



NOTES



True Loyalty

The Governor-General agrees with us. He told his audience at Mosgiel that true loyalty did not mean singing "God Save the King" and flying flags. He explained that it meant *doing*; not talking *ramcis*. There is a lesson for a certain Minister for Education in this doctrine, which, by the way, has been ours for a long time. He seemed pleased with his visit to the Holy Cross College, and Lady Fergusson evidently enjoyed the singing of the students. She asked for more. And they gave her Perosi's "Credo" in grand style.

Men and Women

Stephen Leacock's wisdom is undeniable. But at times he has hard sayings. For instance:

So it is in business. Men are able to maintain a sort of rough-and-ready code which prescribes the amount of cheating that a man may do under the rules. This is called business honesty, and many men adhere to it with a dog-like tenacity, growing old in it, till it is stamped on their grizzled faces, visibly. They can feel it inside them like a virtue. So much will they cheat and no more. Hence, men are able to trust one another, knowing the exact degree of dishonesty they are entitled to expect.

With women it is entirely different. They bring to business an unimpaired vision. They see it as it is. It would be impossible to trust them. They refuse to play fair."

"The Awful Woman"

Again, a hard saying from the same shrewd philosopher:

Then there rose up in our time, or within call of it, a deliverer. It was the Awful Woman with the Spectacles, and the doctrine that she preached was Woman's Rights. She came as a new thing, hatchet in hand, breaking glass. But in reality she was no new thing at all, and had her lineal descent in history from age to age. The Romans knew her as a Sybil and shuddered at her. The Middle Ages called her a witch and burned her. The ancient law of England named her a scold and ducked her in a pond. But the men of the modern age, living indoors and losing something of their ruder fibre, grew afraid of her. The Awful Woman—meddlesome, vociferous, troublesome—came into her own.

Her softer sisters followed her. She became the leader of her sex. "Things are all wrong," she screamed, "with the status of women." Therein she was quite right. "The remedy for it all," she howled, "is to make women free, to give every woman the vote. When once women are 'free everything will be all right.'" Therein the Woman with the Spectacles was, and is, utterly wrong.

The women's vote, when they get it, will leave women much as they were before. . .

For when the vote is reached the woman question will not be solved but only begun. In and of itself, a vote is nothing. It neither warms the skin nor fills the stomach. Very often the privilege of a vote confers nothing but the right to express one's opinion as to which of two crooks is the crookedest.

A Catholic Poet's Centenary

Adelaide Anne Procter, poet and philanthropist, was born in London, on October 30, 1825, and died in the same city on February 2, 1864. As a child she showed extraordinary precocity, and was at an early age able to read and speak French, German, and Italian. As a young girl she was already writing verses, and at eighteen she contributed poems to periodicals. In 1851 she and two of her sisters became Catholics. Two years later she sent a short poem to Dickens for *Household Words*. It pleased him so much that he wrote asking for further contributions, and later he discovered that her father and he were old friends. About 1860 her poems were collected in a volume entitled *Legends and Lyrics*. It had a wonderful success, reaching a tenth edition in six years after their appearance. Dickens himself wrote an introduction for the tenth edition, which has been reprinted several times since. Miss Procter was a lady of charitable disposition, and she gave lavishly to the needy as far as her income allowed. She was a fervent Catholic, and her works and her faith were "like bells in full accord." Her philanthropic works were incessant, and her zeal outran her strength. Before she was forty her health gave way, and after an illness which lasted over a year, she died peacefully and was buried in Kensal Green cemetery. In the Victorian era her works were more popular than those of any English poet except Tennyson. Her verses are always original, and if they retain a limpid simplicity they have the human appeal which makes the poems of Longfellow so appealing to the hearts of the people. Among the better known poems may be mentioned: "The Angel's Story," "A Legend of Provence," "A Legend of Bregenz," "Cleansing Fires," and "The Lost Chord." Dickens paid her a tribute which is worth recalling now:

She was a friend who inspired the strongest attachments; she was a finely sympathetic woman with a great accordant heart and a sterling noble nature.

Tom Moore

Mr. J. B. Priestley has published selections from the diffuse diary of the Irish poet who was a contemporary of Byron and a friend to everybody worth knowing in his day. The extracts are wisely chosen, and they not only get rid of much material that has lost its savor in our time, but they establish the fact that Moore was a really lov-

able character, and, in moral stature, a bigger man than he has been esteemed by most people. Among his contemporaries he was overrated, and a natural reaction set in according to which he has been too harshly treated ever since. Irishmen are perhaps the worst sinners against his memory. He was the pet of London drawing-rooms and the darling of Society; and this was enough in itself to damn him in Irish minds. But he was no slave. He worked hard and paid his way as he went. In an age of laxity he kept his head and maintained his self-respect. He did not earn his popularity by subservience, and he steadfastly refused to become a patronage slave. Not only Byron, but Scott and Macanlay and Sydney Smith were his friends. Lamb had a warm appreciation for him. Lord Holland would have endowed him for life if he wished. Lord John Russell was his executor. His diary reveals that he was a loving husband and a good father, and altogether Mr. Priestley is right when he says that it is clear that Moore was far more than "a bright little singing bird, fed on rose petals and smoothed down by white hands." Nobody can doubt that he was an Irishman. It has become the fashion to disparage him, but how many patriots did more to keep alive the love of the old land? Those inimitable melodies of his not only preserved the haunting Irish airs, but they breathed new life into the fire of patriotism and taught many English men and women to care for the country of which he sang so tenderly. Well might he sing

Dear Harp of my country, in darkness I
found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee
long,
When, proudly, my own Irish harp I un-
bound thee,
And gave all thy cords to light, freedom and
song.

IRISH HISTORY PRIZE FUND

His Lordship Dr. Whyte	Gold Medal
The Editor	£1 1 0
"Friend"	0 10 6
"Celt"	0 10 6

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

In spite of a heavy downpour lasting throughout the day, between thirty and forty generous givers of gifts assembled at Mount St. Joseph, Waverley, on Saturday afternoon, and in a very practical way showed their sympathy with the self-sacrificing nuns who are devoting their lives to the care and education of the orphan boys. The outdoor entertainment, which had been prepared, had to be abandoned, but indoors the boys went through an interesting programme of vocal and elocutionary items with which all present were delighted. The gems of the performance were two choruses in Gaelic, "The Snow-breasted Pearl" and "Eileen Ardon." The Sisters desire to thank the kind benefactors who helped them so generously on Saturday, and have pleasure in announcing that for the benefit of the friends

Alex. Aitken



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