen her.

Investigation proved her to contain the survivors of the ship Longada. The survivors were three in number: the captain, the carpenter, and a nigger of sorts who seemed little the worse for the terrible ordeal which he had been through. There were two dead men in the boat.

Asked, later, how it came about that men had perished of thirst, and yet there had been water in the boat when she was picked up, the ex-captain of the Longada—still in an exhausted state—could only shake his head in the direction of the nigger who had refused to leave his side since the rescue.

Kindly, but searchingly, the master of the Sierra Sanada questioned the black man. But the man had very little English, and it was—the master said—impossible to fathom what was in his mind.

A. H. Fitzgerald

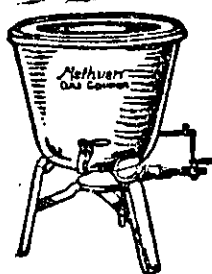
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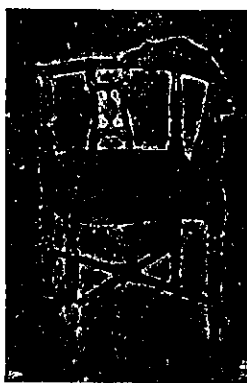
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A LITERARY MASTERPIECE

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SOEUR THERESE.

[The following beautiful tribute to "The Little Flower" was written by Francis Doogan, who later, to the regret of all who knew him or read his writings, passed away at Greymouth (his home town) in his early manhood. Since his death the humble Carmelite nun, towards whom he manifested so great a love and devotion, has received canonisation.]

How applicable to the Ven. Soeur Thérèse, the Little Flower of Jesus, at whose name every head should bow, are the lines of Francis Thompson:

Time shall reap, but after the reaper
The world shall glean from me, me the sleeper!

The charm of the Little Flower's Autobiography has captivated the world. Since her death in 1897, at the age of 24, it has been hurried through innumerable editions, and published in almost every language. The first edition was sold at the rate of 33 copies a day, which is probably a record for this class of work. Each copy was 6/- net. Carmelite Nuns are not given to book-producing. Indeed, very, very seldom does their work come before the eyes of this sad, workaday world. The Little Flower wrote her autobiography in obedience to her superiors, who, it can clearly be seen now, acted merely as God's agents. The influence the Little Flower is exercising through her autobiography can be compared only with that of a St. Ignatius, a St. Francis, or a St. Teresa.

There is a spiritual and literary beauty about the autobiography which cannot fail to attract. In parts it is a prose paraphrase of *The Hound of Heaven*. The veil is drawn aside and we see a God Who, if known by men, must be loved, and Who stretches His hand from out the heavens to help all who seek Him. God has everything for us in His arms. No one can describe the charm which pervades the volume. No Catholic home, no home at all, should be without a copy of the life of the Little Flower. An Oxford don, after reading Wellington's *Despatches*, was asked what he thought of them. He replied: "They make one burn to be a soldier." When I read the autobiography I had to admit to a friend, "They make one burn to become a saint."

"It is now some eighteen months since I made the acquaintance of an English translation of the autobiography of Soeur Thérèse of the Child Jesus," wrote a Presbyterian minister. "I opened the book here and there, and was at once arrested with the beauty and originality of the thoughts; I found there had fallen into my hands the work of a genius as well as of a theologian and poet of the first order. Returning to the first page, I read the book from cover to cover. The impression proved as lasting as it was extraordinary." This letter was penned three days after the minister was received into the Catholic Church.

When the Little Flower was thirteen her

eldest sister, Marie, went to join their sister Pauline in the Carmel of Lisieux. From that day the Little Flower determined to enter Carmel. She told her father of her desire, and, she says, "He spoke to me like a saint. Approaching a wall he showed me some little white flowers like miniature lilies; and, taking one of these flowers, he gave it to me, explaining to me the care which God had taken to make it blossom forth and to preserve it. I thought I was listening to my own history, so striking was the resemblance between the Little Flower and the little Thérèse."

At the age of fifteen the Little Flower accompanied her father on a pilgrimage to Rome. The pilgrimage is described in the autobiography, and poetry marks almost every line of the description. "Before reaching the goal of our pilgrimage we had to pass through Switzerland, with its lofty mountains, their many peaks lost in the clouds, its rushing torrents, its deep valleys profuse in luxuriant growth of giant ferns and purple heather. Now we were high up the mountain side, while at our feet a yawning abyss seemed ready to engulf us. A little later we were passing through some charming village with its cottages and graceful belfry, over which fleecy clouds floated lazily. Further on, the calm, clear waters of a great lake would blend their azure tints with the glories of the setting sun."

"In Venice, the scene was completely changed. Instead of the bustle of a large town there was a stillness, only broken by the soft lapping of the waters, mingled with the cries of a gondolier as he gracefully plied his oar. Assuredly it is a city of great charm, but likewise of sadness. Even the Palace of the Doges, with all its splendors, is afflicted by the spirit of melancholy." A verse from that Catholic poet and lover of the French, Ernest Dowson, fitly describes the feelings of the Little Flower and her father on their journey to and from the Eternal City. It is taken from a poem entitled "Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration":
They saw the glory of the world displayed;
They saw the bitter of it, and the sweet;
They knew the roses of the world should fade
And be trod under by the hurrying feet.

"How interesting is the study of the world when one is about to leave it!" She did not love the world, and her only desire in this life was to be the spouse of Jesus Christ, and to be clothed for His sake, in the white robe of virginity and the red robe of martyrdom. The autobiography is of such absorbing interest because it tells of union with God, a desire burned in the soul of every man. No matter how hard they try men cannot erase His image from their hearts. "He who will escape Him only runs to His bosom," says Meister Eckhart, "for all corners are open to Him." The masterpiece of the saintly young Carmelite has already taken its place with two other remarkable volumes—the autobiography of St. Teresa and the *Confessions* of St. Augustine.

F. D.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

UNCONVERSANT.—Brisbane and New South Wales have large percentages of Catholics. New York and San Francisco are also very Catholic, and there is plenty of employment there.

INQUIRER wants the name of the author of *Geraldine*. We read it years ago in *Tivoli* but have not seen it since. If we made an attempt to guess the author's name we should say it was Constance Sherwood, but our memory is not good.

CRITIC.—"Quick" is a fine old English word, meaning "live." Thus, the quick and the dead means the living and the dead. The word ought to be revived in those days when only athletes escape being killed by motorists.

C.F.—*Antonio* was written by Ernest Oldmeadow, the present editor of the *London Tablet*. You can get the novel, which is a very good one, from our Manager.

STATISTICS.—It is impossible to tell the number of pilgrims attending Rome for the Holy Year. First, because the year is not over, and secondly because we have nothing to guide us except the railway returns up to May 15. It is stated that 270,000 pilgrims travelled by train up to then. As the reports of revolution in British papers kept pilgrims away during the early part of the year, we might take these figures as representing the number that poured into the city from the end of March.

READER (Taranaki).—We cannot advise you where to get a second-hand motor bicycle. Our advice would be DON'T! Maybe a young puppy would do you instead. We can tell you where to steal one, and will sleep better if you oblige us. You won't need alarm clocks when you get him.

STUDENT.—Since the decree of May, 1918, the impediment does not apply to marriages between baptised non-Catholics and pagans. The New Code lays down that the sponsor at Baptism contracts spiritual relationship with the baptised person only. The opinion of experts is that the Antioch Chalice is not older than the fourth century.

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NOTES FROM ROME

Rome, September 25, 1925.

In the *Ecclesiastical Bulletin* of the Archdiocese of Cologne (which, by the way, happens to be the greatest diocese in Christendom, with its 3,000,000 Catholics) an order to his clergy is conveyed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne which will, in that part of the world at least, lessen the number of organised bodies going to Rome more as mere tourists than as pilgrims. This points out that travel agencies issue programmes which, in some instances, attract persons by indicating the pleasures in art and scenery that are to be had from a journey to Italy. It also indicates that the organised body will have an ecclesiastical director with the travellers, though he has little or no influence over it. In future no priest of the archdiocese of Cologne may take up the position of ecclesiastical director to any body of travellers going to the Eternal City during Holy Year without the express permission of the Cardinal Archbishop. In this way, no mere body of tourists can pose as a body of pilgrims.

* * *

One morning last week there were gathered in the sacristy of St. Peter's the chiefs of the *dramatis personae* connected with the robbery of the jewels three months ago from the treasury of this basilica. Among the group were the prosecuting lawyers of the Italian Court of Justice, the lawyers for the defence, and two experts in jewels. The experts had been brought there by the Court of Justice to make a valuation of the jewels and gold stolen by the prisoners, and to say whether they do not amount to far more than 200,000 lire, viz., the valuation placed upon the booty by two other experts who had previously been called in to value them.

The two lawyers for the defence questioned the legality of this second valuation and reserved their decision on its merits for fifteen days.

The importance of this point is evident. If the value of the stolen jewels is more than 200,000 lire, then the case must be tried by the Court of Assizes, in which event the cobbler-thief will, with his accomplices, stick to his last for a longer term of imprisonment than if the valuation is below the 200,000 mark.

* * *

Last week the press depicted the Holy Father as hankering for a place in the League of Nations, basing their reports on an address delivered by Father Gemelli, O.F.M., Rector of the Catholic University of Milan, at a Mass celebrated in the presence of the Bishop of Geneva and Lausanne on the occasion of the opening of the sessions of the League.

The following note published in *L'Osservatore Romano* (semi-official organ of the Vatican) puts the incident in a nutshell:—

"Some journals receive from Geneva that the Holy Father is stated to have said to a religious: 'Convey my salutations and good wishes to the representatives of the nations at Geneva for a great work of peace. But tell them at Geneva not to forget that, if a just peace is to be really made, the Church of Rome cannot be absent,' and from

this they conclude that the Holy See aspires to enter into the Society of Nations. We are authorised to declare there is not a shadow of truth in all this."

Father Gemelli telegraphed at once to *L'Osservatore Romano*: "I ask you to deny decisively and energetically report given in some journals that I expressed at Geneva, during Catholic function, any thought in the name of the Holy Father."

This closes the incident as far as His Holiness and the famous Franciscan are concerned. But it is here pertinent to ask: What has the League of Nations done yet? Who cares a snap of the fingers among the nations for its findings? When Italian officers were killed by Greeks some months ago, was the League able to do anything to avert a rupture? Mussolini told it plainly to keep its fingers out of his pie and dictated his own terms to Greece.

What real binding force is keeping the League together? So far only the hotel-keepers in Geneva have gained by the League. And yet there is one living in an ancient building by the Tiber, with experiences begot of peace-making for 1600 years, with more moral influence all over the world than any three of the Great Powers. Why is he not in the League of Nations, anyhow? After the next great war in 1930 or 1935 we shall have the answer.

And suppose a war broke out to-morrow, where is the League able to avert a fight to a finish? Would not Europe not divide up again into two mighty camps? And would not both sides go on their knees to America to beg her money, arms, and men?

* * *

The union of the churches with the One True Church, having its centre in Rome, is a very live question these days. His Eminence Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, has just sent the following letter to Abbot Lambert Baundin, of Mont-Cesar, on the matter:

"We follow with respectful attention the efforts of the Holy Father for the union of the churches. We recall the august words of his Holiness in the *Encyclical Ecclesiam Dei*, of November 12, 1923—The Latins are trying to acquire a more complete and more profound knowledge of the institutions and customs of the Orientals. Let them be persuaded that the Orient once known better among us, a just estimation and a true charity will follow. These dispositions of spirit are of the highest importance in the preparation for religious unity."

"We earnestly hope to see the priests and people of Belgium respond with filial attention to the ceaseless exhortations of the Sovereign Pontiff, and to associate themselves to the movement destined to prepare the way for the reconciliation between the Christians of the East and the West. The celebration of the centenary of the Council of Nicea, the First Oecumenical Council, and the solemnity of Holy Year, which is consecrated, according to the Pope's intention, to pray for the great cause of religious unity, will give a happy occasion for organising this apostolate and to awaken in the faithful an ardent zeal for the realisation of this eminently Catholic ideal."

If the dream of the late Pope Benedict XV be realised in the present Pope's reign, we shall see the greatest event in the Catholic Church since Luther tore so many nations from Christ's fold.

—Irish Weekly News.

BOOK NOTICES

The Bride of Christ, by Right Reverend Monsignor Power. Parts One and Two. N.Z. Tablet Company.

We welcome the appearance in permanent form of the second series of the Monsignor's scholarly articles on Catholic doctrine. They deal in a lucid and satisfactory manner with the profoundest things that can concern mortal man, and whether for private edification or for the instruction of others these pages ought to be a godsend to the faithful of the Dominion. The treatment of the topics is scientific and exact but the flowing style and pure diction make the reading delightful.

Cheerful China, by Rev. James Mullins, C.M. Price 4/-. (From St. Columba's Mission House, Essendon, Victoria).

This volume contains a number of interesting articles previously published in the *Far East*, either in Ireland or in Australia. Yielding to the constraint of his friends and readers, Father Mullins has now given them to us in a well-bound volume. Many who did not read them already will gladly avail of this opportunity to learn a great deal about the distant mission field whither so many of the flower of Ireland's young priests are being irresistibly called.

The Truth of the Catholic Religion, by Rev. James Linden, S.J. Price 2/- net. Herder.

A useful little manual for teachers. The book is divided into two parts. In the first is a succinct explanation of the fundamental doctrines of our religion, while the second presents the essential points of difference between Catholic and Protestant creeds.

Benedictus Qui Venit: The Missal Prayers Echoed Within the Soul, by Father W. Roche, S.J. Longmans. Paper 1/-; cloth covers, 2/- net.

This is not so much a book of prayers as Mass as a book which teaches us how to meditate on the different parts of the Holy Sacrifice as it passes rapidly before our eyes. It aims at giving us appropriate and devotional thoughts, and at saving us from dry and routine moments during the great Sacrifice of the New Law.

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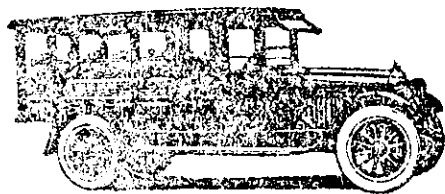
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The Church in New Zealand

SOME EARLY OTAGO CHURCH HISTORY

(Lecture by Mr. D. L. POPPELWELL.)



The second public function of the Gore Catholic Club, which proved extremely interesting, was held in the Federal Cabaret on Monday evening, the 9th inst. (writes our Gore correspondent), when Mr. D. L. Poppelwell delivered an illuminating address on "Early Church History in Otago." Probably owing to the inclement weather a large portion of the congregation failed to avail themselves of a golden opportunity of hearing a good man on an extremely interesting subject. Before and after the address musical items were contributed by Miss M. Cronin and Mr. M. Cronin (vocal duet), Misses J. O'Brien and M. Inder (songs), and Miss S. Inder (recitations).

Mr. R. Fraser occupied the chair, and introducing Mr. Poppelwell explained the value of the lecture about to be heard, which had entailed much research by Mr. Poppelwell. The paper about to be read dealt with early Church history in Otago between the years 1850-1860, and had been compiled chiefly from notes and information obtained from "old identities."

Amidst loud applause, Mr. Poppelwell delivered his address as follows:—

The paper which I propose to read is based upon one which I commenced to write

about 35 years ago. At that time I was in possession of a number of letters written to my father by various persons in the 'fifties of last century. Some of these letters were from the late Bishop Viard, the first Catholic Bishop of Wellington, and some from Fathers Seon and Petitjean, the first priests to make regular visits to Otago, while other letters were from well-known Catholic laymen who lived in Otago in the early times. The notes on the early Catholic Church in Otago commenced, as above-mentioned, were never completed because I was in search of other letters which would throw light upon the events of those days. Later my "notes," much of which were founded on old letters and upon information gathered from "old identities," were borrowed and lost. The original letters and other documents I had were unfortunately burnt when my office in Gore was destroyed by fire in 1897. Recently some of my old manuscript was accidentally discovered by a relation among some old waste papers and returned to me. As these old facts have not, I think, been placed on record before, I thought some of them might be of value now that an interest is being shown in early Church history in New Zealand. Only one copy of an old letter has

been preserved, but I will endeavor from memory to set down some of the things mentioned in those letters which were destroyed.

For the benefit of those who are not already cognizant of the fact, I may point out that the Otago settlement was originally formed under a charter granted to the New Zealand Colonising Company and was intended to include only Presbyterians belonging to the Free Church of Scotland. About the year 1845, at the same time that the famous Tractarian Movement in which the late Dr. Newman took a prominent part was going on, a movement was set on foot in the Established Church of Scotland to render the Church Courts in Scotland independent of and not subservient to the Civil Courts. The quarrel began in connection with disputes about the appointment of some unacceptable ministers by the system of lay patronage established in the beginning of last century. The struggle having gone on for a long time, at last a great secession took place and the Free Church of Scotland was formed under Dr. Chalmers. Like the Pilgrim Fathers of old many of the seceders began to look round for some place in which they could settle and have their own form of church government, and pitched upon Otago, New Zealand, which was granted to them by charter. In 1847 the first ships arrived with many prominent members of the new body and their wives and families. They had long been struggling for their own form of church government and worship, and were consequently embittered against and intolerant of other religions which might interfere with the perfect scheme of combination between Church and State which they intended to introduce here. As showing the determined nature of the opposition displayed by the Colonising Company to the emigration of those who differed from them in religion, I may mention that when my father first applied at the agency of the company in Edinburgh for his passage to New Zealand in 1847 it was refused him, although, upon learning that he had previously been in Otago, they did not hesitate to seek from him for their own purposes what information they could concerning the country, etc., which was then little known. Subsequently the passage was granted in the *Blundell*, one of the first ships. The first pastor of the new Presbyterian settlement was the late Dr. Burns, a strong staunch Presbyterian, a good, kindly man, but one of somewhat narrow views born of those prejudices against Catholicity which for a long time characterised Presbyterian Scotland. Keeping these facts in mind it will be readily understood that it was a hard struggle for the few Catholics who, after a time, found their way to Otago, to get along at all, and still harder for them, both from the smallness of their numbers and the opposition shown, to forward the interests of their Church.

A considerable time before the formation of the Otago settlement the conduct of almost the whole of the missions among the Polynesian Islands had been placed in the hands of the Marists, one of the regular Orders of priesthood whose headquarters were in France, and consequently almost all the

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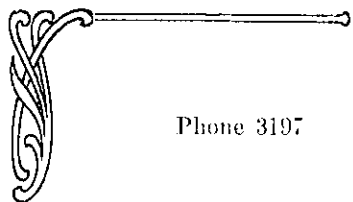
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early missionaries who labored here were Frenchmen. This may seem strange when we consider that the colonies are peopled almost exclusively with English-speaking communities, but it must be remembered that when the missionaries were originally sent there were few Europeans here, and that the missionary work was principally confined to the native races. The late Bishop Viard, of the diocese of Wellington, was the first Catholic Bishop who had charge of this island. He was for many years a missionary among other of the Polynesian Islands, where he accomplished great and good work among the natives and carried the light and truth to many otherwise unfortunate races. From these other islands he was consecrated Bishop of the diocese of Wellington, which then extended, it might be said, over the whole of New Zealand except Auckland. He was already old when he was sent here, but was a man little likely to be forgotten by those who once met him. Tall and straight, with a mild eye and kindly smile, he was beloved by all who came in contact with him. He was of a most amiable disposition and had a reputation for saintliness and goodness which made his name one revered alike by Catholic and non-Catholic. He is referred to not because he was much in the south, but because he was the spiritual head of the diocese whence the first missionary set his foot in Otago.

The Otago settlement, which, I have stated, commenced in 1847, soon developed, and colonists began to flow in, but for the reasons before stated very few other than Presbyterians appeared. However, one by one, persons of other denominations managed to get here. In the year 1849 a census showed only seven Catholics out of a population of 745. By the year 1850 there may have been from thirty to forty Catholics throughout Otago. These soon found it necessary, in order to look after their own political rights, to band together along with others against their powerful rivals the Presbyterians. This "little enemy" struggled hard for a long time against the system of exclusive settlement, but as their numbers were small they did not at first have much success. It may be asked what this has to do with religious matters, but it had afterwards an important influence upon the settlement both as regards the nationality and religions of the immigrants. Early in 1851 my father, who then lived on a bush section in the North-east Valley, wrote to Bishop Viard informing him that there were a few Catholics scattered throughout Otago and that an occasional visit of a priest would, if one could be sent, be very acceptable. In those days a journey from Wellington or even Port Cooper (Lyttelton) was no easy matter. If you could get a schooner coming down you might possibly manage the journey in a week or ten days if you did not have too severe a wind against you, but if there didn't happen to be a schooner about to sail from Port Cooper you would have to make the journey overland, or perhaps have to wait three months for the next boat. It will, therefore, not be greatly wondered at that the first response to the request made

to Bishop Viard was the arrival of a priest about six or eight months after the sending of the letter.

One morning a very active little man about 5ft 6in in height presented an appearance at my father's house and announced himself as Father T. A. T. Seon from Wellington. He possessed a meek but earnest face and grey hair. He was dressed in a somewhat old and shabby-looking cassock, a broad clerical hat and a pair of boots showing signs of wear. He had come down from Akaroa to Port Chalmers by schooner, and had just walked up from there through the bush. He received a glad welcome and stayed all day and that night.

Until this time, so far as I am aware, no priest had ever visited the site of Dunedin, although earlier visits had been made, I believe, to the whaling settlement at Waikouaiti and Taiaaroa Heads, where possibly Mass had been said. The next morning 'neath the bark roof of that humble slab cottage the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was first offered up in Dunedin, and the infant Catholic Church of Otago first saw the light.

The scene must have been an impressive one. It was spring; the valley and surrounding hills as far as the eye could reach were clothed with a rich mantle of virgin forest, while here and there the beautiful white clematis, emblem of purity, raised its head above the surrounding mass of green. The glorious kowhai with its wealth of golden blossoms dotted the creek side, while the wild jasmine filled the air with its rich perfume. The glint of the spring sun was just creeping into the valley and tipping the dew-covered leaves and blossoms with diamonds. The rich mellow voice of the tui blended harmoniously with the shriller notes of the bell-bird as they made their orisons to the new-born day.

The very air without was redolent with hope, while within, with heads bowed down in thankfulness, the small congregation welcomed as the sweet message of hope to the young settlement the holy words of consecration. Father Seon arrived on a Friday; on Saturday, by all possible means, information of his arrival was sent to all Catholics in and around Dunedin, and arrangements were made to have the use of the brewery belonging to Mr. Coleman Burke (after whom Burkes was afterwards named) as the only place available for Mass to be celebrated publicly on the Sunday following. This building was situated in what is now Princes Street South, and until lately still standing and occupied by Mr. Muir, the basket-maker. The casks had to be rolled out and the place made as suitable as possible for the holy purpose for which it was required, and from that time for some years served as a church.

The news of the arrival of a priest soon spread among the members of the "Kirk," and more than one curious result was produced. In the first place Dr. Burns deemed it necessary on the Sunday to warn his congregation to beware of the "wolf in sheep's clothing" who had come among them lest the infant settlement should be led to forget its original character and high mission.

Father Seon was jocularly informed that Dr. Burns had been good enough to announce his arrival. It is related that upon hearing this the meek old priest called upon the Doctor, and with grateful sincerity thanked him for making the fact of his arrival public and so assisting him in letting the scattered Catholics know. It is not recorded what Dr. Burns immediately thought about the matter, but it is said that shortly after their interview the Doctor and Father Seon were seen walking down Princes Street engaged in amiable and friendly conversation, much to the scandal of the "unco guid." After staying a fortnight in Otago, during which he visited all the Catholics within accessible distance of Dunedin, including visits to the Heads, Waikouaiti, and the Taieri, Father Seon again departed for the north, and a considerable time elapsed before another visit was paid. During these visits he baptised a number of children, heard confessions, and gave Holy Communion.

(To be concluded.)



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Current Topics

The Christian Brothers' Concert

Those Dunedin Brothers' boys are hard to beat at whatever they take in hand. On the athletic campus they have proved their prowess time and again, as the Public School teachers well wot. All Dunedin knows what "hot stuff" they used to be before they scared the State Schools from playing against them. In the class-room they constantly give evidence that they can work as well as they can play. Probably the concert they gave on the evening of November 16, at His Majesty's Theatre, was the most successful of its kind ever given in the southern capital. "It would be hard to imagine a more pleasing amateur juvenile performance than that presented to a packed house by the boys of the Christian Brothers' School," was the generous tribute of the *Otago Daily Times*, and the boys deserved it. The various parts of the programme earned prolonged applause. The singing, the elocution, the acting were eloquent of the zest with which the young performers co-operated with their devoted teachers to produce a well-balanced and high-class entertainment that did credit to the whole school. All were worthy of high praise, and K. Toomey and J. Hall were particularly brilliant.

Our Exhibition

In beautiful weather, with flags flying and bands playing, the Dunedin Exhibition opened on November 17. Some forty-five thousand visitors passed through the gates, and everyone who went to Logan Park was eloquent in praise of what had been accomplished. It was a big undertaking, but Dunedin people can do big things, and their courage was already rewarded by the fine promise of the opening day. The Governor-General spoke well, and his voice carried wonderfully. Mr. Coates may not be an orator but he has the knack of saying the right thing and of striking the proper note. We heard several people refer in complimentary language to his speeches both at the opening and at the banquet on the following evening. The latter function was a happy gathering. Two Bishops graced the board. Sir Joseph Ward was there, looking like his old self, after his victory over the forces of bigotry in Invercargill. Good fellowship and bonhomie marked the event, and the evening passed pleasantly for all. Visitors are already in the city in large numbers, and, given a spell of dry weather, all roads will lead to Dunedin during the coming months. Certain parts of the Dominion have been asleep and their pavilions are no credit to them. However, the example of Dunedin may stimulate them to play their part well later on. The success of the great venture seems already assured, and a headline has been set which will have a good effect on future exhibitions in New Zealand.

The Irish Republicans

It was reported by the Irish press, early in October, that informal negotiations had taken place between representatives of the Dail and of the Republicans, with the object of securing an agreement that would enable the latter to take their seats as Teachtaí. Dr. Mannix is mentioned as the intermediary responsible for the movement. A couple of weeks ago we told our readers that we had found in Ireland many Republican

who had come to recognise that such a step was the best thing not only for Ireland but also for their own party. Hence, we should not be astonished to find that this report is well founded. In the meantime, we must wait and see.

Irish in the Schools

Although, as a natural result of all the trouble, enthusiasm has waned among the masses, the Government is not losing sight of the Irish language, and Dr. MacNeill is uncompromising in his attitude. He is determined that the children shall learn in the schools the tongue of their ancestors, and the clamor of West-Britons and their pseudo-nationalist imitators is making him all the firmer. Like the Editor of the *Leader*, like Davis, like Pearse, he holds that the native language is the inspiration of the national spirit, and, as Minister for Education, he is going to have it taught in all the schools under his control. More power to him!

Protestant Bishop Refutes Slanders

Addressing the annual meeting of the Ferns Diocesan Synod, in the last week of September, Dr. Day, Bishop of Ossory, Ferns and Leighlin said:—

"Before he closed he would just say they had reason to be thankful that the country was now peaceful and quiet under firm Government, and that men were able to get on with their business without interference. He believed there were people in England who still thought that Ireland was in a state of unrest. In a recent report of an English Religious Society, he saw it stated the other day that the South and West of Ireland was still disturbed and that outrages were frequent. He did not know where the writer of that report got his information. He had been grievously misled.

"It seems to me," concluded his Lordship, "and I am in touch with people all over the South of Ireland, that in all this disturbed and restless world, there are few quieter corners than that in which you and I live, and our duty is plain—not to hold aloof from the life of the country as if we belonged to different castes from the rest of our fellow-countrymen, but to throw ourselves wholeheartedly and enthusiastically into the life and work of the country, making the best of things as we find them, co-operating with men of all creeds and classes for the welfare of Ireland and the service of our fellow-men."

Free State Finances

Since we wrote in rather despondent tone about the financial outlook in Ireland matters have improved considerably. There has been a splendid harvest which will mean general prosperity for the farmers. And the official figures published at the end of September are said to disclose a more satisfactory position than was anticipated. The revenue for the first half of the financial year was £12,389,296, and the expenditure was £12,043,161.

With the best half of the financial year, from the revenue point of view, to come, half the estimated revenue has been obtained, whilst the expenditure amounts to about half the estimated "normal" expenditure for the year to be met out of revenue. Total receipts into the Exchequer up to September 30 (including the balance in the Exchequer on April 1, of £1,681,192) are

£14,490,988, or £2,556,379 less than last year's total of £17,047,367, which however, included a balance of £3,394,512 in the Exchequer on April 1, 1924. Although the total expenditure this year is slightly higher than last year, total issues at £12,575,361 are £228,839 less than last year's figure of £12,804,200. This is mainly accounted for by the fact that amongst the other issues last year was £814,000 for the payment of Irish Free State Bills. The balance in the Exchequer now is £1,915,627, as compared with £1,243,167 a year ago. The total revenue at £12,389,296 is £395,059 less than last year's figure of £12,784,355.

The biggest falling off is the Customs and Excise duties. The abolition of the tea duty and the reduction in sugar duty would probably account for much of this. That the income tax collection is still being swelled by the collection of arrears is clear from the fact that the total for the half-year is even greater than last year's abnormal figure. Other receipts include £30,000 repayment of temporary advances under the Unemployment Insurance Acts (last year £10,000). Money raised by the creation of debt includes £100,000 for capital expenditure issues under the Telegraph Acts (last year, nil), and £290,500 from Savings Certificates (last year, £171,500).

On the outlay side, total expenditure at £12,043,161 shows an increase of £294,761 on last year's figures of £11,748,400.

Other issues include £100,000, under the Shannon Electricity Act, 1925; £94,000 under the Unemployment Insurance Acts (last year, £104,000); and £100,000 to meet capital expenditure under the Telegraphs Act. Saving Certificates paid off figure at £49,200 (last year, £47,800), and ways and means advances repaid to public departments are £189,000, as against £90,000.

Ne Sutor Ultra Crepidam

"Let the cobbler stick to his last" is an old saying and a wise one. It has recently been said in America, by a man who is appalled by the results of secular schools, to the Federal Churches which are busy about many things. There are certain ministers of religion who rely on their weird tales about Rome to fill their tabernacles. In the same way, it has been said, we know not with what truth, that many Protestant divines took up the Prohibition campaign when they found that what they had to say on religion failed to fill their churches. If that be true, the following letter is a blunt hint that it might be better for all if they left not undone many things that are undone within their own professional sphere:—

Mr. F. Ernest Johnson,
Dept. of Research and Education,
Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America,
105 E. 22nd St., New York City.
San Francisco, Calif.,
October 13, 1925.

Dear Mr. Johnson:

The Prohibition Situation.

Though I am not in accord with the policy of any Religious Organisation taking any part in political affairs, I wish to compliment you upon the fairness of the presentation you have made of the prohibition situation in your recent booklet.

No doubt, all of the six publications you advertise on the back cover of your prohibition booklet are of great interest and importance, but none of the subjects you name—

1. The Wage Question; 2. The Coal Controversy; 3. Twelve Hour Day in the Steel Industry; 4. Social Aspect of Farmers' co-operative Marketing; 5. Prohibition Situation; 6. Contract Labor in Prisons—are questions so concerning Religious Worship that our Churches should involve themselves therein.

To my mind, the great and continuous increase in our country of crime and all other delinquency, is the direct result of preachers and parents relying upon legislation, police-force, and prisons to accomplish what can be done only by home and religious training.

Recently I made a survey of the religions of men and boys committed to the California State Penitentiaries, and found that the greatest increase was in those without religion, and the least increase was in Catholics. Please do not assume that this comment is one of partisan religion, because I am a Protestant.

Please pardon the suggestion,—if the Ministers comprising the Church Federation should conclude to divorce themselves from all public political activities and devote their energies to educate parents to begin the religious training of their children from babyhood, and to continue the same actively till they are old enough to want to go to Sunday School, then our young people will be on the right track, and our crime wave will rapidly decline; otherwise, conditions are bound to get much worse from year to year.

Politics and religion do not mix successfully. The attempt to mix them is disastrous not only to the Government but also to the Church.

Faithfully,

E. CLEMENS HORST.

A Shameful Confession

In a letter to the *London Nation and Athenaeum*, the Right Hon. Arthur Ponsonby, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the late Cabinet, has confessed the guilt of the British Government and admitted a course of conduct that is a disgrace to any nation, however savage or barbarous. In a word, his confession comes to saying: "We were liars and libellers, but our own interests justified us in being so."

Protestant England used to accuse Catholics of mental reservations, and the Jesuits of teaching that the end justifies the means! Now comes the frank confession that lying on a national scale is sound policy when England's interests demand it. But hear Sir Arthur's own words:—

"All governments must lie to their people when war breaks out in order to secure national unity and enthusiasm."

Note at once the candid plea that the lying is justified by self-interest. It is not the Catholics but the British politicians and pressmen who lie; as it is not the Jesuits but the Protestant statesmen who plead that the end justifies the means. But let us get on with the sordid confession of dishonor and demoralisation:

"Our Government denied having made any agreement with France before the war. Yet an agreement not only existed but turned out to be a binding 'obligation of honor.'"

"Our Government knew that Germany alone was not solely responsible for the war, and although this fiction had to be put into the Treaty of Versailles, there is no responsible Minister who would maintain it now."

"Our Government knew that France and Russia had been expecting and preparing for war. . . . But they represented the outbreak of war as coming from the enemy on innocent and unprepared nations."

"Our Government knew that if Germany had not violated the neutrality of Belgium France would have done so."

"Our Government knew during the course of the war that the Serbian Government were directly responsible for the murder of the Archduke at Serajevo. But they never told us."

"Our Government knew that the Russian general mobilisation preceded and caused the German mobilisation."

"Our Government knew that there were no corpse-factories in Germany."

"I could multiply instances had I space, but these may suffice to show how war makes it necessary to suppress truth, which is the most insidious method of spreading falsehood."

Readers of the *Tablet*, friendly and otherwise, ought to remember that there was not one of these lies that we did not expose at the time they were told. Just as we were the only paper that stood by Ireland in her dark hour, so we were the only one that fearlessly put the truth before our readers and protested against the shameful propaganda of calumny with which the enemy was being fought. For this we were denounced as seditious, until we became convinced that to be seditious was to be a lover of truth, and to be patriotic was to co-operate in calumny or else to preserve an ignoble silence where truth was at stake. We can smile now as, day by day fresh proofs are coming to light to justify the stand we took during the war; but it is not a matter for smiling when one looks back and thinks of the nerve-racking storm and stress of the strenuous years when we refused to become liars and to believe that the end justified the means. No. It is rather a matter for sorrow and pity for a people so deceived by unscrupulous and dishonorable guides.

In the Orange Parliament

All is not well with the Wee State Parliament. The loss of trade is irritating business men. Orangemen are tired of being made tools for politicians. There is a general feeling that the incompetence of the Craig Government has gone beyond all endurable bounds. Hence, when Mr. Devlin attacked the Prime Minister and exposed the dishonesty of his tactics, the Nationalist speaker had many sympathisers among the non-Catholic members. The question of the hour was the election scandal whereby the Nationalists were penalised through the bungling—wilful or otherwise—of somebody. It was introduced by Mr. McAllister who (says the *Irish Weekly News*) made his case in a speech excellent in tone, well restrained, closely reasoned, and carefully phrased. It was a balanced presentation of all the facts, fully documented, and convincing to all but those who were determined that they should not be convinced. Mr. McAllister read out the interesting correspondence between the Speaker and the Postmaster-General, which he fittingly described as revealing "an official confusion that was unparalleled and inconceivable either by the staunchest friend or the bitterest opponent of the Government." The House, he said, had in its hands the honor of the Government. If they persisted in depriving the Nationalists of due representation the dishonor would be theirs.

Then came the Prime Minister. His whole speech was imply a flat refusal to take a single step to right the wrong that was committed. It was couched in his best "not-an-inch" vein. He meandered along with a stream of not very lively irrelevancies, that recalled the famous phrase of a former Tory Prime Minister of Great Britain about "the dreary drip of dilatory declamation." He shed crocodile tears over Nationalist non-representation, and talked sanctimonious homilies about the need of getting rid of all party feeling. In the most solemn and lugubrious tones he assured those, whom Mr. Devlin subsequently described as the "Party hacks," that they were "a judicial tribunal"; pointed out the inability of that alleged Parliament to control a single postman, and declared that it would be "illegal" for the Northern Parliament to do what Mr. Devlin asked. He instituted a number of bogus parallels that had no relation to the wrong perpetrated in connection with the Senate election.

Mr. Devlin's opening sentence was a facer for Sir James Craig. "I have never," he said, "listened to a more dishonest speech than that just delivered by the Prime Minister." The Premier's Pecksniff pose he smashed into smithereens, and the crocodile tears of simulated regret over the fact that out of the twenty-six members of the Senate there is not a single representative of a minority which constitutes one-third of the population of the Six County area he treated with deserved contempt. "I do not," said Mr. Devlin, "believe a word of his protestations about wanting a representative of the minority either here or in the Senate. The declarations he has made have been for the benefit of England and other parts of the world." And then Mr. Devlin proceeded to institute a comparison between the treatment of the Protestant minority in the Free State and the Catholic minority in the Six County area, over which Sir James Craig presides. It was a telling contrast, and it is only fair to say that the great bulk of the Government's supporters sat in shame-faced silence and realised the meanness of the performance to which the Prime Minister was committing them.

Look on this Picture, etc.

On the one hand is a Protestant minority of slender dimensions and of negligible voting power, except in the City and County of Dublin, and they have been granted, not as the result of an election, but by favor of the Free State Government, nearly half of the entire representation of the Senate. Not merely that, but one of the most extreme exponents of old-time "Ulsteria," the bosom pal of Lord Carson, and the ex-legal assessor of the famous Provisional Government of Belfast Town Hall fame, Sir James H. Campbell (now Lord Glenavy), has been chosen as the Chairman of the Free State Senate. In the Northern Senate there is not a single representative of that Catholic minority which forms one-third of the population, and which by its numbers, despite jerrymandering and stuffed registers and organised personation, has sufficient voting power to elect ten representatives to the Northern House of Commons. No wonder Mr. Devlin's exposure proved such a distasteful pill for the party of bigotry and reaction, but they had to take their medicine from the member for West Belfast, and there was not even a ghastly pretence of a smile.

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(Lead Kindly Light)

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The State of England

(By JOHN ROBINSON.)

Arrogant imperialists, and self-satisfied profiteers broadcast the vain boast that the security of England was won by the defeat of Prussia. How false is this notion may be gathered from a brutally candid little book entitled *Declension*, by "A Gentleman with a Duster." This slender volume may be read comfortably in one evening, but if read with attention it will provide sufficient mental food for many moons: for its thesis is that Britain is doomed, not by German machinations, but by the mental and moral chaos which is mirrored in the economic and social debacle which is England to-day.

Insolvency and Stagnation.

There is no doubt about the tragedy. Lord Inchcape says that the first line of a country's defence and of the defence of civilisation is solvency; and then he adds: "We have got into a position where many can only pay rates and taxes by realising assets and so diminishing the funds needed for the expansion of business. If this goes on our whole social and industrial fabric will go to pieces, and the country, instead of being a land fit for heroes to live in, will be peopled by paupers." An American observer is quoted as saying: "The outlook of the British people seems dark and uncertain. . . . The troubles that beset the British are large and concern things fundamental. Their greatest days are probably past. . . . I look for no large immediate catastrophe, though these indeed may come, but I fear that a long, slow decline has begun." Mr. Philip Snowden says that one of the great captains of industry in the North told him he expected that within two years every factory in Great Britain would be closed down.

The Cause.

The cause of the disorder is thus tersely expressed in the preface:—"There is chaos in our ways because there is chaos in our minds. There is disorder in our house because there is disorder in our souls." And again: "We are acting as if the universe were governed by no laws of any kind, acting not only as if it were possible and reasonable to gather grapes from thistles and figs from thorns, but as if the Invisible Powers behind the plain processes of evolution had a taste for tomfoolery and a positive passion for the second-rate."

Effects of Stupidity.

The first part of the book deals with our economic perils. Not only is it made clear by this conservative writer that England is not now a great nation but he also shows that even in the height of her power she was vastly over-rated. Her fortunes were fortuitous. They were built not upon stability of character and tenacity of purpose, as is commonly supposed, but upon continental revolutions and the undeveloped state of America, both of which relieved her from rivalry while she established her manufacturing trade at the time when power-driven ma-

chinery was in its infancy. Even then, it is shown, her stupidity sealed her doom, for she sacrificed the agriculture of the country to the exigencies of industrialism, and permitted conditions of life in manufacturing cities which were fatal both to the health and morals of the people. Eighty per cent. of her food is grown in foreign countries; and if she cannot pay for her food she will not receive it. This in face of the fact that she cannot now command her customers, for she is surrounded by rivals who are able to defeat her in the markets of the world. The chief and only safe way in which she can procure her food is by sending her manufactured goods to those who grow it. And in order that her manufactured goods should be more desirable in the eyes of those who grow it, they must be good, cheap, and unchecked in their flow—better, cheaper, and more regular than those of competing nations. The achievement of this purpose demands intelligence and good morals, both of which are conspicuous by their absence from every phase of English life. "We can no more hope to shape a great destiny out of our present way of thinking than a child with spade and bucket can build a stone house out of sand. Our thoughts are our chastisement. If we let them, they will become our destruction." In short, if England continues to think stupidly she will figure as an unemployed nation without the dole.

The Challenge.

When England became an industrial nation France was convulsed with wars and revolutions; the United States were disorganised and undeveloped; and time had not given birth to the great German Empire. Hence, she was able to peddle her wares throughout the world unchallenged by the rivals that later rose out of a peaceful Europe to try her strength. Their food was growing at their door, and they realised their power when they observed her folly, first in abandoning agriculture and later in neglecting to manufacture her own manufacturing plant, two blunders that turned her into a clearing house for raw material. Her colonial expansion amused them, for her bull-headed way of dealing with the people in the foreign territory she occupied made those colonies a perpetual menace to her security. It was observed that she was conducting herself like a rich parvenu, that she despised education, and that her people degenerated into careless, vulgar, stupid materialists. To quote from the book: "The quality which most struck them [our rivals] in our civilisation was its extreme untidiness, and they considered that just as a dirty house is the effect of a careless housewife, so the extreme untidiness of British civilisation was the effect of a very gross and culpable carelessness on the part of our rulers." After the Boer War we "found ourselves exhausted and friendless in a world which no longer admired our intelligence or feared our strength." Our rivals watched our blunders and profited by them to the end that seven

years after the war Germany has "come back" while Britain stands with a great army of unemployed, a burden of unexampled taxation, and a difference between her exports and imports of some £350,000,000. And during the same period she has spent nearly a like sum on keeping the idle fed and the discontented from mutiny. In addition to these woes another spectre rises to confront her. The future belongs to oil and electricity, and the rich coalfields of England must fall more and more into decay. How the crisis was met is thus told by the "Gentleman with a Duster": "Three years after the armistice . . . the great trade of England was suddenly snapped like a twig. Four millions of people were thrown out of employment. . . . To meet the difficulties of the times, the statesmen and local authorities of England, making no effort of any moment to reduce their own extravagant expenditure, loaded the manufacturer with still heavier rates and taxes, and directed all their energies, not to the assistance of British foreign trade, but to the doping of unemployed with a dole for idleness. . . . Let our foreign rivals defeat us still further in the overseas markets of the world, and our supplies of food will fail, the cost of living will increase, and the hungry millions of this country will demand a revolution that must destroy us all."

Signs of Unsoundness.

These disorders are merely the effect of mental chaos which is reflected in the everyday lives of all classes of society. The abnormal demand for crime news, pornographic literature, obscene pictures, and indecent plays shows that the country has abandoned God for Sex. "Further evidence of disorder and moral carelessness may be seen in many commercial pictures which are posted about the streets of our cities or used as advertisements in the newspapers and magazines. The prevailing look in these pictures is a prurient leer, and their only tone a guffaw of sensuality. No one nowadays seems able to advertise a box of chocolates without calling the world's attention to a woman's ankle, and cigarettes would apparently go unsmoked unless the picture of a girl showing her knees was for ever confronting the public. Plays of a comic character would attract us by some such picture as that of a woman immodestly fastening her garter; and there is scarcely a soap in the world or an article of attire or a throat lozenge which can be sold without some representation of a woman *en déshabillé*." To a certain extent the rich must bear responsibility for the sins of the poor as the latter naturally look to the rich for guidance. But the sons and daughters of finance are too low in moral vitality to do otherwise than escape from boredom through a breach in the Ten Commandments. It is not that they are vicious, but they are idle and ignorant and the mind that cannot be bothered with God will have to spare time for Satan.

The Remedy.

It is when the writer searches for remedies that he drifts into troubled waters. He knows that the nation is doomed unless it returns to healthy principles of life. It fell

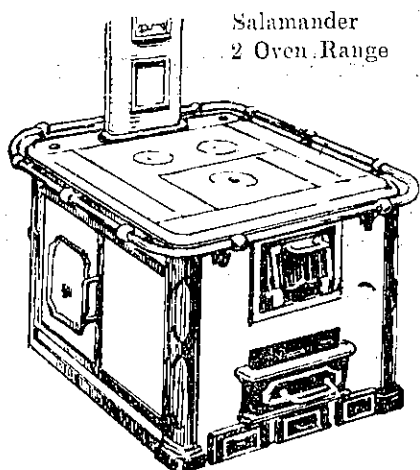
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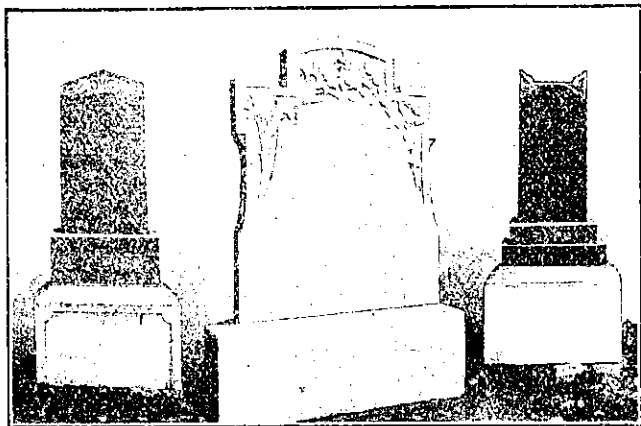
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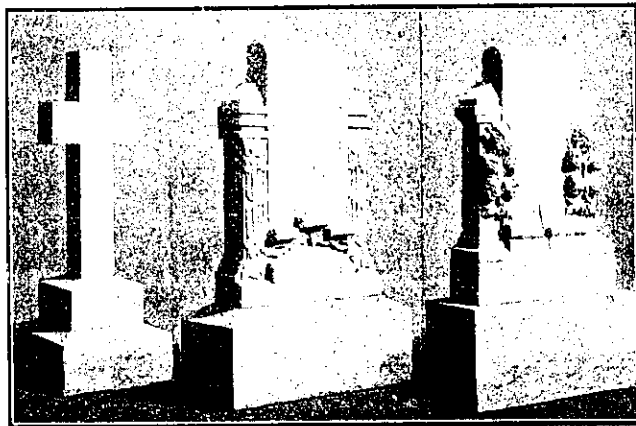
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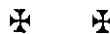
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from greatness when it fell from God, and it cannot escape the consequences of its sins any more than a man who thrusts his hand into the fire can escape burning. But he appears to think that people may be persuaded to abandon their beloved sins if it is made clear to them that the nation will perish if they don't. It is not easy, however, to persuade people to make immediate individual sacrifices in order to check national decadence. The man who keeps the Ten Commandments because he loves God, fears hell, and has marked the uncertainty of his days has a stronger personal motive for sanctifying himself than the person who disapproves of sin because too much of it exercises an injurious effect on trade. In short, we must serve God for Himself, not as an adjunct to industry. The broad, undenominational religion which the writer of *Declension* believes can unite all classes without interfering with any of the religious dogmas held at present is not likely to cause much excitement in theological circles. If the religion established by Christ as a rational rule of life cannot command the souls of men, it is not likely that any man-made religion will work the miracle. Indeed, we owe most of our social and economic troubles to men-made religions. Nevertheless, the book is a valuable contribution to the literature of 1925. It is wholesome and candid, tersely and graphically written by a man who understands the importance of first things.

DUNEDIN HIBERNIAN SOCIAL CLUB

The other week the club-rooms re-echoed with the oratory and enthusiasm of electioneering, the occasion being a debate on the liquor controversy. Messrs. J. N. Smith and A. J. Dowling, as leader and seconder respectively for the affirmative, logically justified the right of the majority to eradicate altogether demoralising influences in the community, and stated that the degradations of drink and the exploitations of the "trade" were such as to demand the interference of the people of New Zealand. They held that there was not the scope in New Zealand for American violations even if true. The champions of the trade (Messrs. J. J. Marlow, jun., and A. Gillick) admitted the evils of liquor and that reform was necessary, but could not agree with the morality of the alleged right to prohibit, nor the contention that prohibition in operation would be successful. The weight of evidence regarding America, according to them, was against the success of the principle, as also in Sweden and other countries. The difficulties of enforcement were as great in New Zealand.

The chairman (Mr. F. Moloney), although declining to adjudicate on the merits of the debate, expressed his opinion that morally prohibition was not justifiable nor was it the remedy for the present social evil. The meeting was well supported by club members, some of whom also expressed their opinions. At the conclusion Mr. Smith proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman, which was carried by acclamation.

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Church of St. John the Evangelist, Little River

OPENING CEREMONY.

(From our Christchurch correspondent.)

Sunday, November 15, will be a day long remembered by the Catholic people of Little River. The fine weather conditions prevailing for weeks suddenly changed on the preceding night and gave place to a howling storm of wind, rain, and sleet that bore every indication of keeping Rev. Father Gallagher, the devoted priest of the district, and his pious, practical flock well indoors, and of making the opening of his beautiful new church a sheer impossibility. However, about midday the much-spent damaging gale abated, and at about 2.30 his Lordship Dr. Brodie, with Rev. Father Lordan, Adm., of the Cathedral parish, and Rev. Father Quinn (Addington) were on the scene preparatory to the ceremony timed for three o'clock.

His Lordship having blessed the exterior of the church was met at the front porch by some 200 people and presented by Mrs. Julia Rennell (mother of the contractors) with a silver key with which he opened the door. After the recital of the customary Litanies and the Rosary, several members of the Cathedral choir, who had journeyed out to assist Father Gallagher, sang the "Veni Creator."

In addressing the congregation, among whom were Mr. Geo. Armstrong (mayor of Akaroa), Mr. Dudley Richards (chairman Wairua County Council), the Sisters of Mercy (Akaroa), and Marist Brothers (Christchurch), Father Gallagher extended a hearty welcome to his Lordship the Bishop, who (he said) rejoiced twelve months ago when laying the foundation stone of the church, and must feel delighted to see the work in its completed state—another monument raised to the glory of God and the honor of the diocese.

To his brother priests Father Gallagher said he was under a debt of deep gratitude, for they had been ever ready to assist him in his difficulties and had shown keen personal interest in the building of the church. Very Rev. Dean Bowers, who had formerly been in charge of the district, in particular manifested the greatest possible interest in the undertaking.

During his (the speaker's) three years' work amongst them he had found the people of Little River enthusiastic and generous, and he could find no words suitable to express his feelings of gratitude towards them. The fact that the sum of upwards of £2000 had been realised and spent in two years as the result of the efforts of the 32 families that comprised the congregation, was practical proof of the unity, good feeling, self-sacrifice, and solid religious conviction that existed amongst them. As their pastor he felt very proud of them and of their achievement.

Having reviewed the growth of the church fund (a bazaar which realised £760 4s; social functions, £254 10s 6d; direct appeals, £1352 14s 2d; and donations in kind, £471 10s) Father Gallagher stated that as it stood the building cost £4300, of which £1517 was still unpaid, and he appealed for help in reducing this amount. He eulogised the work of the church committee, who had willingly

shouldered the responsibilities of his suggestions and expressed the appreciation of the untiring faithful services of his two principal office-bearers—Messrs. John Keenan and Leo Fahey.

The following donors were specially thanked by Father Gallagher, who also spoke highly of the splendid help given and excellent spirit shown by the non-Catholics of the district:—Mr. Rinaldi (a non-Catholic) stone for the fence, and Mr. John Glynnan for work for same; Mrs. Keenan (the first Catholic person to settle in Little River and who was present with them at the ceremony), life-size statues of the Sacred Heart and Our Blessed Lady; Mr. T. Quealey, marble altar and chalice; Mr. Patrick Fahey, stations of the cross erected in memory of his late son Frank—well-known as a playing member of the M.B.O.B.A., Christchurch; Mr. James Watson, electric light and fittings; Mr. James Flynn and Mrs. Flynn, iron gates; Miss Kennedy, set of branch candlesticks; the ladies of the congregation, new organ; Rennell Brothers, massive baptismal font in stone; Mr. H. St. A. Murray (architect), two holy-water fonts.

In conclusion, Father Gallagher referred to the honest work of the architect and the faithful fulfilment of their contract by Messrs Rennell Bros., remarking that if the contractors were as satisfied with the remuneration as he and his committee were with the building, then there existed mutual satisfaction as between employers and employees.

His Lordship Dr. Brodie feelingly acknowledged the welcome extended to him by Father Gallagher, and expressed his unbounded pleasure at the zeal of his priests and the generosity of his people. He complimented the architect on the simple beauty of his designs and the contractors on the faultless construction of the beautiful church. To the people of Little River Dr. Brodie offered his deepest congratulations on the wonderful success that had been so speedily achieved. The district carried a misnomer in the word "Little," because it was big in its aspirations, big in its achievements, and its people were imbued with lofty ideals and sentiments. As Bishop of the diocese he thanked all who had assisted Father Gallagher in his zealous labors, and invoked the blessing of God on all.

Choosing for his text, "Build the house and it shall be acceptable to Me and I shall be glorified therein said the Lord of Hosts," the Bishop delivered a sermon as interesting as it was instructive and appropriate. He went back in story to the Old Testament Tabernacles, came on to the Temple of Jerusalem, the building of St. Peter's and the great monuments of faith through the centuries—testimonies of the permanence and stability of our faith. After portraying the dignity and holiness of the ceremonies that would be celebrated in their new church the Bishop concluded his eloquent discourse by an exhortation to perseverance in piety and generosity.

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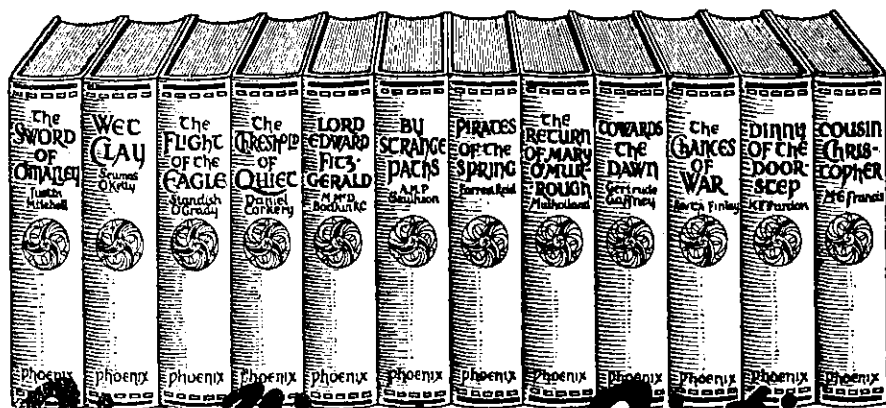
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then given by the Bishop, assisted by Fathers Jordan and Quinn, the incidental music being rendered by members of the Cathedral choir. Miss K. O'Connor presided at the organ.

The church is built of Halswell blue stone with Oamaru stone facings, and is of Gothic design with a graceful roof of Welsh slates. The walls inside are finished in cement matching the cream stone facings. Over the sanctuary is a handsomely moulded arch and on either side of the sanctuary in the nave niches accommodating the statues of the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin. The open Gothic roof is elaborately finished; there are sacristies on each side of the sanctuary, and the fine entrance porch is surmounted by a Celtic cross. The lead-light windows by Bradley Bros. are of exquisite design. The seating is of the best figured rimu, and the sanctuary floor of rubber tiles. There is also a fine choir gallery. The marble altar was designed and sculptured by Messrs. Tait, Christchurch, and is a very fine piece of workmanship. The keynote to the whole building is solidity, and Father Gallagher and his people with pardonable pride may consider it second to none for any country parish in the Dominion.

TIMARU CATHOLIC GLEE CLUB

CONCERT AT ST. ANDREWS.

On the 10th inst., the above choir gave a concert in the St. Andrews Hall, which was well filled by a large and appreciative audience (says the *Timaru Herald*). Under the baton of their talented conductor (Mr. A. C. McInnes) the choir rendered some choice items, showing splendid balance, evenness of tone and clear enunciation in such popular numbers as "Love's Old Sweet Song," "Juanita," "The Rosary," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Pale in the Amber West," "The Serenade," "Comrades in Arms," "Sweet and Low," "Fishing," and "Stars of the Summer Night."

Considering the short time the choir has been in existence, it has attained a high standard of efficiency, due in no small measure to the musical ability of its conductor. The supporting items were of a high standard, and were well received. Mr. Alan Shrimpton, the well-known and popular baritone, delighted the audience with his renderings of "O Sole Mio," in English and Italian, and "Because." In response to insistent encores, he gave "The Mountains of Mourne," and "The Murray Moon." The elocutionists of the party (Misses I. and M. Collins) were also heard to advantage, and had to respond to encores. Miss C. Kyle gave a fine display of national dancing, and is always a popular favorite. Miss N. Scannell and Miss R. Leeming gave pianoforte duets in pleasing style. The accompaniments were sympathetically played by Miss N. Scannell and Mr. A. C. McInnes.

The concert was in every way a great success, and the Glee Choir, having set such a high standard, their concerts will always be popular with lovers of good music, besides being a decided acquisition to the musical talent of South Canterbury.

After the concert the ladies of St. Andrews entertained the choir and assisting artists to supper. Mr. J. Daly (president of the choir), on behalf of the visitors, thanked the ladies for their kindness in providing supper also the gentlemen who so kindly prepared the ball. He also took advantage of the occasion to express the choir's sincere appreciation of the capable and thorough manner in which Mr. G. M. Gamble had carried out his duties as secretary and added that the organisation and success of the choir's concerts was largely due to his energy and enthusiasm. Mr. Daly also took the opportunity of thanking Rev. Fathers Hurley and Barra for the practical interest they had shown in the choir since its inception.

Father Hurley suitably responded on behalf of the St. Andrews people, after which dancing terminated a very enjoyable evening.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Australian Catholic Truth Society will take place at the Cathedral Hall, Brunswick Street, Fitzroy, on Monday, the 30th November, at 8 p.m. A special feature of that occasion will be a lecture on "The Conversion of Australia" by the Very Rev. Dr. Maurice O'Reilly, C.M., of St. John's College, Sydney University.

CURRENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Real Presence. By Eustace Boylan, S.J.

Father Boylan treats in popular language of the doctrine of the Real Presence, its place in Catholic belief, and its bearing on Catholic life. He gives us an admirable pamphlet, readable and informative.

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These autobiographical details, written in answer to a special request, will prove of considerable interest to the reader. The writer occupied an important position in High Anglican circles. Her conversion involved a sacrifice of practically all the goods of this life.

For the Holy Souls, and Other Stories. By Miriam Agatha.

The stories of Miriam Agatha, one of our best Catholic writers, are always assured of a warm welcome. They appeal to the grown-up as well as to the young.

A Summer School of Catholic Studies

will be held at the Convent of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, Timaru, beginning on the closing day of the Ladies' Retreat that will open on January 2, 1926. The School will end on Saturday, January 9.

A series of lectures will be delivered by specialists on subjects of interest to Teachers and University Students.

The time between lectures may be agreeably spent in sea-bathing, tennis, and pleasant outings.

Fuller particulars will be given later.

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Diocesan News

Archdiocese of Wellington

(From our own Correspondent.)

November 20.

On Sunday morning at Buckle Street, the street was thronged with worshippers hastening to the ordination ceremony. The aspirant for the priesthood was the Rev. Peter Breen. Taranaki thus adds another to the number of youths she has given to God, and New Zealand adds another to her fast increasing roll of native-born priests. His Grace Archbishop O'Shea officiated, and conferred the dignity of the priesthood upon this latest member. Rev. Father McDonnell, S.M., St. Patrick's College, was deacon; Very Rev. Dean Connolly, Kilbirnie, subdeacon; and Father F. Cullen, Chancellor, master of ceremonies. Present in the sanctuary were Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, Rev. Father Fallon (Newtown), and Rev. Father Butler (Buckle Street). Father Breen gave his blessing to the congregation after the Mass was over. In the evening he gave Benediction and again gave his blessing to the people, to whom a young priest's first blessing means so much. The next morning he said his first Mass at the Home of Compassion, Island Bay, some of his relatives being present.

The garden party given by the Seatoun College was even more than usually a glowing success. An unpromising morning developed into a day of golden sunshine, a change due doubtless to that powerful band of pray-ers, the small boys of the college. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent by all concerned. The proceeds were in the vicinity of £300, surely a record result from any single afternoon's entertainment!

The memory of Father Maples was honored yesterday by a Month's Mind in the church wherein so long he labored, the Church of the Sacred Heart, Petone. Everything was done as he would have wished. No panegyric was preached. He never loved praises. The organ was not used. The Gregorian chant which he loved was sung. Very Rev. Dean Regnault was celebrant, and was assisted by the Rev. Father Kelly (Newtown) as deacon, and the Rev. Father Campbell, C.S.S.R., as subdeacon, and Rev. Father Devoy as M.C. In the sanctuary were his Grace Archbishop Redwood, Archbishop O'Shea, Archdeacon Devoy, Rev. Father Connolly, Rev. Father McDonnell (St. Patrick's College), Rev. Father Mahony (St. Mary's), Rev. Father G. Mahony (Wanganui), Rev. Father Hilley (Stratford), Rev. Father Brennan (Eltham), Rev. Father O'Donnell (Waipawa), Rev. Father Carmine (Tailhappe), Rev. Father Daly (Lower Hutt), Rev. Father Fallon (Newtown), Rev. Father Hegarty (Carterton), Rev. Father Murphy (St. Mary's), Rev. Father Dillon (Newtown), Rev. Father Lenihan (Kilbirnie), Rev. Fathers Smythe, Cullen, Butler (St. Joseph's), Rev. Fathers Gill, C.S.S.R., and Griffin (Johnsonville).

Another of the pioneers has entered into her sweet rest in the person of Mrs. Mary Abbott, of Pahautanni. All who knew her loved her. She was just twenty when she came here to begin that long useful existence that has just closed. So New Zealand claims

R. H. Todd

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her as well as her own County Cork. The words spoken above her by her friend, Father O'Connell, of Christchurch, were words of high praise, but not too high for her merit. She walked with the staff of faith and the mantle of kindness. Pahautanui flocked to her funeral. Rev. Father Griffen, of Johnsonville, celebrated the Requiem Mass. Rev. Father O'Connell, of Christchurch, well known here from both mission and parish service, officiated at the graveside, and Very Rev. Dean Regnault and Rev. Father Walshe were also present to pay their last tribute to their old friend. Deep sympathy is extended to her relatives. May the earth lie lightly upon her!

Rev. Father Fallon, of Newtown, is about to take a holiday. His friends are wishing that it may be a good one. St. Anne's parish contains the big city hospital with its attendant duties. Everybody knows the strain of those duties, and Newtown has not forgotten that after the death of the late lamented Dean McKenna, Rev. Father Fallon for a time managed both parish and hospital unassisted. He leaves for Australia next week, carrying with him many wishes for a pleasant voyage and holiday.

Stella Murray performed here last night. She presented an enchanting programme, full of beautiful, quaint ballads and fragments of psalms and arias. It was one of the most artistic programmes as concert programmes go ever presented here. So many singers choose beautiful airs with banal words. In this programme airs and words were worthy of one another.

At the screening of "Glorious New Zealand," in St. Francis's Hall for the priests and nuns of the city, Mr. Tano Fama explained briefly the various scenes and activities screened. To his courtesy the screening of the picture was due. Later the picture was screened again in the same hall for the general public.

Masterton

(From our own correspondent.)

November 19.

A distressing railway crossing fatality occurred in Masterton on October 21, the victim being Mr. Robert Curry, a highly popular and respected young man of the parish. The funeral of the deceased took place on the 23rd, and the large concourse of sympathisers both at St. Patrick's Church and in the funeral procession testified to the popularity of the deceased. The procession from the church was most impressive, brethren of the Hibernian Society preceding the cortege, while immediately succeeding the mourners' carriage were the boy pupils of St. Patrick's School. The Post and Telegraph Department was represented by Mr. J. T. Williams (postmaster). The Rev. Father Hanratty officiated at the graveside, and the pall-bearers were the deceased's comrades in the Telegraph Department—Messrs. R. J. Miller, C. Creelman, W. W. Payne, T. C. Wickens, E. Hanley, and J. Nyhane. Numerous floral tributes were received, among others from the Masterton and Auckland branches of the Hibernian Society, Masterton and Auckland P. and T. staffs, Wairarapa Frozen Meat Co's Staff, St. Vincent de Paul Society, Red Star Football Club, Wairarapa Age Staff, Messrs Lamb and Pointon, and from many private sympathisers.—R.I.P.

Excellent success attended the efforts of the supporters of St. Bride's Convent in the childrens' dance held recently in an endeavor to supplement the fund established to provide a new altar in the Convent Chapel. The music hall in the new academy was set aside as a ballroom for the children, and the cheery faces of all the little dancers spoke volumes for the excellent time provided for them. The main assembly hall was filled to overflowing with a happy gathering of young people and adults, and dancing was indulged in till a late hour. Fancy dresses were in the minority, but the judging of them by Mrs. W. H. Jackson was watched with interest. The awards were made as follows: Children, most original, Desmond Cairns ("Rooster"); prettiest, Audrey Keisenberg ("Little Miss Vanity"); adults, prettiest, Miss Erma Rendall ("Spring"); most original, Miss Mary Tiller ("Mistress Mary.") A waltzing competition, the prizes for which were donated by a gentleman in the room, resulted in a tie between Miss Eva and Mr. O'Hagen, and Miss M. Percy and Mr. M. Ingley. Messrs J. Bradbury and J. Hunter officiated as M.C.s, and extras were played by Misses M. Moffatt, E. O'Connor and M. McKenzie. Much of the success of the evening is due to the enthusiasm and energy of Miss M. Diggins (the secretary), the Mother Superior and Sisters, and many lady helpers who prepared the supper and attended carefully to the entertainment of the visitors.

Diocese of Auckland

(From our own correspondent.)

November 19.

His Lordship Bishop Cleary opens the Epsom bazaar at the church grounds this evening at 8 p.m. The parishioners have been working very energetically for it during the past few months. The proceeds are to be devoted towards payment of the debt on the new church.

The bazaar held last week in St. Benedict's Hall in aid of the church at Avondale was a big success. Father Colgan is very pleased with the result. The parishioners deserve praise for the unanimous support accorded their pastor in his endeavor to raise funds to liquidate the church indebtedness.

The many friends of the Rev. Father Fahy, who has been laid up for some months in the Mater, will be pleased to hear that he has been able to leave this institution fully restored to health. The Right Rev. Dr. Liston is still there under the good care of the Sisters, making a gradual recovery.

The Sacred Heart College pupils are holding their annual picnic at Waiheke Island today. Accompanied by the Brothers of the college, they left at 8.30 this morning by the Ferry Company's Kiwi for this favorite pleasure resort, where a very pleasant day should be spent.

The Catholic Tennis Association tournament, for which a large number of entries

have been received from the various affiliated clubs, commences next Saturday week. Keen competition is expected for the premiership. Mr. Rouch has been elected president of the association, and Mr. W. Walsh, of Devonport, has been appointed secretary *pro tem*.

His Lordship Bishop Cleary blessed and laid the foundation stone of the new church at Cambridge on November 15. The new building, which replaces the old wooden premises erected a generation ago by Father Golden, is of very handsome design. The first Catholic church to be erected at Arapuni will be blessed and opened by Bishop Cleary on December 13. Arapuni has grown into a flourishing township during the past year. Mr. Darby generously donated the land for the church, which will be erected under the supervision of Rev. Fathers Alink (local pastor) and Spierings (Rotorua).

The town of Kaikohe is also to have its Catholic church in the near future. Mr. Tom Buxton, of Auckland, has generously presented a fine section for the purpose, and the new church will be erected at an early date.

The Mater Hospital grounds should present an animated scene on the 12th December next. A garden fete and sale of work is being held. The function will open at 3 p.m., when a musical programme will be presented by well-known artists. The Mater is a popular institution amongst all Aucklanders, and is anticipated that the fete will be a big success.

The election and coronation ceremony in connection with the Devonport Queen Carnival has been fixed for November 30 in the parish hall. The committee are working earnestly for success.

St. Patrick's Cathedral fund has benefited to the extent of £600 through a series of euchre parties and a wind-up bazaar. The result is a splendid tribute to the energy of the organisers.

Miss Halpin, of Auckland, has been awarded a special directors' exhibition as a result of her gaining the Performers' L.A.B. diploma for pianoforte last year. This entitles her to free musical education for from two to four years at the Royal College of Music, London. Miss Halpin has had a brilliant academic career winning her A.T.C.L. at the age of 15. The following year she secured her L.T.C.L. with honors, and early this year added to her record by gaining her Fellowship (F.T.C.L.) in the Trinity College, London. Miss Halpin has left for London with her mother to enter the Royal College.

The students of the Marist Brothers' Juniorate at Tuakau were very successful in their recent examinations. Ten candidates presented themselves and 10 passed the examination for Teachers' Certificate. Patrick Butler gained special mention for mathematics, securing 92 per cent.

The Sacred Heart Old Boys' Association are holding their annual reunion and smoke concert this evening in St. Benedict's Hall. The secretary (Mr. Malloy) assures me that they have a fine programme for the evening's entertainment.

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CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOL, DUNEDIN VISIT OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

On Monday morning the Governor-General and Lady Alice Fergusson, accompanied by Miss Orr-Ewing and Captain Wentworth, visited the Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin. At the school the Cadets formed a guard of honor and the pupils sang "God Save the King."

His Lordship Bishop Whyte escorted the party to their chairs, and made a few remarks. He said that the cheers from the boys indicated how deeply they appreciated the honor that their Excellencies conferred on them and on the Christian Brothers' School by this visit. It was regarded by the staff and the pupils and by the speaker as a great honor that the Governor-General should be there not only in his official capacity, but as Sir Charles Fergusson. It often happened in regard to such matters that the personal factor was overlooked. Not so on this occasion. It seemed that the kindly and generous disposition of Sir Charles had suggested to the Governor-General the paying of this compliment to the school. The present was a time of record-breaking. Men were playing the piano for an incredible period, and men and women were dancing as though they thought they could go on indefinitely. His Excellency was to-day breaking a record. He was the first Governor-General to pay a visit to the Christian Brothers' School—(loud and continued applause)—and, no matter how many Governor-Generals visited it in the future, it would never be forgotten that it was Sir Charles Fergusson who pointed the way. All concerned would ever remember with gratitude the honor conferred by His Excellency's visit that morning.

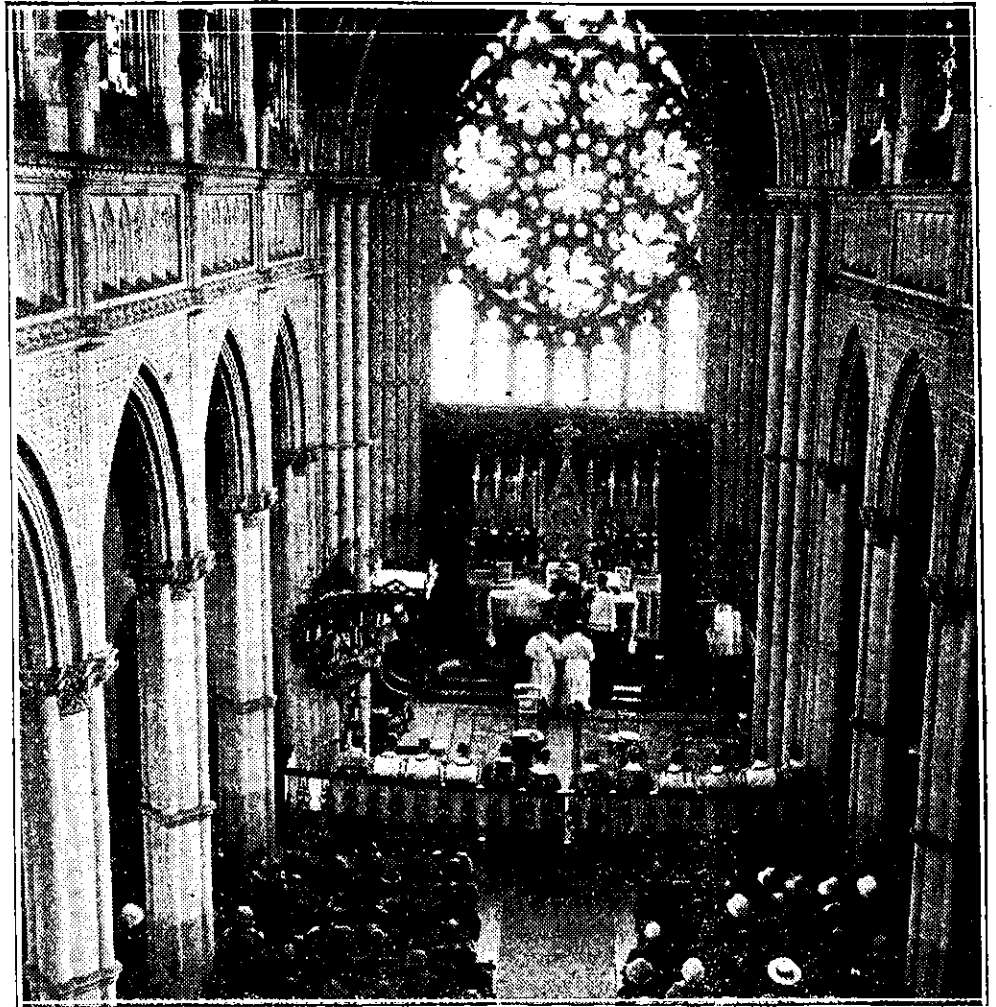
His Excellency, in addressing the boys, counselled them to honor their forefathers in this country by doing service for the country, and reminded them that all who worked honestly and fairly, and all who did social work, even if it was only giving up some leisure to help the crippled, the sick, or the poor, was making his life useful and thus benefiting the country and the Empire. All ought to try to do something worthy and to be worthy.

Incidentally, Sir Charles said: "Your Lordship made a remark to the effect that my private mind said something to my public mind about this visit. May I be allowed to say that that is not so? Her Excellency loves being amongst the boys and the girls, and so do I. But as a matter of fact the first person to put these visits into my mind was the King when I went to say good-bye to him. His Majesty told me—I think it was the only instruction he gave—that he wished me to see as much as I could of the boys and girls of New Zealand. I am doing so, and when I write to him and tell him what I have done in that way he never fails to answer to the effect that he is glad I am doing my job. He is really interested in the young folk."

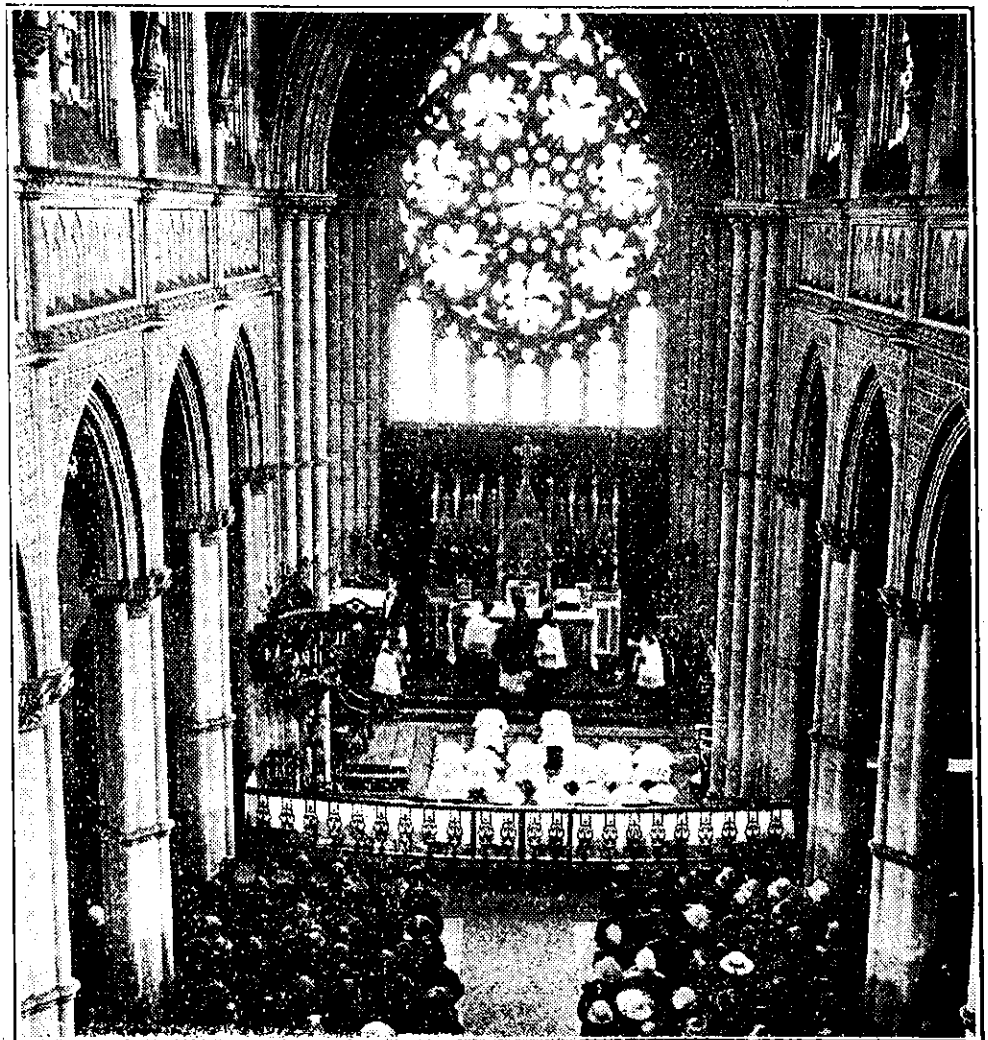
Hearty applause followed the Governor-General's address, and further applause upon his request for a half-holiday being acceded to.

Master Metcalfe presented Lady Fergusson with the school's gift of a bouquet of roses; and the proceedings terminated with the anthem "God Defend New Zealand."

The Vice-regal party then visited St. Dominic's College.



Impressive scene during ordination of Rev. J. McGettigan and Rev. N. O'Sullivan (students of Holy Cross College), at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, on Sunday, 15th November, 1925.



Record Ordination at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, on Sunday, November 15, 1925. Photo shows the prostration of the young clerics during the singing of the "Veni Creator."

Selected Poetry

"BEHOLD, YOUR HOUSE IS LEFT."

How quiet is the house across the street—
Bare and neglected till one year ago
Two lovers lighted it with hopes aglow,
And made each inmost nook and corner
sweet,

A nest of peace, yet never quite complete.
Young trees they set, persuaded shrubs
to grow,
Worked joyously till dusk descended low,
A nest of peace, yet never quite complete.

How quiet is the little home to-day—
Upon the wall her cherished Rambler red,
The poppies blazing, the nasturtiums gay,
The birds that guard their nestlings over-
head
Are mocking him whose skies are leaden
gray—

For she who loved it all is lying dead.
—MARCEL BOURQUIN, in *America*.

THE LITTLE RED CALF.

The little red calf
For a day and a half
Has blinked in the light—
His blue eyes adaze
In the buttercup blaze,
Ho fancies the world is one bright—
A world where a fellow,
Fresh field, green and yellow,
Whatever betide,
May snuggle in safety his mother's warm
side.

Little brother, I, too,
Once fancied as you;
The world was one fair
Fresh meadow of flowers,
Until the black hours
Burst on me and stripped the mead bare.
O, little red brother,
Keep close to your mother
Whatever betide
And snuggle as long as you may to her side.
—WILFRED GIBSON, in the *Observer*.

PEACE.

As time swings round upon its rusty hinges
And years of doubt and yearning follow,
one by one,
I see an old land girl in silver fringes;
Now tearfully despondent, and in smiles
anon.
She rears her green shores o'er the voiceful
ocean
That takes her in its full and free embrace,
Like some devoted parent in its motion
Caressing this dear child of more than
matchless grace.

Sad days were hers, almost from the begin-
ning,
Tho' saintly lives were spent upon her fer-
tile soil;
Ambition's curse her ranks was ever thin-
ning,
As every age engendered its own luckless
broil.
Partholan, Nemed, Firbolg, great De Da-
naan,
Milesian and bold Norman—each her shores
have tried.

The choice is God's, when all their lots have
been drawn,
And peace and justice her ill-fated tears have
dried.

—BERNARD TANSEY, in the *Irish World*.

IN LONDON.

When I look out on London's teeming streets
On grim grey houses, and on leaden skies,
My courage fails me, and my heart grows
sick,
And I remember that fair heritage
Barter'd by me for what your London gives.
This is not Nature's city: I am kin
To whatsoever is of free and wild,
And here I pine between these narrow walls,
And London's smoke hides all the stars from
me,
Light from mine eyes, and Heaven from my
heart.

For in an island of those Southern seas
That lie behind me, guided by the Cross
That looks all night from out our splendid
skies,

I know a valley opening to the East.
There, hour by hour, the lazy tide creeps in
Upon the sands I shall not pace again—
Save in a dream,—and, hour by hour, the
tide

Creeps lazily out, and I behold it not,
Nor the young moon slow sinking to her
rest

Behind the hills; nor yet the dead white
trees

Glimmering in the starlight: they are ghosts
Of what has been, and shall be never more.
No, never more!

Nor shall I hear again

The wind that rises at the dead of night
Suddenly, and sweeps inward from the sea,
Rustling the tussock, nor the wekas' wail
Echoing at evening from the tawny hills.

In that deserted garden that I lov'd.
Day after day, my flowers drop unseen;
And as your Summer slips away in tears,
Spring wakes our lovely Lady of the Bush.
The Kowhai, and she hastes to wrap herself
All in a mantle wrought of living gold;
Then come the birds, who are her worship-
pers,

To hover round her: tuis swift of wing,
And bell-birds flashing sudden in the sun.
Carolling: ah! what English nightingale,
Heard in the stillness of a summer eve,
From out the shadow of historic elms,
Sings sweeter than our Bell-bird of the Bush?
And Spring is here: now the Veronica,
Our Koromiko, whitens on the cliff,
The honey-sweet Manuka buds, and bursts
In bloom, and the divine Convolvulus,
Most fair and frail of all our forest flowers,
Stars every covert, running riotous.
O quiet valley, opening to the East,
How far from this thy peacefulness am I!
Ah me, how far! and far this stream of
Life

From thy clear creek fast falling to the sea!
Yet let me not lament that these things are
In that lov'd country I shall see no more;
All that has been is mine inviolate,

Lock'd in the secret book of memory.
And though I change, my valley knows no
change.

And when I look on London's teeming
streets,

On grim grey houses, and on leaden skies,
When speech seems but the babble of a crowd
And music fails me, and my lamp of life
Burns low, and Art, my mistress, turns from
me.—

Then do I pass beyond the Gate of Dreams
Into my kingdom, walking unconstrained
By ways familiar under Southern skies;
Nor unaccompanied: the dear dumb things
I lov'd once, have their immortality.
There too is all fulfilment of desire:

In this the valley of my Paradise
I find again lost ideals, dreams too fair
For lasting; there I meet once more mine
own

Whom Death has stolen, or Life estranged
from me:

And thither, with the coming of the dark,
Thou comest, and the night is full of stars.
—DORA WILCOX, in *New Zealand Verse*.

FORSAKEN HOMES AND GRAVES.

These mountain wilds that rest so still,
These woods and wastes so vast and deep,
These ravines round each rocky hill,
Where long-lost cattle roam at will
Beneath the eagle's ken and sweep.

Far from the settlers' haunts are found
Rude vestiges of life and death,
Forsaken home and burial mound
Of those whose names still sling around,
To circling wilderness and heath.

These elden walls, whose ruins low
Are met in many a lonely ride,
Deserted hearths whose fires did glow
With homelight in the long ago
By Ti-tree flat or gully side.

Round them the sheen of summer-day
Falls drearier and desolate;
Thin shadow lines of branches stray
O'er waifs of childhood's broken play,
Untrodden path and fallen gate.

The notes of wild birds, that elsewhere
Bring tones of gladness, seem to change
To coronachs of sadness there;
The curlew's cry upon the air
Sounds like a shriek along the range.

The very dreariness seems rife
With low and stealthy undertones,
Footfall and voice of former life;
Wrath-presences of sire and wife
And children cling to wood and stones.

Some woman's hand did plant and train
That runner by the shattered door,
Which clambered through the splintered
pane

And pallid turneth out again,
As if from spectre on the floor.

Once Life o'er Death hath made its moan;
There hath been sorrow even here;
In one small grave with weeds o'ergrown
A child sleeps in the wild alone,
With only silence crooning near.

Here the night-zephyr, passing, wings
At midnight to that she-oak nigh,
Plays, harplike, on its drooping strings,
And to its dreary cadence sings
The wildwood's soothing lullaby.
—H. H. BLACKHAM, in *Australian Ballads*.

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Spain; Sub-leader—Death of Father O'Ferrall, p. 33. Notes—An ex-Cathedral Medico; Donn Byrne; Loose Thinking; Clearness and Compactness, p. 34. Topics, pp. 22-23. Complete Story, p. 11. A Literary Masterpiece, p. 15. The Church in N.Z., p. 19. The State of England, p. 25. New Church at Little River, p. 27. Faith of Our Fathers (by Mgr. Power), p. 51.

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

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione conformati, Religionis et Justitiae causam promovere 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, NOVEMBER 25, 1925.

SPAIN

ENGLISH newspapers controlled by Jewish and Masonic capital have carried on a persistent campaign of disparagement against Mussolini, and it is not amazing therefore that misrepresentations of General de Rivera are also common in the same sections of the British press. Indeed the hostility to Spain is of older origin, as, for a long time, travellers were discouraged from travelling in that Catholic land by dreadful accounts of the difficulties of tourists and of the poor accommodation in hotels, whereas, in truth, the latter are far superior, at least in the chief cities, to anything we have in Australia or New Zealand. Only recently London papers published accounts of a disastrous failure of the Spaniards to land at Alhucenas Bay, and this was followed up by another story that the Spanish lines had been broken by the Moors at Tetuan and that the whole situation of Spain in Morocco was perilous. In matter of fact there had been no failure, for the landing had not yet been attempted, and the entire account was a fabrication which had not even the merit of being *ben trovato*. Spaniards have spoken to us of the enmity of the French Government towards their country, and it is known that false tales have frequently been issued from Paris, purporting to come from Madrid. And as we have noted, there are sections of the British press only too eager to publish such misrepresentations.

* * *

The situation in Spain is by no means perilous, and the country has made wonderful progress under the new regime. Indeed, the improved conditions and the new

vigor of the two southern Catholic countries are in themselves sufficient to explain why there are such constant calumnies from the enemies of the Church. Notwithstanding that "pedlar of words," as a Spanish gentleman described Ibanez to us, the King is extremely popular with his people, and the fact that he had accepted de Rivera's proposals and sanctioned his projects was enough to move all Spain to support the Dictator. The best proof of the latter's patriotism and of the confidence of the people in him is the manner in which he has fulfilled his pledges. On this subject we quote a writer on Spanish affairs in the *Catholic Times*, September 19: "The Directory promised retrenchment and reform of the finances. Within three months, hundreds of useless offices had been abolished, the administration at Madrid simplified, the Civil Service and the Army votes reduced (part of the money thus saved being turned over to the Education Budget); and a systematic effort began to reduce the floating debt. The debt has already been reduced by one half," in spite of the Moorish war. "Unemployment is practically non-existent. A large number of public works, long in the region of projects, were set going the first year. An ambitious scheme of railway development was drawn up and the work is now in progress in many parts of the country. . . . The Education Budget has been increased, the salaries of teachers raised by one-third, and some fifteen hundred new schools opened during the past two years. Though Parliamentary Government is temporarily suspended, the Directory has given Spain a new system of democratic local government. In every province there is now a council, elected by universal suffrage, the only exception being that in some of the smaller municipalities there is, instead of a council, a general meeting of all the electors for public business. . . . The whole system is a reaction from the system introduced into Spain in the nineteenth century in imitation of French administrative methods." Spain has settled down. There have been no strikes and no riots of any moment since the Directory took charge, and according to all the omens this grand old Latin country is well on the high road to prosperity and peace. Almost every English newspaper predicted the speedy downfall of de Rivera, but his Directory conferred solid advantages on the whole country.

* * *

One wonders whether Mussolini would have been calumniated as he has if he had been friendly to the Freemasons and hostile to the Catholic Church. And when one sees the same systematic misrepresentation, emanating from the same sources, carried out against Spain, there can be little doubt that it proceeds from hatred to our religion and from rage at seeing the two great Catholic countries making such rapid progress, while, around them, so many Protestant and Atheist Governments are on the edge of the precipice. Once upon a time shallow speakers and writers used to point to the prosperity of England and the poverty of Spain and Italy as a proof of the superiority of

the Protestant religion, as if Christ ever gave His followers an assurance of riches in this world. Now that the tables are turned we are not likely to hear similar arguments for some time to come. And, as matters stand, it is likely to be a very long time. The anti-Catholic French Government goes a-begging for mercy from its creditors, and patriotic Englishmen are openly deploring the fact that their country has lost her proud place among the nations and that ruin is staring her in the face. With our own eyes we have seen marvellous signs of the revival of religion both in Spain and Italy, and we have every reason to hope that the two glorious nations which blazed the trail of civilisation in Europe and America shall in the future play a great part in teaching to the whole world that on Christian principles alone can civilisation be built up. For the present, however, let us warn our readers not to be deceived by the falsehoods spread about Spain. She is by no means the "dead nation" which an English statesman proclaimed her a few years ago. On the contrary, she is manifesting such signs of vitality that only those who are wilfully blind can fail to see them. Her very vitality is the chief cause of the calumnies circulated by her enemies, who are also the enemies of the Catholic Church.

REV. JAMES MORE O'FERRALL, S.M.

On Monday, November 23, a telegram from the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., announced the death of Father James More O'Ferrall, S.M., of Otaki. Deceased was a son of the late Edward More O'Ferrall, of Lisard, Co. Longford, Ireland. His mother was Juliana Margaret Lambert, fourth daughter of Henry Lambert, M.P., J.P., D.L., of Carnagh, Co. Wexford. Gerald More O'Ferrall, Lisard, is a brother of deceased. Mrs. Charles O'Connor, Merriem Avenue, and Mrs. Lambert, Booterstown Avenue, Blackrock, are sisters. Madam the O'Connor Don was a first cousin of his father's, and other relatives have intermarried with noble Italian families.

Father James More O'Ferrall was as staunch an Irishman as his ancestry suggests. Coming of a grand old Catholic family it was only natural that to the priesthood he should have brought the strong, simple, faith and the burning zeal characteristic of Irish missionaries. He taught at St. Patrick's College, Wellington, with remarkable success, until his health made a change advisable. Since then he labored zealously for souls both in Timaru and Otaki, where he was beloved by the people. His death, in the prime of manhood, will be a great loss, not only to his brethren of the Society of Mary, but to the Church in New Zealand. To his superiors in Wellington and to his relatives in Ireland, we offer our cordial sympathy.—R.I.P.

IRISH COMPETITIONS

The date for the Irish History Competitions is December 15. Please send in applications for examination papers immediately.

Ed. N.Z. Tablet....

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TELEPHONE
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NOTES



An Ex-Cathedratic Medico

A doctor who knows how to write is likely to produce either a very delightful book or a very unpleasant one. He has special opportunities of studying human nature in all its phases, and to the making of his book, besides his expert science, there will go, for better or worse, the bent of his own heart. Thus, it is that while some doctors have given us some of our most beautiful and elevating volumes, others have done the opposite. Before us now are two volumes—"best sellers"—by a Sydney man of medicine: one is called *Post Mortem* and the other, with no visible reason for the different name, is named *Mere Mortals*. The words *post mortem* have an unpleasant connotation, and both these publications are decidedly unpleasant. The author is a typical narrow-minded, lop-sided thinker who is unable to see beyond the field of vision of his microscope. He abolishes the supernatural and scoffs at religion because they do not come to him to have their pulse felt or their blood pressure tested; and, with his limited knowledge, he pronounces with wonderful cocksureness on all known things and several others besides. Taking a number of famous or notorious persons who lived long ago he tries to make the events of their lives fit in with his notion of how certain—usual ugly—ailments which he thinks they had would have influenced them. Henry VIII, Anne Boleyn, Queen Mary, Philip II, Don John of Austria, Martin Luther, Schopenhauer, and some other men and women of good or ill report in the pages of history, are reviewed in this way. Out of it he makes a sensational series, peppered here and there with enough spice to attract the jaded taste of the uncritical and pagan readers of today. Dealing with Luther, he more than once refers to a *Life* of the "reformer" which he says was written by Hartmann and Grisar, or, again, by Messrs. Hartmann and Grisar. Such a reference makes us suspect that he never opened the work he quotes, and if he did open it his faculty of scientific observation must be poor indeed. Hartmann and Grisar never collaborated for the making of a book about Luther. The author was Father Hartmann Grisar, S.J., whose name ought to be well known to any mediocre student of history. We mention this bad mistake because it helps us to classify the Sydney doctor accurately.

Donn Byrne

A correspondent writes to ask us who is the Donn Byrne, to whose Irish novel we recently made some reference in these columns. Many people think Donn Byrne is an American, while others say he is Irish. Both are right or wrong, according to how you look at it. He was born in New York, in 1889, but he ought to have been born in Dublin. He came to Ireland when he was three years old, and lived during his youth there with his father, who was an Irish architect. He was educated in Trinity College,

and, as a student, was as much in evidence on the playing fields as he was in the classrooms. He can box with most men, and in a land where good riders are common he was a horseman. He has rambled round the world, and, with eyes that see and ears that hear, learned to know men and things. Hence there is the warm throb of life in his books, and your interest is fired by his vivid sentences. He has, like Stephens, the Celtic suddenness and magic which convert prose into poetry; but, unlike Stephens, his prose is the best of his work, so far as we can tell by what he has achieved up to the present. His fame came first in America, where his three successful novels: *The Wind Blowseth*, *Marco Polo*, and *The Foolish Matrons*, were published. The discerning critics of London soon became aware of him, and his books were sought after by the cognoscenti. His wife is not unknown to fame. She is the Dolly Byrne who, with Gilda Varesi, wrote the comedy, *Enter Madame*, which has had long runs both in New York and London. He left Ireland on his wanderings when he was a youth of twenty-two, and soon after married in Buenos Ayres. After much moving about he seems to have settled down to steady literary work, and, with his fresh laurels on his brow, has come back to his own people, where we hope he will continue to draw inspiration from the wealth of beautiful material found in Ireland.

Loose Thinking

The low level of modern education is evident in the lack of logic displayed by the average correspondent who writes to the daily paper a criticism of some of the profoundest problems of humanity, after five minutes of intense study. Slipshod English and fallacies of every kind are the common coin nowadays, and only the few are capable of feeling ashamed when they make a mistake either in grammar or logic. As a satire on the prevailing methods of reasoning, the following example of the up-to-date scientific method is not bad (the passage is from *John o'London's Weekly*):

I commented a week ago on this quaint syllogism. A Wiltshire correspondent appears to have met it in what he describes as its original form, thus:

"I was drunk on Monday on whisky and soda, on Tuesday on gin and soda, and on Wednesday on brandy and soda. The only constant factor in all these cases was the soda, therefore the soda was the cause of my intoxication."

My correspondent adds: "Many a scientific worker has based a conclusion on no better evidence. I refrain from pointing out the obvious source of the inaccuracy." The obvious source of inaccuracy seems to me to be the assumption that the constant factor is necessarily the guilty one. At that rate the same glass or tumbler might be held to be the cause of the intoxication.

Even great minds make slips almost as ridiculous as this. When Mill defined a cause as the invariable antecedent of an invariable consequent, Ward asked him slyly if Wednesday was the cause of Thursday.

Clearness and Compactness

The Greeks were models of clearness and compactness of style. They wasted no words; they made their meaning plain; they said what they had to say. In our time the best French writers have preserved the Greek tradition, and even mediocre men among them are far superior to our best. From the following pronouncement on dancing, by the Presbyterian Assembly, in Dunedin, one can see at a glance that the bonny city is earning its title of the Athens of the South:

"That the General Assembly anew affirms the principles of liberty of conscience, the right of the individual to determine his course of conduct according to a conscience instructed by the Holy Scriptures and enlightened by the Spirit of God, but a right to be used with reverence for the personality of others. (b) Dancing is one of the matters upon which every Christian has full liberty of conscience, and therefore the Assembly disclaims entirely any right or power to dictate to its people on the subject. It believes that honest differences of opinion on dancing exist, and that the question calls for the exercise of the very difficult virtue of true Christian tolerance which will enable one to say 'Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.' (c) In view of the popular character of dancing as an amusement the Assembly thinks it is its right and duty to call the serious attention of its people to certain aspects of this question. It deplors the excesses and abuses of the present dancing craze, regrets that many modern dances are unworthy of our Christian civilisation and culture, and grieves exceedingly that the open and secret use of liquor at public and private dances has produced disastrous results in not a few lives. (d) The General Assembly accordingly warns parents and guardians of the dangers that threaten young life, exhorts hosts and hostesses to discharge their responsibilities with scrupulous care and caution, and urges its members that before exercising their liberty of action, they should fully consider the facts and act as Christian love and wisdom direct. (e) While acknowledging the rights and privileges of church courts and the governing bodies of the church institutions, the Assembly deprecates dancing at functions connected with the church, and regards the letting of church halls for dances for the purpose of raising funds for Christian work as most unbecoming, if not reprehensible and appeals to congregations to cherish the ideal of direct giving as the method most consistent with the dignity and spirituality of the church. (f) The Assembly further affirms that the only solution of modern social problems lies in the positive preaching of the Gospel of the Kingdom."

No man can ever attain nobility of character without sacrifice. Struggle wins all that is beautiful and worthy in life.



DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

Mr. and Mrs. Van Paine, well-known and respected citizens of Dunedin, returned by the Ionic to Wellington last week from a holiday visit to the Homeland. Mr. and Mrs. Paine reached Dunedin on Saturday and were warmly greeted by relatives and friends on their arrival by the express train.

The Christian Brothers desire to thank those who assisted them so generously on the occasion of their school's annual entertainment, and in an especial manner express appreciation of the services rendered by the ladies in preparing the boys for their appearance on the stage; also the numerous party who helped in the financial success of the function by selling sweets among the audience. The Brothers regret that owing to the importance of the examinations about to be held they are unable to accede to the request of many who were unable to obtain admission, to repeat the entertainment.

The members of St. Joseph's Ladies' Club terminated a very successful season the other Wednesday night, when a short lecture on Lourdes was delivered by Rev. Dr. O'Neill. During the evening songs were rendered by Misses B. Gallien, S. McCready, and Rev. Dr. O'Neill; recitations by Miss A. Heley and Rev. Father McLaughlin; piano solo, Miss K. Whelan. Miss N. Varney officiated as accompanist. On behalf of the club members, Rev. Dr. O'Neill presented Miss D. Thomas with a small gift on the occasion of her approaching marriage. In doing so he referred to the many excellent qualities of Miss Thomas, who had proved herself a most valued member of the club, and by her kindly and obliging nature had endeared herself to all with whom she had been associated. Miss Thomas has the sincerest good wishes of all connected with the club for happiness and prosperity in her wedded life.

A social evening was tendered by the Mosgiel Catholic congregation on Thursday in the Coronation Hall to the Rev. Father John McGettigan, member of a local family, who had been ordained the previous Sunday, and to a former resident of Mosgiel (Mr. Robert Gilligan) now a member of the Marist Brothers in Christchurch, and known as Rev. Brother Joseph Plunket. There was a large attendance and Rev. Father Collins presided. He was supported by the rector of Holy Cross College (the Very Rev. Father Morikane) and Rev. Dr. O'Neill. A musical and elocutionary programme was supplied by members of the congregation, while several speakers, on behalf of all present, offered their congratulations to Rev. John McGettigan on his ordination, and welcomed Brother Plunket to their midst after an absence of seven years. Both young men returned thanks for the thoughtfulness of the congregation in arranging the social in order that they might meet their many friends, and stated their pleasure at spending such a happy evening amongst them. The ladies provided supper and the social closed with "Auld Lang Syne," and cheers for the guests. The Rev. Father McGettigan (who is a son of Mr. and Mrs. John McGettigan, of Queen Street) left next day on a short holiday. He will return about the middle of December and will minister to the spiritual wants of the congregation for a few weeks.

At the recent practical examinations in connection with Trinity College of Music, London, the following pupils of Miss M. P. Noonan, L.T.C.L., were successful:—

Higher Local Division—Ethel Hadfield 74.

Intermediate—Myrtle Denton 71, Ngarita Kennedy 70.

Junior—Mary Donnelly 67.

ST. PHILOMENA'S COLLEGE,
SOUTH DUNEDIN.

In the Elocution Examinations recently conducted by Mr. Ronald Chamberlain, B.A., Mus. Bac. (Cantab.) for Trinity College of Music, London, the following pupils of the Sisters of Mercy were successful:—

Intermediate Division—Mary C. Radden 77, Eileen M. Houston 71, Maureen Carroll 69.

Junior Division—Moira T. Duggan 82, Patricia Burke 77, Elizabeth F. Kerr 76, Gertrude M. Kane 75, Elizabeth Lynch 74, Joyce Williams 60.

Preparatory Division—Sheila M. C. Kirby 89, Moira D. Whelan 86, Ellen M. Vintiner 80.

Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin
ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT.

His Majesty's Theatre was crowded in every part on Monday evening, the 16th inst., on the occasion of the annual entertainment staged by the pupils of the Christian Brothers' School. His Lordship Bishop Whyte and a number of the clergy were present, and the vast audience gave unmistakable evidence of its appreciation and thorough enjoyment of the varied and splendidly arranged programme, which was presented in a manner that reflected the highest credit upon all concerned. The first numbers of each part consisted of selections artistically rendered by a very efficient orchestra organised by Mr. D. Whelan. These included "Reminiscences of Ireland" and the overture to the "Royal Jester." Orchestral accompaniments were also supplied to several features of the programme. The curtain rose to tier above tier of the pupils neatly attired in the school uniform who, under the conductorship of Rev. Brother Hynes, sang very sweetly and correctly the choruses—"Drummaun Dhun" and "Pond Lilies." A recitation, given in good style by Master Marcus Coughlan, was followed by a fine display on the horizontal bar by the gymnastic class. A particularly pleasing number was the song "Danny Boy" (with violin obbligato by Miss A. Sligo) rendered by selected voices. A youthful performer (Master Owen Cantwell) next gave a violin solo that marked him out as one who is destined in the near future to be a very brilliant performer. An amusing scene—a "By-Election Meeting"—afforded scope to a large number of lads quaintly attired for fun-making, their clever comedy work—topical allusions, interjectory remarks, etc.—keeping the audience in a simmer of merriment. An Irish jig was well danced by Master Moray Nichol. "Eastern Flower Drill and March" by the juniors was a delightful spectacle, the intricate evolutions, colored lighting effects, and appropriate costuming being most pleasing. Quite a gem was the vocal solo, "Who is Sylvia?" by Master Claude Lee, whose sweet voice and

correct interpretation were much admired. An exhibition of living pyramids (the grouping being very effective) and exercises on the vaulting horse by the gymnastic class provided a thrilling and pleasing conclusion to the first portion of the programme. This item, given under the supervision of Rev. Brother Doonan, the school's instructor in physical culture, was a praiseworthy performance, the agility and stamina displayed by such a large body of hefty young athletes being much admired. The second half of the programme consisted of an operetta in three acts, entitled "The Royal Jester." This was elaborately staged, and in view of the fact that no fewer than 260 boys participated in its production, the smoothness of the movements, the singing and acting, the setting and costuming, reflected credit on the producer. The principals, too, were perfect in their parts, two of them (Masters Teomey and Hall) excelling in their characterisation and interpretation. The former as "The Jester" sang and acted in a most natural manner, while the latter in his portrayal of "The King" filled a difficult part cleverly and effectively. Much credit is due to the members of the orchestra, largely composed of students of St. Dominic's College, for their finished performance of the music incidental to the operetta; also to Messrs. P. Hanley and T. McKenzie for their efficient services as accompanists.

Hastings

(From our own correspondent.)

November 20.

Following a beautiful custom of older lands where hundreds flock to the cemetery on All Souls' Day to pray for the dead, the Catholics of Hastings stood on All Souls' Eve by the graves of the loved dead. The voices of the Sisters and children rang sad and sweet through that *Campo Santo* in that beautiful hymn of the "Waiting Souls." The Rosary was recited, followed by prayers for the dead. Rev. Father McDonald, standing by the large cross that marks the last resting place of the venerable priests of the past, gave a touching and instructive sermon to a mixed congregation, dwelling on the deep and consoling significance of the Catholic belief in Purgatory.

We had a visit from the Rev. Father Higgins, of Mt. St. Mary's, who celebrated the 9 o'clock Mass on Sunday, the 8th inst., and preached an earnest and impressive sermon in the evening. A few days before, Father Goggan had the misfortune to slip and sprain his wrist.

Sunday, November 15, was a general Communion Sunday, and saw the beginning of the devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration. Rev. Father Schaeffer, of Mt. St. Mary's, sang the 10.30 Mass, and gave a stirring discourse on the Blessed Sacrament in the evening. On Monday morning at 6.30 Father McDonald sang the Mass *Pro Pace*, and in the evening Rev. Dr. Casey preached a very fine sermon on the Holy Eucharist. The three mornings of the Quarant' Ore presented a most edifying sight when the whole congregation approached the Holy Table.

A distinguished visitor is in our midst in the person of the Very Rev. Father O'Reilly, S.M., Provincial.

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"Tablet" Subscriptions.

We beg to acknowledge subscriptions from the following, and recommend subscribers to cut this out for reference:—

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Mrs. G., St. Bathans, 23/9/25; T. S., Richmond Grove, Inghill, 30/9/26; M. H., Winton, 30/9/26; J. J. C., Kokonga, 30/7/26; Mrs. H., McBride St., Sth. Dun., 30/3/26; J. L., Macandrew Rd., Sth. Dun., 30/3/26; F. Bros., Mabel Bush, 30/9/26; Mrs. McC., Mountaineer Hotel, Queenstn., 15/9/26; D. F., Windsor, 30/9/26; Misses M. & E. S., 50 Ah St., Oamaru, 15/10/26; Mrs. R., St. Andrew St., Dun., 30/9/26; Mr. A., And. Bay Rd., Muselgh., 30/6/26; Mrs. McK., Shag Point. —; P. McL., Millers Flat, 30/9/27; J. H., Main Street, Gore, 15/7/27; P. McL., Lawrence, 30/9/26; J. F., East Chatton, 30/9/26; Mrs. G., 412 High St., Dun., 30/3/26; W. J. McM., 69 McMaster St., Inghill, 30/3/26; Mr. S., Elgin St., Collingwood, 30/9/25; D. O'C., Seaciff, 30/9/26; J. P. K., Gorge Rd., Qnstown, 30/3/26; M. W., Balfour, 8/10/26; M. C., Eden St., Oamaru, 15/10/26; M. F., P.O., Lawrence, 30/9/26; J. K., Lawrence, 15/9/26; Rev. Fr. McM., Raurfurly, 30/9/26; T. W., Enfield, 8/7/26; Mrs. K., 1 Market St., St. Kilda, 30/9/26; Miss B., Port Chalmers, 30/3/26.

CANTERBURY AND WEST COAST.

T. W. B., Seadown, 30/9/26; H. L. S., 14 Regent St., Timaru, 30/3/26; Mrs. G. R., 440 Talbot St., Geraldine, 23/10/26; H. M., 5 Cain St., Timaru, 30/9/26; Miss R. A. N., Jolie St., Akaroa, 30/9/26; M. R., Nth. Beach, Cobden, 30/6/25; Mrs. D., sen., Amberley, 30/9/26; Mrs. M. C., Oxford St., Waimate, 30/9/26; M. D., Hinds, 30/9/26; H. S., 162 Hazeldean Rd., Chch., 30/9/26; Miss L. P., Meehan St., Islington, 30/9/25; E. G., 77 Bishop St., St. Albans, 30/3/26; L. E. R., Takaka, 30/10/26; P. J. O'S., Blue Cliffs, St. Andrews, 8/3/26; J. J. D., 1004 Colombo St., Chch., 30/3/26; H. N. A., Matainui, 23/3/26; R. McK., Longbeach, 30/10/26; Mrs. W., Box 56, Eiffelton, 8/8/26; J. M., Kaituna, 8/10/26; L. K., Awatuna, 8/4/26; Mrs. J. N., Nelson Creek, 28/2/26.

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Mrs. D., Central Htl., Wgton., 15/10/26; T. O'B., 155 Cuba St., Wgton., 30/6/25; A. L. L., 292 Up. Willis St., Wgton., 30/12/25; Mrs. D., Keef St., Is. Bay, 30/6/25; Mrs. L., 286 The Parade, Island Bay, 30/6/25; Mrs. V., 128 Daniel Street, Wgton., 30/6/25; Mrs. H., 287 The Terrace, Wgton., 30/6/26; Mr. B., 92 Aro St., Wgton, 23/4/25; Mrs. M., 13 Holloway Rd., Mitchellstown, 15/4/26; Mrs. M., 31 Mulgrave St., Wgton., 30/3/25; Mrs. H., 287 The Terrace, Wgton., 30/6/25; Mr. B., 92 Aro St., Wgton., 30/4/25; Mrs. M., 22 York St., Miramar, 30/9/26; Mr. R., 56 Crawford St. Kilbirnie, —; Mr. D., 93 Webb St., Wgton., 30/6/26; A. H. B., Arles Nursery, Wang. East, 30/9/26; B. McC., Box 95, Hawera, 30/10/26; D. J. L., 51 Bridge St., Rongotai, 30/3/26; W. R. S. H., 17 Brougham Av., Wgton., 30/9/26; Rev. Fr. M., Bouleott St., Wgton., 30/9/26; J. J. B., Masterton Rd., Pahiatua, 30/9/26; M. P., 169 Taranaki St., Wgton., 30/10/26; Miss M. M., 1 Owen St., Newtown, 8/3/26; Rev. Dr. O'S., Peterson St., Wgton., 23/9/26; Mrs. M., Hingu St., Castlecliff, 15/2/27; W. D., Lakeview Dairy Factory, Featherston, 30/6/26; Mrs. J. C., 61 Keith Street, Wang., 30/9/26; P. McC., R. Deliv., Balance, 30/9/26; Mrs. B. S., 36 Edward St., Pahiatua, 15/10/26; Mrs. T., Oakes Estate, Masterton, 23/9/25; R. C. O., Taihape, 30/9/26; L. P., Auroa, 28/2/26; E. F. W., 15 Alpha St., Wgton., 30/9/26; C. S., Porirua, 15/10/26; J. J. L. B., 28 Arlington St., Wgton., 30/9/26; D. K., Konini, 30/6/25.

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J. M., Norsewood, 30/9/26; J. M., Police Stn., Ormandville, 15/8/26; C. P., Great Sth. Rd., Ellerslie, 8/7/25; F. M. D., 53 Balmoral St., Mt. Eden, 30/9/26; J. H., Constable, Avondale, 8/9/26; Convent, Dannevirke, 15/8/26; Rev. Dean D., St. Mary's, Hamilton, 30/9/26; Mrs. M. D., Napier, 30/6/25; Mrs. H., Te Karaka, 30/5/26; E. J. D., 21 Princes St., Auck., 30/9/26; T. E., Puketitiri, 30/6/25; Mrs. S. A., Ohakune, 23/10/25; J. M., Whitford, Auck., 30/9/26.

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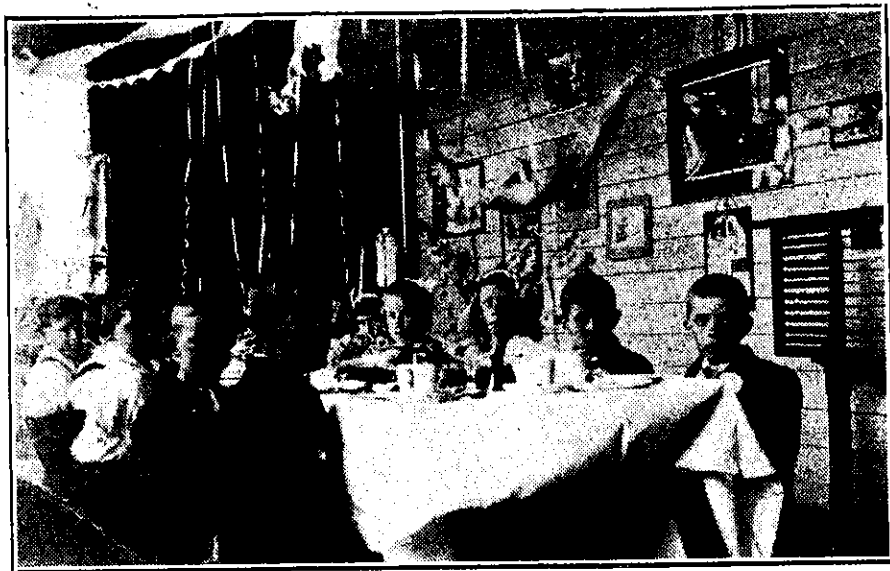
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A Page for Little People

Conducted by
ANNE



FIRST COMMUNICANTS AT ARAMOHU, WANGANUI.



FIRST COMMUNICANTS AT ARAMOHU, WANGANUI.

My very dear Little People,

There's little enough time or room for trimmings this week, we've so much of real importance to talk over. Before you get the next *Tablet* November will be gone and December, the glad Christmas month, will be here, although it will be only two days' old. Now, everyone knows what a busy month December is. So, we'll get right into the business of the month, and, if there's any part of a page left at the end, we'll see what we'll do then.

First, and most important of all is our habit of saying "The Thousand Hail Marys" in honor of the Holy Infant Jesus. Old Members know all about this, but we'll tell the New Members so that everyone may start off in good time, bright and early on the first of December. By starting on the first of the month, you will need to say FORTY Hail Marys every day up to Christmas Day—forty times twenty-five make ONE THOUSAND—and it is One Thousand Hail Marys that we're going to offer to our dear Little Infant Jesus on Christmas Morning. Be very faithful about saying these, get your dear Grown-Ups to join in too, and let us have this beautiful posy ready as our gift, to Jesus from us. Will you all try to remember to start on the first of December, and a good way to make you remember is to make a ring around that date on a calendar. I'm sure everyone of you will be able to hunt up a calendar, perhaps even you'll be allowed to use the family one for this very special thing you want to remember. And if anyone misses the first and wants to join in later, you can still do that very well by DIVIDING UP THE THOUSAND into the number of days left before Christmas.

Next comes our Birthday List, here are the names of December Little People:—Chrissie Kennedy, Barry O'Regan, Annie Daly and Frances Orr, same day; Nellie Healey; Evelyn Chapman; Clare Abbot and Pat Mulqueen, same day; Reggie Delargey and Lettie McClintock, same day; Anthony

Kearney; John Gallagher; Vera Thurlow, May Julia Smith and Winnie Waldon, same day; Nellie Cameron; Johnny Davies; Winnie Macartney; Irene O'Callaghan, Rose Fitzgerald, Kathleen and Nora Mangan, all on the same day; Josie Blanchfield, Katie Mullany, and Irene McAnul on same day; Thomas Kowalski and Margaret O'Driscoll, same day as the Little Infant Jesus; Yvonne Londrigan and Veronica Ainey, next day; Ita Dowling, Tom O'Sullivan and James Fahey, all on next day; Tom Mulqueen, Eileen Burke, Keith Field, Alice Fleming and Dymphna O'Brien, all on same day; Mary O'Sullivan, Mollie Houlihan, Dan Kearney and Vera Long, all on same day; Mary Hamilton and Eileen McLaughlan, both on the last day of the month. "Many Happy Returns" to all these Little People, and we hope we'll have ever so many more by next December.

I must give you also the names and addresses of New Members who have joined the L.P.L.C. during this month. Please add these names to the lists you have been sure to save as I sent them to you.

Noreen de Vere, Panama Hotel, Vivian Street, Wellington.

Joan Cleary, Police Station, Victoria St., Cambridge.

Bernard O'Neill, Allandale, Fairlie.

Josephine Buckley, 42A Hogg Crescent, Masterton.

Mona Gibson, Police Station, Coalgate.

Kathleen Morahan, Clinton.

James Johnston, R.D. Hook, Waimate.

Trevor Wackrow, Box 56, Taumarunui.

Patty Wackrow, Box 56, Taumarunui.

Margaret Nyhon, Sandymount.

LADDER COMPETITION

Hooray! Hooray! At last some of the Little People have climbed the First Ladder? I just wish you could see it—close your eyes and think you can, and this is what you'll see. There's a beautiful Ladder, all white and silver and blue standing in my little garden that I told you about a week

or two ago. It's not an ordinary Ladder at all, because it stands up on its own legs and doesn't have to lean against a wall while the Little People climb up the rungs. It isn't exactly a Fairy Ladder, standing on nothing as they do, but, because it's shaped like the letter "V" upside down, it can stand alone and be safe to climb. Well, there it is, on my little green lawn. All the flowers are in full bloom round it, somebody's black cat has come in to have a better look at it, and, on the Ladder are the following Little People—six of them—in the order given here, and counting the top one as first:—

First—Margaret A. Nyhon.

Second—Colleen McNeill.

Third—Erin McNeill.

Fourth—Trepheena Quinn.

Fifth—Catherine Lerner.

Sixth—Margaret Walker.

Some of the Little People write really very well, and so neatly. Hurry on, the rest of you who mean to go in for this Competition. I'll only give you till the end of November to try because you will be too busy after that, and so will I. Besides, we're going to have a very big Competition during the holidays. Remember what I told you about that and get yourselves ready for the big event of the season.

MAIL BAG FOR THE WEEK

Nice letters have come in from old and new Members, and from some who want to join us but have not sent for their badges. Here are the letters:—

COLLEEN MCNEILL, Lauriston, is an old Member who has sent along stamps for the Orphans and has also entered for the Ladder Competition. Colleen has to do odd jobs for every penny she gets, so, the stamps she sent for the Orphans were bought with her very own money. (Thanks Colleen, glad you have gone in for the Competition. You'll see where you are on the Ladder before you read this answer.—Anne.)

ERIN MCNEILL, Lauriston, also sent five-pence for the Orphans and is in the Competition. Erin earns his pennies by cleaning his brothers' boots. (Good boy Erin, I think you and Colleen are very clever to find a

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CASUAL ADVERTISEMENTS

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DEATHS

ABBOTT.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Abbott, who died at her residence, "The Grange," Pahautanui, on November 8, 1925; aged 80 years.—May her soul rest in peace; and may perpetual light shine upon her.

McDONALD.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Margaret McDonald, widow of the late Patrick McDonald, who died at Poolburn, on October 15, 1925; aged 82 years.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

IN MEMORIAM

BULL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Crystal Mary, fourth beloved daughter of E. and C. M. Bull, who departed this life on November 20, 1924.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

CRONIN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Agnes Cronin (Timaru), who died at Ashburton, on November 29, 1918.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

DALY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of David Daly, who died at Gore, on November 27, 1924.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

LOUGHNANE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Loughnane, who died at Ohingaiti, on November 20, 1914.—Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.—Inserted by her husband and family.

BARRY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Edward John Barry, who died at Ohakane, on November 22, 1918.—Merciful Jesus, grant him eternal rest.—Inserted by E.A.H.

WALSH.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Thomas Edmund, fifth beloved son of Mary and the late Stephen Walsh, Ohakane, who died at Whakatane, on November 23, 1918.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his sister (Eileen).

MARSHALL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Elizabeth Marshall, who died at 1 Owen Street, Wellington, on November 22, 1922; aged 68 years. Also for the soul of Michael Thomas Marshall, who died at 1 Owen Street, Newtown, Wellington, on December 11, 1918; aged 73 years.—Sweet Heart of Jesus, have mercy on their souls.—Inserted by their loving family.

WANTED

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DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH
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NOTICE TO ALL MATERNITY NURSES.

Under Section 13, paragraph (c), of the Nurses and Midwives Registration Act, 1925, those women who are not registered as midwives but who desire to continue in practice as maternity nurses can be registered as such if they prove to the satisfaction of the Nurses and Midwives Registration Board that they have for not less than twelve months prior to 1st January, 1926, been regularly engaged in practice as maternity nurses in New Zealand. They must apply for registration not later than the first day of January, 1927, forwarding the necessary certificates as to experience and enclosing a post office receipt for the registration fee of £1. Any person omitting to make such application will be, after that date, barred entirely from practising unless after undergoing the necessary course and passing the State Examination as prescribed by the Regulations under the above Act.

All intending to register under this Section of the Act are urged to lodge their application for registration at once. Forms of application and for payment of fees can be obtained from the offices of the Department of Health, Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin, and the undersigned.

J. W. BUCHANAN.

Secretary,

Nurses and Midwives Registration Board.

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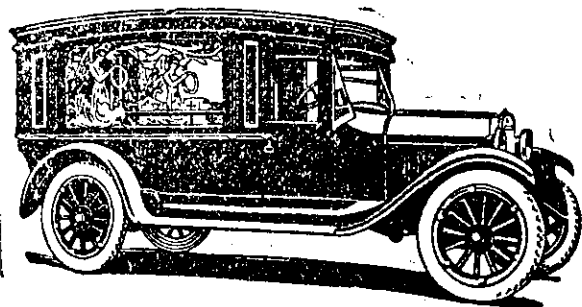
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way to earn those pennies. Did you see where you got to on the Ladder?—Anne.)

CATHLEEN LARNER, Avoca, Wyndham, wrote a long and interesting letter for the Competition. Catherine told us about all the beautiful birds in the bush, the delicate clematis vine and the bright red rata blooms. Also she tells us about the tui, the pigeons and other creatures we see in the bush. (Yours is a nice letter indeed Catherine, and another time you will have to write another of the same kind, when we have a competition of that sort. This time, the prize is for the WRITING only, not the BEST LETTER, and I have entered you for the writing Ladder. I think you must love the bush, you make me want to wander through it.—Anne.)

MARGARET ANN NYHON, Sandymount, is a New Member, and she has sent money for her badge, as well as one shilling and sixpence for the Orphans. Margaret got her Proficiency a week ago, she hopes to go to the Dominican Convent in Dunedin next year. (Welcome Margaret, thank you for sending the stamps. We are glad to have you with us, and would like to know when is your birthday and what is your age? I have given you a chance on our Ladder, your writing is so neat.—Anne.)

TREPHEA QUINN, "Ocean View," Okain's Bay, Banks Peninsula, has sent 2/- for the Orphans—1/- from herself and 6d each from Kathleen and Terence—and she thinks it will be great fun scrambling up the Ladder. Trephena's cousin is to be ordained a priest and his name will be Father Maguire. (Glad to hear from you Trephena, thanks for stamps. That will be a great day when Father Maguire is ordained and when he says his first Mass. Be sure you ask him for his blessing when you see him. Thank Mother for saying she will always help me when I send out an S.O.S. to the Grown-Ups. What is your exact age?—Anne.)

DOROTHY MacPHAIL, 126 Dixon Street, Masterton, writes sending a stamp for the Orphans. Dorothy is looking forward to the Holiday Competition, but she won't enter for the Writing Ladder. (Thanks for stamp Dorothy, sorry you did not send your age, I would have entered you then. Good girl to be making a garment for an Orphan.—Anne.)

OLIVE ROUGHAN, Waitahuna West, liked her badge and wants a Letter Friend. Olive also sends some riddles, which I just had time to put in last week's Riddle Bin. (I couldn't get your letter in last week Olive, but managed the Riddles. When is your birthday dear, perhaps I have a Mate for you?—Anne.)

BETTY KEEFE, Peak Hill, Lake Coleridge, got her badge safely but lost it when she was out riding, so she has sent for another. Betty has a dear wee sister, her name is Rita Catherine. (Betty dear you sent 1/- and the badges are only sixpence, so I sent two. Glad you're writing to Mollie, hope you'll get an answer.—Anne.)

TREVOR WACKROW, Box 56 Taumarunui, is a Lead Pencil Treasure who writes for the first time, and he sent stamps for a badge because he would like a Letter Friend, I'm sure. (Welcome Trevor, hope you and

Patty like your badges, did you know that Mother sent for a badge for Patty? Will you be Friends with Jack Howard, Shiel St., Reefton, whose birthday is two days before your own? He is about the same age and has no Birthday Mate.—Anne.)

KATHLEEN O'NEILL, Fruitlands, wants to join us and would like someone to write to her, also she wants names for SEVEN Pet Lambs! (Welcome Kathleen, what a flock of lambs you have to look after and name. Suppose we call them Tiki, Hone, Maui, Rewa, Puke, Rata, and Kiwi. Don't you think they'll like those names? Will you send sixpence for a badge so I can get you a Letter Friend?—Anne.)

RANDOLPH CAVANAGH, Fruitlands, also wants to join us and he is nearly 13 years old. Randolph has a black collie pup he wants a name for. (Welcome you too Randolph, hurry up and send for a badge, we've such great boys in our Club. I think Tane would be a good name for your dog. Indeed it would be very nice to go for a spin with you in your uncle's Oakland car, a nice spin through your beautiful fruit-growing district.—Anne.)

MONICA McBRIDE, Matainui, wants to join us, and do you know she has six brothers but no sister. Monica is 9 years, and is in Std. 3, which is not so bad at all. (Welcome Monica, do send for a badge quickly so that you can get some Letter Friends. You sure must have a busy time with all those brothers to look after. What is the baby's name?—Anne.)

CASSIE DOWLING, Awareo, Hyde, writes to see how we're getting on all this long time. Cassie and the family went down to Palmerston to see some friends the other Sunday. They meant to go to Mass, but it was so windy that they were a long time getting along, and were too late. (Never mind Cassie, so long as you tried your best to get to church. The weather is quite fair now, are you visiting Dunedin during the Exhibition? You'll see your riddles in the Bin.—Anne.)

TOM MULQUEEN, Balfour, also writes to let us know how he is. Tom writes to Dan Kearney and Jim Fahey, and saw his brother's letter in the *Tablet*. Glad to hear from you Tom, I hope you get answers to your letters. Yes, Dunedin is a busy place these days, will you be coming in to the Exhibition? We are a great big Club now—340 members with Badges.—Anne.)

COLLEEN McNEILL, Lauriston, sends a second letter giving me a recipe for getting rid of snails. Colleen says to put shallow vessels filled with milk, somewhere about the garden. It appears snails are very fond of milk, will come creeping to get a drink, and will fall into the milk and be drowned. (Thank you Colleen, I may try your cure one of these nights, when the snails seem extra greedy.—Anne.)

EILEEN HERLIHY, Green Bank, Patearoa, writes again to tell us how she is. Eileen says the weather is very windy at Patearoa, and she thinks it is a waste of time to build up Exhibition buildings, only to pull them down again. (Glad to hear from you again Eileen, and, so, Ida is no relation of yours. Hope you've had an answer from Margaret. It does seem a pity

to build things only to destroy them, but there's a lot of that going on all through life dear, not only in buildings either.—Anne.)

MARY WHITE, Glencoe, sends 6d for the Orphans and is making a pretty little print dress to fit an Orphan of 5 or 6 years. Mary's cat "Judy" has a black and white kitten and a blue and white one, and Mary wants a name for the blue one. (Is your "Judy" a Persian, she must be, to have a blue kitten. I think "Periwinkle" would be a suitable name for him, and you could call him "Peri" or "Winkle," for short on week-days. Thank you for the riddles, you'll see them in the Bin next week. Also for the verses.—Anne.)

AGNES QUIGAN, 19 Ihaka Street, Palmerston North, writes to say she is helping at a Bazaar, her grandmother has a stall. (Glad you're helping Agnes, hope you'll get an answer from Catherine. What a pity you didn't enter for the Ladder, your letter is so neatly written.—Anne.)

RIDDLE BIN

Answers to last week's Riddles:—

1. What turns without moving?—Milk.
2. What grows longer the more it is cut? A drain.

New Riddles:—

1. What time is it when a man has seven holes in his hat?
 2. When is a soldier not a soldier?
- (Will the sender of these riddles please send the answers?—Anne.)

POETRY CORNER (Verses sent in by Mary White)

Tell me, little Baby Joan
Why your starry eyes,
Always gaze up into mine
With such round surprise?

Are you wondering how it is
I'm so strong and tall,
While your little baby self,
Feels so soft and small?

Do you know that long ago,
I was tiny too?
Though I'm sure I never was,
Half so sweet as you.

For your pretty cooing voice
Sounds just like the dove
Talking to its little mate
In the tree above.

You are like this starry flower
Fresh and pure and bright,
Sweeter than the golden star,
In the sky at night.

They are cold, and oh! so still,
You have twinkling toes,
Soft warm cheeks and chubby hands
Pinker than the rose.

Good-night dearest of Little People.

ANNE.

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THE FEIS CEOL

(By C. W. WILSON, in the *Irish Year Book*.)

The objects of the *Feis Ceoil* are:

(a) To promote the study and cultivation of Irish music.

(b) To promote the general cultivation of of music in Ireland.

(c) To hold an annual Festival, or *Feis Ceoil*, consisting of prize competitions and concerts, similar to that held in 1897.

(d) To collect and preserve by publication the old airs of Ireland.

An article in *The Evening Telegraph*, September 1894, by the late Mr. T. O'Neill Russell, started the movement which led to the foundation of the *Feis Ceoil*. But it was not until 1897 that the first Festival was held in Dublin. Prizes were offered for solo singing and playing, for choral and ensemble singing, and for compositions. The entries totalled 417, and consisted of 40 ensemble and 377 solo entries. Concerts were held at which Irish music (hitherto unpublished or little known) and the prize compositions were given. Of late years the number of entries for the competitions have been so numerous that there has been no time available during the Festival week for concerts other than the Prize Winners' Concert, which is held on the Saturday evening, and always proves a source of great interest to the public.

The largest number of entries for the competitions was received in 1918, when the entries reached the total of 689 (87 for ensemble and 602 for solo competitions). In 1920 there were 78 entries for ensemble and 530 for solo competitions, a total of 608. It is much to be regretted that the choral competitions, which gave promise of being so successful at the start (17 choirs entered for the first Festival), and which reached a maximum of 45 in 1907, should have attracted only 14 entries in 1920.

In the solo singing competitions an Irish Melody is invariably one of the test pieces. Since 1906 competitions for choral and ensemble singing with Irish words have been held. The scarcity of test pieces suitable for these competitions is a serious drawback to their success, and though the *Feis Ceoil* has spent a good deal of money in providing choral music with Irish words the interest shown by the competitors and the public in general has been very disappointing. Prizes have been awarded annually for the best unpublished airs sent in for competition. A selection of these was published under the editorship of the late Mr. P. J. McCall and Mr. Arthur Darley. Prizes are offered each year for composers who will arrange some airs from this collection either as songs or instrumental pieces. It is hoped by this means to create a series of Irish pieces suitable for concert and other performances. The Irish Folk Song Society of London has given a magnificent gold medal for annual competition for a collection of unpublished Irish airs with words, but up to this it has not been awarded by the adjudicators.

The annual competitions have been held in Dublin, with the exception of two years, when the competitions were held in Belfast.

The want of a large Public Hall has been keenly felt by the *Feis Ceoil* since the Royal University Hall ceased to be available. In

1916 the Festival was held in the Marlborough Street Training College, and for a couple of years subsequently in the Mansion House. In 1920 the latter building was not available, and the competitions were held in the Antient Concert Rooms, but though very convenient for the ordinary competitions, the accommodation there is very inadequate for the choral and band competitions and for the Prize Winners' Concert.

The direction of the *Feis Ceoil* is in the hands of an Executive Committee, elected annually by the members, an Honorary Secretary, Miss Edith Mortier, a Registrar, Mr. C. W. Wilson, and two Honorary Treasurers, Mr. W. P. Geoghegan and Captain H. M. Fitzgibbon.

The Offices are at 37 Molesworth Street. The annual subscription entitling to membership is one guinea.

SUMMER SCHOOL OF CATHOLIC STUDIES

Many of our readers will doubtless be interested to know that a summer school of Catholic studies, inaugurated by the Religious of the Sacred Heart, will be held at Timaru during the first days of January, 1926; following the ladies' Retreat. Those gatherings now form quite a feature of Catholic educational and social life in Australia, and the Nuns of the Sacred Heart deserve the thanks of the community for their enterprise in this as in numerous other movements. An announcement regarding this latest phase of Catholic activity appears elsewhere in the *Tablet*.

OBITUARY

MRS. MARGARET McDONALD,
POOLBURN, CENTRAL OTAGO.

One of the oldest residents of the Central Otago district, in the person of Mrs. Margaret McDonald, passed away recently, after a short illness; aged 82 years. She was attended in her last hours by Father Fenton. A native of Co. Wexford, Ireland, she arrived in New Zealand 47 years ago, and was married the same year to Patrick McDonald (who died 19 years ago). Two years later she settled in Poolburn. Her kindly nature and hospitable disposition endeared her to all who knew her. Up to her death, she took an intense interest in her native land, and was a constant subscriber to the *N.Z. Tablet*. The esteem in which she was held was shown by the very large number who attended her funeral. The interment took place at Omakau; the Rev. Father Howard officiating at the graveside. Two sons, three daughters, and eleven grandchildren are left to mourn their loss.—R.I.P.

IRISH HISTORY COMPETITION

The period to be covered for this year's Competition in Irish History is from the death of Hugh O'Neill to the Act of Union. To facilitate the study of the history of this period we reprinted (commencing in our issue for April 1, and concluding in the issue of the *Tablet* for August 19) that portion of Sullivan's *Story of Ireland* which treats of the subject. The information therein contained may be supplemented by reference to Carey's *Irish History Lessons* or other works obtainable at the *Tablet* Office.

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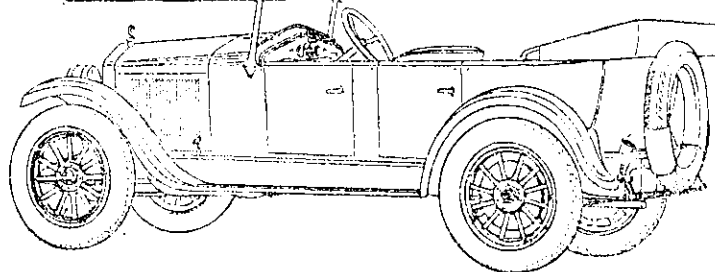
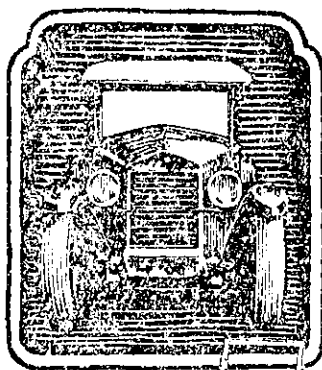
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Our Sports Summary

MARIST BROTHERS' SCHOOL, INVERCARGILL
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RUGBY FOOTBALL CONTEST.



Standing (left to right)—B. Butler, Rev. Brother Virgilus, H. Crawford, W. Stanaway.
Seated (left to right)—E. Walsh, D. Messent, P. Maher, S. Hill, D. Ryan.

MARIST BROTHERS' JUNIORATE, TUAKAU. ANNUAL SPORTS.

Following are the results of the recent annual sports held in connection with the Marist Brothers' Juniorate at Tuakau:—

100yds Championship—J. McDiarmid 1, P. Henley 2, C. Mahoney 3; Junior: H. Fitton 1, T. O'Donnell 2, P. Pollock 3.

Mile Handicap—E. Thurston 1, J. Malley 2, G. Devlin 3; Junior: P. Byrnes 1, T. O'Donnell 2, P. Hogan 3.

½-Mile Handicap—G. Devlin 1, J. Scott 2, P. Butler 3; Junior: T. O'Donnell 1, P. Byrnes 2, A. Batty 3.

¼-Mile Handicap—J. Scott 1, T. Thurston 2, J. McDiarmid 3; Junior: T. O'Donnell 1, P. Byrnes 2, A. Batty 3.

220yds. Championship—J. McDiarmid 1, C. Mahoney 2, P. Henley 3; Junior: H. Fitton 1, T. O'Donnell 2, P. Byrnes 3.

100yds Handicap—J. Malley 1, J. McDiarmid 2, C. Mahoney 3; Junior: T. O'Donnell 1, P. Pollock 2, P. Byrnes 3.

Hurdles—C. Mahoney 1, J. McDiarmid 2, L. Greig 3; Junior: P. Pollock 1, T. O'Donnell 2, F. Fitton 3.

High Jump—P. Henley and C. Mahoney 1, J. Scott 2, B. Daly 3—4ft 7½ins; Junior: T. O'Donnell 1, P. Pollock 2, A. Batty 3—4ft 5½ins.

Long Jump—P. Henley 1, J. Scott 2, E. Smyth 3—16ft 6ins; Junior: P. Pollock 1, H. Fitton 2, A. Batty 3—14ft 11ins.

Hop, Step and Jump—J. Scott 1, P. Henley 2, E. Smyth 3—33ft 10½ins; Junior: P. Pollock 1, A. Batty 2, T. O'Donnell 3.

Standing Jump—P. Daly 1, B. Daly 2, J. McDiarmid 3—8ft 2ins; Junior: P. Pollock 1, T. O'Donnell 2, A. Batty 3.

Kicking Football—P. Henley 1, B. Daly 2, J. McDiarmid 3—50yds; Junior: P. Hogan 1, P. Pollock 2, H. Fitton 3.

Throwing Cr. Ball—P. Henley 1, B. Daly 2, J. Scott 3—92yds; Junior: T. O'Donnell 1, P. Byrnes 2, A. Batty 3—65yds.

Putting Weight—P. Henley 1, J. McDiarmid 2, B. Daly and P. Butler 3; Junior: P. Pollock 1, P. Hogan 2, H. Fitton 3.

Goal Kicking—J. McDiarmid 1, L. Greig 2; Junior: H. Fitton 1, A. Batty 2.

Bowling Wicket—P. Butler 1, L. Greig 2.

Throwing at Wicket—J. Scott 1, T. O'Donnell 2, P. Hogan 3.

Potato Race—L. Greig 1, I. Scully 2, E. Thurston 3; Junior: P. Pollock 1, H. Fitton 2, A. Batty 3.

Sack Race—E. Thurston 1, J. Malley 2, E. Smyth 3; Junior: A. Burkett 1, P. Byrnes 2, T. O'Donnell 3.

Three-Legged Race—P. Hogan and E. Thurston 1, L. Greig and G. Devlin 2, E. Smyth and C. Mahoney 3.

Backward Race—L. Greig 1, J. McDiarmid 2, E. Thurston 3; Junior: T. O'Donnell 1, P. Pollock 2, H. Fitton 3.

Boot and Sock Race—J. Malley 1, E. Thurston 2, H. Fitton 3.

Stepping Distance—P. Butler 1, E. Thurston 2, E. Smyth 3.

Musical Chairs—J. Malley 1, C. Mahoney 2, E. Thurston 3; Junior: A. Burkett 1, A. Batty 2, P. Byrnes 3.

Relay Race—P. Henley, T. O'Donnell, G.

Devlin, J. Malley 1, E. Smyth, P. Hogan, P. Byrnes 2.

Tug o' War—1. Scully, E. Thurston, B. Daly, B. Fulton, P. Pollock, A. Batty 1, J. McDiarmid, L. Greig, P. Daly, R. Burns, T. O'Donnell, A. Burkett 2.

Centipede Race—P. Daly, P. Pollock, A. Burkett, E. Thurston 1, E. Smyth, P. Byrnes, P. Hogan 2.

Hopping Race—E. Thurston 1, C. Mahoney 2, E. Smyth 3; Junior: H. Fitton 1, T. O'Donnell 2, A. Burkett 3.

CRICKET AT CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Playing the other Saturday Marist 3rd grade A lost to Riccarton by 10 runs. Riccarton scored 71 and 31 respectively, Marists hitting up 49 and 48.

Third grade B scored a three-point win against Kaiapoi, who made 31 and 34. Marists made 66 in their innings. Kavanagh, Waine, and Pearcee carried the bowling honors.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The cricket season is now in full swing, the Marist boys in 6th and 7th grades (Canterbury Boys' League) performing creditably. Following are some of the recent results:—

7th grade.—Opening game: Marist v. St. Bede's. Marist 107 (Mannix 50, Bowen 19, Galvin 12); St. Bede's 59 (Duggan 21). Mannix and Lavery bowled well for Marists, securing 5 wickets for 18 and 4 wickets for 12 respectively. Marist won by 57 on the first innings.

Second match.—Marist v. Y.M.C.A. Marist (1st innings) 66 (Galvin 30); 2nd innings, 1 for 24 (Galvin 13), declared. Y.M.C.A. 21 and 8 for 35. Marist won by 45 on first innings; time preventing them from securing a three-pointer. Marist's trundlers were Mannix (7 for 14), Lavery (8 for 14), Bowen (2 for 17).

Third match.—Marist v. High School B. Marist (1st innings) 36 (Crouin 10); 2nd innings, 2 for 40 (Galvin, n.o. 18; Mannix 12). High School 33 and 18. Marist won by 8 wickets and 25 runs. Marist's bowlers were Mannix (9 wickets for 19), Bowen (4 for 13), Lavery (4 for 15).

6th grade.—Have been very unfortunate—have so far played two matches, losing each by 2 runs on first innings.

Marist v. Technical B. Marist (1st innings) 56 (McKendry 13, Vhalert 12). Technical 58. Marist's trundlers were McKendry (6 wickets for 22), Blackaby (4 for 26). Technical won by 2 runs on first innings.

Second game.—Marist v. High School. School (1st innings) 75. Bowlers for Marist: Blackaby and McKendry securing 6 wickets for 25, 3 wickets for 30 respectively. Marist (1st innings) 73 (Holland 12, Reddington 17). School won by 2 on first innings. Marist should do better as season advances. The majority of the players are first year boys, giving great promise.

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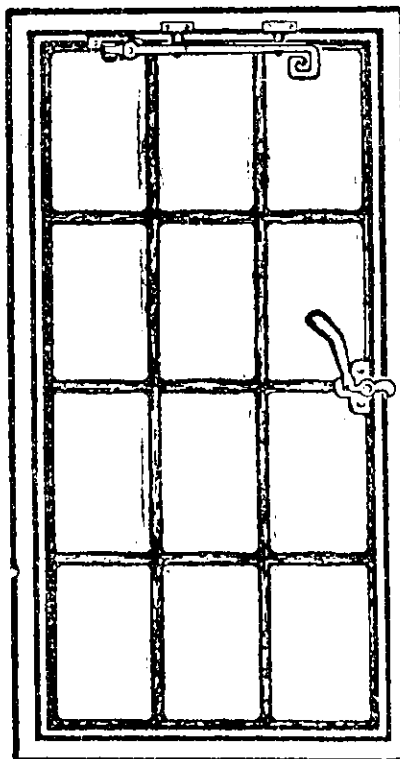
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Here and There

The Pope's Blessing for Ireland.—The Pope received recently in the Consistorial Hall, 110 Irish pilgrims, 40 of whom came from Cork and the rest from other parts of Ireland. The former were conducted by Father Shoeney and the latter by Mr. Chisholm, pilgrimage director. The Pope presented the pilgrims with medals commemorating the Jubilee Year. In a short address he thanked them for the long journey they had undertaken in order to profit from the spiritual benefits of the Holy Year, adding that Ireland was very dear to his heart. His Holiness concluded by imparting to all the pilgrims the Apostolic Benediction, and extending it to the whole of Ireland.

* * *

Ancient Scottish Bell.—In connection with the preparations being made to repair the bells in Lanark Town Steeple, a link with the Scotland of pre-Reformation days is again brought to light. The history of the largest bell in the steeple, which is believed by some authorities to be the oldest in Europe, should be of great interest to Scots Catholics. It was taken from the old Church of St. Kentigern in Lanark churchyard, and bears the inscription:

"Anno, 1110.

I did for twice three centuries hing,
And unto Lanark city ring."

It was in the Church of St. Kentigern that William Wallace attended Mass, and there he was married to Marion Braidfute. Every schoolboy knows the heroic part played by Wallace in the struggle for Scottish independence. The bells are in good condition, but the bearings have become a little worn, and in the interests of safety it has been considered necessary to repair them.

* * *

Sad Plight of Irish Baronet: Unable to Pay His Rent.—Sir Thomas Moore, holder of one of the oldest British baronetcies, and Lady Moore were defendants in an ejectment action in Cork Circuit Cork. They occupied humble premises in the city, and possession was sought on the ground of non-payment of rent—£16. The case for the defendants was that they found themselves unable temporarily to meet their obligations. They admitted they were not within protection of the Rent Act, and urged their age and Lady Moore's delicate state of health. Judge Kenny, while expressing sympathy with defendants, granted a decree for possession, with a stay of six weeks. Sir Thomas Moore is the 11th holder of a baronetcy created in 1661, and is 82 years of age. He succeeded his father in 1882, and married in 1893, Catherine Matilda, only child of the late Capt. J. George Elphinstone, late H.E., I.C.S., of Aberdeen and Passage West, whose wife was Catherine, daughter of the late George R. Pain, architect, Cork. The heir-presumptive to the baronetcy is the eldest surviving son of the 9th baronet, Sir Emmanuel Moore, who emigrated to the

United States. The family crest motto is: "The brave man may fall, but can never yield."

* * *

Mutual Understanding Wanted.—Headed by Henri Bourassa, a party of three hundred citizens of Quebec have recently been touring Ontario towns and cities to effect, if possible, a better spirit of tolerance and understanding between provinces where an overwhelming majority in one place is Catholic and in the other Protestant. About ten large centres were visited and a number of smaller places. Mr. Bourassa, editor of *Le Devoir*, explained the motives which prompted the tour. "To those English-speaking Protestants or Irish Catholics whom we may have the advantage to meet, we wish to state emphatically that we are neither hostile nor subservient. We ask for nothing better than a cordial understanding, not to dominate with them the rest of the country, but to ascertain the true conditions of national peace, of agreement between the west and the east; and agreement in truth and justice, taking into account the divergent viewpoints of all sections of Canada, their conflicting interests, their diverse needs. Those sentiments, free of all electoral preoccupations, of any interested calculations, individual or collective, ought to arouse a sympathetic echo in the minds of a large number of Ontarians. If, through this short contact, hosts and fellow-travellers lose some of their prejudices, acquire a keener knowledge and deeper appreciation of each other, and thereby better prepare to attain a common understanding, the object of this trip will be reached; and we will be amply rewarded for efforts and sacrifices it has entailed upon us."

* * *

A Worthy Rival of Livingstone and Stanley.—That cosmopolitan journal, the *Catholic Leader*, Madras, recently (says the *Irish Catholic*) drew attention to one of the most remarkable missionary figures of our time, Mgr. Henry Haulon (Bishop of Teos), formerly the Vicar Apostolic of Uganda and the Upper Nile, whose presence at the consecration the other day of his present successor in the mission field, Bishop W. J. Campling, added a vividly picturesque note to the ceremony. The *Catholic Leader* reminds us that in the U.S.A. Bishop Haulon has already been hailed as an African pioneer, "who can compare with Stanley or Livingstone, and as a missionary, with Cardinal Massaia, or Cardinal Lavigerie." As a matter of fact, the six months' tramp to Uganda from the coast when, in the last century, "Darkest Africa" was opened by Catholic missionaries, was one of the biggest feats ever achieved by a pioneer. No missionary surely ever lived through so much "romance of the missions" coupled with their sternest realities, as this Mill Hill apostle, who braved every conceivable danger and difficulty to open a way through the vast African bush. Neither the poisoned arrows of the savage tribes that beset them

on every side, nor the raids of wild beasts availed to daunt the men who meant light to penetrate that darkness at any risk, and counted not the cost to themselves. Bishop Haulon's link with the Madras Mission was his apostolate in the snows of Tibet, where for several years he lived among the llamas, and had nothing but frozen mutton to eat. And no one rejoices to-day more than does the veteran pioneer of the Mill Hill Uganda Mission over its promising future.

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Henry Ign. Westropp, S.J.

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Irish News

GENERAL—THE BOUNDARY COMMISSION — THE COMMISSIONERS — THE FREE STATE AND THE LEAGUE—DANISH AND IRISH FARMING METHODS COMPARED.

The Tuam Town Commissioners have passed a resolution requesting the Government to introduce drastic legislation against evil literature. Similar resolutions have been passed by other local bodies.

Rev. Gerald O'Collins, a native of Victoria, Australia, and Rev. F. McDonald have left Dalgan Park, Galway, to take up missionary work in China. Father McDonald gave up a medical practice to study for the priesthood.

Most Rev. Dr. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore, with his secretary, Very Rev. Dr. Keely, and Rev. D. O'Dwyer, Denver, have been the guests of Most Rev. Dr. Fogarty, Bishop of Killaloe. They visited many places in the county and in Limerick, Kerry, and Galway.

The Most Rev. Dr. McKenna, Bishop of Clogher, recently laid the foundation stone of a new church which is being built by the Very Rev. Canon Hackett, P.P., in the parish of Killanny, near the Louth-Monaghan border. A collection after the ceremonies realised £1000. The church will be of Hiberno-Romanesque style, and is dedicated to St. Enda, who is the patron of the parish and who founded the great monastic school on the Island of Arran.

Presiding at a meeting of the Protestant Synod of Clonfert and Kilmaedagh, at Balinasloe, Right Rev. Dr. Patton paid a striking tribute to his Catholic fellow-countrymen, recording an incident last year when the Catholics of Toomevara, at great personal risk, rendered signal assistance on the occasion of a fire at the church of Aghnam-eagle. "There was not a single member of our Church resident in the village," said Dr. Patton. "But the Catholics, its sole occupants, held the rector, Archdeacon Daly, in regard, and lived in harmony with those of our Church people who worshipped within its walls. When the fire was first discovered our Catholic fellow-countrymen came to the rescue, and forced their way into the blazing building, where the flames at the east end were so fierce that they blistered the western door. In that burning church, at imminent risk to their lives, these neighbors, of a different faith, cut off portions of the burning fabric from the rest, and did their utmost to save all that was possible, amid the fumes and the falling of masonry and timber. People inside and outside the Free State may well ponder on the value of such an incident as this, and I desire to express our heartfelt thanks to the people of Toomevara for their magnanimous and courageous assistance at a time of grave urgency and peril. They did more than save the building. Such an achievement helps to build up a brotherhood of mutual confidence and willing service in the district wherein it is wrought."

The *Yorkshire Evening News* has a Political Correspondent in London; and this

seer announced recently "on authority" that "The three members of the Irish Boundary Commission have reached agreement."

It was good news; and the P.C. added a few rather indefinite particulars, saying:—"The work of the Commission is practically finished, but details in regard to the frontier lines and Customs Houses are being decided before the Report is published."

He remarked right at the end: "The Report of the Commission will be a legal and binding judgment, which can only be set aside by an Act of Parliament." There this hardy Yorkshire "tyke" in London daringly disagreed with Sir Dawson Bates. But (comments the Belfast *Irish Weekly*), despite our natural desire to stand by a man of Ulster against Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Timbuctoo, we must confirm the P.C.'s statement—with a reservation. It is true that the Report, whenever it is issued, "will be a legal and binding judgment"; but the correspondent should have said that it can only be set aside with the assent of two Parliaments—the Assemblies in Dublin and London.

So far so well. But there are more Jack Barrys—we mean Political Correspondents—than one in the great city of the Thames and the Tower. Bow Bells, Mr. Baldwin, and Mr. Saklatvala. Correspondent No. 2 heard of his Yorkshire rival's *coup*; he rose up and wired to Belfast the information—this time "from a good source"—that

"There is nothing whatever in the report published in a Yorkshire newspaper of an agreement of the Boundary Commission; the Commissioners have not even begun to consider the terms yet."

Since Octavian (Augustus) Mark Antony and Lepidus dissolved partnership, there has been no more wonderful triumvirate than Mr. Justice Feetham, Professor MacNeill, and Mr. J. R. Fisher. So much has been said and written, guessed and invented about their powers and shortcomings, movements and indolences, agreements and disagreements, meetings and separations, that they have already been invested with the attributes of remote legendary heroes—or villains, as the humor of the observer guides his mind. If they seclude themselves from the public gaze until the nights grow long and marvellous tales begin to circulate around winter firesides, people will classify them with Cuculain and Conal Cearnach, Finn and his Companions, the followers of Cid Campeador and the Knights of Arthur who sought for the Holy Grail. Men of whom it is said within the space of a few hours (1) that they have reached agreement, and (2) that they have not even begun to consider the terms of an agreement, must move in a realm of mystery dim, dark, and impenetrable to the average intellect. Still, the Commissioners' actual existence can be

demonstrated; and that is all the Man in the Street knows about them.

Journalists and others returning from Geneva bring entertaining gossip about the most prominent personalities. Mr. Chamberlain, it would appear, made less of an impression than any chief British delegate since the foundation of the League. Mr. Amery has at least left the memory of a vital and energetic politician with an incisive gift of speech. As second delegate Lord Cecil inevitably suggested comparisons with the two years when he seemed to embody in himself the purpose of the League. The personal triumph of the Assembly was the oration of M. Paul Boncour. "It was everything," said a well-known American publicist, "that a speech should be." Old Count Apponyi's appeal on behalf of the defeated peoples, the same observed says, was most impressive, and it was extremely well received by the French. Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald and his colleagues from the Irish Free State are said to have made an admirable delegation; they won cordial approval all round.

The Danish system and Danish methods have obviously made a deep impression on the party of Southern Irish farmers, creamery owners and industrialists who are presently travelling through the model agricultural country and taking notes as they move from point to point. On the way to Denmark they saw a friendly arrangement between the German and Danish passport officials. The Germans stamped a "discharge" out of the German territory and passed them along to the Danish officer at the other end of the desk, who stamped them for entrance to his territory. They passed along, and were next "held up" by Danish Customs at the entrance to their steamer, which also acts as a train ferry. The Customs examination was cursory there. When the explorers return they will be thoroughly searched at the port of arrival in their native country. A correspondent who is chronicling the events of the tour reports the opinion expressed by one of the investigators after he had travelled through 50 or 60 miles of bleak Danish territory. "As a race," he said, "we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. If any of our people got even a bare existence out of that land we saw we would say they were wonderful. Here not only are they getting a living, and a good living, but they are making wealth out of soil which in Ireland would be, and is, allowed to go to waste." The Danes are intelligent people; their education has been acquired on sound practical principles: they work hard as individuals; they work cordially and honestly together as co-operators. These are the only secrets of their success.

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Town and Country News

Waikato Notes

(From our own correspondent.)

Hamilton, November 12.

A fortnight's mission is at present being conducted in the Frankton Junction parish by Rev. Father McCarthy, Marist Missioner.

A sale of work and garden fete held last Saturday in aid of the Hamilton Convent funds yielded the very satisfactory sum of £170. The Hamilton City Band and the Catholic Men's Club orchestra, which were in attendance added considerably to the success of the effort.

A children's fancy dress ball held recently in aid of the Hamilton parish funds resulted in a profit of about £25.

Prior to his departure for the South this week on a recuperating trip, Rev. Brother Calixtus, director of the Marist Brothers' School, Hamilton, who has been in ill-health for some considerable time, was presented by Mr. M. Randrup, on behalf of a number of friends and admirers with a well filled wallet as a mark of their esteem. In making the presentation Mr. Randrup referred in glowing terms to the good qualities of Brother Calixtus and to the great work he had done for the school and for the town generally. All would join in wishing him an enjoyable holiday and a complete restoration to health as the result.

The pupils of the Marist Brothers' School also showed in a tangible form their appreciation of Brother Calixtus' work.

The Girls' Club and the Men's Club have joined hands in the acquisition of a suitable piece of land adjoining the Hamilton church property which they intend using as tennis courts. The grounds are practically in readiness and by the time this appears in print play on them should be possible.

Invercargill Notes

(From our own Correspondent.)

November 14.

Thursday last, despite inclement weather, a splendid musical entertainment was given by local artists in the Municipal Theatre, in aid of the Marist Brothers' School funds. The Marist boys rendered several songs pleasingly, notably "Evening Bells" and "Love at Home." Misses May Thorn, May Shirly, and I. Ward gave individual exhibitions of modern classic dances. Misses K. Woods, N. Hardy, and G. Casey contributed choice songs, the rendition of which was excellent testimony to the careful tuition in singing given at St. Catherine's Convent. The songs given by Messrs. W. M. Wills, J. Houden, and F. Lister were well received, as also were several duets by Masters Shuley and Murfitt. The instrumental phases of the programme were very entertaining indeed. The string quartette under the leadership of Miss Holtz was excellent, and Mr. Le Petit (flautist) was as popular as ever in his rendering of Irish airs. Master R. Wills was heard to effect on the cornet in two pleasing numbers. A pianoforte duet by Misses Harrington and Mitchell showed they had mastered the art of playing in no

small degree. Mr. J. P. Ward by his recitation of "My Old Pal" and "Not Understood" gave evidence that he specialises in elocution with a great deal of success. Encores were profuse, and Miss M. Nisbet made an excellent accompanist throughout the evening, whilst an efficient orchestra under the direction of Mr. J. Rigby livened things up immensely at times. The gratuitous favors of the artists in song and instrumental music was much appreciated indeed. Mr. M. Murfitt, as secretary, deserves every praise for his arduous efforts in arranging all the details, and, as per usual, a gallant band of ladies could be seen displaying refreshments for the benefit of artists and the ever accommodating boy where it is a case of storing sweets.

Marist old boys are fielding three cricket teams this year and are doing well. Congratulations to Messrs. Keast, O'Driscoll, Brown, and Duthie, who are nominated for representative honors. The Marist school-boys have won three of their matches to date, and have a few good lads whom we hope to see properly fathered by the Old Boys' Club.

The ever energetic Children of Mary continue to show great devotion in the tasteful manner they decorate the sanctuary, and their efforts for the honor and glory of God are well emulated by the little altar boys who minister in the sanctuary with great zeal and dignity. Both societies are evidently in tune with him who sang "I love the beauty of His house and the place where His glory dwelleth."

Catholic Women's Association, Christchurch ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

On Sunday, November 8, the Catholic Women's Association held their annual conference at the Sacred Heart Convent, Ferry Road, Christchurch. As on former occasions there was a large attendance of Catholic ladies of the city as well as of ex-pupils of the Convent School. His Lordship the Bishop opened the conference by expressing his pleasure at the large attendance and by stressing the importance of such reunions and the great benefits to be derived therefrom, and concluded his remarks by wishing the conference every success.

The three papers which had been written for the conference were then read and discussed by the ladies present. In connection with the paper on nursing it was proposed that a course of lectures on home nursing be given for Catholic ladies who would wish to attend. In response to the appeal for help for the Foreign Missions a large number of ladies signified their willingness to make garments to send to the mission fields.

Very Rev. Father Cooney also spoke expressing his appreciation of the papers read, and added a few words in regard to the Propagation of the Faith.

Afternoon tea was served on the lawn, and the function terminated with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament in the convent chapel.

A "MOTHERS' PARTY"

(Contributed.)

On Thursday Nov. 12.25 under S. Vincent de Paul. S. Joseph's Hall was the scene of a "Mother's Party."

At 2.30 pm. 32. Mothers arrived with 130. much washed, clean shirted, party frilled children to spend the afternoon (think of the washing and dressing at home!) —

After the stiffness had worn off, engendered by new frocks, shyness, and watching each other, the children were handed over to some young ladies of S. V. de Paul Junior Branch at S. Dominic's, who led them so splendidly in various games that there was no doubt of their tongues having returned like Bo Peep's sheep. By this time his Lordship the Bishop always most kind and encouraging to "the Mothers" arrived. After a little conversation with visitors, tea, a very generous one was acceptable to great and small: several ladies of charity assisting to see that all were attended to. The great event came at last. The stage of the big Hall wore a festive air: on one side a small simple Altar before the Mother's much prized Statue of Our Lady and Child, decorated with flowers and 7 lighted candles; on the other a loaded gift Tree: dressed by the S. Dominic girls, its fruit donated by kind friends.

Father Xmas busy just now sent Miss Christmas his little girl, to take his place, looking very sweet in red and snow flakes.

The helpers set to work to satisfy the demands of the big small crowd. When all had returned several times, there were still requests for something for a brother or sister in hospital. As for the babies "Sarah Mary," Mary Ann, Francis Vincent, and all the rest of them, they had their share. Nor were the Mothers themselves forgotten, a small parcel of "usefuls" was ready for each of them. A hum of satisfaction settled down over the Hall when his Lordship came to the stage. After a few kindly words he presented, from the Mothers, a most useful searchlight torch to Nurse Boys, who has tried to Mother Mothers' every Thursday afternoon for some months and she replied expressing her thanks. A second presentation followed to Miss O'Rorke, and Mrs. Higgins. These ladies have most faithfully taken up the tea arrangements as their work, enabling Nurse to attend to individual wants of women with small homes, many mouths to feed and clothe, husbands out of work, sick children, etc.

Will Catholic Mothers in better circumstances remember things they think past using can make many a poorer home tidy and easier for some one else. And the Mothers patch, mend, and make for themselves and each other, old clothes are un-nicked and remade. Nothing is wasted. The Ladies' Guilds also give assistance as required.

If common sense governs your habits of life, you will live well, eat well, sleep well, work well, and gain happiness according to your deserts. Little ills must go. It is from the little ills that big ones grow. The commonsense thing to do is to remove the cause.

H. Graham

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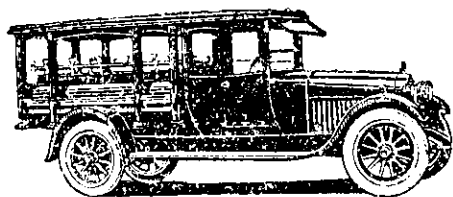
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FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

(By the RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR POWER, V.F., for the N.Z. Tablet.)

20.—CHRIST'S CHURCH IS HOLY.

Holiness is a property of the Church of Jesus Christ. The vision of her vouchsafed to the prophets, arrayed her in the sparkling robes of grace, and portrayed her as God's love, God's dove, God's beautiful one, His peerless queen, dowered with the Father's glory, encircled with million angel forms of light, all her walls are precious stones, and her towers built up with jewels. And when prophecies were fulfilled and Christ had come to call her into actual being, He "loved the Church and gave Himself up for her sake, that He might sanctify her, purifying her in the bath of water by means of the word, and that He might present her to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but holy and without blemish." It was thus the Beloved Disciple saw her arrayed in the vision of Patmos: "I saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." Christ's death was efficacious for His Church, and conscious of this, she herself sings in gratitude to Him: "Holiness becometh Thy House, O Lord, unto length of days."

The Church is holy, in her Founder, the God of all holiness; she is holy, because she is the temple of the Holy Spirit; she is holy, in the end she pursues—the salvation of men; she is holy, in the means she makes use of—pure doctrine and the Sacraments; she is holy, in her children, "the living stones" that lead her ramparts above the starry sky, in her children, who "are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people; that (they) may declare His virtues, Who hath called (them) out of darkness into His marvellous light."

The Church has had a holy Founder because she has come from the Heart of Christ pierced on the Cross, and was washed in the blood and water that poured therefrom. There was poured into her at Pentecost the Holy Spirit, to be ever abiding; to keep her from error since He is the Spirit of Truth, and to keep her holy since He is the Spirit of Sanctity. Only God could establish a holy Church, since He alone can say: "Be ye holy as I, the Lord your God, am holy." Only He Who had poured the Spirit of Truth and Sanctity into the Church's leaders, could command them to sanctify His people in truth. The All-Holy God is the Founder of His Church, she is the Temple of the Holy Spirit, and in so far she is holy.

She is holy, in the end for which she was established, that is, to sanctify and save human souls. This is to imitate Our Lord Jesus Christ: to be a light to those seated in darkness, a strength to the weak, a comfort and an assurance to the wavering. To raise up man from the dark valleys of pagan ignorance and from the mire of pagan sin, to teach him that he is more than reptile, and make him an adopted son of God, and

lead him at length to his eternal heritage, this is the end for which the Church was founded, and no end could be holier.

She is holy, in the means she makes use of to carry out this end. As a man's belief has a powerful effect on his conduct and as Christ wishes His people to live by faith, the Church must expound the teachings of the faith in carrying out her end. The truth sanctifies, and she is the divinely-appointed guardian and authoritative expounder of the truth to a darkened world. The schools of philosophy had removed the idea of the true God and with it the notion of good and evil, it gave men false ideas of human personality and no idea of the soul's immortality; the beliefs of paganism found expression in the worship of many false gods, in polygamy, in the ruin of the family, and in widespread moral corruption; the happiness of man had departed, and there was left to him no hope of happiness hereafter. The greatest of the pagan poets considered man the most wretched of all the mortals that walked or crept upon the earth. This intellectual darkness and moral corruption Truth, in the person of Christ, confronted in the judgment-hall of Pilate, and now confronts it through the Church. Truth therefore is a holy weapon, and the Church is holy because she uses it. The treasure-house of truth must be holy.

She has other holy means in the Sacraments with which she was dowered by her Founder. Through Baptism her children receive the first communication of the divine life and are made to participate in the fruits of the Incarnation; in Confirmation her growing youths and maidens are strengthened against the wiles and wickedness of the world, that now begins to attract their attention and tempt their allegiance; through the Holy Eucharist they have Christ, the Fount of light and grace, abiding in them, and they are made to abide in Him; in Penance the wounds of their souls are healed by restoring grace; in Matrimony the fount of the race is consecrated and sanctified; in Holy Orders specially chosen men are set apart and lifted up to offer supreme worship to the Eternal Father, and to devote themselves to the sanctification of the people. But priest and people come to die in God's good time. Then Holy Church comes to their dying bed and ministers unto them; she purifies with another Sacrament the senses of their poor body, and brings the sweet mercy of the Redeemer upon the departing soul; and when this has departed, she has her Holy Sacrifice of the Mass to bring it seasons of refreshment, light, and peace, and waft it at last to the feet of its Lord. Poets have marvelled at this perfect round of grace, and have seen in it a remedy for man's every spiritual need and a wise provision for every stage of human life. We see in it a compelling proof of the Church's holiness. She is holy therefore in the means she uses in carrying out her end.

Finally, she is holy in her children who are her fruits of holiness. In every generation she will be able to point with pride to her jewels, to her children who are eminent for holiness, who are unspotted by the world and sparkling with virtues. There will be amongst her sons heroic martyrs for Jesus and valiant and intrepid confessors of the faith. There will be monks and hermits to despise the false pleasures of the world and with them even pleasures that are lawful, and there will be bands of virgins following the Lamb, and bearing with joy the white lily of purity that flourishes in her genial soil and is made fragrant with the dews of her grace. There will be defenders of the marriage bond and upholders of the sanctity of marriage who will brave the threats and tyranny of wicked governments and kings. Voluntary poverty will be taken as a bride by hundreds of her Assis in every generation, and obedience will be cheerfully vowed to His representative who was Himself obedient unto death. She will convert to sanctity the corrupt Roman world, and lead semi-civilised peoples to grace, and will bring a new life and a new civilisation into every nation. The pagan of the first century will admire the holiness of even her rank and file, and nineteen centuries later a chairman of a Divorce Commission in London will comment on the purity of Catholic marriages, and an English Cardinal will state in well-weighed words that she alone can make the young heart chaste, and this because she alone can give to children Jesus as their Food and Mary as their Nursing-Mother.

Let none object that there are sinners in the Church! The Church has two sides, she is human as well as divine, and while humanity lasts there will be sin. She is the Mother of all God's children, bad as well as good, and all will remain side by side until the time for sifting comes. The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a field in which the good man of the house sowed good seed but found cockle amongst the wheat, and like a net that is cast into the sea and draws out good fish and bad. The Church will continue to cast the net and strew the seed and draw in a mixed return, but not all the worthless crop and draught will continue so. Many will be charmed by her holiness and brought to grace by her ministrations; then will be fulfilled what the Royal Psalmist foresaw, the outcast will be lifted from the dunghill and she will become their joyful Mother.

The real man is the one who finds excuse for others but never excuses himself.—Beecher.

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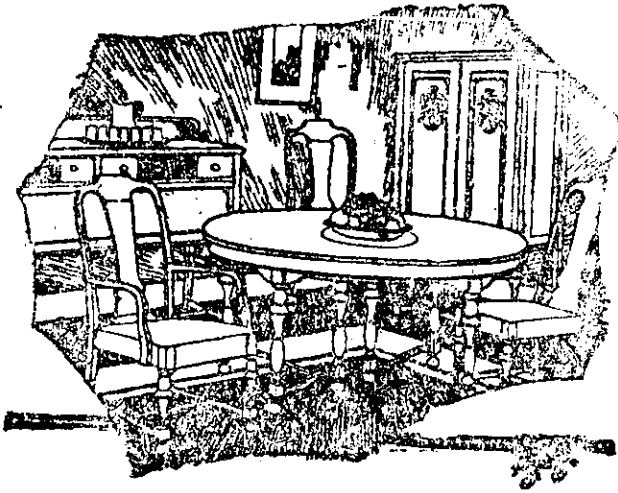
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MARKET REPORTS.

There were heavy yardings at the Addington market last week, the quantity of stock in some cases being about equal to a double market. The sale was a good one, considering the size of the entries. Spring Lambs.—The entry totalled 250, compared with 419 at the double market a fortnight ago, and it was in excess of requirements. Prices were quite equal to those of previous sale. Fat Sheep.—Eleven races of fat sheep were penned, as against 14 at the preceding sale. Many pens of specially well-finished wethers were included, and these, together with a greater part of the yarding, brought prices only slightly lower than recent values. Medium quality downwards brought from 2s to 3s less than the pre-Carnival sale. Prime woolly wethers brought 51s to 60s, extra prime wethers 40s to 44s 10d, prime wethers 35s to 39s 6d, medium wethers 31s 6d to 34s 6d, light and unfinished wethers 28s to 31s, prime woolly ewes 40s to 43s 3d, extra prime ewes 35s to 38s 4d, prime ewes 31s to 34s, medium ewes 26s 6d to 30s 6d, lighter ewes 23s to 26s, inferior ewes 18s to 22s. Fat Cattle.—610 head and 10 head of fat cattle were penned, rather more than the trade can absorb. Although values of the secondary qualities were lower, good class cattle met with a fairly free demand. Extra prime weight beef sold at 59s per 100lb, prime medium-weight 52s 6d to 56s, heavy weight 49s to 52s, medium quality 42s to 45s, light and inferior 38s to 42s, rough down to 28s, prime heavy steers £25 to £27 15s 6d, prime steers £21 to £24 10s, medium-weight £18 to £20 10s, light £14 to £17 10s, rough £12 10s to £13 15s, prime heifers to £20 2s 6d, ordinary £10 to £13 10s, light £8 to £9 15s, prime cows £13 to £17 2s 6d, medium £10 5s to £12 15s, light cows £6 to £9 10s. Vealers.—A large entry which sold well at late rates. Runners brought to £8, good vealers £6 to £7, medium vealers £4 10s to £5 15s, inferior vealers £2 to £4 15s, calves 20s to 50s. Fat Pigs.—In the fat pig section the entry was a medium one, and the demand experienced was generally satisfactory, especially for porkers, though baconers and choppers lacked the keenness of the previous sale. Values were: Choppers £3 10s to £7, light baconers £4 5s to £4 15s, heavy baconers £5 5s to £5 15s, extra heavy baconers £6 10s, average price per lb 8d to 9d, light porkers £2 15s to £3 10s, heavy porkers £3 15s to £4, average price per lb 9d to 10d.

PLOUGHING UP.

The ploughing up of the stubbles starts a new cycle of farm work, the preparation for the next year's crop (says a writer in an agricultural journal).

As soon as possible after the land is cleared of crop, the plough should be got to work, for the shorter the period the land is allowed to lie idle the better. In some cases it may be advisable, upon account of surface weeds, to scarify the surface before ploughing up, but in any case ploughing up will need to be done afterwards.

And when once the plough is started it should be kept going until the work is com-

pleted, barring unavoidable check through weather or by reason of extra special work such as drilling a prepared area, or threshing for seed or other vital supplies. The chief factor to be reckoned with is, however, the weather. Never trust it, but push on as rapidly as possible, no matter how dry and settled it may seem.

The coming of the tractor has given to the farmer a most useful ally towards rapidly ploughing up. Get the horses to work quickly, of course, but also expect your tractor to do main of the work and to do it well and quickly, for the tractor gets over the ground and is at the same time tireless. Until the whole area requiring it is ploughed up, keep the tractor at work to its full capacity.

If there are any awkward-shaped fields to be dealt with let the tractor do the straight going and the horses the, so to speak, dodging portions, for such arrangement answers well and does not waste the time of the tractor.

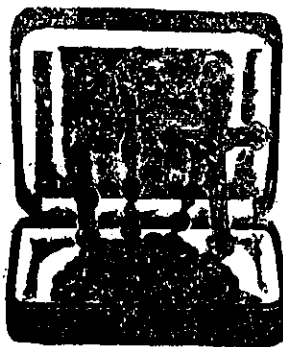
In all ploughing up plough deeply, that is, consistent with former cultivation. Remember that the tendency after the ploughing up is to lose depth rather than gain. Don't attempt to plough up when the surface is out of condition or after cultivation is bound to be difficult.

In ploughing up endeavor should be made to first plough those fields intended for autumn sowing, afterwards those for spring cereal crops, and then the area it is intended to sow to roots.

Should it be desired to put in any special crop not included in the above category then a suitable place should be found for it in the programme. So far as can be managed, plan to sow as large an area in the autumn as possible, for where there is choice in the matter autumn-sown crops are more reliable than spring-sown ones, and the larger the area that can be sown in the autumn the less there is to worry about in the spring.

In ploughing, as in other farm work, up-to-date implements should be used and the work should be done well. Plenty of power, whether tractor or horse, should always be available.

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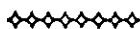
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Catholic World

CARDINAL SCHULTE IN ENGLAND.

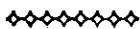
His Eminence Cardinal Schulte, Archbishop of Cologne, has been visiting England at the invitation of Cardinal Bourne, to preside at the Jubilee celebrations and consecration of the church of St. Boniface, the London church for German-speaking Catholics. The roof of the church was injured during the war by a bomb dropped on London from a Zeppelin. Cardinal Schulte, as Bishop of Paderborn, was unremitting in his care of prisoners of war, irrespective of nationality, and received the thanks of the French Government for his work. His Eminence was raised to the Sacred College in 1921. He is only 54 years of age.



PASTORAL LETTER OF BELGIAN HIERARCHY.

The Belgian Hierarchy, with Cardinal Mercier, the Archbishop of Malines, at its head, has just published a Pastoral Letter which, after criticising the formulae of Socialism and Liberalism, declares that it is not wise to condemn the *Catholic-Socialist compromise* on which the present Belgium Government is based.

Let us not condemn this compromise (the letter says). The two parties who have officially consented to share in the government have declared that they intend to maintain integrally their respective programmes, and so the doctrines which inspire these. There is no question of a conflict of doctrine in a Cabinet. As far as the executive power is concerned, it is a question of the conciliation of interests in a field which is limited, and for a period which is usually short. The elections of April 5 made it necessary to form a Government to correspond with the results. No party having a majority, it was necessary either to renounce government altogether, and so lapse into anarchy, or to attempt to govern by means of a coalition of hostile parties. Was it possible to have produced a better coalition than was actually formed? We therefore consider it wise in the interests of public order not to refuse a prudent confidence in the men who have consented to try to govern us, persuaded as we are that no Catholic will confound the personal sacrifice of views which a limited and temporary coalition involves with the actual doctrines and programmes which the individual members support or symbolise.



PRESIDENT OF THE ASSEMBLY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

For the fourth time a Catholic statesman has been elected President of the Assembly of the League of Nations. This is the Right Hon. R. Dandurand, leader of the Canadian Senate. The Assembly Mass, on one of the opening days, at which the Bishop of the diocese pontificated, and which is attended by all the Catholic delegates, has become an important international event, and the *Univers* correspondent describes the impressive scene:—

"The bowed heads of so many statesmen, themselves representatives of peoples so widely different, the venerable Count Apponyi symbolising the splendid past and troubled present of Hungary, for instance, and near him the swarthy delegates of the little negro Republics, Haiti, San Domingo, Liberia; M. Motta, former President of that Swiss Confederation in which—a model to Europe—three national cultures are reconciled, and Count Skrzynski kneeling in the name of Poland. The Secretary-General, Sir Eric Drummond, and his family knelt in the first row of prie-dieux on the left, Senator Dandurand, President of the Assembly, and others of the Canadian delegation, on the right."

This year on the evening of the formal opening of the Assembly, many of the delegates attended a public meeting held in Geneva to hear Father Yves de la Brière, S.J., deliver a lecture on "Catholics and the League." A few days later there was a reception of all the Catholics present in the Delegations to meet the Bishop of the diocese and to discuss subjects of Catholic interest.

NOTES FROM PARIS

ABROGATION OF SECULAR LAWS DEMANDED.

From ten to twelve thousand Catholics at Paray-le-Monial the demand was made that the so-called lay laws should be removed from the statute book of France. The meeting at which this demand was made was called by the Catholic Union of Autun, and to enable the crowd, which was estimated to exceed 12,000, five loud speakers were installed which carried the speeches to every corner of the great park where the meeting was held. President de Maistre of the Catholic Union explained that the assembly had been called to protest against the laicity laws, and to demand formally their abrogation. Mr. Marcel Bucard said that the glorious achievements of the Catholics during the war entitled them to demand that justice should be done to them. The Catholics of Brittany and the Vendée were represented by M. de Grandmaison, deputy for the Lower Loire, who declared that France must either remain Christian or must go down. Mgr. Chassagnon, the Bishop of Autun, made the closing speech, when he put the resolution, passed by an overwhelming vote, that the Catholics will not cease from effective organisation until their demands for religious liberty are met and that all menaces are done away with.

CONSECRATION OF WAR WIDOWS.

A very interesting religious ceremony took place at Cormeilles-en-Parisis, when the first French Oblates of St. Frances of Rome were consecrated. These war widows have grouped themselves under the name of the Spiritual Union of the Widows of France, in the same manner as the spiritual daughters of St. Frances of Rome. The act of oblation was

made in the presence of the president of the Monastery of Tor de Specchi, with whom were the Abbot-General of the Olivetans and Abbot Maréchaux, who is the commissary in France for the monks of the Olivetan Congregation. The Pope expressed his approval of this movement by sending his special blessing to the war widows, and empowering Abbot Parodi to impart the Pontifical Benediction.

The association of war widows binds its members together to live an almost conventional life in the world, and although not technically religious they live under a defined rule of life.

THE BISHOPS AND THE LOAN.

In spite of M. Herriot's sneer about "bankers' Christianity," the Government is very concerned that the bishops should do all in their power to make the National Loan a success. There are not a few Catholics who are in doubt whether they ought to lend their money to any Government, so long as the anti-Catholic laicity laws remain in force. One such Catholic wrote to Cardinal Dubois, Archbishop of Paris, to ask what he ought to do. Cardinal Dubois' answer was to the point. "It is regrettable that these laws continue in force," said the Cardinal, "but it is France that calls for your help, it is to France that we give it, and it is for France that we are asked to lend our money." The Cardinal adds that Catholics should subscribe to the loan, which is to help the country and not any particular Government; for should the loan fail, there is more than a possibility that the present Government might be followed by one very much more hostile to the Church. Mgr. Gaillard, the Bishop of Meaux, is in favor of the loan, and has written to all his clergy to that effect. His Lordship points out to his Catholic diocesans that they are acting as good Frenchmen in subscribing to the loan, which, if it be successful, would be the best thing for the national credit.

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Defenders of the Faith

When St. Peter Canisius was recently declared by the Pope to be not only a saint but also a Doctor of the Church, he was added to that small company of illustrious men who have adorned the Church of God not only by their heroic sanctity, but also by their eminent learning.

Three things are laid down as necessary before any one can be called "doctor of the Church." They are eminent learning, notable sanctity of life, and proclamation by the Church. The last means a decree by the Supreme Pontiff or of a general council.

In the west during the middle ages the Doctors of the Church numbered only four, St. Gregory the Great, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and St. Jerome. Pope Boniface VIII in 1298 ordered their feasts to be kept as doubles throughout the Church. The figures of the four Latin Doctors constantly recur in medieval art.

In the East three Fathers of the Church were venerated as Doctors, St. John Chrysostom, St. Basil, and St. Gregory Nazianzen, and as early as the ninth century their feast was obligatory throughout the Eastern Empire. Analogy led the Western Church to venerate the four Greek Doctors, adding very properly to the original three the name of St. Athanasius. No additions were made to this list until the latter half of the 16th century, when also the feasts of the Greek Doctors were elevated to the rank of doubles.

Of the 25 saints now venerated as Doctors of the Church, eight are Eastern and 17 Western. They include five Benedictines, a Dominican, a Franciscan, a Redemptorist, and a Jesuit. The following is a list of those added since the 16th century, with the dates of their elevation:

St. Thomas Aquinas (1568), the great Dominican philosopher and theologian.

St. Bonaventure (1578), Franciscan Cardinal-Bishop of Albano.

St. Anselm (1720), Archbishop of Canterbury.

St. Isidore (1722), Bishop of Seville, and the saviour of Latin and Christian culture in Spain during the seventh century Visigothic invasions.

St. Peter Chrysologus (1729), ninth century Bishop of Ravenna, and powerful opponent of Monophysitism.

St. Leo the Great (1754), who as Pope in the fifth century defined the doctrine of the

Hypostatic union in an encyclical known as the Tome of Leo.

St. Peter Damian (1828), Cardinal Bishop of Ostia in 1057, great reformer of the Church in Italy.

St. Bernard (1830).

St. Hilary of Poitiers (1851), the Western champion of the Nicene Faith against Arianism.

St. Alphonsus Liguori and St. Francis de Sales (1871).

St. Cyril of Alexandria (1883), zealous opponent of Paganism, Novatians, Nestorians, and Arians until his death in 444.

St. Cyril of Jerusalem (1883), who died in 386 after a life spent in defending the Nicene faith.

St. John Damascene (1883), the last of the

Greek Fathers. He died in the eighth century.

St. Bede the Venerable (1899).

St. Ephrem the Syrian (1920), great fourth century commentator on the Sacred Scriptures.

It is notable that none of the martyrs are Doctors, for the Office and Mass are for Confessors, and Benedict XIV notes that St. Ignatius, St. Irenæus, and St. Cyprian, who otherwise might well merit the title, are not called Doctors of the Church. It should also be remembered that the conferring of this title does not imply that a saint's writings are absolutely devoid of any error but it does mean that just as the martyrs have adorned the Church with their blood, so the Doctors have in an eminent degree taught and defended the faith by their wisdom and great learning.—*The Universe* (London).

Music Examinations

ST. MARY'S CONVENT, WANGANUI.

The following are the results of the musical examination held by Mr. Egerton Tidmarsh, examiner for Royal Academy of Music at the Trinity College examination:—

Solo Performer's L.A.B.—(Singing) Edna Greenwood.

Final Grade—(Piano) Rita McVicar, Doreen Bourne.

Advanced Local Centre—(Singing) Margerie Scott; (piano) Gladys Smith.

TRINITY COLLEGE RESULTS.

Licentiate, L.T.C.L.—(Singing) Kathleen Wilson.

Associate, A.T.C.L.—(Singing) Betty Baird; (piano) Gladys Smith.

Higher Local.—Molly McMahon, 83 (honors), Eileen Ryan 78, Leah McIntyre 61.

Senior.—Constance Sutton 76 (singing), Doris Battell 72 (singing), Grace Higgs 70 (piano).

Intermediate.—Margaret Thompson 84 (honors), Zena Benefield 82 (honors), Rita Huckstep 80 honors (singing), Marion Brock 77, Joyce Mullins 75, Patricia Fromont 72, Eileen Chadwick 70, Grace Buckendaal (teacher, Miss Vickers) 68.

Junior.—Norma Waterhouse (Miss Vickers) 82 (honors), Hazel McGuire (Miss Vickers) 78, Eileen Herd (Miss Vickers) 78, Hannah Stratford 77, Myra Wilson 75 (singing), Ellen Sanko 72.

Preparatory.—Rona Dwyer (Miss Vickers) 81 (honors), Maureen Davis 83 (honors), Audrey Dawson (Miss Vickers) 82 (honors), Cora Taylor, violin (Miss Hughes-Johnston) 81 (honors); Moira Reed (Miss Vickers) 80 (honors), Akenhe Dawson (Miss Vickers) 76, Audrey Bennett 73.

First Steps.—Kevin Sheehan (Miss Vickers) 82 (honors), Hilda Takarangi, violin (Miss Hughes-Johnston) 80 (honors), Aileen Stratford 79, Betty Seoon (Miss Vickers) 79, William McArthur (Miss Vickers) 78, Joyce Byres (Miss Vickers) 73.

Junior Class Singing.—St. Mary's Convent pupils 85 (honors). Doolan 80 (honors).

Elocution.—Intermediate Division—Mary Doolan 80 (honors). Junior Division—Hannah Stratford 76, Jean Souter 74. Preparatory Division—Betty Turnock 78.

The following are the results of the Theoretical examination held on June 13, 1925:—

Art of Teaching.—Nora O'Meara (St. Mary's Convent), Molly Vickers (St. Mary's Convent), Rita McVicar (St. Mary's Convent).

Rudiments.—Rara Johnston (St. Mary's Convent), Molly Vickers (St. Mary's Convent).

Intermediate.—M. McMahon and M. Brock (honors). M. Thompson (pass).

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Domestic

By Maureen

Gooseberry Fool.—Trim and wash 1 pint of gooseberries; put them with 5oz of sugar in a jar in the oven with no water, until soft; pass them through a sieve into a basin, and mix in ½-pint of cream.

Gooseberry Meringue.—Wash and trim 2lb of large berries and steam them in a covered jar with the desired quantity of sugar, and a flavoring of lemon rind, grated, and ground ginger. When tender turn out into a dish. Whip the whites of 2 eggs quite stiff. Mix in 1oz of fine sugar, and spread over the hot fruit. Sprinkle pink sugar over the top, and serve cold with a custard made with the yolks of the eggs, and a suitable flavoring.

Gooseberry Batter Pudding.—Prepare the desired quantity of fruit, and three-parts fill a piedish. Sprinkle sugar and ground ginger among the berries, and pour over a smooth batter of flour, 1 beaten egg, and milk. Bake in a steady oven. This is a very wholesome way of giving gooseberries to young children.

Gooseberry and Raspberry Jelly.—3½lb each of large green gooseberries and fresh raspberries. Trim and wash the berries, and put both fruits into the preserving pan. Cover with water, and boil until all the juice is extracted. Strain through a coarse kitchen cloth, return the juice to the pan with 1lb of sugar to every pint of juice, and boil until it turns to a jelly when poured out. Cover securely when cold.

When You Make Pastry.

The fat should be lightly but very thoroughly rubbed in with the tips of the fingers, never with the palms of the hands. The water should be added gradually, but quickly, to prevent hard lumps being formed and to keep the consistence of the whole mass uniform. A knife should always be used for mixing, it being so much cooler than the hand. Some little practice is necessary to acquire the light, firm, even pressure and dexterous movements upon which success so largely depends. Paste should never be rolled backwards and forwards, but in short forward rolls, lifting the rolling pin between the rolls. Puff paste should never be rolled off the edges, as this may force out some of the air; it is better to thin the edges by a little pressure or an inward roll. Puff paste is allowed to stand between the turns in order that the butter may harden, and thus keep the layers of paste and butter separate. Paste to which baking powder has been added should be put in the oven as speedily as possible, otherwise some of the effect of the baking powder is wasted, its action beginning immediately the paste is moistened.

Household Hints.

A boiled suet pudding made with equal quantities of stale bread (soaked in cold water and squeezed dry in a cloth) and flour is far superior to one made with all flour.

Instead of toasting bread for soup, porridge, etc., try drying it or roasting it till crisp in the oven.

A little dry mustard rubbed on the hands will remove the smell of fish from them or any other disagreeable odor.

Fish may be scaled much easier by dipping in boiling water for a minute.

To extract onion juice, cut the top off the onion and press the heart with the spoon.

When apples are cored for baking, a delicious dish may be made by filling the hole with orange marmalade.

When there is an unusual amount of sweeping to be done, and you are not fortunate enough to possess a vacuum cleaner, the next best and cleanest way to sweep, without raising dust, is to shred and dampen a few newspapers, and then scatter them wherever the sweeping is to be done. When you sweep, all the dust that is swept from the rug or carpet, or floor, adheres to the wet paper and prevents its settling on the furniture or other objects in the room.

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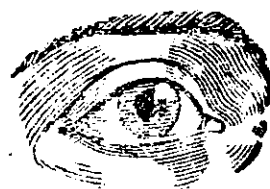
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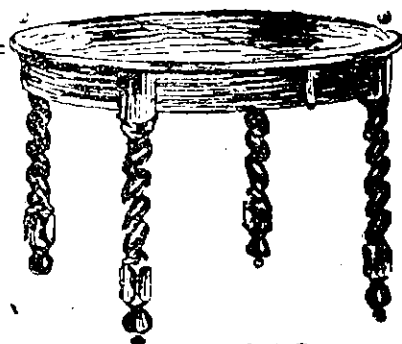
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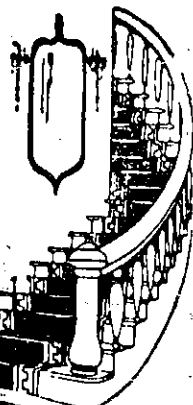


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O mothers, so weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play.
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things going amiss,
But, mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

Though the dear little feet wander often,
Perhaps from the pathway of right—
And dear little hands find new mischief
To vex you from morning to night—
Yet think of the desolate mothers
Who would give all the world for your
bliss;
And as thanks for your infinite blessings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

Ah, some day the noise will not fret you,
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for the sweet, childish voices,
For a dear little face at the door.
And to press a child's face to your bosom—
You would give all the world just for this—
For the comfort 'twill bring in your sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.



WORDS OF WISDOM.

Two leading secular journals in the United States have recently delivered themselves of the following wise sentences, which show how the demand for religious education is growing in that country. All serious thinkers are coming to see the ruin that comes from teaching which ignores the moral law, and that to imagine that that law can by any possibility maintain its authority without the sanction of Religion is the maddest moonshine. One of these journals asks: "Can essential virtues now be separated from Christianity?" and implies the answer that reasonable men will give. The other bluntly asserts that "Godless schools are a calamity of the first order. A sound nation cannot be built up if we are publicly to proclaim the idea that the State is indifferent whether the children of the people have or have not any religious teaching." The corollary, that parents, and not the Government of the day, have the right to demand teaching for their children according to their own convictions, is inevitably implied. Otherwise, the principle would be a mere academic theory.



PARENTS, REMEMBER.

Parents should not make, to children, promises that are not sure of being able to keep. A promise to a child should be a sacred thing, because the breaking of it is liable to make him lose faith in the word of his father or mother, and so lessen forever afterward the effectiveness of any truth which the parent may present to him. When a child is assured that certain things will happen, he is confident in that assurance, and builds air castles with his mother's word as a foundation. So much of a child's life is

made of dreams that his dreams are to him what reality is to grown people. A broken dream, a broken faith, and his mother to blame—it is a tragedy for his young soul. So let us, even in the smallest ways, keep faith with our children, that they may look to us always for truth and integrity. Let us respect their ambitions and dreams, because as one of our poets has said, "Heaven lies nearest in our infancy."



A BOAT AND A SOUL.

A lowering sky, a wind-swept sea and low rumbles of thunder; against the dark horizon is silhouetted a slim-lined sailboat, its outline seeming toy-like in the grey and white mists. The port lies beyond in snug safety and twilight calm but to make its harbor means a fierce struggle for the trim little craft, which is being tossed and slapped by the white walls of water.

There is much that is inspiring in the valiant effort of the little boat, and we watch it breathlessly and with whispered prayer. At last, with one super-effort, the boat sails proudly into harbor, a conqueror of the elements. Into port she moves calmly, quietly, and is finally at rest in safe mooring.

So it is with the soul which is life-tossed and fighting for peace. Hither and thither it is thrown, buffeted by fate and almost swept away by life's turbulence. There is a fierce struggle, a valiant fight, a super-effort, and at the last a quiet, calm drifting into safety. And there, in the dreamy twilight of God's harbor, it rests happily—a conqueror, a soul secure.



THE PERFUME OF THE MASS.

It is always necessary to repeat the same suggestion many times in order to change any old and established custom. And so it would be well to recall, over and over, the remark that our Catholic people will greatly oblige the Holy Souls in Purgatory by getting into the way of sending promises of Masses for the departed.

A blossom or two is well enough to console the living and to typify the loveliness of the resurrection, when we shall all, please God, blossom forth with Our Saviour from the tomb and amaze our own souls with our risen glory.

But consider—what consolation do these heaps of flowers bring to the departed souls who are now fasting in fires until their eager longing is filled with the vision of God?

The flowers lie there and wither. They have no efficacy to ease the pain and hasten the glory of the suffering soul. But one holy Mass offered for that soul brings it, in God's mercy, a hastening of its release and the comfort of drawing nearer to the smile of its Heavenly Father in its eternal home!

The Mass is Precious.

The perfume of the Mass is everlasting. One Mass is more precious and availing than all the blossoms that ever withered on a tomb. To give the alms that will ensure one Mass for the departed soul is a better

and more sensible act of aid and solace, both to the dead, and, therefore, the living, than to heap a costly pyramid of blooms over the grave every day for a thousand years.

Let us act on our knowledge of the teachings of our holy faith and get into the habit of sending to the homes that death has saddened the assurance that we have asked a priest to say Mass for the departed—giving, in alms for these, what we should otherwise have spent uselessly on flowers.



MAN'S WARFARE.

God created the heart of man to no other end than to love Him and be beloved by Him again. The excellent work of His Almighty Hand.

In the government of this alone depends our spiritual life and death.

The art of governing it must needs be very easy, since its true character is to act through love, and to do nothing by force.

All we have to do is watch with great calmness the true spirit of our actions—to observe whence they spring and whither they tend; whether they are achieved by the heart, the source of divine love, or by the understanding, whence arises human vain-glory.

You will discover that it is the heart which influences you in your good works, through a motive of love, when all you do for God seems little, and after doing your best you are ashamed of having done so little.

But you may conclude that your actions proceed from the understanding, moved by worldly motives, when your good works, instead of producing meek and humble sentiments, leave nothing behind them but the empty illusions of vainglory, puffing you up with a false notion of having performed wonders, when, in fact, you have done nothing that is praiseworthy.

Man's warfare, mentioned by Job, consists in thus watching continually over ourselves.

This is to be performed without the least peevishness or anxiety, for what is aimed at is to give peace to the soul, to calm and appease its emotions when troubled or disturbed in its operations or prayers. For we may be assured in such a condition, prayers will be very indifferently said till the soul be freed from all uneasiness, knowing that this may be affected by a single emotion of mildness, which is the only means of remedying this disorder and restoring her former tranquillity.



STILL TO LEARN.

No gift of teaching, Lord, I ask of Thee—
Nor yet to suffer for Thee; but to be
Only Thy humble servant, weak and small,
And know myself among the least of all.

Once, in my pride, I'd show men how to live;
Once I had thought of message I might give;
But, see, dear Lord! How little do I know,
Ah, let me learn, and learning, serve Thee
so!

Not trying in the eyes of men to shine,
Content to know that I am ever Thine;
Content to look upon Thy holy face
As humblest pupil in the lowest place.

—A.M., in *Catholic Pictorial*.

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AMBITION.

"You will never get anywhere unless you have higher ideals than this," preached the woman to whose door the tramp had applied for assistance. "Are you really content to spend your life walking around the country begging?"

"No, lady," answered Tim. "Many's the time I've wished I had a motor car."

WE WONDER.

A clergyman who was nailing up a straggling creeper observed a lad watching him for a long time with obvious interest.

"Well, my young friend," he said, smilingly, "are you trying to get a hint or two on gardening?"

"No," said the youth.

"Are you surprised to see me working like this?"

"No. I'm waiting to see what a parson says when he hammers his thumb!"

MOTHER WOULD OBJECT.

A teacher was trying to illustrate the outcome of laziness and idleness. She drew a terrible picture of the habitual loafer, the man who hates work, and his ultimate fate.

"Now, Jimmie," she said to a little boy who had been looking out of the window and whose mind was far from the lesson of the hour, "tell me who is the wretched, miserable individual who gets clothes, food, and lodging and gives nothing in return?"

Jimmie's face glowed. "Please, miss," he replied, "the baby."

SMILE RAISERS.

"I want to get a hair-cut."

Said a young man, trim and tall.

"That's funny," said the barber,

"Better let me cut 'em all."

The Minister: "The roof of our little church is leaking very badly, Mrs. McNevin."

The Wealthy Mrs. McNevin: "Ah, thank you for tellin' me, Mr. McPherson. I'll always bring my umbrella with me."

Generous Old Lady (using pay-station telephone for the first time): "As you have been so nice and attentive, my dear, I'm putting an extra penny in the box for yourself."

"I didn't mind her calling me illegible, Mrs. Brown," said the irate woman, "but when she started casting asparagus on my 'usband's character I 'ad to take notice."

Mother: "You wicked boy! You came home like that at dinner time, and after I've been and tidied you up you go and have another fight."

Small Boy: "No, mother, it was the same fight; we knocked off for dinner."

"Here, boy," said the wealthy motorist, "I want some petrol, and get a move on! You will never do anything in this world unless you push. Push is essential. When I was young I pushed, and that was what got me where I am."

Science Siftings

(By Volt)

Radium's Rival.

Radon, a new discovery, costs £1,000,000 an ounce. Although it is the most expensive substance in the world, its use will make the treatment of cancer cheaper. It is a gas-like emanation of radium and will be cheaper to use than radium because it is 160,000 times as active.

Radon is put up in tiny glass 'seeds' the thickness of a human hair. The supply is inexhaustible, but it has the disadvantage of short life. It loses half its activity in about four days, while radium maintains half of its weight at the end of 1700 years.

Perils of Anger.

Both anger and grief have a mental basis, and indulgence in both produce marked ill-effects on the body, says a writer in *The Times*. Sir James Paget and Dr. Murchison, for example, considered that protracted grief and anxiety were the cause of cancer in certain organs of the body. Further investigations into this subject tend to prove the truth of their assumptions.

Anger, which, like grief, is a mental quality, is known to provoke indigestion, headaches, and neuralgia. Seeking relief in tears, therefore, when the feeling of anger is sought to be overcome, would be tantamount to jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. Both anger and grief, therefore, ought to be shunned by all right-thinking people, and this modern applied psychology teaches one how to do it.

In Eighty Seconds.

At luncheon at the Savoy Hotel recently a party of guests saw an interesting new film which is going to show the world at the cinema houses how a submarine cable is made and laid.

The making of a modern cable is a most elaborate affair, and some very clever machinery is used for giving the precious wire its protective coatings. These composite cables vary in their make according to the kind of sea bottom on which they are to lie—there is, for instance, a special cable for iceberg regions. The film takes us aboard the cable-ship and shows the experts hooking up the damaged cable from the depths by the use of about six different kinds of grapnels, each one a marvel of ingenuity.

One of the cable's greatest enemies is a submarine insect called the "teredo," which seems to have a special appetite for gutta-percha, jute, and pitch, which form the protective layers of the core.

When the King opened Wembley this year, it was known all round the globe in eighty seconds.

Human Wireless.

Though he did not know it, through the aeons of man's existence, it was to a "receiving set"—more complicated and miraculous than that other kind of receiving set—that man owed his precious gift of vision. The eye is a receiving set that works on wave lengths of incredible minuteness, and can instantaneously and automatically "tune in" to stations, however near or far.

It is no bigger than a boy's marble. The filmy aerial, though less than a square inch in size, will effectively pick up incoming signals from the nearest object or the most distant star.

Each eye works at one and the same time on hundreds of different wave-lengths without undue "jamming." Each has its own telephone exchange with thousands of "land-lines" connecting with the brain.

Ceaselessly, silently, and swiftly these receiving sets of Nature work, often sixteen hours a day, year in and year out, with no rest but a momentary wink during their hours of receiving. So it is no wonder that they need occasional repair and tuning up; and, if they are overworked, like all machines they break down.

When this happens the brain gets bad reception, it makes errors of judgment, and it makes miscalculations which may have unhappy results for the individual.

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You may not feel the need to prepare for a "rainy day"; lucky for you if you're right! But you can surely use extra money, whether it is for necessities or pleasures. And you can earn it too, just like hundreds of others are doing in their spare time, day or evening, by making *National Confections for us*. Motor trips are great fun. Hunting a six-letter word meaning cat is diverting. A good movie is worth the price of admission. But motor rides, movies, even cross-word books cost money. So do vacations. So do countless other things pleasant to have. To earn that money—easily, pleasantly, without experience—for these or any other wants—there's no better offer than the one that will come to you if you just

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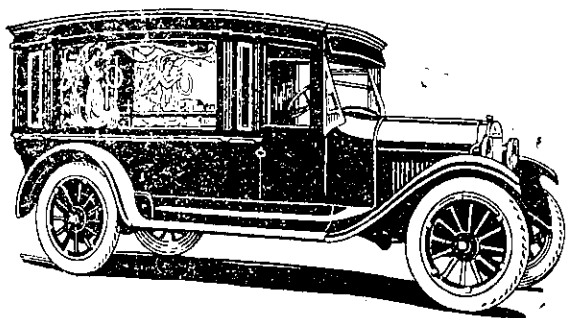
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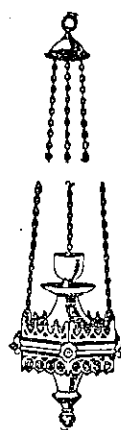
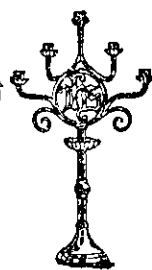
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