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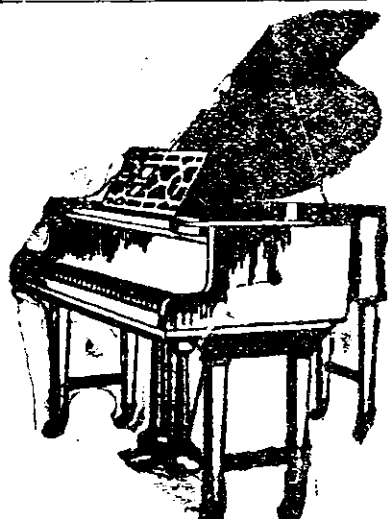
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In the Land of My Sunset Dreams."

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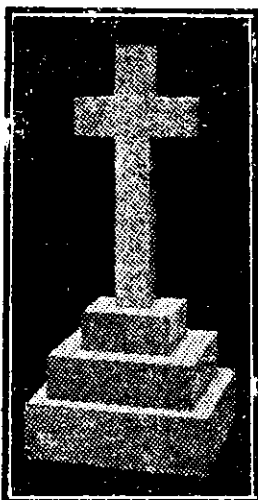
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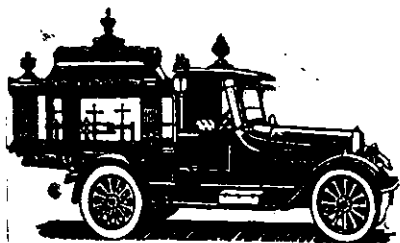
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- Dec. 6, Sun.—Second Sunday of Advent.
 „ 7, Mon.—Vigil of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 8, Tues.—Feast of the Immaculate Conception.
 „ 9, Wed.—Of the Octave.
 „ 10, Thurs.—Octave of St. Francis Xavier,
 „ 11, Frid.—St. Damasus, Pope and Confessor.
 „ 12, Sat.—Of the Octave of the Immaculate Conception.

The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

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GRAINS OF GOLD
IMMACULATE.

Unworthy I, who fain would weave a song
Of human praise. Can tongue of clay proclaim

The glory of Our Lady's spotless fame,
Earth's only one unstained by primal wrong?
E'en choiring Seraphim in high estate,
Scarce find meet praise for one Immaculate

Then I, unfit, durst have a mind disposed
To hymn the grandeur of Earth's purest one,

The lily-petals of whose heart enclosed
God's sinless Lamb, His Co-Eternal Son!

Unworthy, I, to name the peerless grace
Of Mother-Maid, Chaste Spouse of Spotless Dove,
Great miracle of God's eternal love,
Which gave new hope to man's degenerate race.

Ah me! how may I know the priceless worth
Of Heaven's Queen, Blest Mother of its King;
Beneath whose feet God's snow-white lilies spring,
Sweet Stainless One, Immaculate of birth!

Oh lend, seraphic choirs, thy tuned lyres,
Inflame my heart with love's consuming fires;

And then all glad, with grace rejuvenate,
Low bowed, I'll trembling chant, "Immaculate!"

The Storyteller

For the Old Land

A TALE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

(By CHARLES J. KICKHAM.)

CHAPTER V.

Ned Cormack's Wife's Piano—A Music Revolution—Which Does Not Interfere With the Production of Butter—A Connubial Confab.

Martin Dwyer's prosperous neighbor was not a tenant-at-will, yet he too, on hearing of the step taken by the Hon. Horatio, rubbed his hands gleefully and repeated the words, "by gad, I'm glad of this," so often that his wife looked at him with some surprise.

"I thought," said Mrs. Cormack, "you had your mind made up?"

"Yes," he replied, "I'd go with my landlord, but I know what a cry would be raised against me.

"Do you think Father Feehan would have minded much?" Mrs. Cormack asked, thoughtfully.

Her husband shrugged his shoulders, but made no reply.

"He is such a friend of ours," she added, "and such an amiable man, I don't think he would be unreasonable. He did not seem very angry when you said you would make no promise."

"Didn't he?" rejoined Ned Cormack, with another shrug. "I thought you were a closer observer."

"Well, I'd be very sorry that he should fall out with us," returned Mrs. Cormack, "and it would be a great shock to Margaret and Alice, who have been such favorites with him. In fact, I'd almost rather see you incur the displeasure of the landlord. What harm could he do you, as you have a lease?"

"Ah! I have laid out a great deal of money on this place," her husband replied. "You know I could only get a twenty-one years' lease; and only for the old house was going to fall I'd never think of building with such a lease. But, as you said yourself, when it should be done at all I might as well do it well."

"The old house was very nice after all," she remarked.

"Yes, for a picture," returned Ned Cormack, glancing at a sketch in water-colors that hung framed and glazed over the chimney-piece. "You made a very nice picture of it." But he looked back regretfully for all that, to the early years of their married life, which passed happily under the thatched roof, fully a yard deep, that looked so well in the picture; the "first coat" of which had been grasped in the horny hand of the reaper, before Cromwell cast his eyes upon the slope where it grew, and pronounced Ireland "a country worth fighting for."

Mrs. Cormack, too, looked regretfully at the picture, and smiled as she remembered how her parasol used to come into contact with the eve, bringing down a shower of broken brown and black straw upon her. A bit of one of them was detected upon her bonnet in the chapel one Sunday by the lynx-eyed and satirical—though sensible and industrious—Miss Julia Flaherty; and she

and some other young ladies were afterwards heard expressing their wonder how Ned Cormack's wife could "come in such style out of a cabin." But, as has been before indicated, the "whole country" was talking of the "style" of the young bride from Cork, and her "gold chain," and the absolute certainty of her "breaking Ned Cormack, horse and foot." All this "talking," however, was thrown away, for fortunately Mrs. Cormack never heard a word of it. That extraordinary young woman amazed and, indeed, frightened Molly Manogue by telling her one day, just as Molly was coming to the kernel of a toothsome bit of gossip, that she "did not like story-telling." This was a staggerer. But the piano! That quite knocked the breath out of social criticism, so far as Mrs. Cormack was concerned. There was a general stare of incredulous astonishment, a lifting of the hands, and a turning up of the whites of the eyes when Molly Manogue announced the arrival of the piano; and henceforward Ned Cormack's wife was looked upon as a privileged person who might do just what she liked—drive in a coach-and-four over Corrigan Bridge, for instance, or invite Lady Oakdale to an evening party—without exciting the least surprise, or calling forth remark or comment other than complimentary, even from Miss Julia Flaherty and her particular friends.

It must, however, be borne in mind that at the time of Ned Cormack's marriage, the parson's daughter was the possessor of a piano, not the *envied* possessor—people would as soon have thought of envying an angel for having wings—of the only stringed instrument in the whole parish, of course, excepting fiddles, which were more numerous than they have ever been since. We were going also to except a guitar, the property of an old lady, the widow of a Waterloo officer. But that had long ceased to come under the category of stringed instruments—ever since the veteran, during his last attack of gout, brought it into violent collision with his physician's head for hazarding the opinion that the famous phrase "Up Guards, and at them," belonged to the region of fiction rather than that of history. Both the doctor and the guitar were silenced; the one for the time being, and on subjects having reference to the Battle of Waterloo; the other for ever. But the "soul of music," which was knocked out of the guitar, seemed to have been knocked into the cranium, for the doctor for many years after was troubled with a singing in the head.

At least in the matter of music we have been making wonderful progress those dozen years past. Only the other day a young friend, at our request, counted no less than three-and-twenty pianos within the boundaries of the parish. But we must confess that the gratification afforded us by those statistics was modified considerably by the further

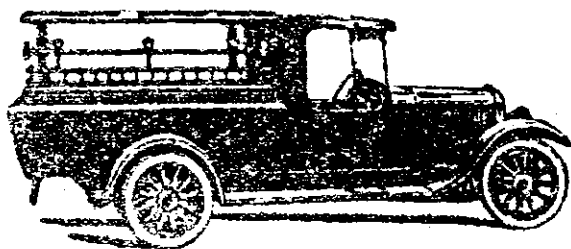
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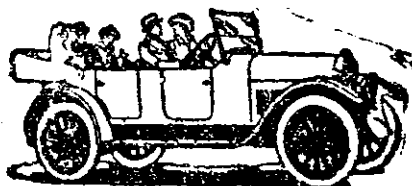
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information, incidentally added, that the three-and-twenty pianos were "all out of tune." We learn, however, that a movement has been set on foot by the dispensary doctor to secure the occasional services of a tuner from the county town. And from our personal knowledge of the doctor's popularity and energy—and bearing in mind the intrinsic goodness of the cause he advocates—we venture to predict that harmony will reign from end to end of our parish long before the Phooka takes his next annual gallop over the summits of the surrounding hills.

Cynical people may ascribe the harmonious revolution just chronicled to an unhealthy hankering after "gentility," but we are satisfied that a genuine love of music has been at the bottom of it. Nor is this love of music confined to the fair performers themselves. The Scotch agriculturist who would only consent to his daughter's getting a piano on the express condition that she should "do her practising while he was out about the farm," has not had a single imitator in the whole parish of Shannacloough. Though perhaps the "practising" is sometimes most agreeable when softened by distance, and listened to in the intervals of a *shannachus* with an old neighbor from the kitchen chimney corner. And doubtless "the concord of sweet sounds," with which at such moments the bucolic soul is "moved," loses nothing of its sweetness from the reflection that it in no way interferes with the more serious domestic duties.

"I never filled so many firkins as since I bought the piano for my daughter," a thriving farmer was heard to soliloquise in the market-house a week or two ago, while his eyes dwelt complaisantly upon the "butter ticket." "A little education, after all, doesn't do the least harm to a girl," he added, as he put the ticket into his pocket.

But better still, the humblest home—even the hearth of the poor laboring man—is vocal with the sweetest music below the stars—Irish children's voices attuned to the melodies of their own land of song.

After a silence of some minutes, during which both Mr. Cormack and his wife unconsciously continued to gaze upon the picture over the chimney-piece, the latter said:

"I am very glad you are not to be troubled about your vote." She took the silver thimble from her finger and laid it in its place in the work-box on the table beside her, and waited to see whether the husband happened to be in a conversational mood. It was evident she had something particular to speak about, but did not wish to introduce it too abruptly. "It is strange," she remarked, closing the lid of the work-box noiselessly, "that Father Feehan should be so anxious for the return of men like this young O'Mulligan, who only want to get places or something for themselves."

"And their friends," said her husband with a smile, in which there was more than a suspicion of sarcasm.

"Do you think," she asked—evidently *apropos* of the last remark—"do you think does Mr. O'Keeffe mean anything particular by coming here so often lately?"

"Yes," was the reply; "I have got a pretty broad hint of it."

"And what do you think?"

"I don't like it," he answered almost harshly, drawing his little son—who was turning over the leaves of a picture-book at the table—quickly towards him, and running his fingers through the boy's crisp auburn curls. "He is too deeply in debt."

"I thought that was not his own fault, but his father's," said Mrs. Cormack.

"And what difference does that make when he is in debt?" her husband asked with a look of surprise.

"Oh, it makes a great difference," she replied.

"Well, you are right," said Ned Cormack, looking admiringly at his wife, of whose clear good sense he was very proud. "It *does* make a great difference. But he'd be expecting too much money." And Ned Cormack passed his hand over his little son's face, and pressed the curly head against his waistcoat.

Six or seven years before Ned Cormack would have contemplated the possibility of Mr. Robert O'Keeffe, of Cloonmore, becoming his son-in-law with more than satisfaction. But that little curly head leaning against his waistcoat was not in the world then. And since its coming—all unhoped for as it was—a complete change had come over the spirit of the father's dreams. To get his daughter well and respectably married was now a very secondary ambition with Ned Cormack, of Rockview. He began to think with dismay of that "big fortune" so often spoken of in connection with his handsome daughter; and sometimes wished that she, like his first love, Ellen Dwyer, would go into a convent.

"Well, what would you think of Mr. Delahunty?" Mrs. Cormack asked after another interval of silence.

"Mr. Delahunty has plenty of money," cried little Eddy. "He gave Jerry a half-crown for holding his horse."

"Oh! Eddy," exclaimed his mother after exchanging a glance with her husband, "there is the young ass coming towards the paling. He'll put his head in and crop some of the flowers. Run out and drive him away."

"He, too, is looking for money," Ned Cormack replied, when Eddy had run out into the lawn, "and besides, business men are so uncertain. There are few of them now like your uncle."

"That's true," replied Mrs. Cormack. "But still you see it is business men who are purchasing estates everywhere."

"Yes, but what kind of business men? Men who began at the beginning, and lived over their shops till they had made their fortunes. They did not commence with a country house and a carriage, like Delahunty."

"Oh, I must say," returned his wife, "that I'd be always uneasy if Margaret was married to him. He is too fond of display, and so is she. I could see that the carriage had its effect upon her. But I fancy she'd prefer Mr. O'Keeffe. He is really a very nice man; and his being a 'gentleman' goes a great way with Margaret. She is really quite ambitious, but I think Alice is the very contrary." Mrs. Cormack, as she spoke, turned her eyes towards the ivy-clad farm-

house at the foot of the mountain, which at one time seemed to look down almost scornfully upon Ned Cormack's humble roof-tree, but never appeared homely, even compared with the modern mansion that had taken the place of the old thatched house. And Martin Dwyer's farmhouse had a great charm for Mrs. Cormack. She often walked with Nannie and Nellie in the orchard on summer evenings when the trees were in blossom, and liked to sit upon Mr. Armstrong's rustic seat and contemplate her own handsome residence, which year by year was growing into greener beauty, and putting off by degrees that look of bareness which at first displeased her; the while her two graceful daughters walked up and down by the hazels on the river bank. And when Terry Hanrahan, the apple-man, had taken up his abode in the orchard house, and the eve apples and queenings were ripe, Mrs. Cormack always came herself to make purchases and pluck the fruit with her own hand. And this she continued to do up to November-eve, when, assisted by Tom Dwyer, she selected the winter supply, taking all the Nonpareilles—the right name of which Terry Hanrahan took pains to assure her was "Moss umbrells."

Yes, Mrs. Cormack liked that old orchard; and had a great liking also for young Tom Dwyer. Perhaps that was why she looked towards the orchard just now when she remarked that her younger daughter was not ambitious like her sister. It used to annoy her to see how little either of them seemed to appreciate Tom Dwyer.

"Did you ever think of Tom Dwyer at all?" she asked turning to her husband, who was watching little Eddy driving the young ass away from the flowers.

"I used to think of it," he replied. "His aunt would have like it so much. And it would be pleasant to have Margaret settled so near us. But there's no use of thinking of it now. The place is not fit for her."

"It would be easy to make it fit for anybody," she replied.

"Yes, if you only mean the house. But how would it be with the family?" he asked.

"That's true," Mrs. Cormack replied with a shake of her head; "I fear she could never get on with his mother. But if it was not for that, and if she really liked Tom, something tells me she'd be happier as his wife than she would be with any man I know. Don't you think there is something above the common in him?"

"He has stuff in him if he got a fair chance," Ned Cormack replied. "I'd be glad to give him a helping hand if I saw any way of serving him." Ned Cormack was not only considered "lucky" himself, but the cause of luck in others as well. It was remarked that the man he helped was always sure to prosper. But it was only a knowing few who were able to see that the help was only given to those who possessed the qualities that made success almost a certainty. "Why wouldn't you ask Ned Cormack to secure you, and get a hundred pounds from the bank, as he got for Dick Shea?" Mrs. Dwyer persisted for a long time in dinning into her husband's ears—till at last Martin gave way and made the request.

"No, Martin," said Ned Cormack firmly,

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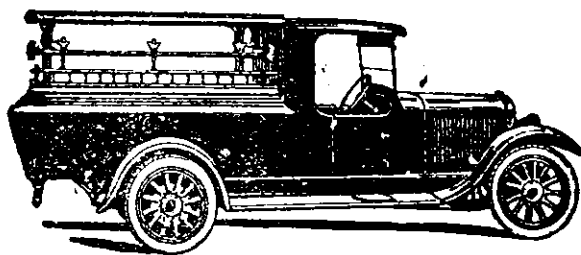
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Poor Martin Dwyer couldn't see the matter in this light at all, and returned home thinking very hardly of his neighbor, who would be "leaving it all behind him" some day.

Mrs. Cormack was then very glad to hear her husband say that he would wish to give Tom Dwyer a helping hand. It was a proof to her that Tom possessed worldly prudence in addition to the other good qualities with which she herself had always credited him.

"I declare," said her husband, observing the bright, animated expression of her face at the moment, "you look as young as ever you did. I am not surprised that strangers take you for your daughter's sister. I must take care of myself, or you will be a formidable rival to them. I'd bet my life Tom Dwyer would prefer you to Margaret. But what do you really think about O'Keeffe?"

Before replying, she took a field-glass from the table and going to the window directed it towards the mountain.

"Yes," she remarked, "I guessed it was Tom. He is leaning against Corrigdhoun. He seems to be rather given to loitering about lately. I thought you might have set him down as an idler, and was rather surprised at what you have just said about him."

"He does all he has to do that is worth doing," returned her husband. "He requires a motive for exertion. But he really does more than many young fellows I know, who make a great show of industry. I have often watched him doing two men's work, and yet when he'd stroll over to the bridge after, you'd think by him that he had spent the day rambling about. I'd like to see him get a fair start."

"Ah!" his wife replied with an unconscious sigh, "there is more in Tom Dwyer than you think." But lowering the glass, she added somewhat absently, as if she wished to change the subject, "I see Mr. Armstrong with the two children in the orchard; I am really very glad to see him able to fish again. I hope he will come over by-and-by. There is Alice singing one of his songs. I sometimes think she is fairly in love with him. She does not seem to care about the society of young men. But she always brightens up when she sees Mr. Armstrong or Father Feehan."

"I think she is very like her poor aunt Aileen in many ways," said Mr. Cormack thoughtfully; "you must be careful of her health."

"Oh, she is quite strong now," was the rather hastily uttered reply.

"She seems to be quite unlike Margaret," the father observed. "She'll probably be a nun."

"You asked me what I thought of Mr. O'Keeffe," Mrs. Cormack remarked, turning from the window and replacing the field glass on the table. "I confess I am beginning to feel uneasy. People will talk—but that's not what I care most about. If Margaret really liked him, and if you were opposed to the match, I'd be very anxious about the result."

"You don't mean," said her husband, smiling, "that Margaret is the sort of girl that would pine away and die of a broken heart?"

"No, indeed," she replied. "Perhaps, I'd rather she was. But I fear that Mr. O'Keeffe is not over scrupulous."

"Do you mean to suggest that she might elope?" her husband interrupted in evident astonishment.

"Well, not quite so bad as that," she rejoined. "But things might turn out very unpleasantly if she set her heart upon marrying him, and if you refused to give whatever fortune he required."

"Oh, nonsense," returned Ned Cormack,

rising and buttoning his coat across his chest. "I'll probably be able to come at what he means to-night. Hillo! Eddy! Get your hat till we go and see the young lambs."

"Don't forget that Father Feehan and Mr. O'Keeffe are to be here early," said Mrs. Cormack as her husband passed the window. Ned Cormack replied merely by a nod, as, holding his son by the hand, he murmured to himself—

"My little boy! My little boy!" in tones of the deepest tenderness.

(To be continued.)

IRISH READINGS

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

THE MISSION OF WOMEN.

(From the *Nation* of October 19, 1844.)

To the women of Ireland it is thought fit, in these days of our strife for liberty, to address a word of affectionate remonstrance.

That they have a part, and an important part, in the work to be done, we hope and desire to prove to them. Once awakened to the knowledge that there is a duty which they have overlooked, we are assured that it will be religiously fulfilled. We are constantly hearing that "women have no business with politics." This we deny. If politics be, as a great woman has most justly defined them, "Morals—i.e., of equal concern to all," it is not only the business but the duty of every woman to be cognisant of what implicates and determines her own happiness, and that of all dear to her. But we take a broader ground than even this—one more befitting, as it seems to us, the disinterested nature of women. We conceive that in her pure and noble heart should be found a principle second only in strength to her devotion to God—the love of her native land. Why is man to engross a feeling to which both sexes have so obviously an equal title? Every high and lofty affection is found far purer and more intense in woman than in man. With her no love of gain, no self-seeking, mingles with the holy strength of her impulses. But, alas! with rare exceptions, women have been taught to fear the cherishing of the purest earthly affection. They dread the sneers of "the world." They fear to tear aside the tissue of false prejudice in which the great fact has been enwrapped and concealed, that *active* patriotism is a duty bearing equally upon man and woman.

We want to teach them that there is something far higher than this world-applause—something which amply compensates for its sneers. The world says, too, that "women are not to meddle in politics"; and if by this is meant meddling *publicly*, the world is right. This is not a woman's sphere, and we should more deeply regret to see her so "unsex" herself than we now deplore the unfulfilled duty which is in her province. But it is not needed. God has placed woman in a sphere by which it is plain that He intends her to influence man to all that is good and holy. In every stage of her life she has this to do; and in every stage of her life she does exert an incalculable influence either to the well-being or prejudice of those around her. This every man feels, let him admit it

or not—and it is the extreme importance of this influence being well directed that we wish to awaken our countrywomen.

A woman's sphere is her home—her school her fireside, where she has all holy things to teach. Why has *one great* lesson been so constantly forgotten? We every day see woman among the objects of her influence—her *pupils*, in short, though she and they may know it not—and we see her eye brighten and her cheek flush as she reads or tells of some brave man's struggle for the freedom of his fatherland! The names of those men are heroes with her, as they ought to be. She worships Washington, Hofer, Tell, and such as they, with all a woman's beautiful enthusiasm; but it too seldom occurs to her that she, too, has a country to love—to cherish—as they loved theirs, and that if she fulfilled her "mission" well and rightly, some of her own dear ones might go down to all ages with names as brilliant, as soul-stirring, as those *she* reverences, as examples to all time.

No one denies, at all events, the fact, that every man ought to be a patriot, whatever meaning he may attach to that word. Everybody respects and admires a man who knows he has a duty to fulfil by his country, and who does fulfil it according to his views. Who is so fit to instil one feeling more, which will elevate and purify the heart which receives it rightly, as she who teaches all else? Let us not be told that the subject is too deep or grave for her. There are deeper and graver ones which (amid all the heresies put forth against the mission of women) we have never heard her right to impart denied her. This is but one of the many of the false theories by which the sphere of woman's usefulness has been limited and narrowed, which have been received without inquiry or examination as established facts, and which need but a little investigation to fall to pieces. We maintain that a woman's sphere and duty are to teach *all things* good and ennobling.

To do this well, a woman must do more than *feel*. Irishwomen! you who have husbands, brothers, and sons, look and see whether the love and reverence they bear you does not sway them towards your opinions—you, who can teach them by your gentle influence to love God, His laws, charity, peace, purity, affection, why should you deem it

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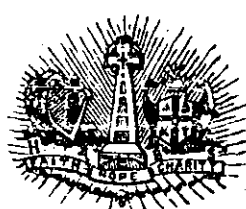
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beneath or beyond your sphere to implant in their hearts the seed of one more holy duty—to love, to work for, to live, and if necessary to be prepared to die, for their fatherland?

Enthusiasm alone will not do this beneficially. There must be head as well as heart in the work, and for this purpose Irishwomen must read. In these days of studies and accomplishments, this will not be a hard task among our countrywomen of the wealthier class—and it is precisely this class whose influence we are most anxious to secure. The women of the laboring and very poor class exert an unconscious influence over their families, as great as is needed—the influence of suffering. No poor man who sees that his sweat and toil fail to give sufficient daily food to his wife or his daughter, wants any spur from them to do all he can to alter this. He knows that he cannot be worse off than he is and has been, and he has sense enough to perceive that the men who are working to effect this change for him have already given him substantial advantages as pledges for their future measures; and if he did need to be stimulated, there is less apathy and more unselfishness among that class of our countrywomen than any other. It is to the women surrounded by men whose circumstances of ease might prompt apathy—whose objects in life might tempt to an overlooking of principle for interest—that we more particularly address our words. It is among these that the influence of a well-informed, regulated, and enthusiastic woman would be most felt, and most needed.

We are sure of the poor men while they suffer as they do; but the men we want are leaders to these men—the powerful, the wealthy, the independent—above all, the leaders among the intellectual and educated men of Ireland. The aid of women in their homes would be a powerful agent to procure us these men; but we would wish to see that influence exerted—as all influence, to be effectual, must be—reasonably, not blindly. Irishwomen who can and do afford time, trouble, and money, to study the language and the history of almost every country in Europe, surely could convince themselves, by a moment's reflection, that there is something which is more important for them to know—something about themselves, their own history, their own character, their own resources, their own music—why not their own language? We want Irishwomen to read about Ireland—to give themselves reasons why they love her, and why they should put to work the engine of her silent power to help her.

We want no blind enthusiasm—it is not lasting nor useful. We want knowledge, instead of the grossest ignorance amongst Irishwomen about what concerns them most. We want them, too, to turn to the never-closed books of human nature and visible things, to learn from them.

Let them study the character of the people—let them observe their sufferings—let them look abroad and see how beautiful and rich God has made the land for them to dwell in; then, looking on man's part below, ask their hearts what curse it is that has blighted and marred so fair a work—that has given hunger and cold, desolation and misery, in the

midst of a land to which God gave all fertility?

Let the Irish woman assist us in our peaceful battle with oppression, and when (as, please God, soon she shall) she sees her countrymen free and happy, employing the natural resources of their own soil for their own

benefit—when tyranny and bigotry, and the iron hand of unjust laws, are things that are past, and that the pure spirits of love and liberty abide among us—when her dear native land has its place among the free nations of the world, let her, in thanking God, exult and say, "I helped this work."

A Complete Story

HIS PROBLEM

With a contented grunt, Barney Callaghan settled himself snugly in the big arm-chair which fitted so well his big muscular body. There was frank, manly affection in the look he turned upon his pastor when he inquired:

"Well, Father Casey, how are you this evening?"

"Discouraged," was the unexpected rejoinder, "discouraged and disheartened."

Barney shot bolt upright from the cushions among which he had been at such pains to ensconce himself; his two companions, also Dave O'Keefe and Dick Tracy, started as though they had touched a live wire and turned towards the priest in surprise and inquiry.

O'Keefe murmured something about "sincerely regretting," but that was too formal and too unsatisfying for the impetuous Barney.

"Why, what's up, Father? What are you discouraged about?" he asked in tones full of honest solicitude.

"About you young men."

"About us? What did we do?"

"It isn't what you do, it is what you don't do."

"Then, what don't we do?"

"You don't—in spite of all my urging—you don't become Catholics."

"What do you mean, Father Tim?" queried Dave.

"Catholic!" cried Barney, "why, I'm so Catholic that I—I firmly believe that, if a drop of Protestant blood were injected into my veins it would poison me."

"Do you believe all the Catholic Church teaches?"

Half in jest and half in earnest, the three shouted in chorus, the words of the last renewal of baptismal vows.

"Then why, in the name of goodness, don't you practice what you believe?"

"We always go to Mass on Sunday," said Tracy.

"And say our morning and night prayers," said O'Keefe.

"And abstain from meat on Friday," added Callaghan.

"That is all very well," declared the priest, "but what about the great, all-important act of practical Catholicism, Holy Communion?"

"I have received at least four times already this year," said Dick.

"I make it a point to receive once a month," said the methodical Dave.

"And you, Barney?"

"Why, I go every once in a while. You know, Father. You see me there."

"That is enough to show you believe in Holy Communion—which makes my problem

only the more difficult. 'Communion each month.' 'Communion every once in a while.' Why such Hebrew bargaining with God? Why don't you receive daily?"

"Ah, Father Tim, you know you wouldn't expect us young fellows to receive Holy Communion daily."

"My boy, I would expect it, and I did expect it, and I am disheartened and discouraged that you don't do it. You heard all those sermons I preached on the value and importance of daily Communion, didn't you?"

"Sure, Father. But you didn't mean that for us."

"For whom then did I mean it?" demanded the priest.

There was no reply.

"Come," he urged, "if I didn't mean daily Communion for you, for whom did I mean it? Eh, Dick?"

"For—for—Oh, I guess for some of those good young girls or for the old people that go to Mass every day."

"Why for them, and not for you?"

"They can get there every morning; we can't."

"Old Widow Curran or one of those frail, delicate girls can come to Mass on a bitter, cold morning, and you can't! Shame on you."

"But we have to work."

"So do they."

"But, Father," objected Barney, "we have to be at work on time. I just barely make it now. It would be absolutely out of the question for me to go to Mass and Communion and then come home and get my breakfast. Why, it would be noon before I got to the plant."

"I marvel you can hold a book-keeper's position there, Barney, if that is all you know about figures. Keep you till noon! Nonsense! Listen: Get up at 6.15. Be in church and receive Communion during the 6.30 Mass. It will be finished about 6.55. That lets you get back, eat breakfast, and be ready to leave home by 7.40."

"That would mean, crawl out every morning at 6.15. Shades of the Seven Sleepers, that's too much for me."

"That little stenographer, Maud Curtin, does it. You are big enough to make ten of her. Neither do you look like an invalid."

"I guess she goes to roost in time to get a night's sleep."

"So could you."

"Oh, gee! a fellow has got to have some fun."

"Surely, as long as it does not interfere with something of supreme importance in his career. If you had a high salaried position in the management of the plant which would

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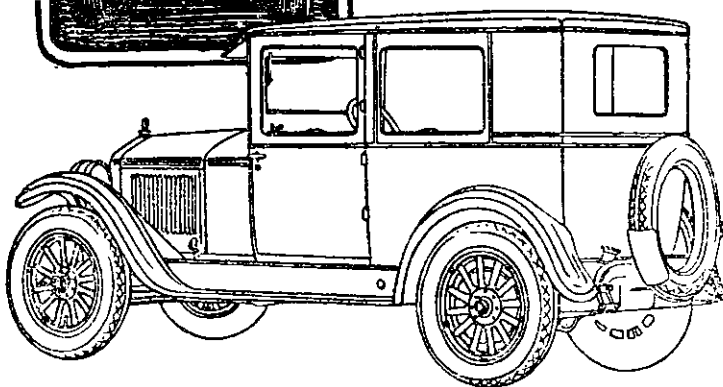
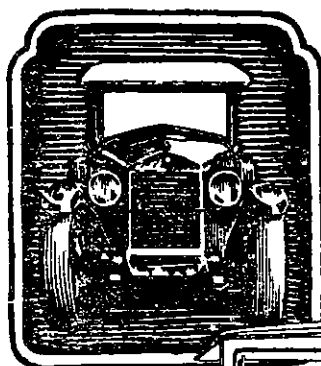
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require your rising daily at 6.15, you would rise at 6.15 and think no more about it. I know you boys well enough for that. Therefore, it is not early rising that keeps you away from daily Communion."

"We are not fit," said Dick. "That's the real reason."

"A worthless reason," returned Father Casey. "For that matter, nobody is fit. Our Divine Saviour knew that when He instituted the Blessed Eucharist and commanded us to receive it. He requires but two things when we receive this great Gift: that we be in the state of grace and have a good intention. There is one, and only one, all-sufficient reason that keeps you boys away. You need not try to mislead me. I know what it is."

"What?"

"You simply don't want to."

For a few moments the young men said nothing. Then O'Keefe, who had been leaning carelessly against the mantelpiece, drew a chair near the priest, sat down quietly, and said:

"Father Tim, I see you are in earnest. But what you say gives me a decided shock. Is it possible you mean we fellows should go to Communion every day?"

"There is not the slightest doubt about it, my boy."

"Father, I accept your word as true. But it is as much at variance with the view I have always held that I find it hard to adjust my mind to it. Would you explain the whole matter to us?"

"Gladly," returned the priest. "Receiving Holy Communion is receiving God into your own body. It seems almost irreverence to try to describe such a wonderful operation of divine love with such poor, halting words. Only in silent prayer and deep thought can we catch some faint idea of what this means. Jesus desires you to receive this sublime sacrament every day. Try to grasp what I say: Jesus Christ, the great God of heaven and earth, wants you to communicate daily. He not only wants you to do something—He wants you to permit Him to do something—He wants you to permit Him to get near you—to unite Himself with you in that most intimate union which, in His love for you, He seeks and craves. Would it be possible to find, in heaven or on earth, a reason stronger than this?"

"But does He want this of everybody—even of us?"

"He wants it of everybody, even of you."

"You took me up a minute ago for saying we are not fit. But, Father, it surely looks to me that we are not fit to communicate daily."

"Listen," said the priest, "there was formerly a great deal of misunderstanding on that point. The Pope, the visible representative of Jesus Christ on earth, has spoken, and the question is settled forever. He has solemnly declared that everybody without exception should receive daily if possible and that only two conditions are required to make one fit, first to be free from mortal sin, and secondly, to have a good intention."

"Father," said Barney, "it is a hard thing to do. However, if God desires it of me, I don't want to be a coward and refuse because it is hard. But isn't it almost impossible for young fellows like us?"

"You mean getting up so early every morning?"

"Oh, no; I think I'm man enough to do that. It's the constant restraint."

"Restraint in what?"

"Father, I'll be plain. Here, for example, I fall in with a crowd of fellows and they get telling shady stories. If I were a daily communicant, I should have to be continually on my guard not to encourage them or to fall into the same thing myself. Or I go out with a girl. I'd have to be always looking out not to be too free with her in any way. Why, even I'd have to watch my step at a dance or a show or simply in regard to what I look at in walking down the street."

"You mean, if you were a daily communicant, you would have to exercise continual restraint in order not to commit mortal sin or to put yourself in the proximate danger of committing mortal sin?"

"Exactly."

"My boy, you have to exercise that much restraint over yourself, even though you are only a yearly communicant. You can never make a good confession unless you are resolved, with a genuine man's resolution, always to exercise that much restraint over yourself. Isn't that true?"

"Well, yes, Father, when we come down to brass tacks, what you say is true. We are in this world for only one thing—to serve God. Mortal sin is a deadly outrage against God. The least we can do is to be always on our guard not to outrage Him by mortal sin."

"I know," said Father Casey gently, "that you boys are trying to do this now. But you find it hard. That is because you have the wrong adjustment. You are making the salvation of your soul your secondary instead of your principal business. It won't work. The world to-day is such that you can't live like a man of the world without being a traitor to God. You have attempted to make a compromise with sin. It can't be done. Begin daily Communion, and you will have the occasion and the strength to cast this ignoble compromise to the winds. You dread

confession now because you must examine back over a month or more and try to see how often you came out on top and how often you went under in this compromise business. The result is always difficult and always unsatisfactory. Can't you see that, instead of making the struggle harder, you would make it much easier by being a daily communicant? Communion gives strength. To some it gives a feeling of piety; to some it doesn't. Feeling has absolutely nothing to do with the matter. Communion gives strength—this is certain—it is a dogma of faith. Strength is what you want. You want it every day. Go to Communion every day, and you will get it. Confession will be easier because you will confess oftener and you will keep a closer check on yourself."

"But suppose a fellow should make a slip?"

"If it is clearly a mortal sin, go to confession that night or the next morning, before Mass. But don't miss one Communion on account of it. The very fact that you slip shows how much you need the constant help of Communion. Go to confession. That is not too much to do if you are facing the problem of your eternal destiny like a man and not like a baby. If the slip is a venial sin or a doubtful mortal sin, make a good act of contrition and go to Communion without any fear."

"I suppose there would be all kinds of talk if three young fellows like us were to begin daily Communion," mused Dave.

"For two or three mornings," replied the priest, "the neighbors would say, 'Look who's here.' After that they would take it as a matter of course."

"I guess that is about right," assented Barney. "Other people bother their heads about us far less than we imagine."

"Quite true, Barney, quite true—of all but one. There is one true friend who thinks of you always. He longs for your company and is lonely when you keep away from Him. It is His cause I am pleading," said Father Casey.

—REV. C. D. McENNIERY in *The Liguorian*.

D. F. MacCarthy, a Great Poet

(By G. F. CUMING, in the *Irish World*.)

With bounding step up Freedom's rugged side, Advance!

Knowledge will lead thee to the dazzling heights, Advance!

Tolerance will teach and guard thy brother's rights, Advance!

Faint not! for thee a pitying Future waits, Advance!

Be wise, be just, with will as fixed as Fate's Advance!

—D. F. MacCarthy.

A town-bred bard, having been born in Dublin on May 26, 1817, Denis Florence MacCarthy, nevertheless, received his most vivid impressions from external nature. Love of all its shifting pageants is evident in his verse. Always, too, there is love of Ireland. Ireland is almost exclusively the theme and inspiration of his original poems, which possess, in a high degree, grace, tenderness, and gaiety, intermingled with that

touch of pathos which one finds in the best Irish poetry.

MacCarthy's first verses were published in the *Dublin Satirist*, before he had completed his seventeenth year. In 1843, he began contributing a series of political poems to the *Nation*, over the signature "Desmond." These contributions were marked by moderation and good taste. Like many of his contemporaries, MacCarthy espoused the Repeal movement, and joined in the work of political associations; but his political interests were always subordinate to his literary tastes. He remained with the O'Connell party on the final disruption of the Repeal Association.

Did Not Follow Law.

MacCarthy was called to the Bar in 1846, but did not practise. In that year he edited a book of Irish Ballads, with an introductory essay on the history and religion

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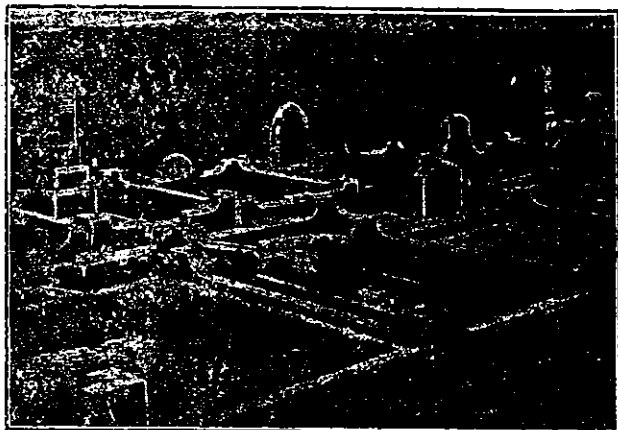
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of the Irish, and on ballad poetry, and also "Poets and Dramatists of Ireland." His own first volume, "Ballads, Poems and Lyrics," appeared in 1850, the opening poem being the beautiful piece entitled "The Bell-Founder," in which he narrates the legend of the bells of Old St. Mary's, Limerick.

Paolo, a young Italian bell-founder, having completed a beautiful chime of bells, after many years' labor, sold them to the Prior of a neighboring convent, and with the proceeds bought a little villa, where he hoped to settle and enjoy domestic peace. Here he would have the happiness of hearing the bells toll daily from the convent on the cliff. But misfortune fell on the young bell-founder during a period of disturbance. He lost all and became a wanderer without home or family. Moreover, the convent was rased and the bells carried off. On discovering this, Paolo's heart withered; his hair grew white and he became prematurely aged. His sole aim now was to find the chimes again. At length, after much fruitless wandering, he approached Limerick, and anchoring near the old town, beheld St. Mary's steeple raise its turreted head above the mist and smoke:

"The old man sees naught but St. Mary's square tower, with its battlements brown. He listens—as yet all is silent, but now with a sudden surprise,
A rich peal of melody rings from that tower through the clear evening skies.
Leaning forward, he listens, he gazes, he hears in that wonderful strain
The long-silent voices that murmur: 'Oh, leave us not, father, again!'
'Tis granted—he smiles—his eye closes—the breath from his white lips hath fled.
The father has gone to his children—the old Campanaro is dead!"

In 1854, Denis Florence MacCarthy was appointed Professor of English Literature and Poetry in Newman's Catholic University. At Cardinal Newman's request he delivered three sets of lectures, the first being on Poetry; the second and third on the Poets of Spain and the Dramatists of the Sixteenth Century, respectively.

An Irish Legend.

Pre-eminently a lyric poet, MacCarthy has written little in narrative form, but his "Voyage of St. Brendan" belongs to this latter class. It embodies the legend of the Irish monk, who, about the year 525, sailed across the western main, in the hope of winning the heathen to Christianity, and reached the mysterious land of promise beyond the sea. After seven years' absence, Brendan returned to his native land and founded the monastery at Clonfert.

St. Brendan describes his departure from Ireland:

"At length the long-expected morning came,
When from the opening arms of that wild bay,
Beneath the hill that bears my humble name,
Over the waves we took our untracked way.
Over the sea we flew that sunny morn,
Not without natural ears and human sighs;
For who can leave the land where he was born.

And where, perchance, a buried mother lies,
Where all the friends of riper manhood dwell,
And where the playmates of his childhood sleep;
Who can depart and breathe a cold farewell,
Nor let his eyes their honest tribute weep?"

Until 1864, the poet's chief residence was on Killiney Hill, overlooking Dublin Bay. In that year he broke up his home, owing to the ill-health of some members of his family, and after a prolonged stay on the Continent, settled in London, where he published a volume on Shelley's Early Life, giving interesting details of the poet's visit to Dublin in 1812.

Translations from Spanish.

A passage in one of Shelley's Essays first drew MacCarthy's attention to Calderon, the great Spanish dramatist and he devoted the best years of his life to giving beautiful and almost faultless renderings in English of Calderon's works. In 1853 he published translations of six of Calderon's dramas, among them being "The Purgatory of St. Patrick." His work excited the admiration of Spanish scholars. It was praised by Ticknor and Longfellow. "Particularly in the most poetical passages you are excellent," wrote Longfellow. Such a sentence was indeed a supreme tribute to a translator, testifying, as it did, to his capacity of rising to the highest level of his original. "He has," says the writer of an interesting sketch of the poet in the *Dublin Review* of 1883, "by his translations earned himself a permanent place in English literature, where his name must ever remain indissolubly associated with that of the great poet of Spain."

A fine sample of MacCarthy's power as a translator is that soliloquy uttered by Sigismund, Prince of Poland, which is one of Calderon's most celebrated passages. The opening lines are as follows:

"... Since 'tis plain,
In this world's uncertain gleam,
That to live is but to dream;
Man dreams what he is, and wakes
Only when upon him breaks
Death's mysterious morning beam.
The King dreams he is a King;
And in this delusive way
Lives and rules with sovereign sway;
All the cheers that round him ring
Born of air, on air take wing."

In recognition of his labors, the poet was elected a member of the Royal Academy of Spain, and in 1881 a medal was sent him which had been struck in commemoration of the bi-centenary of Calderon's death.

Died on Good Friday.

Denis Florence spent the last few months of his life in Ireland, his death occurring at Blackrock, on Good Friday, the 7th April, 1882. At the Moore Centenary, when his splendid ode was read before a delighted audience, he was crowned Poet Laureate of Ire-

land. After his death many of his friends and admirers combined to raise a simple memorial to him, and a bust in white marble, by the Irish sculptor, Thomas Farrell, R.H.A., was erected in the City Hall between Chantry's "Grattan," and Hogan's "O'Connell." Among the subscribers were Cardinal McCabe, who had been a fellow student; Cardinal Newman, and Cardinal McCloskey, representing the Catholic Church of Ireland, England, and America.

"A better memorial," says Father Matt Russell, S.J.—the kindly friend of many a budding poet and author—"was the issue of a popular edition of his poems." This collection was brought out by his son, in 1884, at the instance of the Memorial Committee; but some of the poet's best work has been omitted from it, including his humorous, and most of his national pieces.

"Seldom," says the writer in the *Dublin Review*, already referred to, "has a writer's name been transferred from the list of those still living and active among their contemporaries to the ever-growing roll of past celebrities, amid such a universal feeling of regret as that evoked by the recent death of Denis Florence MacCarthy. Ireland lost in him one of the most graceful of her lyrists; a large circle of intimates deplore a friend endeared to them, not more by his brilliant intellectual endowments than by the genial sympathies of his nature."

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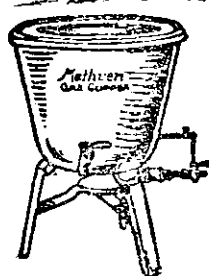
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Archbishop Cerretti to be Elevated to the Cardinalate



A cable message from Rome under date October 5, to an American exchange, says:—

Monsignor Cerretti, Papal Nuncio to Paris and formerly Auditor of the Apostolic Delegation at Washington, is to be elevated to the Sacred College of Cardinals at the next Consistory, which will be convoked by the Holy Father in late November or early December. The Nuncio was received in audience by the Pope on Saturday, and will return to his post in the French capital within a few days. Prior to his appointment as Nuncio to Paris, which marked the resumption of diplomatic relations between France and the Vatican, Monsignor Cerretti had served as Secretary of the Apostolic Delegation to Mexico, as Auditor at Washington, and as Apostolic Delegate to Australia.

It is regarded as probable that Monsignor Carlo Perosi, Assessor of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, will also be made a Cardinal at the coming Consistory.

OBITUARY

MR. JOHN SCANLON, WAIPUKU.

By the death of Mr. John Scanlon at the Stratford Hospital the ranks of Taranaki's pioneer settlers were depleted of yet another of their rapidly diminishing number.

Mr. Scanlon's last birthday marked the 78th year of his life, 60 years of which were spent in New Zealand—mainly in Taranaki. He left his native home in Co. Wicklow, Ireland, and landed at Port Nicholson in 1865. Here he was one of the first men engaged in the construction of the railway from Wellington to the Hutt. Coming later to Taranaki, he was favorably impressed with the possibilities of advancement offered by farming pursuits, and for a considerable number of years he followed that occupation at Kaponga, Kapuni, and Te Kiri. From Te Kiri he went to Waipuku, where he farmed up to the time of his death.

Mr. Scanlon's first wife, who was a daughter

of Mr. and Mrs. P. Brown, of Bulls, predeceased him 30 years ago. Of this marriage there were five daughters and two sons, the former being Mrs. J. W. H. Gardner (Riverlea), Mrs. Owen McPhillips (Stratford) the late Bridget Scanlon, who died during childhood, the late Mrs. W. Lister (Manaia), and Mrs. Jas. McPhillips (Kaponga), and the sons being Messrs. John and Michael, residing at Kaponga. Mr. Scanlon is survived by his second wife, who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Ryder, of Christchurch, and has seven sons, all of whom are still living. They are Messrs. William (Kaponga), and Bernard, Vincent, Victor, Eric, Cyril, and Conrad, of Waipuku.—R.I.P.

MRS. MARY ABBOTT, PAHAUTANUI.

Quite a gloom was cast over Pahautanui and the surrounding districts when it became known that Mrs. Mary Abbott, relict of the late Henry Abbott, had passed peacefully away at her home, "The Grange," Pahautanui, after a short illness. The deceased lady was attended in her last hours by the Rev. Father Griffin, Johnsonville, and died fortified by the rites of Holy Church, in the presence of her sorrowing family. A Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Griffin, assisted by Rev. Father John O'Connell (Christchurch), Rev. Father Walsh (Nainai), and Very Rev. Dean Regnault (Wellington). The funeral was very largely attended, the interment taking place in the Catholic cemetery, Pahautanui. Rev. Father John O'Connell, of St. Mary's, Christchurch, officiated at the graveside, and spoke in feeling terms of the late Mrs. Abbott's good qualities. The deceased was born in Elphin, Co. Roscommon, Ireland, in 1845, and arrived in New Zealand in the ship *Asterope* in 1865, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. R. Mulhern, "Mt. Erin," Pahautanui, and her brother, the late Michael Power. In 1868 she was married to Henry Abbott who predeceased her many years ago. Her eldest daughter, Sister Mary of St. Magdalen de Pazzi, Convent of the Good Shepherd, Oakleigh, Melbourne, passed to her eternal reward two years ago, after doing God's holy work for many years. The surviving members of her family are three daughters—Mrs. Frederick Brady, "Bay View," Pahautanui, and the Misses Elizabeth and Ada Abbott, and three sons (Messrs. Henry, Charles, and Oliver Abbott) to mourn the loss of a devoted mother; also sixteen grandchildren and four great grandchildren. The late Mrs. Abbott was one of the pioneers of this district who, being engaged in farming, had all the hardships of the bush settlers to endure, and at her home there was always a welcome to the priests journeying through the country from the late Fathers Petitjean and Lampila's time until the present day. A most exemplary Catholic, having special devotion to the holy rosary, her life being one long prayer; God rewarded her with a peaceful happy death. She will be sadly missed by a large circle of friends, among whom she was held in the highest esteem. Numerous telegrams and letters of sympathy have been received by her sorrowing family, who will ever cherish the memory of a loving devoted mother.—R.I.P.

BOOK NOTICES

Place Names in County Dublin, by M. A. MacNamara, B.L. Dublin. Price 4/- net.

If you concluded from the title of this book that it is a dry tome of a soporific nature you would be much mistaken. Opening its pages this reviewer found it intensely interesting, and learned from it a great deal on topics concerning which he had wrong notions heretofore. For instance, it always seemed strange that the old name for Dublin should be Baile-atha-cliaith, or "the ford of the hurdles." From what we knew of the Liffey near Dublin a ford there looked impossible, and why hurdles? Mr. MacNamara blows this fanciful derivation sky-high. Balacliah, which is the ancient and also the present day name for the city, comes from Baile-atha-cliaith, but the words mean the Town of the battle plain, which, taking the Phoenix Park into consideration, is reasonable. The Park was the rendez-vous of the clans from time immemorial, and one of its Gaelic names was Atha-cliaith, or the battle field. So when a town grew up there, naturally enough it was Baile-atha-cliaith, or the town of the battle field. Another old name for the Park was fath-aighneas, pronounced "fain-as," from which an average English scholar would conclude that it was the mere Irish way of saying Phoenix.

Father William Doyle, S.J., C.F. by Professor Alfred O'Rahilly. Third edition, revised and enlarged. Longmans, Green and Co., London. Price 15/- net.

This delayed third edition of the best of modern Catholic biographies more than compensates for the period of waiting, during which there was an insistent demand for its appearance. It has been thoroughly revised and much new material has been added. A great amount of additional matter was gleaned from Father Doyle's note-books and letters from the Front. There are several new illustrations, and a good deal of appropriate and enlightening explanation of Catholic ideals of Asceticism. All this entailed delay, and now we have this remarkable spiritual work in what may be regarded as its definite form. Readers all over the world have endorsed the chorus of praise with which the reviewers welcomed it, and it has been translated into German and Italian, while other versions in many languages are in preparation. Already it has become in the English language a spiritual classic, and hence this carefully prepared third edition was due to all. It is high praise for such a volume to find it warmly recommended for spiritual reading. The spirit of the book may be best gathered from Professor O'Rahilly's own words: "To those who know only the Jesuits of fiction or of Pascal, such a life of Father Doyle will be convincing proof that, as he declared when yet a novice, 'The Society was instituted to glorify the Name of Jesus by its learning, by its zeal, but above all by its holiness.' To those who know Catholicism only as an institution, this biography will be testimony that, in a world teeming with self-indulgence and callousness, the Church still fosters the love of Jesus and the following of the Crucified. The most effective apologetic is to be found, not in learned disserta-

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tions, but in lives of the saints; for as an early Christian martyr pointed out, 'Christianity is not a work of persuasiveness but of greatness.'"

Australian C.T.S.: *The Story of a Conversion; For the Holy Souls*, by Miriam Agatha; *The Real Presence*, by Eustace Boylan, S.J. 2d each.

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READER.—There are certainly over 18,000,000 Catholics in the United States. Taking inevitable omissions into account, one might say a round twenty millions. But if we reckon all those under the American flag we might put the figure as high as thirty millions. There are over twenty thousand priests. Nearly two million children attend parish schools.

INQUIRER.—There were two Hawthornes. Nathaniel, the more famous, wrote *The Scarlet Letter*. Julian was not nearly as great a writer as his namesake, who was and is an American classic.

CELT.—They observe no less than three different times in Ireland during summer. They keep the new "summer time" in towns and cities. Then there is "old time" which is an hour later. And in some places, refusing to keep Greenwich time, whether old or new, they abide by the sun, and call it God's time. It is a puzzle when one wants to catch a train.

QUESTION.—Yes, you are bound to hear Mass either in a public or semi-public oratory, unless you enjoy a privilege of hearing it in a private oratory. At least that is the Canon Law on the point. But your friend was probably right in saying that one could hear Mass anywhere in Ireland. Some maintain that the privilege remains since the Penal Days.

EXHIBITION VISITOR.—If you ask with a view to a personal visit of course the answer is Come when you please. But if you ask for a general direction we beg to say that the most suitable time for visitors who want to talk about the weather to see the Editor in his office is after five o'clock when the office has been locked and he has escaped home. All are welcome then.

R. J. L.—Your poem is full of promise, but it is too long for us. The metre limps here and there. "Thou seems so near" would not pass the critical eyes of our readers who are particular about the majesty of English grammar. It is very hard to write a good poem of two or three stanzas. It is geometrically progressively harder to write one of six or nine. Do not blame us for being strict. If we were not the Spring Poets would spring on us and rend us just now when the flowers are springing and the birds singing.

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The Secularisation of Amusement

With respect to the question of Amusements, says the Very Rev. J. P. Cooney, the modern age has lost all sense of proportion and of the fitness of things. It has come to regard pleasure as an end, and, in consequence of this wrong notion of the matter, has become pleasure-mad. It no longer subordinates the pursuit of pleasure to the higher aims of life, but, on the contrary, makes it the supreme concern of human striving. Pleasure bulges too large in the thoughts of the modern generation. It is imperatively necessary that we return to saner views with regard to this subject, for, otherwise, the mad rush for pleasure will leave us physically exhausted and morally ruined.

What is Amusement?

By "Amusement" we understand those lighter forms of activity to which we turn when we are relieved from the stress and strain which the serious tasks of life impose upon us. In amusement we can follow out lines of choice and special preference, which we are not permitted to pursue in our daily work—that is usually imposed upon us without any particular regard for our tastes and wishes. Amusement in this wide sense relieves and agreeably interrupts the dull routine of existence. The more the work in which a person is engaged assumes the character of drudgery, and the less it is interesting and spiritual, the more does play become necessary in order to prevent a dulling of the finer sensibilities. Unfortunately, the modern division of labor and over-specialisation of function have taken the joy out of work and reduced it to a purely mechanical task that makes no appeal to the higher faculties of man.

Religion and Play.

Religion, far from casting a pall of gloom over life, has on the contrary been a joyous element in human existence, and lifted it to the serene heights of gladness and ecstasy. Before the time of the modern secularisation of life, which came as a result of the Protestant Reformation, the Church not only catered for the spiritual needs of people, but it also made generous provision for popular amusement and recreation. The whole of life gravitated towards the Church as its dominating centre of attraction. The popular festivals that gave the people an opportunity to relax from their daily work, and to strengthen themselves for new tasks, were of a religious character. Recreation was taken in the shadow of the Church. There was nothing profane; everything was sanctified. Knowing full well that the people needed entertainment, the Church made sure that the entertainment would be inoffensive, wholesome, and clean. Then came the Protestant Reformation that tore Christian Europe asunder, and with it came the great divorce. Life was taken away from the religious influence of the Church and reconstructed on entirely secular lines. Among other things, recreation was separat-

ed from the Church, and as Francis Thompson says, "The separation has been ill for recreation; and it has not been well for religion." Both suffered, as is usually the case when an unnatural severance of things that ought to be united is brought about.

The Church and Amusement.

Recreation speedily degenerated, and fell into the hands of unscrupulous men, who exploited it for the sake of profit, without any regard for higher considerations. Forms of amusement were introduced that, by their very appeal to the baser instincts of nature, ruined innocence and spread corruption. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that more souls are ruined by improper and tainted amusements than by any other agency. Hence the Church has often been compelled to take an attitude of disapproval towards many of the amusements indulged in by the people, and through this attitude often appears to the young and inexperienced as an enemy of joy. The Catholic Church has always taken a sane stand in the matter of amusement. It does not condemn pleasure or play or amusements. It knows that human nature cannot be re-made, and that periods of recreation are a psychological necessity. Its doctrine concerning pleasure is in full harmony with the nature of man. It condemns the excess in pleasure as it denounces excess in everything else, and it reproves those forms of recreation that either are sinful in themselves or are calculated to lead to sin.

The Best Amusements.

When we ask which amusements are best suited to fill up the free time of our young people, we can answer in a general way: Those forms of recreation are most beneficial which require some co-operation on our part, and which call into play the faculties that are not sufficiently exercised during our work, whilst they allow the faculties overstimulated by our vocational occupations to rest. It follows from this that hardly anything will be more beneficial to our young people usually confined during the working hours in office buildings than exercise of a kind that will take them into the great outdoors where they can breathe pure air, let their eyes feast on the beauties of nature, and permit their limbs that freedom of action which favors healthy growth and promotes harmonious development. Least desirable are the purely passive forms of recreation which contribute very little towards mental or physical development, and serve only to while away the time.—*Catholic Times* (London).

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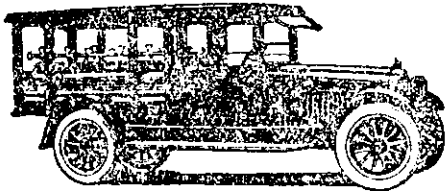
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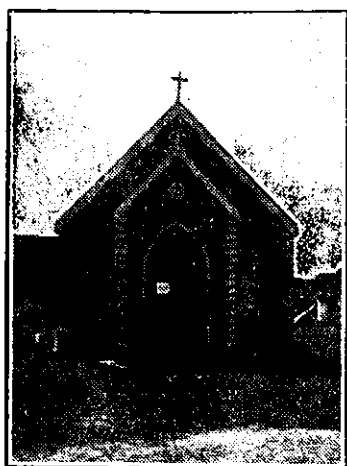
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The Church in New Zealand

SOME EARLY OTAGO CHURCH HISTORY

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

(Concluded.)



THE OLD CHURCH AT ROXBURGH.

This historical building, still standing at Roxburgh, was built in 1869 by Father Ecuyer, who is mentioned by Mr. Poppelwell in the course of his lecture. Since the erection of the fine new Church of Our Lady of Peace by the late Father D. O'Neill, the old structure has remained in disuse.

During the next two or three years, at long intervals, the district was revisited by Father Seon, but the Catholics of Otago were anxious for a more regular visitation. Active in this movement were the late Mr. N. J. B. McGregor, of Silverstream, North Taieri, and Mr. Edmond Peel, an early settler, Mr. Burk before mentioned, and my father who, about this time, took up a farm in the Tokomairiro district. A word or two about some of these pioneers of the Church may not be out of place. Mr. McGregor was a sturdy settler of the old type. As his name implies he was a Scotchman with all the shrewdness of that race. He was, I believe, a convert to Catholicity, and a very strong Catholic who never spared either his time or money in the interest of the Church he loved so well. Mr. Edmond Peel was also a convert. He was an Englishman, a staunch Catholic, and a nephew of the famous Sir Robert Peel who was Premier of England early last century. Among the letters that were burnt as before-mentioned was one from him written in the early years, about 1855, to my father from Fortrose, urging the taking of steps to procure land for Church sites and drawing attention to the right to acquire land at the upset price for this purpose.

My father was English by parentage but was born at Sunwick, in Hutton parish, near Berwick, just beyond the romantic valley of the Tweed. He was educated at Ushaw, the famous Catholic College of Durham. This college prides itself upon being the direct descendant of Douay, in France, which has given its name to the "Douay Version" of the Bible. Upon leaving school my father went to sea. After some years he arrived

in Wellington in 1840. He was a great reader and had learned both French and Spanish before he arrived in New Zealand. He was the Captain of a schooner trading on the coast for some time. He was married in Wellington in 1842. He subsequently returned to England and later came to Otago in the *Blundell* as a permanent settler. My father was a very sincere Catholic and an active worker for the Church at all times.

In the year 1854, some of the Catholics, after talking matters over, commissioned Mr. E. Peel to write to Dr. Viard with reference to their wish to have a more regular visitation from a priest. A letter was written accordingly on the 12th October, and on the 20th November Dr. Viard sent the following reply:—

Wellington,
November 20, 1854.

Dear Sir,—

I have read with much pleasure your letter of 12th October, showing the good feelings of the Catholics of Otago. I will endeavor according to their wishes to send a priest twice or three times a year to visit your district. Let us pray the God of Mercy to establish one day a parish in your town. This will be the greatest blessing for that remote part of the district. Till that fortunate time let the Catholics of Otago live as true Christians, loving each other and avoiding the vices too common in new colonies.

I give my Benediction to all the faithful.
(Signed) ✠ Ph. J. VIARD.

In terms of his promise the good Bishop at different times sent priests to Otago whose ministrations were much appreciated by the Catholic residents. Among these priests I must mention Father J. B. Petitjean. He was a man of very different style from Father Seon. He was an oldish man, very tall with broad shoulders and white hair. Of strong will and tremendous energy, pushing, active, busy, and determined to build up the infant church on a solid foundation. On the spiritual side he was a good, holy man, zealous in the performance of his duties and of true missionary instincts.

Shortly after this time there grew up a feeling among the Catholics of the South that they would like to have a resident priest. This feeling was probably strengthened by the arrival in Otago of Mr. Finlay Murchison, a sincere Highland Catholic who came from near Fort William in Scotland. My mother also came from Fort William whence Mr. Murchison brought her a letter of introduction. Mr. Murchison was a well-educated man and was for many years a sincere Catholic worker until his death at Waikaia some time ago. When discussing the question of having a resident clergyman,

Mr. Murchison stated he knew a certain Father Lamont in Scotland who he believed would be willing to emigrate to Otago. He said this priest was a zealous young man who would be in every way suitable for the task. No doubt the prospect of obtaining the services of such a man who, from nationality and other reasons would commend himself to the people, helped the suggestion. The result of this movement was that a strong fund was raised for the purpose of paying the passage of Father Lamont to New Zealand and obtaining a suitable equipment for him. The correspondence in this connection was left in my father's hands and he wrote to the Bishop of the diocese in which Father Lamont then was, making the necessary arrangements. Copies of this correspondence were unfortunately among the letters destroyed as before mentioned. The letter which was written stated that a draft for £200 had been sent to, I think, an Edinburgh firm for the purpose of equipment, etc., and failing Father Lamont being able to come instructions were given as to how the money was to be disposed of. Nothing came of this proposal probably owing to some question as to whether a secular priest could be introduced to a Marist diocese. It is interesting, however, as showing the keenness of the earlier Catholics in Church matters. When the priests came to Otago in those days some idea of the hardships they had to undergo may be realised when their long journeys overland are considered. Among other letters which were burnt were a number from Father Petitjean referring to his missionary visits. One series in sequence described such a journey in 1857. The first was written to my father from the hotel at Tokomairiro. It was written in a hurry apologising for not calling at "Sunwick," our then farm-house, as he had heard of a Catholic family at Popotunoa (now Clinton) and he was just starting to visit it. Of course this visit would be on foot, unless by some luck he got a lift on horseback. The next letter was written from on board the schooner *Ann Jane* at "Bloomfield Harbor," Bluff. This harbor was possibly one of the small bays in Awarua, although I have been unable to locate it. The letter reported a trip to the whaling station at Riverton. It was quaintly written in rather French style, and gave some account of his good luck in finding some Catholic families. Among other things this letter stated that the writer "By the Grace of God had the good fortune" to find some Catholic families and had been able "to baptise several of their children and at the same time give the Church's blessing to their marriages." Here we have an example of the application, the provisions of the famous *Ne Temere* decree so far as it applies to persons who, from their situation, are unable to be married by a priest, but themselves enter upon the marriage contract.

Between the years 1853 and 1861 our house at Sunwick, near Milton, was a sort of centre for the scattered Catholics in the country district of South Otago. There from time to time when a priest visited the district Mass was said and those within reach

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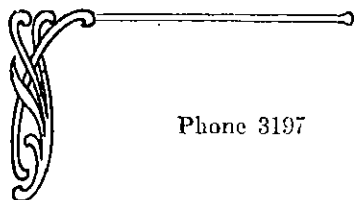


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attended when opportunity offered. During the long intervals when no priest was available, it became customary for many church members to attend at 11 a.m. on Sundays when my father was in the habit of reading aloud the prayers for Mass while those present joined in spirit with the more fortunate gatherings of Catholics elsewhere who were hearing Mass at that hour. At certain seasons such as Lent, Bishop Viard would send down a pastoral letter which my father would at the first opportunity read to the faithful of the district. One such document, hand engrossed in fine copperplate writing, was destroyed among my other papers. It was expressly devoted to the subject of devotion to the Blessed Virgin. I well remember being impressed when reading it, with the strong piety and zeal underlying its eloquent language and its earnest exhortations to all the faithful never to forget the duty of prayer to the Mother of God. Among other papers which were destroyed was the original subscription list for the purchase of the site of old St. Joseph's Church in Dunedin. I cannot recall all the names upon the list, but those of Messrs. N. J. B. McGregor, C. Burke, my father, and others occupied a prominent place upon it.

This short sketch of some incidents of an almost forgotten time will I hope have proved of interest to you.

The finding of gold in 1861 at Gabriel's Gully soon changed the whole position of the original settlement of Otago. From that time on, new conditions arose and the large influx of a mixed population gave a general fillip to church matters. Soon there were resident priests in Otago and churches were built to accommodate the increased number of Catholics. The progress of the Church since then has been marvellous. The progress of the new era is manifest, and able pens have written of the work of Fathers Euyer, Williams, Martin, Belliard, Moreau and other good and faithful old-time "laborers in the vineyard."

Mr. Poppelwell concluded amidst loud and prolonged applause. Very Rev. Father O'Donnell then held the interest of those present with an explanation of several humorous incidents he had met with in the earlier days of the Church.

Mr. W. McGoldrick moved a hearty vote of thanks (which was carried by acclamation) to Mr. Poppelwell for the very fine address given in connection with the club.

Mr. Poppelwell, in reply, said if the address had met with the approval of those present he was more than satisfied. He stated it had been a great pleasure to deliver it and he would always be willing to do what he could for the furtherance of the Gore Catholic Club.

The chairman then congratulated Mr. Poppelwell, stating the lecture was worthy of the man and also that those of the congregation who were not present could not realise the treat they had missed.

A few songs and recitations contributed by the afore-mentioned persons brought the most pleasant and interesting evening yet held by the club to a close.

The Ideas of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle may be "above the average in intelligence," as the *Times of India* assures us, but the account he has been giving that paper of his apostasy shows nevertheless a greater familiarity with the Protestant legends about the Church than with the essential doctrines of the Faith he abandoned (comments the *Bombay Examiner*). Assuredly he was never taught at Stonyhurst "that the Creator of all things was compelled to make a blood sacrifice of His own innocent Son in order to neutralise that mysterious curse"—original sin. God, Who alone is offended by sin as such, could obviously have pardoned the offence without requiring any reparation at all. In fact, He did not choose this way, and sacrifice and suffering became the conditions of Salvation—the sacrifice and suffering of Jesus Christ in the first place, and after Him to a greater or less degree of all His followers. The presence of sacrifice and of suffering in the world are plain facts enough. The Christian doctrine of the Redemption gives them meaning and dignity. Sir Arthur would deprive the world's sufferers of this consolation, but we have yet to learn what comfort he offers them in its place.

A question one would naturally like to put to one who has abandoned the Faith for another belief is, "What have you gained? What are these *great new truths* you have learned?" Invariably, the answer is either a garbled version of some truth already to be found in Christianity or it is simply a false doctrine, an error. Well, Sir Arthur gives us a brief—a very brief—summary of the "good tidings" of Spiritualism. He has learned from it that death has no terrors, that there is a life beyond the grave, that God is merciful and His reward immense—nothing very novel so far to Christian ears. But he has learned further that "God's judgments are mild"—ah yes! exactly! In other words, there is no Hell in the hereafter of Spiritualism. Here is indeed consolation—for the wicked, for us all. To invent an up-to-date, popular religion, the first rule is: do away with Hell. So far your success is assured. But unfortunately, "things are what they are, and their consequences will be what they will be. Why then should we delude ourselves"—even with the false promises of a popular novelist?

And, finally, Sir Arthur tells us that his Heaven is very like earth—if that is any comfort. But strange indeed that the creator of Sherlock Holmes should not have smelt a rat when this revelation "came through." If the life beyond as pictured by those who describe it in the spiritualistic seances is so like life on earth, is it not at least a very plausible explanation that the actual authors of these "revelations" simply do not know any other life, that they are not disembodied spirits at all. We do not question Sir Arthur's sincerity; we only think him rather too credulous. The alternative of course, is the devil, and it is true he has a taste for persons "above the average in intelligence."

Charity is the bond of brotherhood, the foundation of peace, the link and strength of unity: it is greater than both hope and faith.—St Cyprian.

The Black Friars of Ancient London

INTERESTING CITY DISCOVERY.

The recent discovery of the remains of the thirteenth century London Priory of the Dominicans or Black Friars by workmen who are excavating in the rectangle of ground surrounded by Church-entry, Carter Lane Friar Street and Ireland Yard, between Queen Victoria Street and Ludgate Hill, E.C., has excited the keenest interest among archaeologists in the Metropolis. It is believed that the find is one of the most remarkable discoveries for some time. Owing to the fact that the remains were found deep below the foundations, they are in a remarkable state of preservation. The site of the ancient Priory has been visited among others by several of the Dominican Fathers from St. Dominic's Priory, Haverstock Hill, London, N.W., the successors of the Black Friars who ministered to the Catholics of London seven hundred years ago. The remains are being translated to the Haverstock Hill Priory, where they will be re-assembled under expert direction in the gardens attached to this fine church. It is interesting to note that in the Priory Church itself there is already a relic of the ancient city priory.

In conversation with a press representative Father Dunstan Sargent, O.P., of Haverstock Hill, pointed to portions of pillars deeply embedded in rubble and flanked by large dark-colored stones which archaeologists state originally belonged to the old Wall of London. In addition to these remains, the excavators have also found a considerable number of Roman red tiles and Tudor bricks, the blood-red color of which is almost as bright as when the bricks were made.

"There is no doubt," said Father Sargent, "that, having found the Roman tiles when they were making the foundations of their Priory in 1279, the Black Friars decided to use them. There is plain evidence, too, that they used for their foundations rubble which the Romans brought to this country as ballast in their ships.

"A good deal of it has been unearthed on the site here, and it is so hard that even the pickaxes make very little impression on it.

"It is very different rubble from that used in the piers of St. Paul's. If Wren had used material like it there would have been nothing wrong with St. Paul's to-day." The Dominican Father added that the Tudor bricks were apparently the remains of buildings erected on the ruins of the old priory.

On some of the stones which have been recovered there are clearly to be seen the marks made by the chisels of the Friars of old.

Since, O my Jesus! You willed not to taste repose on earth I wish to follow your example.—St. Teresa of the Child Jesus (the Little Flower).



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Current Topics

The Bishop Wishes

—that every Catholic school in the diocese of Dunedin shall enter for the *New Zealand Tablet* Irish History Competitions. The date is hereby fixed for Tuesday, December 15. If that date be for any sufficient reason inconvenient, the examination may be held on the next suitable day. The papers are not to be opened until immediately before the beginning of the examination. It is usual to invite the local priest to attend as supervisor or to delegate somebody to represent him. The period is from the death of Hugh O'Neill to the Union.

Irish History

We regard these annual examinations as of great importance, and although this year circumstances make it difficult for us to conduct them, we feel that we should be lacking in our duty if we let them go by default. The story of Ireland is, for most of us, the story of our Faith. The period appointed for 1925 deals largely with the heroic men and women who kept the sacred lamp burning in Ireland, in spite of dungeon, fire, and sword. Children reading of their sufferings will come to understand what that Faith must mean which was worth so much to our ancestors. They gave up everything they had in this world, often even life itself, rather than be false to the Faith of St. Patrick. Their schools were burned down; their churches sacked; their priests and teachers hunted like wolves; and the most diabolical code of laws ever invented by the perverted ingenuity of man was framed to compel them to apostatise. But they conquered the Gates of Hell; and they kept the Faith. Reading even at this distance of time and place of what they did and how they endured, we will surely be moved to imitate them in their love for our holy religion, and we will come to understand why it was that Archbishop Ireland exclaimed: "I hold no man my equal who does not possess as I do the Catholic Faith."

The Danger of Apathy

Do not say that all this is past history and that it does not much concern us. Few things concern us more intimately; and it is for its present lessons that we urge the study of that glorious past. Teachers may be tempted to believe that the subject is not important enough to devote valuable time to it. It is important, just as the Faith is important; and no teacher in a Catholic school would pretend that time given to anything connected with the Faith is wasted. It may involve no small sacrifice; but what is our sacrifice to the torments endured for long years by those who handed the Faith down to us, pure and undefiled? Again, there is at the present time, in many countries, a tendency to lose interest in Ireland. In America it is very noticeable; and we believe it is the same here and in Australia. But do not confound Irish politics with Irish History. The pros and cons of the present situation over there are but a passing shadow, and perhaps there is justification for not taking deep interest in them.

But, beneath all the political changes, as an immovable background for the scenes that take place from day to day, is the magnificent and inspiring record of how the people of Ireland kept the Faith. In that we must not lose interest. No Catholic worthy of the name, descended from Irish ancestors, can afford to forget the sufferings of the past. And it is common experience that the men and women of to-day are good or bad Catholics in just the same ratio as they are proud of what their forefathers did in those ages of their grand refusal to become turncoats. Hence, we keep the competitions going, year by year; and we urge teachers to co-operate with us in this important undertaking.

The Rites of the Pedestrian

Before indignant readers rush to assure us that we are spelling the word wrong, we beg to inform them that they do not know what they are thinking or talking about. Pedestrians have no *rites* nowadays. In fact they are in imminent danger of being exterminated as a nuisance to motor drivers, male, female, infantile or paralytic. Hence, to speak of their rites or obsequies is much more becoming than to waste time discussing what is but a tradition. Having been once run down by a car without a light, we are (almost by a miracle) in a position to speak. And we say we fully endorse the recent editorial protest of the *Dunedin Evening Star* against the insolence of motor persons. In Paris things are done without any attempt at pretence. Furious chauffeurs chase you almost up a tree; and speedsters on motor bicycles all but pursue you upstairs and into bed. You know they are out for blood and you are on your defence, but here it is still a fiction that the pedestrian has a square deal, and that he may proceed to cross a street provided that there is no car within at least ten miles of him. To come back to the problem of rites: it ought to be enacted that whenever a driver runs down a pedestrian the nearest five chauffeurs should be hanged, drawn, and quartered. One of these days, if something is not done by public authority, the public will be compelled to exert private authority with machine guns.

Mr. McDonald Draws the Line

In a recent meeting held at Liverpool, Ramsay McDonald came to close quarters with the Bolshevik or Communist elements of the British Labor Party. While professing his adherence to Socialism, he made it clear that he did not stand for anarchy and violence and he warned the extreme sections of Labor that the British Labor Party was not the place for them. In taking this stand he had the vast majority of the workers behind him; and it is probable that nothing he has done previously has been so helpful to his Party. New Zealand as well as England has its Communists and Bolsheviks, whose writings and words are sufficient proof to the man-in-the-street that they are not to be trusted. At election times the enemies of Labor are only too ready to seize on the wild ravings of would-be Lenins and to bring before the thoughtful public the blasphemies of persons for whose ignorance the

godless State Schools are primarily responsible. Men of this type are the worst enemies of Labor, and to repudiate them as Mr. McDonald did is simple wisdom and common sense. The terrors of Russia are too near us in point of time to be forgotten, and it in this and many other countries there is a small section of violent people who want to introduce Russian conditions, a sharp line of division ought to be drawn between them and the ordinary workers who are the most conservative and law-abiding of men. What injury is done to the Party by the tactics and gestures of its extreme fringe may be gauged from the fact that it is common knowledge that no inconsiderable number of workers vote against their own candidates.

The Irish Bishops on Dancing

The Irish Hierarchy, at their recent meeting in Maynooth, have warned their flocks of the dangers to body and soul with which modern dances and the evils associated with them are fraught:—

"Dancing halls, more especially—in the general uncontrol of late years—have deplorably aggravated the ruin of virtue due to ordinary human weakness. They have brought many a good and innocent girl into sin, shame, and scandal, and set the unwary feet on the road that leads to perdition."

They point out that when frivolous people and careless parents are found in combination, the agents of the devil will do the rest when there are uncontrolled dances. These may lower or destroy the moral tone of a whole community, and action must be taken while the character of the people is still sound. They have no condemnation for legitimate amusement, but, as pastors of the people, they are bound to speak against the dangerous occasions of sin, such as certain dances undoubtedly have become. They also refer to the modern habit of bringing drink to dances, and to the desecration of the Lord's Day which often follows. They exhort all concerned to see that dancing is held under proper supervision, given up at an early hour, and preference ought to be given to the old Irish dances which have so much more to commend them than the imported abominations. "It is no small commendation of Irish dances that they cannot be carried on for long hours. That, however, is not their chief merit, and, while it is no part of our business to condemn any decent dance, Irish dances are not to be put out of the place that is their due in any educational establishment under our care. They may not be the fashion in London or Paris. They should be the fashion in Ireland. Irish dances do not make degenerates."

What the Bishops of Ireland have to say about these dangers applies still more forcibly in New Zealand. Some years ago an experienced Catholic layman, whom duty brought to a ball in one of our cities in this Dominion, told us that the dances he saw were such that he could not understand how a decent mother would permit a daughter to be present.

The Ulster Boundary

The cables are full of the news of trouble over the Ulster Boundary. Mr. MacNeill has resigned. President Cosgrave has protested that undue influence has been brought to bear on the Commission. There

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are the makings of a deal of disturbance in the situation, and it would be a wise prophet who could foretell whither it will all lead. The partition of Ulster is a sad heritage from the old Parliamentary Party. During the discussions over the Treaty we always believed that the first demand of the Sinn Feiners ought to be for an United Ireland. As things turned out the greatest amount of time was wasted over the question of the oath. And, with reason, the Ulster Nationalists protested that between Free Staters and Republicans they were left in the lurch and at the sweet mercy of people like Sir James Craig. There is a growing opinion in Ireland that it will be a great mistake to draw any Boundary whatever, and but for the present storm over the question the people of the South had almost lost sight of the fact that a Boundary was to be drawn. Evidence is not wanting that there is a movement on the part of Ulster to come in wholly and to share the fortunes of the Free State. Economic reasons are behind this phase, as might be expected. From certain quarters in the South have come expressions of opinion that it would be wise to let the Ulster people wait for a while. When they have felt somewhat more keenly the edge of hardship that is a present menace it is probable that they may be disposed to come in with a proper sense of penance for their past misdoings. But once a boundary is drawn, it is likely that its destruction will become almost impossible. At any rate it could not be brought about without more beating of the Orange drum than would be pleasant for ordinary ears. At the time of writing, the latest news to hand is the explanation of Mr. MacNeill and the statement of the other members of the Commission. We quote the cables from the *Otago Daily Times* of November 26:—

"London, November 24.

(Received Nov. 25, at 7.15 p.m.)

"Professor MacNeill who has resigned from the Free State Government, in a long explanation to the Dail Eireann says that he regarded his position on the Boundary Commission as a plenipotentiary not purely as a representative of the Free State Government nor an advocate of a particular viewpoint, but representative of a trust created by Article XII. When the commission's report was completed he thought that Article XII would not be fulfilled. He resigned in order to give the Free State Government a free hand.—A. and N.Z. Cable.

"London, November 24.

(Received Nov. 25, at 7.25 p.m.)

"The Irish Boundary Commission announces that Mr. Fisher and Mr. Justice Feetham held a conference with representatives of the British Government and intimated that in the Commission's view the resignation of Professor MacNeill could not be regarded as valid and effectual. Further, it is expected to deliver an award at an early date. It is proposed previously to give preliminary information indicating the general character of the award to the British and Free State Governments.—A. and N.Z. Cable."

Athletics

During the Editor's travels, especially in Ireland, England, and Scotland, he often heard young people speak with admiration of our wonderful All Black Rugby team.

They won golden opinions abroad, particularly in Ireland, where they had their hardest and most sporting contest. In England most sports condemned the decision of the referee who put Brownlee off the field, and it was universally regretted that this unhappy incident occurred to mar the complete harmony of the visitors' relations with all the teams that went down before them, during their glorious tour. It ought, however, be remembered that Rugby is by no means the National game in England, while in Ireland it is played only by a very small minority of the young men. A mere handful in Dublin, Cork, and Limerick, form the material from which a team must be selected to face our champions, and the wonder is that the Irishmen do so well. The two great national Irish games are, of course, hurling and Gaelic football, and it would be worth going a long way to see the All Ireland finals in either. France has come on wonderfully in Rugby during the past decade and is at present able to give a good account of herself in international contests. But where France has made the most astonishing progress is in cross-country riding. The army officers are now first-rate horsemen and French jockeys can hold their own with the best men in Ireland and England. As for other branches of athletics, England and Ireland have no very remarkable champions at present. But of course the events in Ireland during late years were anything but conducive to serious and systematic training. Peter O'Connor's long-standing record of twenty-four feet, eleven and three-quarters has been smashed decisively by an American and there is no man in Ireland to-day likely to regain the laurels. Neither is there any high jumper like Con Leahy, nor any all-round man like Tom Kiely or Maurice Davin. Apart from such freaks as the Finnis, America is foremost in the world of athletics to-day. An Irishman who for many years before going to the States, had been prominent in all kinds of sports, told us that this superiority is simply due to American training. The team work in the United States is as wonderful as it is strenuous, and until other countries imitate the Americans, the latter will go on leading. The contests between Zev and Papyrus were decided in favor of the American horse. That, however, proves nothing, when we remember that the English three-year-old colt had to cross the Atlantic in order to meet the champion. But on looking over the track records and comparing them with the best of our own times, we begin to suspect that either the horses or the training methods of the Americans are superior to ours. As some of our readers are fond of horses we may be excused for quoting some of the statistics for them. On the Belmont course, near New York, a two-year-old filly, Miss Nett, ran four furlongs in 46½ seconds; Pen Rose ran five in 55½; Jack Atkin ran six in 1min. 8sec.; Paris ran seven in 1min. 22½sec.; Cherry Pie ran a mile in 1min. 35½sec.; Goaler ran nine furlongs in 1min. 49sec.; Whisk Broom II ran ten in 2min.; Man o' War ran a mile and a half in 2min. 28½sec.; Exterminator ran two miles in 3min. 21½sec. with nine stone and two pounds on his back. On the cross country course, Brigadier General took 3min. 47sec. to win over two miles; Grandpa took 5min 34sec over three miles; and Hylas won over three miles and a half in 6min.

57sec. So far as we remember, Gloaming's time for four furlongs is the only record in which we beat the Americans. So that it is likely we can claim two world's records in this little country.

The Peril of England

The *London Month* has a serious article on the present outlook in England. The decay of British industry, and England's dependence on her industries are indicated clearly. The War has brought a complete change in the economic conditions of the countries engaged in it, and the apparent victors are really the vanquished, if we except America. England's wonderful prosperity in the past was due to the fact that her capitalist system enabled her to be first in the markets with her tools and machinery. She was a huge workshop, and her customers were spread all over the globe. The vast trade done overseas was also the secret of the success of her giant mercantile navy. She concentrated on factories, and her people became a population of factory hands. But one result of this was that they were no longer a self-supporting people. They had to depend on foreigners for their daily food, and they had to pay for it in the money made by the industries. Again, England's coal had ready markets in many lands. To-day the development of hydro-electric force, and the use of oil and its by-products as fuel, have decreased the demand for coal. Thus, with new countries beating her in industrial fields, and with her coal lying unwanted by the side of the pit, the money to buy food is not coming in fast enough. Probably, too, she never had such a dearth of statesmen. There seems to be no man big enough in Britain to grapple with the greatest problem that ever confronted her. She cannot afford to go much further on the downward way. It is made all the easier for her to speed along it by the growth of Communism and the tactics of people like Marie Stopes. Two parts of that remarkable old prophecy attributed to St. Malachy seem to be fulfilled. The first was that after seven centuries of persecution, Ireland would be rid of her ancient enemy. The second was that the downfall of the latter would then begin. The third, concerning the prosperity of Ireland, has not come to pass yet. The following comment of the *Catholic Herald* on the English situation is worth quoting:—

"Nor are there too many mouths in England. There are too few hands ready to handle the plough, too few feet tramping the country roads and too few eyes preferring the setting of Millet's *Angelus* to the most vulgar cinema stunt. The English race has become a race of proletarians. They prefer to be paid in cash than in kind. They rather dwell in a city attic than in a country cottage, and they miss fresh air—except on week-ends—rather than tram cars, tubes and cinemas. Enormous sums of money were recently spent in British Columbia to settle Englishmen on the land. The lure of the city was too strong for them and they slowly drifted across the frontier into the towns of United States. How this has come about, how an agricultural nation was turned into a nation of mill-hands and coal miners, has been told too often to deserve repetition. We know that the Reformation started the transformation. Catholicism may be necessary to reverse the process."

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The Fate of Sacrilege

(By M^r. CANON BARRY, D.D., in the London *Catholic Times*.)

It sometimes happens in one's reading that a single sentence strikes home as if it were inscribed on a monument for everlasting remembrance. Such an effect I felt lately while turning over some pages written by an American tourist, Mr. R. A. Cram, on *The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain*. Those were the words that impressed me so strongly (p. 248): "In 1846, of the six hundred and thirty families to which monastic estates had been granted, only fourteen had not been extinguished through failure of male issue." What a fact—a world of facts—to muse upon! Did it reveal a divine judgment, or was it mere coincidence? "Since then (i.e., 1846)," adds the author, "several more have come to an end; and it is certainly notable that shame, disgrace, violent deaths, and total extinction have followed the names of all those who took part in the Suppression, from the House of Tudor down to the lay holders of the stolen estates." The doom which seems thus to be associated with despoiling the sanctuary was well established in popular belief, and even at Court the shadow of it fell. "Church land," wrote Archbishop Whitgift to his patroness, Queen Elizabeth, "added to an ancient inheritance hath proved like a moth fretting a garment, and secretly consumed both; or like the eagle that stole a coal from the altar, and thereby set her nest on fire, which consumed both her young eagles and herself."

Sir Henry Spelman.

Bold language this from a creature of her own appointment, addressed to Henry VIII's daughter, but evidence of the terror which clung to the crime of sacrilege in a once Catholic nation. Until several generations had passed away the feeling or the fear lingered, witnessed Sir Henry Spelman's famous book, *The History and Fate of Sacrilege*, written perhaps in 1632, but published in 1698, more than 57 years after the author's death. I read it with some disappointment, for it is by no means a work of genius. But Spelman acted up to his belief, and surrendered the Church property that he had purchased, as well as prevailing on friends to do in like manner. Sceptics may, of course, point to Woburn Abbey and the Russells, who waxed mighty on Church-spoils and are by no means extinct. But no conclusion need be drawn from such prosperity. The lesson of certain tragedies makes itself plain and formidable, although many a culprit escapes. Take in illustration the record of the Shrewsbury peerage and the Catholic Talbots. Here was a determined effort to make reparation for holding lands consecrated to Religion: and clergy and faithful knew the object as well as the generous Earl himself knew it, whose benefactions were on so generous a scale. All, however, was in vain. Thrice already since 1718 had a nephew succeeded an uncle. Then the title passed to a cousin, who died unmarried in 1836; and with him the Catholic line expired. Now my point is that the Earl (a convert), who founded churches and was profuse in charities, hoped thereby to secure a remis-

sion of the judgment which would not suffer a direct succession to his title; that this was well known; and that Catholics, though sorry, were not surprised when the honors passed to a distant line.

The "Curse of Cowdray."

Still more celebrated is the "Curse of Cowdray," which I have dealt with at length in the *Dublin Review* of January, 1886. It goes far back, even to the dissolution of the monasteries and the grant made by Henry VIII to his Master of the Horse, Sir Anthony Browne, K.G., of Battle Abbey, as likewise to the convent of Easebourne, St. Mary's Overy, Southwark, and much other consecrated property. Sir Anthony pulled down Battle Abbey, the church as well as the monastery, and took up his residence in the Abbot's own house. The legend asserts that either at Battle or at Easebourne, a monk or a nun pronounced this judgment: "By fire and water thy line shall come to an end, and it shall perish out of the land." History tells us that Sir Anthony Browne's representative, the seventh Viscount Montague, who succeeded to this title and Cowdray in 1767, married a Protestant wife and conformed to the Church of England, but repented on his death-bed. However, his son, the eighth Viscount, was brought up an Anglican, turned out to be an unruly young fellow, went on the foreign tour, and in the autumn of 1793 resolved with a companion to "shoot" the Fall of the Rhine near Schaffhausen. Both were drowned; and an eye-witness lived until 1867 to tell the tale. Moreover, on September 24, 1793, Cowdray itself was burnt to the ground. Thus in one year the double curse of fire and water saw fulfilment, perhaps even on the same day.

But that was not all. The unlucky Viscount had left Cowdray to his only sister, Elizabeth Mary Browne, who married William S. Poyntz, of Midgham, about a year after the tragic event of Schaffhausen. Two boys were born to them; and in July, 1815, these lads met their death by drowning in the sea off Bognor before their mother's eyes. The title of Montague expired with Mark Anthony Browne, a Benedictine monk, cousin of the eighth Viscount. Cowdray House remained a ruin; and the estate, after becoming the property of Lord Egmont, now gives a title in the House of Lords to a modern millionaire. The most direct descendants of Sir Anthony Browne are all Catholics, and some are priests; but they hold no Church property.

Sin and Its Consequences.

What is to be said of a story like this? Whether any words of doom were spoken at Easebourne or Battle we do not know; but the facts are undeniable, and so is the guilt of sacrilege they involve. No wonder, then, if devout minds trace the law of retribution working until it has avenged the crime committed in that frightful orgy of avarice, ruin, and murder, which pulled down English monasticism even to the ground. Here, then, I cannot resist the

wave of suspicion that has had its influence in every nation where such crimes have taken place. Will not the old mysterious connection between sin and woe, impiety and misfortune, according to the fixed laws of Eternal Justice, have been as surely vindicated in the chronicles of Shrewsbury and Cowdray as in the tragic dramas of Æschylus? Listen a second time to our American observer: "In 1846, of the 630 families to which monastic estates had been granted, only 14 had not been extinguished through failure of male issue." Allow that "punishment is the other half of crime," and you will be tempted to concede the fitness of a penalty which ends the glory of the name thus dishonored by sharing in the royal plunder. Accident, or the law of averages, may be invoked; yet we feel tempted to murmur with the Athenian poet, "which of these terrible things came to pass by chance?" Evil works for evil; and here the root and the fruit are equally visible. To connect them is natural; men have always done so. And the desolation of Cowdray since its burning was a memorial which said plainly, "Be ye warned; do right, and learn that God is not mocked."

"Henry the Scourge of England."

We are apt to look upon Henry VIII's suppression of the monasteries in the light of an episode, whereas no greater Revolution ever occurred in England since the Norman Conquest. Two writers, conscientious but very unlike, have made this clear—I mean William Cobbett and Cardinal Gasquet. Cobbett's *History of the Protestant Reformation* is among the wittiest, the most laughter-stirring, of English political pamphlets, accurate in all matters of consequence, and irresistibly convincing where it shows that when the monasteries and other charitable institutions fell, the people lost an inheritance worth many millions of our money. Cardinal Gasquet sums up the immediate losses to education, works of charity, and in general to civilisation, resulting in the emergence of our modern proletariat by direct creation. The land was covered with ruins; the universities became almost empty; a new Poor Law made slaves of mendicants, while the Court squandered what had been given to the sanctuary. No more heinous crime against God and man was ever committed in this England, which even to-day suffers from it. Monasticism, indeed, though cut down to the ground, has risen up again, flourishing within sight almost of Glasbury Tor, and covering the land with its promise of revival. During a full thousand years it had been chiefly instrumental in securing to mankind the blessings of Christianity and culture. When its last hour struck in England it was neither deeply corrupt, nor unfaithful to its public obligations. Its final act was to give glorious martyrs, Carthusians, Brigettine, in defence of God's law, while the nation, cowed and silent, but in their hearts admiring, looked on. The House of Tudor died out; Cromwell and Cranmer perished, leaving behind them evil memories, after suffering as they had made their victims suffer. But the end is not yet. We can only say that Luther, Knox, and Cranmer belong to a bad past; while St. Benedict and St. Francis have won universal homage.

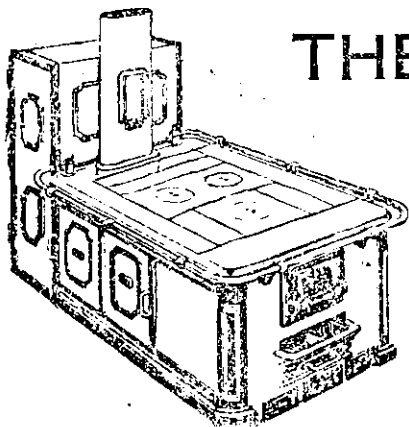
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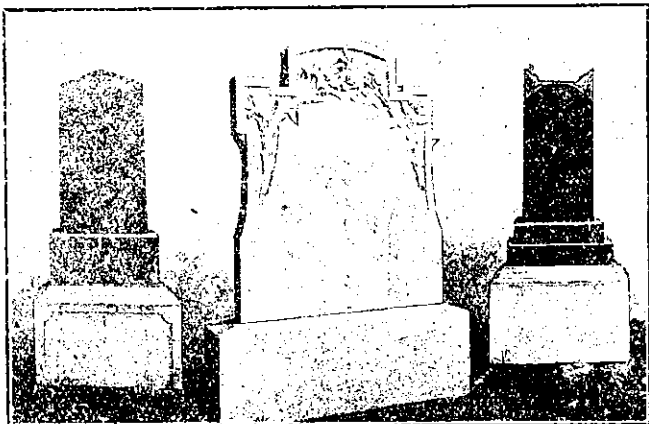
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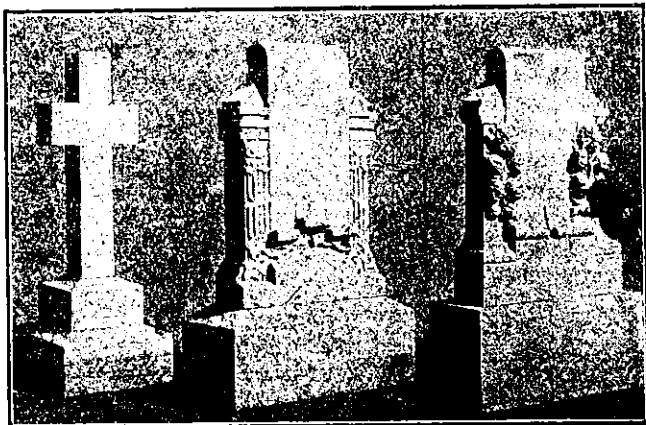
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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF PETER'S PENCE

His Lordship Dr. Whyte has received from Cardinal Gasparri the following letter:—

(Translation.)

The Vatican,
October 6, 1925.

Secretariate of State of His Holiness.

Illustrious and Rt. Rev. Lord Bishop,—

As is well known the Apostolic See is unequal to the task of coping with the necessity, now immensely greater, of providing for so many works of faith and charity throughout the world, therefore the faithful of your diocese who, inspired by yourself and your clergy, have sent to our common Holy Father, through the Apostolic Delegate, a contribution towards "Peter's Pence" amounting to £170, have deserved well of their religion.

This office of love and duty was most pleasing to the August Pontiff, who, while returning thanks to all, earnestly begs that Almighty God may repay the donors with most bountiful gifts.

And as a help towards obtaining the same, as well as a pledge of his paternal benevolence, he imparts to yourself and to all the flock committed to your care his Apostolic Blessing.

While communicating this message to you, I avail of the opportunity of expressing my own personal esteem for your Lordship, and remain

Your Lordship's faithful servant.

P. CARDINAL GASPARRI.

Right Rev. James Whyte,

Bishop of Dunedin.

(Original.)

Dal Vaticano,

6 Ottobre, 1925.

Illue ac Revme Domine,—

Cum probe sit cognitum imparem omnino esse Apostolicam Sedem necessitatibus, in immensum auctis, sustentandi nempe tam multa fidei et caritatis opera per universum terrarum orbem, ideo non parum de religione meruisse dicendi sunt fideles istius diocesis, qui, te quidem cum clero hortante, Patriam stipem Lst. 170, per Delegatum Apostolicum communi Patri miserunt.

Itaque acceptum sane habuit Augustus Pontifex id amoris et observantiae officium; de quo debitas grates persolvens, id a Deo enixe rogat ut muneribus suis quam largissimis donatores istos benigne cumulare velit.

Quorum caelestium honorum conciliatrix itemque paternae benevolentiae pignus Apostolica sit Benedictio, quam tibi cunctoque gregi tuis curis credito amanter impertit.

Hac tibi referens, libenter occasione utor sensus existimationis maximae erga te meae profitendi, quibus sum et permanere gaudeo.

Amplitudini Tue addictissimus

V. CARD. GASPARRI.

Illmo ac Revmo Domino

Jacobo Whyte, Episcopo Dunedinensi.

It is great folly not to part with your own faults, which is possible, but to try instead to escape other people's faults which is impossible. Marcus Aurelius.

OBITUARY

MR. THOMAS WALTER TYMONS,
WELLINGTON.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Thorndon was grieved on Tuesday, the 24th inst., and indeed all Wellington, when it was known that Mr. Tymons, of Guildford Terrace, had passed away. His death was not unexpected. The slender flame of life had flickered long before his actual passing. Mr. Tymons was born in 1839 in the County of Limerick. He left Limerick as a stripling and came to Melbourne. From there he came to Dunedin. That was in 1865. After Dunedin he went to the West Coast. He lived there for many years and returned there again after an interval during which he lived in Christchurch and Timaru. His name will long be remembered in business circles on the Coast. He was married there by Dean Martin 58 years ago. The Coasters count him one of the best Coasters of them all, and even the younger generation begged time from the Heads of their offices to attend the Requiem. After his twenty odd years there he retired, living for a time at Lower Hutt. He was twelve years—his last years—in Wellington. His mourners are his wife (Mrs. Tymons), Sister Ursula of the Convent of St. Joseph, Wanganui; Sister Claude, Sisters of Mercy, Singleton, N.S.W.; Rev. Father P. W. Tymons, V.F., Napier, one of the most widely known clerics in these islands; Mr. Frank Tymons, O.B.E., Christchurch; Mr. Joseph Tymons, Wanganui; and Rev. Father James Tymons, of the diocese of Kimberley, South Africa. In a recent issue the *Southern Cross* gives a speech of Bishop O'Leary of that diocese, thanking Rev. Father James Tymons, the Master of Ceremonies during his consecration as Bishop, for the success that attended it. This was due, he said, to the brilliant work, and the energy of Rev. Father James Tymons, to whom will be extended in this sad event the special sympathy that one gives to the one away. A nephew of the late Mr. Tymons is Rev. Father Creagh, C.S.S.R., and his nieces are the Misses Matier of this city. The late Mr. Tymons was a man of intense, and flame-like Faith. The Thorndon parish revered his saintliness and felt in him a pride of possession. Every parish feels that the holiness of its old brings down upon it a blessing. He lived a hidden life, a life of mortification. Never did he know what it was to spare himself. At eighty he still knelt upright on the floor to say the long, familiar prayers he loved. "John O'Brien" has given us a lasting picture of a little Irish mother. Had he known Mr. Tymons he might have given us a picture of an Irish father too. He was a sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament, an un-failing Guard of Honor at the Quaran' Ore. His faithful silent figure was missed at the last Forty Hours. In vigil, in fasting, and in prayer, that long clean life was spent. Even illness could not bend reverence to ease. It is recorded of him that the doctor, hastening in, had to wait in silence till his thanksgiving after Communion was done. In these days too often the Creator is put aside for the creature. With him that could never be.

To quote a well-known Redemptorist Missioner, Rev. Father Campbell, C.S.S.R., "Mr. Tymons filled up the measure of his days with merit and honor. Such a life as his is a lesson for us all." And Thorndon will echo that. His soul after death must have been as a field of lilies. His passing was like his life full of honor. The light of heaven to his soul!

The *Wellington Evening Post* says:— "Solemn Requiem Mass was held at the Sacred Heart Basilica for the repose of the soul of the late Mr. T. W. Tymons. The Basilica was crowded, testifying to the respect in which the deceased gentleman was held by the members of the church of which he was a staunch adherent. The following clergymen were present: Archbishop O'Shea, presiding in the sanctuary; Father Moloney (Wellington), celebrant; Father Campbell, C.S.S.R., (Wellington), deacon; Father Murphy, S.M. (Wellington), subdeacon; Father Smyth, S.M. (Wellington), master of ceremonies; Father W. Tymons, S.M. (Napier), son of deceased; Father O'Reilly, S. M. (Wellington), provincial; Dean Regnault (Wellington); Dean Connolly (Kilbirnie); Fathers Walsh (Nai Nai), S. Mahony (Wellington), McDonnell, S.M. (Wellington), Kelly (Newtown), Cullen (Wellington), Ryan, S.M. (Wellington), Spillane, S.M. (Wellington), Kingan, S.M. (Wellington), Heffernan, S.M. (Wellington), Seymour, S.M. (Temuka), Barra, S.M. (Timaru), Quealy (Petone), Daly (Lower Hutt), McDermott (Foxton), Butler (Wellington), Devoy, S.M. (Island Bay), McGettigan (Dunedin). The service at the graveside was conducted by the Rev. Father Smyth, S.M. The chief mourners were the widow, Mrs. Tymons, and her three sons, the Rev. W. Tymons and Messrs. Joseph and Frank Tymons. The singing of the Mass was very beautiful. Fathers S. Mahony and Ryan were the soloists. Miss Dennehy, of Timaru, presided at the organ."

This week's issue of the *New Zealand Free Lance* is a Souvenir Number illustrative of the New Zealand and South Seas Exhibition at Dunedin and also gives prominence to photographs associated with the life of the late Queen Alexandra. It is a beautifully illustrated double number of 68 pages, with a handsome and striking cover design in two colors, depicting the dome of the Exhibition Festival Hall.

The description of the Opening of the Exhibition and its leading features is brightly and graphically written up by the *Lance's* Special Reporter and the photographic views are choice, copious, and varied. It is a number which no one should miss and is obtainable at all booksellers.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

We have been obliged to use an inferior class of paper in our issue of this week as well as that of last week. Shipping was disorganised through the strike and in consequence a shipment of paper from Home was delayed. We hope to have our usual quality in time for next issue.

JOHN P. WALLS, Manager.

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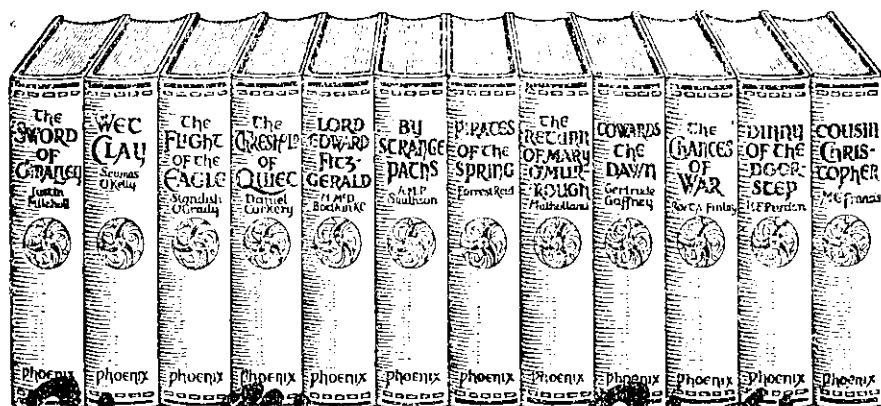


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Palmerston's New Church

SOLEMN BLESSING AND OPENING.

Sunday, November 29, was a gala day in the parish of Palmerston. The beautiful new church, erected by the pastor, Father Kavanagh and his generous flock, has for some time been complete and only awaited the official opening to become henceforth the spiritual centre of all the Catholic homes of the district.

During the preceding week the weather conditions were anything but promising, but the saints were praying for Palmerston, and Sunday morning dawned bright and cloudless, with the sun smiling a benediction on the white walls of the beautiful little temple which now stands above the town.

Many visitors journeyed from Dunedin for the ceremony, and all were delighted by the success of the function and by the appearance of the church, which is a little gem, and a credit to priest and people, and to the architect and the builder.

At eleven o'clock Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by his Lordship Dr. Whyte. On the altar were: Deacon, Rev. Dr. O'Neill; subdeacon, Rev. Mr. Gavin; assistant priest, Rev. W. Monaghan; M.C., Rev. A. Feneley; deacons at the Throne, Revs. Messrs. Evans and Rehan.

The occasional sermon was preached by Rev. C. Collins, M.A., Mosgiel College.

Taking for his text: "My house is a house of Prayer" (Matt. 21-13), Father Collins said: The opening and blessing of a new church is for the people of this parish an occasion of great solemnity. Over fifty years ago the old Church of St. Michael's here in Palmerston was solemnly blessed and opened. For all those years that church has provided for the spiritual wants of this district. And for many of you listening to me to-day the sight of the old building calls up distant and beloved memories. There you were baptised, there you made your first confession and Holy Communion, and received Confirmation. Later on, before the old altar, you were joined in the bonds of Matrimony, and in your turn brought along your own children to the fountains of Baptism. Sad memories there are too, for when the angel of death came to claim your loved ones, it was from that church you followed them to their last resting place. As the years rolled on from the time of the evening, old faces disappeared and new ones took their places, until to-day we have another, a younger generation.

Now, if the Catholic Church possesses one striking characteristic outside her four great marks, it is that of Progress. She herself began with but a handful of men—twelve apostles and a few disciples. These first missionaries hearkened to the command of their Divine Master to go forth and teach all nations. Their efforts were crowned with such glorious success that to-day her dominion is world-wide. From the small seed she has grown into the large, outspreading tree, in whose branches the birds of the air, that is the nations of the earth, find shelter. Nowhere do we see this characteristic of progress more striking than in her buildings. Her first conventicles

were rooms, such as the supper-room in Jerusalem, provided in the houses of the first Christians. Then came the times of persecution, when her churches were the hidden catacombs, hollowed out from below the earth's surface. Peace came at last, and with it began to appear more pretentious buildings; each generation erecting more costly and more magnificent churches to the glory of God. So, here too, in your own little parish progress has been going on. The old church had fulfilled its work, and priest and people, recognising that a more commodious and imposing temple was fitting to the district and to the glory of God, have erected this beautiful structure in which we are gathered together to-day.

Since the creation of man, his heart has ever yearned for union with his Creator. His one strenuous effort since the time of Adam has been to bridge over the distance between the material and the spiritual—between the human and the divine. This has been the end of all religion—to worship, to love, to serve—to bring God within the grasp of human faculty and to stimulate human faculty to action. With this effort of man God has ever been in sympathy. To help us do this, God has wrought the Incarnation, and Jesus Christ is the great revelation of God and the great force that draws us to Him. To effect this purpose then—to keep fast and close to the Creator through Our Lord Jesus Christ, man, among his other works, builds churches; and for this reason, that a Catholic church is the scene of the presence of Christ. When Our Lord was on earth, it is true, He asked for neither roof nor walls. But since He has gone to His heavenly Kingdom, circumstances have changed. The Holy Gospels, the Seven Sacraments, especially the Eucharistic Sacrament and Sacrifice—these can be administered fittingly only in a church. If need be, we know, they can be administered in any place. But the Catholic Church wishes to carry out her mission to her members in the light of publicity; and so, to proclaim her powers, to feed her people, to draw them closer to their God, she builds her churches.

Now among all the means by which frail man endeavors to reach his Creator there is none more efficacious than that of prayer. And this is the reason why a Catholic church should be above all else, what Our Divine Lord called it, "a house of prayer." No matter what a building may contain within its four walls, or what it may do for those congregated there—unless it helps to lift their hearts to God, it cannot be truly called a church. And we Catholics know that in no spot on earth is true spiritual prayer made more easily and more habitually than in a church where the whole Christian faith is fully believed and practised.

We sometimes think of prayer as simply supplication—asking Almighty God to grant us something either spiritual or temporal. But prayer means more than this; it covers adoration, love, praise, thanksgiving, and sorrow for sin—for in all these man lifts his

heart to heaven. In this sense it is not difficult to understand how great, how august, how Divine a thing is Christian prayer. To this, the noblest exercise of the human soul we assign a house, a home, when we dedicate a new church; for here shall all those acts of love, of adoration, of praise, of thanksgiving, of repentance be offered up to the Most High. Here too there will be prayer in common, a public recognition of the Living God, when "each shows his faith to every other, and each calls upon each to show his faith in turn." And this mutual example, this union in prayer, will tend to increase and augment the faith and devotion of one another.

Now this would be true if our churches were no more than halls in which we met for common prayer, for, as Our Lord says: "Where two or three are gathered together in My name there am I in the midst of them." But our churches are more than this. In the first place it is there that the word of God is dispensed to us; that His infallible teaching is given us. From the lips of God's minister we hear explained those divine truths and dogmas that constitute the faith of Christianity. Secondly, it is in our churches that Christ Himself, through the ministry of His priests, releases His grace through those seven divine channels that make up the great sacramental system. Consider for a few moments, how closely will this new church be bound up with your lives and the lives of your children. Your newly born infant, whose soul as yet bears the strain of original sin, its heritage from our first parents, will be carried to these sacred precincts. Here the purifying waters of baptism, applied in the name of the Holy Trinity, will wash away that stain; that infant soul will be clothed in the shining white garment of sanctifying grace, and the little one will be sent out into the world with the injunction to bear that garment unstained before the judgment seat of Our Lord Jesus Christ that he may have life everlasting. As the years go on, if those little feet happen to stray from the paths that God has marked out for them, they are once more set right in the tribunal of penance, where the merits of Christ's Precious Blood are again applied to the soul and all sins are wiped away by the words of absolution. More even than this is necessary, for that child's soul, just as its body, stands in need of nourishment to sustain it on its journey through life. Then it is that the great spiritual food is given which is nothing less than the Body and Blood of Christ administered in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. On no day, perhaps, will your parents' heart rejoice more than when you see your little child, in all its innocence, approach these altar rails to receive his Lord for the first time on the day of his first Holy Communion. A day will come also when that same child will kneel in this sanctuary at the feet of the Bishop to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation; when, through the imposition of hands, the Holy Ghost will come down upon him to make him a soldier of Christ. In the natural course of events, excepting the chosen few who may be called to a higher life in religion or the priesthood, it will be before

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these altar rails that your children will stand to declare their mutual love and take each other for life in the holy Sacrament of Matrimony.

So much for your children. But for you yourselves what will this church be? It will be for you as the oasis in the desert; a place of refreshment and rest set aside from the distractions, trials, and turmoil of the busy and storm-beaten world. It needs but little reflection to account for such a blessing. Giving all due weight to the many reasons we have been considering why a Catholic church is a house of prayer, what, after all, is the supreme gift which our Heavenly Father has granted that makes our churches so sacred and so venerated? Is it not the presence there of the Blessed Sacrament? A spiritual writer has pointed out that on reflection we could hardly help expecting that in our churches there would be some visible presence of the Godhead. For it would appear that God has always longed to lift a corner of the veil which hides His glory from mortal eyes. The greatest revelation undoubtedly was when God the Son came down to earth and assumed human nature; when the Word was made Flesh; when Jesus Christ walked amongst men, going about doing good. But that sensible Presence of God in the Flesh was not to last always. A day came, Ascension morn, when it ceased for us; when Our Divine Lord arose to heaven from Mount Olivet and a cloud took Him out of the sight of the apostles. Still His love was not to be outdone. He would still be with us. "Having loved His own who were in the world, He would love them unto the end. And so we find Him on the first Holy Thursday night pronouncing those words which still re-echo throughout the world and by which He has left Himself with us in the abiding presence of the Holy Eucharist: "This is My Body; this is My Blood: Do this in commemoration of Me." His apostles and their successors have hearkened to His command so that every Catholic church is the scene of the great Eucharistic Sacrifice, a continuance of the Sacrifice of Calvary. Here in this new church of yours, every morning at this altar, those words of consecration will be pronounced in the Sacrifice of the Mass, helping to fulfil the prophecy of Malachias: "From the rising of the sun, even to the going down, My name is great among the gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation." And so this sacrifice will go on to the end of time, all the world over; the great act, the great worship, the great gathering together of the people of Christ.

The Eucharist, however, is not only a sacrifice but also a Sacrament, to which the faithful are invited and in which they receive the Body and Blood of Christ as nourishment for their souls. Nor does Our Lord's love stop even here, for in this Sacrament He abides with us continuously. Here on this altar He will remain during the long day and the silent night, waiting to receive your love and adoration. In Him will you find the Great Consoler. When your souls are enfeebled by sin; when spiritual fervor is dead within you and everything religious has lost its

charm, in Him will you find strength and nourishment; from Him will you receive that enlivening faith and ardent charity which long for nothing but God.

In conclusion, I congratulate you, the members of this congregation, on the beautiful and artistic edifice which, out of your generosity, you have raised to the Living God. And I appeal to all present to extend their generosity once more to-day to help in the extinction of the debt that still exists. I congratulate also your parish priest, who to-day sees his hopes and aspirations realised, on the success of his undertaking. Lastly, I congratulate his Lordship, whose heart must rejoice this day on the addition of such a noble structure to the churches of his diocese.

One final word. Remember always what your church should mean to you. It is "a house of prayer." Let it be so for you in very truth. Love your church. Attend Holy Mass here as often as it is possible and receive Holy Communion. Pay frequent visits to your Divine Lord, Who is ever waiting to receive you. If you do so, then this opening day will ever be a pleasant memory. Then when at last your sojourn here on earth is at an end, and you go to claim the reward of Everlasting Life for faithful service here below, it will be with the consolation that you at least were of the number who truly made of your church, what Our Divine Lord wished, "a house of prayer."



ARCHBISHOP MANNIX

The Archbishop of Melbourne has left Ireland on his homeward journey (says the *Catholic Press* for November 12). Speaking at a London welcome on Saturday, he said:

"I have been up and down that part of Ireland south of the sectarian line drawn by Great Britain within what is called, but is not, the Free State. I can tell British politicians that the Irish question is not settled, and never will be until Ireland's ideals are realised. I went to Ireland a few months ago, having nailed the Republican flag to my mast, and I found that I was welcomed by tens of thousands of Irish men and women. Though a declared Republican, I received the freedom of every city in Ireland south of the sectarian border. The report of the Boundary Commission would be found to be a complete disillusionment. Our country has been partitioned by a people who have no more right to draw a line across China. It is untrue that Ireland is prosperous. It really is facing economic ruin. It is impossible for Republicans to enter Parliament while the oath of allegiance remains. The division of Ireland is the work of wily British politicians. I am confident that Ireland one day will be a republic and undivided."

Right Rev. Dr. Cotter, Bishop of Portsmouth, associated himself with "every word of Dr. Mannix's address."

Few take care to live well, but many to live long, though it is in every man's power to do the former, but in no man's power to do the latter.

Diocesan News

Archdiocese of Wellington

(From our own Correspondent.)

November 27.

Wellington is greatly saddened this week. The news of the death of Rev. Father More O'Ferrall came as a great shock to the city. He had been at St. Patrick's and he was well loved. When he arrived here first he was a guest at Government House, but his thoughts were with God and not with the world. Owing to physical weakness he had broken down in the Novitiate at Tullabeg, but his vocation was perfect and an interview with Very Rev. Dean Regnault decided him upon the adoption of this country as his ground of service, and the Marist Order as the home of his spirit. A rare, sweet soul has gone to rest in Father More O'Ferrall. The peace of God to him!

The Requiem of Father More O'Ferrall was held at the Basilica on Tuesday morning. Forty-one priests and the two Archbishops were present. Rev. Father Kimbell, S.M. (Wanganui), was the celebrant; Rev. Father Campbell, C.S.S.R., deacon; Rev. Father Quealy (Petone), subdeacon. A choir of priests sang the Mass, the soloist being Rev. Father Ryan, S.M., M.A., St. Patrick's College. The sermon for the occasion was preached by his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, who also officiated at the graveside. Rev. Fathers O'Connell, Barra, and Seymour were up from the South, and the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy went right out to the graveside.

Great sympathy is extended to Mother of Sales, of the Sisters of Mercy, Hill Street, on the death of her sister, Mrs. Trolove, of Christchurch. The family is an old one and widely known. May she rest in peace!

Mrs. McEnroe, of Kensington Street, is very ill, and many friends are concerned for her.

The Basilica was full again on Thursday morning for the Requiem of Mr. Tymons, of Guildford Terrace, father of Rev. Father Tymons, V.F., Napier, and Rev. Father James Tymons, Kimberley. Mr. Tymons was The Grand Old Man of the parish of Thorndon, a chieftain of the faith. He bought the house in which he died in order that he might be near the church, and so might continue to the end his hearing of daily Mass. May he rest in peace.

There was a profession ceremony at the Home of Compassion, Island Bay, recently, when Miss Molly Conaglen was received into the Order as Sister Eustace. Sister Eustace is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Conaglen, of Taranaki. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father McHardy, S.M., St. Patrick's College. After it was over the relatives were entertained to breakfast by the Sisters. Among those present were Rev. Father Doolaghty, Palmerston North; Rev. Father Kelly, Newtown; and Rev. Father M. Devoy, Island Bay.

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Palmerston North

(From our own correspondent.)

November 27.

Once more the Forty Hours' Adoration is a past event. The people entered earnestly into the devotions of that most "acceptable time." Rev. Father Spillane, of the Marist Mission staff, preached on both Sunday and Monday evenings.

On October 23 the Narkunda sailed from the shores of England; on December 3 (next Thursday) she is due at Sydney. Anything remarkable about that? Yes! in the eyes of Palmerston North it is the most important trip that a boat ever made. The Narkunda carries a precious burden—none other than Father Mac. Of course the parish is in a state of excitement. How could it be otherwise! Miss Nesdale is returning too.

DEATH OF SISTER MARY PASCHAL.

It happened so suddenly and so silently—just a few hours' illness and all was over. About 18 months ago Sister Mary Paschal (formerly Miss Hayes, of Hukitika) had a very severe illness at the Upper Hutt Convent. Recovering (partially) she was brought up here to recuperate, and though always a semi-invalid, Sister Paschal was "about her Father's business" right to the end. She was teaching at the school until the eve of her death. On May 17 Sister Paschal took part in that memorable Eucharistic procession. It was her feast day—the feast of St. Paschal Baylon. And she who bore the name of that great saint of the Eucharist enjoyed the day's celebrations in a very special manner. She was present also at the opening of the new convent and at the ten Masses in the chapel on All Souls' Day. Sister Paschal assisted at Mass with the community on the First Friday of November and spent the day in the school-room as usual. On Saturday afternoon at two, she became seriously ill, and death gave the warning: "I am coming." Father Doolaghty (who is devoted to a degree to the sick and dying) was quickly at her bedside. After receiving the Last Sacraments, Sister lost consciousness, and shortly before ten o'clock on the night of Saturday, November 7, the Angel of Death sped earthwards to the local Convent of Mercy. His words were as the music of Heaven to the sufferer: "Sister Mary Paschal, your day of life is over: the Bridegroom is waiting to welcome you—come!" And home she went—home to the outstretched arms of her Divine Spouse, Whom she loved so much and served so well. At ten on Monday (the octave of All Souls' Day) Rev. Father Doolaghty celebrated Solemn Requiem Mass in the presence of a large congregation. The music of the Mass was rendered by Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy and the Marist students from Highden. Also present were Very Rev. Dr. Chapman (Highden) and Rev. Fathers Cahill (Feilding) and Lynch (Palmerston). The funeral (private) left the church at 11 o'clock; and a special word of praise is due to Mr. W. Devine for the very capable way in which he carried out the funeral arrangements. Although Sister Paschal had labored in several convents of the Order in New Zealand, the greater portion of her life was spent amongst the chil-

dren at St. Joseph's Orphanage, Upper Hutt; and it was fitting that the little children of this parish should accompany the mortal remains of the "children's Sister" on the journey to the grave. Father Doolaghty conducted the graveside ceremony, and the children stood around the plot that has been set aside for the burial of religious and priests. Gently, very gently, the coffin was lowered, and the first Sister to die in Palmerston North was laid to rest. May peace, perfect eternal peace, be hers!

BAZAAR AT UPPER HUTT

(From a correspondent.)

On November 18, Mr. W. H. Field, M.P., opened a bazaar in aid of St. Joseph's Orphanage and the parish debt extinction fund. It concluded on Saturday with results that exceeded expectations. The greatest enthusiasm was displayed throughout, and the organisation was perfect. Mr. Cecil McCrossan proved himself a most capable hon. secretary.

The following were the stallholders:—Plain stall: Mrs. J. Martin, Misses T. and N. Golder. Fancy stall: Mrs. F. Martin, Misses R. and C. Craig. Produce stall (Trentham committee): Mesdames O'Sullivan, Plummer, and Strickland. Sweets and cake stall: Mesdames Maher and Osborne, and Misses Burns and Conrick. Novelty stall: Mrs. E. Quinn. Tea rooms: Mesdames Larmer, Stanley, P. Quinn, Troy, and Shanley. Brantub: Miss Alice Maher.

A striking feature of the articles displayed was the wonderful assortment of art needlework forwarded by the Sisters of the Missions from their convents throughout the Dominion.

The pupils of Miss Baudinet, of Wellington, contributed some very pleasing dance items, and Mrs. M. Nottingham gave excellent vocal numbers. Mrs. Whiteman was the accomplished accompanist.

The art union for the gold nuggets, etc., will be drawn on the evening of December 8.

Mr. Stan Brice's team won the tug-o-war contest.

Diocese of Christchurch

(From our own correspondent.)

November 27.

Rev. Mother Gertrude, of St. Joseph's Orphanage, Middleton, has replaced Mother Menna in charge of Nazareth House, Sister Michael Benedict taking control of the orphanage.

Rev. Father Joyce has been relieving Rev. Dr. Kennedy at Hokitika. A visit to this city by the genial Doctor is always very acceptable.

At St. Mary's, Manchester Street, Rev. Father McGrath, S.M., has been conducting a Retreat for the members of the Sacred Heart Confraternity. Last week was set aside for the women's branch, and the exercises were well and fervently attended. The men's division this week is vying with the women's work in earnestness, and the splendid attendances are proving a source of gratification to the local clergy as well as to the good missionary, who is entertaining besides

being solidly instructive in his addresses.

Rev. Father McLaughlin, C.S.S.R., is conducting missions in the Riccarton district—last week at Hornby and this week in the Riccarton portion of the parish. His Lordship the Bishop will administer the Sacrament of Confirmation in both places on December 6 as a conclusion to the mission.

Rev. Father Timoney extends his hearty thanks to all who helped to make his garden fete the complete success it was. It was opened by his Lordship Dr. Brodie on Saturday last and concluded on Monday evening. The Woolston Band, under the popular conductor, Mr. Estall, gave its services gratuitously—its programmes leave no room for comment, and Father Timoney and his committee appreciate warmly the band's generosity. Very pleasing it was to notice the liberal support accorded the function by the people of the Woolston district—non-Catholic as well as Catholic—all of whom will be pleased to learn that the debt up to present existing will be entirely liquidated, and an amount will likely be in hand for improvements to the parochial property.

"Villa Maria" was busy on Saturday last, and Father T. Hanrahan's workers at the fete express themselves as well satisfied with the business transacted. His Lordship the Bishop paid a visit to the fair in the afternoon.

The Christchurch Celtic Club held a very enjoyable social in the Hibernian Hall last Tuesday evening. Many amusing games and competitions were indulged in, and items were contributed by Misses T. Darragh, K. Scullion, A. Cecil, M. Forde, Messrs. R. Trewhern, J. Williamson, and O'Loughlan. The club intend re-opening in April.

Arrangements are well in hand for the annual picnic of the Christchurch Cathedral branch of the Children of Mary Sodality, to be held at Diamond Harbor on Boxing Day.

Tip 1

(From our own Correspondent.)

November 25.

The Rev. Father Heffernan, S.M., lately conducted a Retreat for women at the Church of the Sacred Heart. The various exercises were well attended, and a very large number approached the Holy Table every morning. The successful Retreat concluded on Sunday evening, when the papal blessing was given by the missionary.

The solemn devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration was commenced on Sunday, after High Mass. Rev. Father Heffernan preached on Sunday and Monday evenings to large congregations. Processions in honor of the Blessed Sacrament took place on Sunday and Tuesday, when a few of the sodalities in regalia, and also the school children were, as usual, strongly represented. The altar and sanctuary were decorated in a most artistic manner, reflecting great credit on the devoted sacristans. The choir was congratulated upon the fine music rendered during the ceremonies.

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Selected Poetry

IN A CATHEDRAL.

"I worshipped in a foreign land,
And though I might not understand
The ceremonies of the priest,
Nor follow in the very least
The pleadings of his chanted prayer,
Yet other wordless voices there
Spoke to me from the distant years,
Years rich with labor, love and tears.
Carved pillars that for centuries
Had listened to men's prayers and cries,
A shrine where the Madonna stood,
As pitying all womanhood;
The living sunlight on the gloom
Of some Crusader's grey stone tomb,
Upon the dark Cathedral wall
Above the War Memorial
Two faded, tattered banners hung—
Though alien I was among
Things that still make our common life,
Love, faith, joy, suffering, and strife."
—E. D. E., in the *Glasgow Herald*.

SPRING FIRES.

The running rings of fire on the Canterbury hills,
Running, ringing, dying at the border of the snow!
Mad, young, seeking, as a young thing wills,
The ever, ever-living, ever-buried Long Ago!

The soft running fire on the Canterbury hills,
Swinging low the censer of a tender heath-ness
To the dim Earth goddesses that quicken all the thrills,
When the heart's wine of August is dripping from the press!

The quiet bloom of haze on the Canterbury hills!
The fire, it is the moth that is winging to the snow,
Oh, pure red meth, but the sweet white kills:
And we thrill again to watch you, but we know, but we know!

The long yellow spurs on the Canterbury hills
To a moon of maiden promise waken once in all the year,
When the fires come again and the little tuft-trills,
And who will name or think on a January scare?

The lone, large flower of the Canterbury hills
On the slender ti-tree will hang her hen-eyed head
When the moon of fire has called her to the spurs and the rills,
Dim and strong and typical of tintless river-bed.

The scent of burning tussock on the Canterbury hills,
The richness and the mystery that waken like a lyre

With the dearness of a dreaming that never yet fulfils!—
And we know it, and we know it, but we love the moon of fire.

—JESSIE MACKAY.

THE CARILLON.

We sat
On the cool, pale brow
Of a jagged rock.

A full red moon,
Across whose face
The night had gently
Laid her fingers,
Climbed the branches
Of a feathery pine
Till she rested
On the rippling branch.

Fireflies stopped
Their ceaseless dance
To hang suspended
Like tiny lanterns
Spangling the silken scarf
Of night.

Bells—low and resonant
Like the deep spell of
Wise men's thoughts,
Sounds—lovely as the laughter
Of a waking child,
Sounds—lovely as the laughter
Of a waking child.

Chimes—the sequined studded head
Of a holy sister against the sunlight.

Music—the rush of sun-drenched waves
That kiss the cool of evening sand.

Chopin on the rainbow colored hue
Of a slender shell.

Love caressing the notes
Of a silver-toned flute.

My soul
A vibrant keyboard
Resounding to the touch
Of God.

—E. CHAMBERLAIN, in the *Boston Transcript*.

RECLAIMED.

Blue water, black water,
Swift water, backwater,
All open water's calling to me—
I was through, with a tidy sum
For baccy, grub an' my tot o' rum;
But my kit is packed, an' here I come,
Back to the restless sea!

Coast packet, trade packet,
Trim or decayed packet,
Any windjammer's ship enough for me!
Every voyage I've called my last
Now for years, as I've shoreward passed;

But the salt wind calls like a trumpet blast
Back to the restless sea!

Hard skipper, fair skipper,
Rough skipper, square skipper,
Any deep-sea skipper's right enough for me,
If he's smart an' will crack on 'sail
Till it's "first or founder"—or 'pump an'
bail—
He's my man till I've over-rail,
Back to the restless sea!

High pillow, low pillow,
Pine pillow, no pillow,
Any old berth is good enough for me;
But a lubber's end I can not bide,
And I'm outward bound with the ebbing
tide
Till my hammock's sewed for the last swift
ride,
Back to the restless sea!
—HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON, in the *New York Times*.

THE THRESHOLD.

Bright is the morning;
Breezes, O breezes!
And passionate sunlight
Embracing the garden,
Forlorn dewy garden
Of roses and lettuce,
Plum tree and pear.

And here in the doorway
A pool of light twinkles
Lucent and diligent,
Veined with shadows—
The warp of slim branches
Of pear and of plum—
That sway like harmonies
Dumb, though the spirit
Hears them and sings them;
That sway like waters
Roving in sylvan
Solitude—solitude
Full of desire.

How sweet the vagrant
Fancy, rare Fancy,
Flows on this golden air!
Flows on unpassing,
Urgent, but never gone,
Circling, returning,
Vortex that marries
Ambrosial spirit
To diffident clay,
And yields with passion
To youth its vision,
The arrow of fury,
Promethean fire.

To youth—the vision:
To Age—the proof.
When from her palaces
Evening comes;
A calm and quiet-eyed
Where is thy treasure?
Song no more sways thee
Whose vision is ended,
Lulled is the fancy,
The bright soul sleeps.
The bright soul sleeps.
—A. E. COPPARD, in the *London Spectator*.

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Freemasonry, p. 33. Notes—True Loyalty; Men and Women; "The Awful Woman"; Catholic Poets' Centenary; Tom Moore, p. 34. Topics, pp. 22-23. Complete Story, p. 9. D. P. MacCarthy, a Great Poet, p. 14. Archbishop Cerretti, p. 15. The Secularisation of Amusement, p. 17. The Church in N.Z., p. 19. The Fate of Sacrilege, p. 25. Acknowledgment of Peter's Pence, p. 27. Palmerston's New Church, p. 29. 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 confortati, Religionis et Justitiae causam promoveri per vias Veritatis et Pacis.

LEO XIII, P.M.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

TRANSLATION.—Fortified by the Apostolic Blessing, let the Directors and Writers of the *New Zealand Tablet* continue to promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.

April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII, Pope.

The New Zealand Tablet

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1925.

FREEMASONRY

DURING the past week we were treated by a daily paper to a mild and by no means accurate apologia for Freemasonry, and, as the topic is always cropping up in one shape or another, a few remarks concerning the Catholic objections to this secret society may be apposite. The propaganda is perhaps more insidious to-day than ever. If it has not yet reached our own country, we know of two English-speaking nations in which in recent years attempts are being made to induce Catholics to join the Lodges. As we shall explain presently, there is no question about the Catholic attitude. The Church has forbidden her children to become Freemasons, and there is no exception. A Catholic who has given his name to a Lodge cannot go to the Sacraments. He is simply outside the pale.

If persons in high places set the fashion for non-Catholics, it is well to remember that King George is not a Mason, and that King Edward cut off his Masonic associations when he came to the Throne. Non-Catholics who ought to know what they are talking about agree with us in holding that no member of any secret society ought to be allowed to hold a public position. Professor Robison, who had attended many meetings of the Lodges in Belgium, Germany, and France, came to the conclusion that "not only are secret societies dangerous, but all societies whose object is mysterious. The whole history of man is proof of this position. In no age or country has there ever appeared a mysterious association which did not become a public nuisance." France supplies a proof of his words. We all know how the

scandal of the *fichés* (index slips) was exposed there twenty years ago, and the world learned that the whole French army was involved in a network of espionage organised by the Freemasons. Officers who were true to their religion or who sent their children to Catholic schools, were indexed and duly victimised by this "harmless" society. In the editorial to which we have referred, our local editor had, of course, a word to say about Mussolini, who in addition to saving Italy from Bolshevism saved it from Freemasons. But long before Mussolini's time events had come to light to show that the Lodges were undermining the army and using it to supply jobs for their friends. Mussolini was hardly heard of in 1913, when General Spingardi, the Minister for War, declared war on the Freemasons because of their baneful influence on both army and navy. At that time the Minister's action was applauded by the Italian press, and it was openly pointed out that there must be a conflict between Masonic principles and military discipline. The present Government has only done effectively what was then begun; and its beginning and completion were undertaken for the safety of the country. In other countries of Europe a similar state of things has existed, and there is no need to produce proofs that Portugal was brought to its present plight by the same underground forces. If we are told that British and American Freemasons are quite different from the Continental brand, we ought to remember that English-speaking Masons who ought to know tell us another story. But, in any case, the objections of the Church apply to features of the society which are certainly found everywhere. She objects to Freemasonry as a sect inculcating theism and indifferentism, from which logically follows rejection of the divine claims of Christianity; she condemns the secrecy of the aims and methods, whereby the lower members are obliged to support what is hidden from them, and possibly may be evil; she cannot sanction the confirmation of this position by an oath; and she recognises the solidarity between English-speaking Masons and the nefarious Continental Lodges. For these reasons, any one of which would suffice, the Church forbids Catholics to become Masons under pain of excommunication. The prohibition is absolute, and it is founded on clear principles. If we are asked, as we have been, if a Catholic may be a Freemason, there is but one answer: a categorical NO!

According to an Indian newspaper, the Anglican Bishop of Calcutta, preaching at the Annual Masonic Service, denied that Freemasonry is a religion. A standard work of Freemasonry by Churchward, however, asserts emphatically that it is "the old time religion of the world, without dogmas or sects. Masonry upholds belief in God as the architect of the universe, and asserts that this limited belief is sufficient, in this manner opposing all religious sects and creeds." By way of comment on the question we quote Father Hull, in the *Bombay Examiner*:—

"But in allowing that Freemasonry is not

sectarian, at least we must maintain that it is anti-Christian. For according to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, Christ is the one Saviour of the world, and belief in His redemptive office is the one sole basis of salvation. To deny this doctrine of Christianity is to repudiate Christianity itself, and to offer to mankind a religion which claims to satisfy all man's requirements without Christianity.

"The tolerance with which Freemasonry admits Christians to membership, without requiring them to repudiate their faith, cloaks over the disguises, but does not efface its constitutionally anti-Christian character.

"When a Christian joins the Freemasons he does not necessarily give up his own belief in Christianity. But by enrolling himself in a society which holds the anti-Christian principle that Christianity is not necessary, he is distinctly disloyal to Christianity.

"To take an analogy. No Englishman who believed in the authority of the king would join a Socialistic society which denied the authority of the king. For such a society is by its very nature an enemy to the king, and it is a breach of loyalty to give countenance or patronage to it. In the same way no Christian, believing as he does in the divine character of Christianity, and in the necessity of being a Christian, can without disloyalty join or patronise a society that professes to offer a religion which is complete without Christianity, and repudiates the divine character of Christianity, and denies the necessity of being a Christian. But such disloyalty is a sin against religion; and for this reason the Church condemns it.

"This matter is well illustrated as follows:

"A correspondent, 'Once a Mason,' in a letter to the *Church Times*, tells the following story:—"Many years ago when I belonged to a Lodge," says the writer, "I was at a Masonic banquet when the chaplain ended the grace with the words 'through Jesus Christ Our Lord.' For this inadvertence (!) he was sternly taken to task by the Worshipful Master. That was the time when we were fighting the battle against undenominational religion, and I perceived, as I still maintain, that a Catholic could not consistently associate himself with a system which professes a religion that forbids mention of the Name that is above every name. So I at once resigned my membership of the Craft, and the chaplain also resigned. The brethren solemnly rebuked me for plainly stating to the W.M. the reason of my withdrawal.' Such an incident as this is a further testimony to the wisdom of the Church's prohibition against Catholics joining Freemasonry."

I must strive with all my heart to overcome—but if I don't succeed, not petulance, not anger, not bitterness, but contrition, humility, and courage.—Father Dignam, S.J.

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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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 subservieney, 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.

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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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whose outing was spoiled by the weather and for those who were unable to be present, the outdoor concert will be given by the boys on Saturday, 19th (weather permitting), when friends who come out will receive a hearty welcome.

On Friday afternoon the children of St. Vincent's Orphanage entertained the ladies of the Orphans' Sewing Guilds, whose valuable help throughout the year is highly appreciated by the Sisters who work at the orphanage. His Lordship the Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, presided and there were present active and honorary members of the South Dunedin, Mosgiel, Kaikorai, and North-east Valley Guilds. After little Monica Toobey in a brief speech had voiced the gratitude of children, a variety entertainment was given; it consisted of choruses, action songs, dialogues, and an Irish jig. Afternoon tea was handed round, and his Lordship the Bishop, on behalf of the Sisters of Mercy, thanked the good ladies who have spent an afternoon each week sewing for the orphans.

While their Excellencies the Governor-General (Sir Charles Fergusson) and the Lady Alice Fergusson were in Mosgiel on Saturday, November 28, they visited Holy Cross College. They were accompanied by Captain Wentworth, aide-de-camp to his Excellency, and several prominent citizens. An extended report of the visit will be given in our next issue.

Oamaru

(From our own Correspondent.)

November 27.

Father F. Finlay, son of Mr. D. Finlay, Windsor, who a couple of years ago went to France to complete his studies for the priesthood, returned to New Zealand by the *Tonic* on November 18. Father Finlay celebrated Mass at the Basilica the Sunday following his arrival in the Dominion. The friends of the young priest and his family were pleased to see North Otago's accession to the priesthood back among his people.

The Catholic Men's Club had two very interesting gatherings of late. At one a paper on "The Future of New Zealand" opened up an interesting discussion. At a subsequent meeting Mr. F. Cooney spoke on "The Press," and Mr. A. G. Ny dealt with "The Value of Geography." Father Fenelon gave his impressions gained during a visit to the Exhibition. The club has decided to continue its fortnightly meetings throughout the summer. The billiard tournament resulted in Father Fenelon being the winner and Mr. F. Carrington runner-up.

The devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration held at the Basilica created much interest. The attendances at the Masses were large; the altar decorations reflected the care and labor bestowed by the members of the Altar Society, and the procession of the Blessed Sacrament was most impressive.

After a residence of nearly 20 years in the district, two of our parishioners (Mr. and Mrs. H. McAuley, of Ardgowan) left for Temuka recently. They were given a hearty send-off by the residents of the settlement, a wallet of notes being the tangible expression of the goodwill of the neighbors towards Mr. and Mrs. McAuley.

Gore

(From our own Correspondent.)

November 24.

There was a very pleasant gathering in the Federal Cabaret on the evening of the 17th inst., when many friends of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Gray assembled for the purpose of bidding farewell to them upon their departure for Waihoia Downs. Rev. Father Lennon in a very able manner asked the guests, on behalf of the refreshments stall staff of the late bazaar and friends, to accept a token of their esteem and gratitude in the form of a silver teapot. In the course of his remarks Father Lennon dwelt upon the valuable assistance lent by the guests of the evening during the bazaar. Several others present also spoke and Mr. Gray replied in a very pleasing manner. Supper was then partaken of and quite a homely evening was brought to a close with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Despite rather a disappointing attendance quite a pleasant evening was spent by the members of the Catholic Club at their meeting on Monday evening last. Rev. Father Lennon presided. The programme consisted of an item by each member, and afterwards the chairman held the interest of all present by reading aloud some extracts from the works of Mark Twain. Much appreciated items were contributed by the following:—Father Lennon and Mr. A. H. Smith (recitations); Messrs. M. Cronin, P. O'Neill, D. O'Neill, J. Fleming, and J. Mallon (songs); Messrs. P. Columb, J. Casey, D. Cronin, and J. McGrath (stories).

ORDINATION AT CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

Sunday last was a red letter day in the history of the Cathedral parish owing to the ordination of two natives of the diocese, one belonging from youth to the Cathedral parish and the other to the country parish of Methven-Rakaia. These were Rev. Arthur Gregory, whose parents reside in Waltham, where he was born, the whole of his primary education being received at the Marist Brothers' School in this city. He entered Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, ten years ago, and his ordination marks the completion of a successful course which was interrupted by one year's service in the Ambulance Corps during the war. Hearty congratulations have been received by his excellent parents, who are held in high esteem by the Cathedral parishioners. Rev. James Maguire was born in the Ashburton County, of excellent Catholic parents, his father having the happiness of being present at his ordination, his mother having been taken from him by death in his early years. The Cathedral was filled to capacity, the congregation following with the deepest interest the grand ceremonial as it was unfolded before them. His Lordship the Bishop was assisted by the Very Rev. Father Morkane, M.A., rector of the Mosgiel Seminary, and Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy as archdeacon and master of ceremonies respectively. Rev. Father Timoney was assistant master of ceremonies, and there were present in the sanctuary Very Rev. Dean

O'Donnell (Ashburton), Very Rev. Father Price (Methven-Rakaia), Very Rev. J. O'Connell, S.M. (St. Mary's), Rev. Fathers J. Hanrahan, F. Seward, D. Buckley, S. Bonetto, Hally, McGettigan, Cullen, S.M., and O'Meehan.

The altar boys, under the direction of Rev. Brother Phelan and Mr. Frank Geoghagan carried out their duties with their customary efficiency; the choir rendered incidental music, including the "Veni Creator," under the direction of Miss M. O'Connor.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the newly ordained gave their first blessings to the whole congregation, who approached in turn to the Communion rails. The two young priests received the hearty congratulations with best wishes for fruitful ministries from their brethren of the clergy and friends. His Lordship the Bishop entertained to luncheon the newly ordained and the city and visiting clergy. He expressed in the name of all the happiness which was felt at the ordination of two natives of the diocese, and conveyed good wishes for many and happy years.

In the evening a large congregation assembled for the devotions. The Very Rev. Father Morkane was the occasional preacher, his subject being the "Royal Priesthood of Jesus Christ." Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Father Gregory, Fathers Maguire and Hally being deacon and subdeacon.

On Monday morning Father Maguire, assisted by Very Rev. Dean O'Donnell, in the presence of several of the clergy and a large number of relatives and friends, celebrated his first Mass at the convent chapel of "Villa Maria," Riccarton. The party was entertained to breakfast by Rev. Mother and community. Father Gregory, assisted by Father Hally, celebrated in the presence of a large number of friends and Cathedral parishioners, his first Mass in the chapel at Nazareth House, and the Sisters entertained them with their customary hospitality.

The Cathedral parishioners wish the newly ordained *ad multos annos*.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' GOLDEN JUBILEE

Next year (1926) will mark the golden jubilee of the arrival of the Christian Brothers in Dunedin. The Brothers and their past and present pupils intend to mark this important event in the Catholic educational life of the Dominion in a befitting manner. The main celebrations are timed to take place about or during the Easter holidays, so that the old boys from far and wide may gather in Dunedin for the jubilee and incidentally visit the Great Exhibition. The Brothers, or any of the old boys resident in Dunedin, will be delighted to receive the names of those who will visit this city about the date mentioned, and trust that not one from among the many hundreds who have passed through the now historic school will fail to identify himself with the celebrations.

A meeting of past pupils of the school and those interested in the jubilee celebrations, will be held on next Sunday evening at 8 o'clock in St. Joseph's Hall. A very large attendance is hoped for, as an indication may then be gained as to the nature and scope of the celebrations.

No Rubbing Laundry Help

FOR WASHING CLOTHES

"Tablet" Subscriptions.

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

PERIOD FROM OCT. 22 TO 31, 1925

OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.

Mrs. K., Charlotte St., Balclutha, 30/5/26
Mrs. M. E. G., Queenstown, 30/8/26; Mrs. L., Franklin St., Dalmore, 15/3/26; E. M., Kauru Hill, 30/1/26; Mrs. P. R., Trent St., Oamaru, 8/11/25; Miss K. H., 45a Broughton St., Dun., 30/10/26; A. J. H., Princess Hotel, Dee St., Inverc., 30/10/26; J. G., 40 Caledonian Rd., Oamaru, 23/3/26; M. B., Winton, 23/1/26; Miss K., Provincial Hotel, Port Chalmers, 30/10/25; Mrs. H. Elm Row, Dun., 30/3/26; Sub-Inspector O'H., Bright St., Dun., 30/9/26; J. McG., Wausbeck St., Oamaru, 30/12/26; C. W. Farmer, Tiger Hill, Otago, 23/8/26; A. A. Alexandra, 30/9/26; Sister M. M., Convent, Milton, 30/9/26; P. McE., Arrowtown, 30/7/25; M. T., 5 Atkinson St., Sth. Dun., 30/3/26.

CANTERBURY AND WEST COAST.

J. McG., Spring Creek Farm, Oxford, 8/9/26; J. K. Southbridge, 30/9/26; Mrs. P. W., Effeaton, 30/9/26; W. P. N., Highgate, Scott St., Blenheim, 30/3/26; J. C., Richmond, Nelson, 30/9/26; J. T. S., 467 Ferry Rd., Woolston, 15/10/26; P. J. McC., Box 4, Greymouth, 30/9/26; W. K., Waltham Rd., Chel., 30/3/25; W. M., Grafton St., Chel., 15/11/25; Mrs. McC., Harper St., Sydenham, 23/1/25; C. K., Newbray St., Sydenham, 30/8/26; W. T., St. Asaph St., Chel., 30/8/25; F. S., Park House, Riccarton, 30/9/26; T. O., Govt. Bldg., Chel., 30/9/25; Supt. D., 555 Manchester St., St. Albans, 30/9/26; Rev. Fr. J., Bishop's House, Chel., 30/9/26; J. H., Jerrold St., Chel., 30/9/26; Mrs. J. McG., 36 Denn St., St. Albans, 28/8/25; M. B., Antigua St., St. Albans, 30/3/26; E. S. St. Asaph St., Chel., —; J. A., Whitelich Av., Addington, 8/8/26; T. A., Eastern Hill, Chel., 23/9/26; J. O., Bealey St., St. Albans, 23/9/25; Mrs. J. D. M., Richardson Ter., Woolston, —; T. J. K., Police Str., St. Albans, 8/9/25; M. W., c/o M. Mangan, Chel., 23/10/26; W. B., Cecil St., Waltham, 23/8/26; C. B., 27

Cain Street, Timaru, 30/9/26; J. D. S., Terminus Hl., Dun., 15/10/26; J. R. 3 Manning Place, Woolston, —; H. C. Disraeli St., Addington, 23/10/25; D. McE., L., Makikiki, 30/10/25; M. M., Runanga, L., Makikiki, 20/10/15; M. M., Runanga, 30/9/26; T. O'C., 21 Oxford St., Timaru, 8/10/26; Mrs. M. C. Broadfield 23/1/26; E. W., Rose St., Timaru, 30/9/26; C. N., Polororo P.O., Motueka, 15/1/26; Mrs. Z. N., O' L., Beaver Rd., Blenheim, 20/8/26; J. O'C., Pareora East, 30/9/26; T. H. B., Washdyke, 30/9/26; D. D. Ngahere, 30/3/25; Mrs. A. S., 120 North St., Timaru, —; J. C., Broadfield P. O., 30/9/26; J. F., Hokitika, 15/1/26.

WELLINGTON AND TARANAKI

P. B., 52 Hogg Cres., Masterton, 30/9/26; J. H. P., Dunsley Bideford, 23/12/25; Sisters of St. Joseph, Ohakune, 30/5/27; R. H. D., Oxford Factory, Okato, 15/8/26; Miss G. P., Tariki, 8/10/26; Mrs. H., 20 Murphy St., Wgton., 30/6/25; Mrs. E. F., 131 Abelsmith St., Wgton., —; Mrs. M. R., Meiro Hotel, Wgton., —; Miss N. S., 54 Cambridge Ter., Wgton., —; J. W. R., 13 Dee St., Island Bay, 30/6/25; Mr. D., 16 Goring St., Wgton., 30/6/25; J. B., Chabaudley Lodge, Thorndon, 20/6/25; G. C. P., Regent St., Petone, 30/6/25; Mrs. O'B., Thistle Inn Hotel, Wgton., 30/10/26; Mrs. T. B., 18 Featherston Ter., Wgton., 30/1/26; P. J. R., 5 Bonicotti Ter., Wgton., 30/12/25; Mrs. M. G., 2 Bay St., Petone, 30/12/25; D. B., Washington Av., Brooklyn, 30/6/26; A. T., 29 Garfield St., Brooklyn, 30/6/25; L. K., Waipi, Hawera, 30/9/26; P. W., Gona Rd., Opunake 8/9/26; P. McE., 44 Hargreaves Street, Wgton., 30/3/26; J. E., 89 Union Street, Hawera, 30/9/27; Mrs. C., 8 Princes Street, Hawera, 30/3/26; D. H., Rawhitirea, 23/10/27; Mrs. M. M., Cordelia St., Stratford, 15/10/26; T. L., c/o Evening Post, Stratford, 15/10/26; M. M., 100 Evans Bay Rd., Esplanade, 30/3/26; F. L. B., Grand Hotel, Levin, 30/6/25; G. McC., Fai Iwi, Wanganui, 30/9/26; M. F., Cape Egmont, Pungarehu, 23/8/26; Mrs. D. T., Te Rata, Kimbolton Rd., Feilding, 8/11/25; W. B., 79 Main Rd., Lr. Hunt, —; L. D., Woburn St., Lr. Ratt, 30/6/25; J. C., Walton Av., Masterton, 30/6/25; Mrs. W. J. R., 11

Bay St., Petone, 30/4/26; Mrs. W. E. H., 32 Aurora St., Petone, 30/4/26; Mrs. M. R., 9 Queen St., Petone, 30/4/26; Dr. McE., Willis St., Wgton., 30/10/26; Mr. D., Saddler, Carterton, 30/6/26; P. Q., P.O. Feilding, 30/9/26; F. A. S., Wharehau, 8/4/26; C. C., Fenton St., Stratford, 23/4/27; H. K., Gen. Imp., Wanganui, 30/3/26; Messrs. P. and McE., Victoria Av., Wanganui, 30/9/26.

AUCKLAND, HAWKE'S BAY, AND FOREIGN.

M. O'N., 21 St. Andrew St., Grey Lynn, 23/11/25; Mrs. E., Valesco Hospital, Hastings, 30/6/25; The Brothers, Mt. St. Mary's, Greenmeadows, 30/9/26; J. C., Mission St., Greenmeadows, 30/9/26; J. O'C., Lative Partmagie, County Kerry, Ireland, 15/9/26; J. E., Haupapa Street, Rotorua, —; J. S., 33 Birdwood Cres., Parnell, 30/6/25; J. O'S., Alexander Hotel, Parnell, 8/10/25; P. D., Main Rd., Te Puke, 30/6/25; J. P. B., Woburn St., Waipukurau, —; J. P., Ngarnawahia, 30/9/26; Miss A. M., Spring St., Orehunga, 30/3/26; Rev. E. O'C., Takapuna, 30/6/26; Mr. R., Glangary, 15/12/25; J. E., 4 College Hill, Ponsonby, 23/10/26; Mrs. R., 135 Crummer Rd., Grey Lynn, 8/4/26; J. McD., C., Box 453, Auckland, 30/6/25; Mrs. H., Moerua, 23/9/26; M. McE., 216 Grey St., Hamilton, 30/9/26; W. C., 115 King St., Hastings, 30/12/25; J. F., Te Kawa, 15/7/26; T. B. L., Ormondville, 8/10/26; J. L., Raumai, 30/9/26.

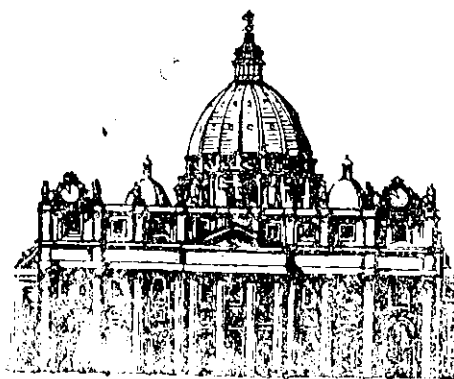
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The year 1925 will loom big in the annals of the Church. Notable history has been made before our eyes. The great aims of *Holy Year* and *Missionary Year* have been nobly accomplished. It has been a gigantic success.

But what has it meant to you? *Missionary Year* is a trumpet call. Has it reached your heart and aroused it for the splendid cause—the Foreign Missions? Or is your work for souls to be merely what it has been hitherto—a sleep and a forgetting?

If the salvation of the pagan world still makes no appeal to you, *Missionary Year* has been a failure so far as you are concerned. It was inaugurated by the Holy Father as the best way of making the missionary work better known to and better loved by good Catholics.

There is still time to wake your slumbering zeal. You have a work to do for the spread of your Faith. Start now. Give of your spiritual wealth to the famished pagan souls; pray for them. Give of your worldly goods, too. Don't let the Missions suffer on that account. No sum is too small and none too large for this "most Divine of all Divine works."

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Dear Little People,

Don't you think it fine that we are so near Christmas, are you all very busy getting ready for the glad time? Wouldn't it be wonderful if "Anne" and her Little People all lived near enough each other to have a day out together just when they wanted to? What fun we would have now when the shops are so full of good things and Father Christmas is just round the corner waiting for Christmas Eve to come. We must make the best of it, all the same, and pretend we're all together and have a merry time that way. You'll be pleased to hear that we've got a big batch of new Little People writing this week—all from the Feilding School. I would like you to get your atlases and see if you can find Feilding—it's not very far away from Palmerston North, in the North Island. You'll be surprised when you see how many have written, and, I'm sure we hope they'll all send their sixpences along for Badges so that we can find Letter Friends for them and call them Members of the L.P.L.C. Also we have letters from dear old Members, and one or two enquiries for Badges which were not posted as quickly as they might have been.

About the Badges. I think everyone has his or hers by now, the Badges and the letters enquiring about them, crossed each other on the way. I know that time always seems much longer to those who are waiting than to those who keep them waiting, and, really, taking you all round, you are the dearest and most patient Little People that ever an "Anne" could have.

As we have such a big mail bag and must get everything cleared up before the end of the year, we'll get on with our letter and see what room we've got left after that.

While you have your atlases out to find Feilding, suppose we see what other place we've had letters from as well. The first is,

WESTPORT, and a nice letter from Mattie Niven, who says they have a nice play house in the trees and a horse. Mattie wants a name for the horse and for a cat also, and she wants a Letter Mate. (Mattie dear, you've got two Birthday Mates—Monica Kilgally, 39 Martin Square, Wellington, and Eileen Sheehan, "Happy Valley," P.O., Te Tua, Southland. Didn't you get their names before, I'm sorry. See you become good friends and write to each other before Christmas. Call your horse "Kim" and the dog "Tinker."—Anne.)

BALFOUR, where Pat Mulqueen lives, and Pat has sent for a badge so he can make a Letter Friend. Also Pat says they had a fall of snow at Balfour, and they are not going in to the Exhibition. (Welcome Pat, you'll have a Letter Mate before you know where you are. Will you and James Fahey, East Belt, Rangiora, be friends? Jim is about same age as you, and his birthday is on the 27th December. As you were not on our Birthday Happy Returns list, we wish you good wishes now. You have a beautiful date, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.—Anne.)

OWENGA, Chatham Islands, letters from Edward John Prendeville and from Pat too. They got six chickens out of a nest of twelve eggs: they saw hundreds of porpoises playing out on "Old Man Reef"; they have caught some eels; been weeding the garden and hilling up potatoes. When the chicks were three days old the mother hen came home with only three. So Pat went along to see what had happened the others. He found the chicks in the gorse, and in the nest was a big dead rat! The mother hen must have killed him. (So glad to hear from you Edward John and Pat. We think that was a clever thing for the hen to do, and we wish we could see the porpoises having their fun in the ocean. What a good thing Dad has come home again, will he stay till after Christmas? Think it was fine of him to bring toys from Wellington, but it was hard luck his hat blowing off into the sea. Love to all.—Anne.)

NOKOMAI, a note from Margaret Cameron, who also had some snow at Nokomai, and asks for an address. (Margaret dear, perhaps when your Letter Mate reads this she will be sorry she has not answered your letter. Maybe, she didn't get your letter at all because the only address I have for her is a very poor one for a full place like "Seatoun, Wellington." Anyway, try her again if you like, and if you have no luck I'll find someone else. Yes, dear, you may send the stamps just any way you find easiest.—Anne.)

DUNEDIN, and such a nice letter from Jack, Paul, and Brian Porter's dear Grown-up Mother, who has sent for a badge for little Brian. Brian is only 4½ years old, too young to write although he goes to Kindergarten, but he is a truly Member of the L.P.L.C. all the same. (Indeed we're ever so glad to have Brian with us, we have two or three tiny Little People already. Will

you tell us his birthday, dear Mrs. Porter, we hope he'll like the Badge.—Anne.)

Also there is another letter, but it has no name at all anywhere, so I cannot tell who sent it. The Little Person says she was glad to see her name on our page, and she has a little baby sister. (Little Person without a Name, we're glad you have a baby sister, and wish we all had one.—Anne.)

The following big batch of letters are from our new Friends in Feilding. I will give you all their names, and we'll sort up the news in one big letter.

FEILDING, Convent School.

Kevin O'Rourke, Walter Hurdle, Jack Marston, Reggie Fraser, Donald Fraser, Eddie Wallace, Tom Warn, Leo Warn, Tom King, Eugene Morgan, Reggie Malone, Jack Enright, Jim Enright, Marjorie Sporle, Bridie Kelly, Hazel Kenevan, Kathleen Kenevan, Verna Harrison, Isabel Burns, Mona Thompson, Kathleen Morphy, Irene Goldsack, Mary Hill, Mabel Enright, Kara Harrison, Jean Smith, Mavis Smith, Emily Moroney, Ruth Clover, Nancy Goldsack, O— Ferguson.

All these Little People want to join us and have Birthday Mates. They tell us all sorts of news—one has had a birthday party; some have sent such pretty pictures to "Anne," dear little holy ones; such a number of them have pet lambs, calves, and cats; another tells about the fine stone school that was built by a Benefactress; they have a new church which was opened in August last; there seem to be plenty of chickens in Feilding, all my Little People have them; several of them live two or three miles from school and have to help with the milking before they go to school in the morning; most of the boys chop kindling wood for the wood box; they have vegetable and flower gardens; one boy has a bicycle, some bantams, and three brothers; and they have a vegetable garden at school also to keep them out of mischief; some are very fond of drawing and got a medal for it; one little girl has a canary that is sitting on a nest of three eggs, also she has a bantam hen called Picky Wicky, because she is blind and picks wheat out of her little mistress's hand; one little boy has a calf for which he wants a name; another has 17 canaries; but he doesn't ask for names for them; one little girl has a lovely doll and a wicker pram for it; there are about 130 children going to the Convent School. (Welcome, all you Feilding Little People, we think you are a bright band of

CASUAL ADVERTISEMENTS

Deaths, Marriages, Wanted, etc., up to 20 words: 3/- minimum; up to 30 words: 4/-; up to 40 words: 5/-. Strictly Cash with order, and copy must reach the Office not later than noon of each Monday for the issue of that week.

DEATHS

FITZGERALD.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Gerald Fitzgerald, son of James and Nancy Fitzgerald, of Pahia, who died at Riverton on November 21, 1925.—Sweet Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

HACKETT.—Of your charity pray for the soul of Annie Hackett, beloved wife of Bernard Hackett, who died suddenly at Aratapa, on November 9.—Sweet Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

CROFSKEY.—On November 21, 1925, Jane, relict of the late John Crofskey; aged 48. R.I.P.

TYMONS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Thomas Walter Tymons, beloved husband of Mary Catherine Tymons, who died at his residence, Guilford Terrace, Wellington, on November 24, 1925, fortified by the rites of holy Church; aged eighty-four.—R.I.P.

WHELAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mrs. D. Whelan, daughter of James and Mary Fitzgerald, of Pahia, who died at Waimutuku on November 17, 1925.—Sweet Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

IN MEMORIAM

DALEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Jeremiah, beloved husband of Margaret Daley, who died at his residence, Washdyke, on December 6, 1924.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

O'BRIEN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James Joseph O'Brien, who died at Waimate on December 4, 1923.—Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him.

O'GRADY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Georgina (Totty) O'Grady, who died at Lewisham, Christchurch, on November 30, 1920.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

WANTED

WANTED.—Middle-aged HOUSEKEEPER for widower with small family; permanent position to competent person. Reply—"Farmer," *Tablet* Office.

St. Patrick's Dominican Convent
TESCHEMAKERS.

A SPIRITUAL RETREAT for Ladies, conducted by Very Rev. Prior Doyle, O.P., will commence on January 2, 1926.

Intending Retreatants are requested to apply early to the Mother Superior.

Holy Cross College, Mosgiel

A RETREAT FOR LAYMEN will begin on Friday Evening (8 p.m.), January 29, 1926, and end on Tuesday Morning, February 2. The Retreat will be conducted by the Very Rev. Father Hanigan, C.S.S.R., of Perth, West Australia.

The Retreat is not a spiritual luxury; it is not for the leisured or the professional classes only; it is for all: it is for you.

If you cannot get three days off, then arrange for two full days. Failing that, come from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning.

Applications to be made to the Rector of Holy Cross College.

Summer Retreats

The Summer Retreats at the three New Zealand Convents of the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Jesus will be held at the following dates:—

AUCKLAND (Victoria Avenue, Remuera)—Saturday, January 2, 1926, to Wednesday, January 6. Director: Rev. Leo Murphy, S.J.

WELLINGTON (Island Bay).—Friday, January 8, to Wednesday, January 13. Director: Rev. Henry Johnston, S.J.

TIMARU (Craigie Avenue).—Saturday, January 2, to Thursday, January 7. Director: Rev. Henry Johnston, S.J.

Intending retreatants should apply as soon as possible to the Reverend Mother Superior of the above-named Convents.

To Convents and Schools

We have a number of books in our library which would be very suitable for school prizes. These will be supplied at special rates on application to

THE MANAGER.

To Tennis Players

We beg to direct the special attention of all tennis enthusiasts to Messrs. Briscoe and Co's advertisement on page 57.

We ask our readers to patronise our advertisers, and when buying to mention that they have seen the advertisement in the *Tablet*.

The "Tablet" Library

LANDED PER LAST MAIL

The Anchoress's Window (by a Nun of Tyburn Convent)—4/6.

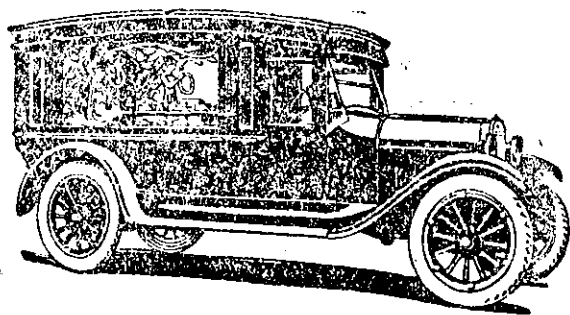
The Anchorhold (Enid Dinnis)—6/-

God's Fairy Tales (Enid Dinnis)—4/6.

Once Upon Eternity (Enid Dinnis)—4/6.

Mystic Voices (Roger Pater)—5/-.

Gertrude Mannering (Francis Noble)—6/-.



William H. Cole

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newcomers. Such nice letters you have written, I wish we could put the mail in the *Tablet*, but it would take up so much room now just at the end of the year when there is a good deal else going on. Anyhow and all the same we welcome you, and hope you will all send for your Badges as quickly as you can. Quite a number of you have told me your Birthday dates, and some of you have Mates waiting for you. Please will you send along your six penny stamps for Badges so that you can have Letter Friends for the holidays. I am putting all your letters away in a drawer until I hear from you again, telling me your Birthdays, and sending stamps for Badges. All those Little People who have already said when their Birthdays are need not do so again, but, will the others please let me know at once so we can get everything in order. Such a fine big list makes us feel all excited till you join up properly, and there must be Letter Friends waiting for all of you. I think "Pinto" is a good name for that bull calf, don't you? And I do thank those Little People who sent me the pictures for my prayer-book. Hurry now, precious Little People, that big list makes me so keen to get Letter Friends for you all, but you must get your Badges before that can happen. Glad some of you liked "The Wiggly Weasel," wasn't he a funny wiggly thing? Yes, I agree with the boys that girls' games get a bit tiresome. Cheer up though and try to teach the girls some boys' games. Happy Returns to December Little People.—Anne.)

OTHER LETTERS are from—

JIM CAHILL, who goes to the Feilding Convent but who is already a working Member of the L.P.L.C. Jim and his Letter Friend, Lennie Spelman, are good mates, and they had snaps taken of them after the opening of the Feilding church. Jim has a tame cow called Tiny, is getting a Persian kitten, and found a lark's nest with three young in it. (Glad to hear from you Jim, what about a snap for our picture gallery? How is Lennie these days, he must be too busy to write to us. Has the kitten arrived yet?—Anne.)

BETTY HORAN, Police Station, Avondale, writes a first letter, quite a good one too. Betty goes to the Avondale Convent and puts her spare pennies into a mite box for the black boys. (Welcome Betty, send sixpence for a Badge and become a real Member of our Letter Club. I'm sure to find you a nice Letter Friend.—Anne.)

LADDER WRITING COMPETITION.

This week, I'm very sorry to say, we can have no Ladder. I got two letters only from Jack and Paul Porter, and we'll let these go in with what comes in next time. By the time you read this the Competition will be over, and, very likely, next week or the week after, you will see the results of the judging.

RIDDLE, BIN.

1. What goes up white and comes down yellow?
2. Why do people on a rainy day look like mushrooms?

3. What is it that is all around the world and we can't see it?

4. Why did the white wash?

5. What is it that has teeth but no mouth?

VERSES and PERHAPS A STORY.

THE BOLD KNIGHT.

And challenge knights of every land
I think if God had said to me.

Before He made me quite
"What would you really like to be?"
I'd choose to be a knight.

And I would have a milk-white steed.
A lance and red-cross shield.
And seek to do a gallant deed
Upon some battlefield.

Or I would make my charger stand,
Beneath the city wall.
And challenge knights of every land
To tilt and slay them all.

Then would I fling me from his back.
And all my mail would ring.
The while I strode, all fierce and black,
To kneel before my king.

For kings are very great and high.
And though all knights are bold
The boldest knights are those who try
To do as they are told.

THE DIAMOND AND THE DEWDROP.

A costly Diamond, that had once sparkled in a lady's ring, lay in a field amid tall grasses and oxeye daisies.

Just above it, was a big Dewdrop that clung timidly to a nodding grass blade. Overhead, the blazing sun in all his noon-day glory. Ever since the first pink blush of dawn, the modest Dewdrop had gazed fixedly down upon the rich gem, but feared to address a person of such exalted consequence.

At last, a large Beetle, during his rambles, chanced to espy the Diamond, and he also recognised him to be some one of great rank and importance.

"Sire," he said, making a low bow, "permit your humble servant to offer you greeting."

"Tha—nks," responded the Diamond in languid tones of affectation.

As the Beetle raised his head from his profound bow, his gaze happened to alight upon the Dewdrop.

"A relative of yours, I presume, Sire?" he remarked affably, waving one of his feelers in the direction of the Dewdrop.

The Diamond burst into a rude, contemptuous laugh.

"Quite too absurd, I declare!" he exclaimed loftily. "But there, what can you expect from a low, grovelling beetle? Away, sir, pass on! Your very presence is distasteful to me. The idea of placing ME upon the same level—in the same family, as a low-born, mean, insignificant, utterly valueless —" Here the Diamond fairly choked for breath.

"But has he not beauty exactly like your own, Sire?" the Beetle ventured to interpose, though with a very timid air.

"BEAUTY," flashed the Diamond, with fine disdain—"the impudent fellow merely apes and imitates ME. However, it is some small consolation to remember that 'Imitation is the sincerest flattery.' But, even allowing him to possess it, mere beauty without rank is ridiculous and worthless. A Boat without water—a Carriage, but no horses—a Well, but never a Winch; such is beauty without rank and wealth! There is no real worth apart from rank and wealth. Combine Beauty, Rank and Wealth, and you have the whole world at your feet. Now you know the secret of the world worshipping ME."

And the Diamond sparkled and gleamed with vivid, violet flashes, so that the Beetle was glad to shade his eyes.

The poor Dewdrop had listened silently to all that had passed, and felt so wounded, that at last he wished he never had been born. Slowly a bright tear fell and splashed the dust.

Just then a Skylark fluttered to the ground and eagerly darted his beak at the Diamond.

"Alas!" he piped, with a great sob of disappointment. "What I thought to be a precious Dewdrop is only a worthless Diamond. My throat is parched for want of water. I must die of thirst!"

"Really? The world will never get over your loss" cruelly sneered the Diamond.

But a sudden and noble resolve came to the Dewdrop. Deeply did he repent his foolish wish. *He could now lay down his life that the life of another might be saved!*

"May I help you, please?" he gently asked.

The Lark raised his drooping head.

"Oh, my precious, precious friend, if you will, you can save my life!"

"Open your mouth then!"

And the Dewdrop slid from the blade of grass, tumbled into the parched beak, and was eagerly swallowed.

"Ah—well, well!" pondered the Beetle as he continued his homeward way. "I've been taught a lesson that I shall not easily forget. Yes, yes Simple WORM is far better than rank or wealth without modesty and unselfishness—and there is no true beauty where these virtues are absent."

Good-night all my dear Little People, and remember what I have asked you to do, especially all the new Friends who want to become real Members. We'll have another story next week, and anything interesting I can find to tell you about. Good-night,
"ANNE."

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Commonwealth Notes

NEW SOUTH WALES.

On Sunday, November 8, his Grace Archbishop Kelly honored the Maronite community by presiding at High Mass celebrated by the Rev. Father A. Yazbeck, assisted by the Right Rev. Monsignor J. Dahdah. After the Gospel, his Grace delivered an eloquent and most instructive address, in which he laid down the Rules of the Mission to be maintained by the clergy and laity of St. Maroun's Church, and his Grace's words went through to the hearts of all those present. His Grace then declared Monsignor Dahdah Chief of the Mission. In responding, Monsignor Dahdah, who whilst on a visit to his native land, was consecrated Choir-Bishop by his Beatitude the Patriarch of Antioch, assured his Grace of the fidelity of the Maronites to the Holy See and of the obedience of the clergy and laity of St. Maroun's Church to his Grace's wishes.

November 9 marked the twenty-fourth anniversary of the arrival of his Grace Dr. Kelly, Archbishop of Sydney, in his Cathedral city, as Coadjutor to the late Cardinal Moran. Among those who assembled to meet him on that occasion were the late Senator R. E. O'Connor and Hon. E. W. O'Sullivan, representing the Federal and State Governments respectively.

VICTORIA.

The Very Rev. Father J. Kerin, Administrator of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Ballarat, lately celebrated the 25th anniversary of his Ordination as a priest. Congratulations were showered upon him by parishioners and by representatives of all denominations.

The effort to raise £100,000 to increase the accommodation at St. Vincent's Hospital, Melbourne, it is understood, will be more than successful. All classes, creeds, and nationalities are uniting in the good work.

His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne, the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, who led the Australasian Pilgrimage to Lourdes and Rome, is returning by the Orsova. His Grace will leave the vessel at Adelaide, where a delegation of priests will assemble to accompany him back to Melbourne, which will be reached on Sunday morning, December 20 (writes the Melbourne correspondent of the *Catholic Press*). His Grace will be officially welcomed in the evening at St. Patrick's Cathedral, when addresses from the clergy, laity, and various Catholic societies will be presented. On Tuesday, December 22, the clergy of the archdiocese will accord a special welcome to the Archbishop. Very Rev. Dean Carey was unanimously elected as chairman of the reception committee, with the Rev. Father J. McNamara and the Rev. N. A. Clack as secretaries.

The solemn consecration of St. Michael's beautiful church at North Melbourne took place recently, the impressive ceremony being performed by his Lordship the Bishop of Sandhurst, Right Rev. Dr. McCarthy, assisted by the Very Rev. Dean Martin, P.P., Rev. Father J. Norris, P.P., and the Rev. Father N. Morrissey. St. Michael's parish

was originally part of West Melbourne, but, owing to the increase in the Catholic population, was in the year 1903, erected into a separate parish, with the Rev. Father J. Norris, as its pastor, whose first work was to replace the old church-school by a fine brick building on a commanding site in Dryburgh Street, upon which over £40,000 has been expended. The foundation stone of St. Michael's Church was blessed in July, 1907, by the late Archbishop Carr, the opening of the sacred edifice taking place early in the following December. A fine presbytery was erected in 1914, and four years later a primary school, parish hall, and club-rooms, completed a record of activity that has seldom been equalled in such a comparatively short space of time by any other parish in the archdiocese. Three magnificent marble altars complete the artistic beauty of the sanctuary of St. Michael's, the central panel of the High Altar being adorned with a life-like representation of the Last Supper, sculptured in pure white marble.

A Solemn Requiem Office and Mass was celebrated at St. Mary's Monastery, Wendouree, Ballarat, for the repose of the soul of the late Brother Felix, C.S.S.R., who died in St. John's Hospital after a prolonged illness. He was the first Australian to become a Redemptorist lay-brother, and was most highly respected by all who came in touch with him.

QUEENSLAND.

The Rev. Father Dempsey, a Maynooth priest from the Archdiocese of Dublin, arrived in Brisbane recently. With the permission of the Archbishop of Dublin, Father Dempsey has come out to take up work under Archbishop Duhig.

The Rev. Father T. J. Nolan, who went to Rome with the Australian pilgrimage in the early part of the year, has returned to Queensland. The silver jubilee of his ordination will be celebrated in Dalby during the last week of November.

The Revs. M. Dolan and T. O'Rourke, who reached Brisbane from Ireland recently, were ordained at All Hallows College, Dublin. The former will be stationed in Rockhampton and the latter in Brisbane.

Most Rev. Dr. Duhig, Archbishop of Brisbane, will have a busy time up to Christmas. On November 29 he will open the beautiful new church at Coorparoo. On December 6 he will lay the foundation stone for the new convent to be built for the Sisters of Adoration, at the corner of Leichhardt and Warren Street. December 13 has been fixed for the opening of the fine new convent at Nambour, and the 20th for the opening of the new church at Chinchilla.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

The South Australian Grand Opera season, which was concluded this week (says the *Southern Cross* for November 13), provided a series of brilliant musical successes during the last three weeks. It is a matter of pride to Adelaide that such talent was to be found among her young citizens. The chorus work

was especially fine throughout, and several Catholic singers filled important roles. Among these were Signor Molinari, Misses Eileen Walsh and Nina Petri, Messrs. Vincent McMurray and Daniel Pedler. Adelaide hopes that financial results will encourage the management to establish the opera on a permanent basis.

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Sports and Entertainments

St. Patrick's Miniature Rifle Club, Timaru (From our own Correspondent.)

To mark the completion of a very successful year the St. Patrick's Miniature Rifle Club held a progressive euchre party and dance at which the trophies won during the year were presented. There was a large attendance of members and friends, and also members from other clubs.

During an interval between cards and dancing, the club captain (Mr. J. E. McKeefry) in outlining the year's performances, said that the club had had a very successful season; the membership had considerably increased over the previous season, and in all competitions the club's teams had taken a leading part. Four teams of five men each had entered for the *Herald* Shield Competition, the individual aggregate of which was won by Mr. F. Bartos. Two teams of ten men entered for the Hayhurst Shield Competition, the B grade team winning the shield with a record score, while the other team after a splendid score in the final round, tied for the C Grade Shield, Mr. W. McGrath winning the B Grade aggregate medal. In the South Island championship the club's team was well to the fore, having the highest score of all the South Canterbury teams.

The Captain then called on the patron (Rev. Father Hurley) who had always taken a practical interest in the club, and to whom they were much indebted, to present the trophies. The Gilmore Shield was won by the veteran of the club (Mr. J. Collins) who holds it for the season, and also wins a miniature silver cup presented to the winner of the Shield by Mr. D. Doyle. The championship cup presented by Mr. C. Byrne was won for the fourth successive year by Mr. F. R. Bartos, who also won from scratch the miniature silver cup presented by the patron. Mr. J. Murphy won the second, and Mr. W. McGrath the third prize, in the club championship. The Leigh Challenge Medal, presented by Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Leigh, was won by Mr. F. R. Bartos.

Other trophies were won by Messrs. J. Murphy, jun., R. Campbell, D. Underwood, R. O'Connor, W. McGrath, J. Batchelor, E. Prendergast, L. McKeefry, R. Seamen, C. Durning, E. Power, J. Collins, L. Fountaine, J. McKeefry, F. R. Bartos, H. Travis, and V. Collins.

Trophies were donated to the club by the following:—Rev. Father Hurley, Mrs. O'Leary, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Davey, and Messrs. T. P. Crowe, J. Murphy, W. Moore, T. Cronin, M. J. Doyle, M. Mullin, J. Baxter, G. Lamborn, M. Houlihan, V. Meehan, J. J. Ardagh, E. Fountaine, W. Angland, R. Rodgers, R. Marshall, and F. DeLargey.

Sale of Work at Timaru (From our own correspondent.)

The members of St. Anne's Guild, who have been busily engaged for months past preparing a great variety of useful and ornamental articles for the purpose, held their annual sale of work on the 24th and 25th ult. The various stalls were heavily laden with goods,

which were displayed to the best advantage. The hall was most artistically decorated and presented a charming appearance. Brisk business was transacted, and a creditable amount was realised towards the many good works undertaken by the guild. The following is a list of the stall-holders:—Art and fancy: Mesdames Whitehead, Venning, and Crowe, and Misses Blackmore (3). Plain work: Mesdames Travis, Quinn, Thompson, and Seaman. Children's: Mesdames Rush, Hooper, and Power. Knitting: Mesdames Lyne and Perriam. Produce: Mesdames Sullivan, Leeming, and Miss Sullivan. Sweets: Mesdames Dunn and Cosgrove. Refreshments: Mesdames Kane, Durning, and McGrath. Dip: Mrs. Stapleton.

At the conclusion of the sale, Mrs. Whitehead (president), on behalf of the members, made a presentation of a fountain pen to Mr. H. Travis, who has so willingly helped the guild for many years, and has also conducted the card parties promoted by the guild during the last three months.

An Outline of Baseball

Baseball is not a game of "glorified rounders," as some historians contend.

Outside of passing the buck, it is the oldest known sport.

Credit for the invention of baseball is divided between Ok, the son of Wok, and Ug, the son of Wug, two young athletes who lived about the year 200,001 B.C.

Ok and Ug lived in caves on opposite sides of a little valley in the ancient land of Shush, and there was great rivalry between them and their families.

Whenever Ok felt the spirit moving him, he would heave an armful of smooth round stones across the valley into Ug's front door, and naturally Ug would retaliate, and thus they whiled away many a prehistoric day. In time they became quite proficient in throwing stones and in catching them on the fly. Thus developed what is now known as "playing catch."

There was a caveman in the community known as Ump. He had an ingrowing disposition and was hated cordially by men, women, children, and dinosaurs alike. One day Ump was walking down the valley, grouchy as usual, and when he heard the stones whistling past his ear he assumed a commanding aspect, made a jerking motion with his right thumb and cried: "That's out!"

Immediately Ok and Ug forgot their feud and began bouncing smooth round stones off Ump's dome. It made a great hit with the spectators who had gathered on the hillsides to watch the daily game. They became so enthused that they started tossing war clubs, hatchets, and marrow bones at Ump and chased him four miles down the valley.

That is how baseball originated, and that is why ever man feels an uncontrollable urge to heave something at an Ump.—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

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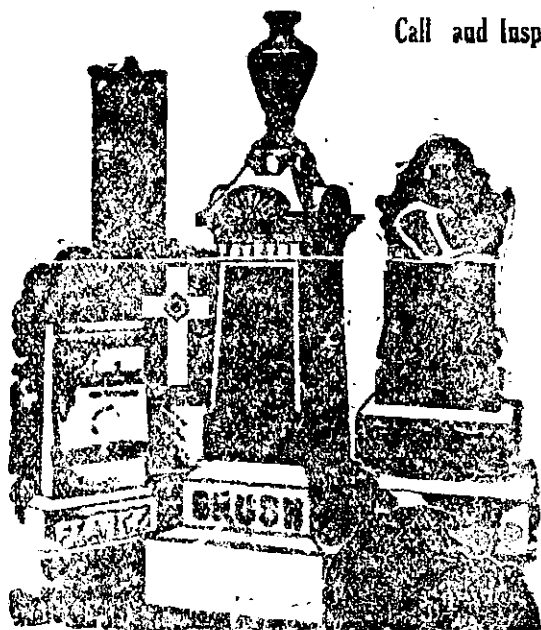
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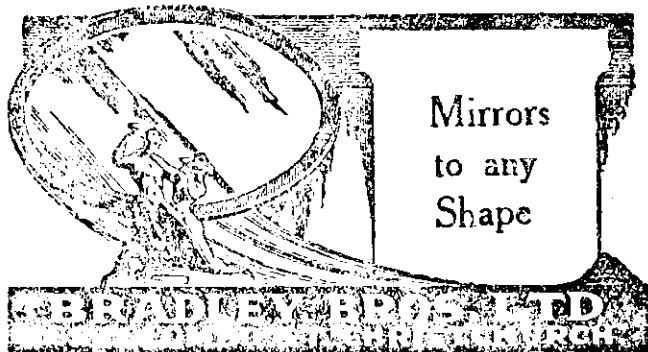
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Here and There

An Irishman's Discovery.—Mr. Edward A. Harney, M.P., who sits at Westminster as the Liberal representative of South Shields, is an able Irishman. Being recently in Newfoundland, "he was particularly struck by the presence of the Irish brogue in that island, where it was almost as noticeable as in the old country." We might repeat (says an exchange) the familiar argument that the "Irish accent," or "brogue," is, like Chaucer's poetry according to Tennyson, drawn "from the well of English undefiled"—that the people in Connemara and Kerry speak now as Shakspere, Ben Jonson and Marlowe spoke in their London taverns 336 years ago; but, in the first place, it is an old story, and, in the second, we do not accept it. Mr. Harney's discovery was not so astonishing as that of the captain of a schooner who was driven out of his reckoning amidst the West Indian Islands by a wild gale. Calmer weather came, and he found himself off an uncharted islet, from which scores of dusky and athletic natives swam lustily towards the ship in trouble, and hailed the captain and crew in an unknown language. The officers were puzzled—and not a little alarmed; but amongst the sailors was a Munsterman who was ready to "drop in his tracks" when he recognised that the black-skinned swimmers were expressing their views and wishes in Irish as perfect as that commonly used in his native Kenmare. The semi-negroes had inherited and preserved the language spoken by the thousands of Irish people deported from that country to the West Indies and slavery in Cromwell's time. Mr. Harney found that "the great bulk of the population of Newfoundland is of Irish descent, the balance being made up of immigrants from Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset." A sturdy stock. He foresees a bright future for the island—when its forests have been reduced in area.

An Ancient Scottish Title.—Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Walter Kerr, G.C.B., has attained the great age of eighty-six, is next in remainder, after his nephew, Mr. Philip Kerr, to the marquise of Lothian; and as he himself has four sons (the eldest is a priest at the London Oratory, and a well-known historical writer) there seems every chance of that ancient Scottish title coming in due time into Catholic possession. Lord Walter's elder daughter is a nun, and two of his cousins were priests, one a distinguished member of the Society of Jesus. Through his wife, born Lady Amabel Cowper, daughter and co-heiress of the sixth and last Earl Cowper, and author of some charming Catholic stories for children, Lord Walter inherited the fine estates of Brocket in Herts and Melbourne Hall in Derbyshire, both former residences of English premiers. Lord Walter lives most of the year at Melbourne Hall, and being an enthusiastic horticulturist, takes great interest in the beautiful gardens there, which were laid out by the famous landscape gardener of Louis XIV, Andre Lenotre.

"The Angel of Siberia."—Rev. Dr. Drexel is one of the five eminent Catholics, Christian Social Deputies of the Austrian Parliament, who are attending the Inter-Parliamentary Union at Washington. As field-eurate of the 2nd Regiment of the Emperor's Own Tyrolese Riflemen, during the Great War he fell into the hands of Russians and spent seven years in captivity in Siberia. Doing parochial work among the prisoners and peasants during his captivity, he gained the affectionate title, "The Angel of Siberia." Upon his return to Austria, he was elected to the Austrian Federal Council, and at the last general elections returned to the National Council. He had been a member of the Austrian Parliament in the days of the late monarchy, since 1907, where he was known as a powerful speaker. His special field is social work and the welfare of laborers. His studies of old-age insurance are notable. One of his latest Parliamentary successes was to bring about the passage of a bill which permitted members of Parliament to accept posts as directors or managers of joint stock companies only under very strict conditions.

* * *

Pope's Gift to German Cardinal.—Rome has been paying grateful honor to Cardinal Fruhwirth, Major Penitentiary, whose eightieth birthday has just taken place. member of the Dominican Order and an Austrian by birth, he is one of the most notable members of the Sacred College to-day. Many rich gifts have been received by the venerable prelate. First of all, the Holy Father sent him his portrait in miniature, mounted in an exquisite frame, autographed with an expression of his good wishes. The Bavarian Government, through its minister to the Holy See, Baron de Ritter de Gruenstein, sent him a picture of the Holy Virgin, Patroness of Bavaria, surrounded by a golden circle, and also an address of congratulation signed by Dr. Held, President of the Council of Ministers. Roman friends of the Cardinal sent him a special gold medal, with his portrait and an inscription in Latin written by Cardinal Galli. His Dominican confreres have presented him with various historical works, the most important of which is the Spiritual Letters of the Blessed Jordan of Saxony (1222-1237), second Superior General of the Dominican Order.

* * *

A Restoration.—Even Calvin's stronghold, for many decades past the home of unbelief, is slowly yielding to the Catholic reaction that is observable in so many parts of the world (says the *Edinburgh Catholic Herald*). The restoration of the great church of Notre Dame de Geneve to the worship for which it was built is announced. The building has been re-consecrated, and instead of a handful of half-believing Protestants (scarcely Calvinists in these days) is now crowded, like the other Catholic churches of the city, with worshippers of the Faith that made our European civilisation and brought life and

light to a despairing world. The leading Anglican paper exults with generous joy over what is eloquently termed "the triumph of the first High Mass." So the waste places are being built up and the lost sheep restored. It is a change indeed from Calvin's reign of terror.

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Irish News

THE SENATE ELECTIONS.—ILLEGAL TRAWLING.—GENERAL MULCAHY ATTACKED BY RIOTERS.—THE SHANNON SCHEME.—CAPUCHIN'S SETTLE INDUSTRIAL STRIFE.—DIVORCE ADVOCATES BEATEN IN IRISH ELECTIONS.

The counting of the votes in the Irish Seanad election is proceeding briskly (says an exchange for October 10). Seventy-six candidates strove for 19 seats. Over forty of the candidates have now been eliminated, and, if a judgment is made on the experience of the counting so far, those now at the head of the list are not likely to be displaced in subsequent countings. There have been many notable failures, some of the best candidates having failed to come anywhere near the top of the list. The latest report of the counting gives the first nineteen names as follows:—

General Hickie	15,286
Thomas Toal	15,252
*J. T. O'Farrell	14,758
C. Kennedy	14,444
*W. Cummings	13,887
M. Fanning	11,092
*Dr. Barniville	10,986
Sir E. Bellingham	10,858
M. F. O'Hanlon	9,997
Sir E. C. Bigger	9,707
*T. Foran	9,109
*T. W. Bennett	9,006
J. O'Connor	8,845
*T. Linehan	8,845
*J. J. Parkinson	8,782
*J. C. Counihan	8,758
S. O'Mara (sen.)	8,671
F. McGuinness	8,634
J. Dillon	8,627

*Outgoing Senators.

All the women candidates have been defeated, including Mrs. Mulcahy, the wife of General Mulcahy, T.D. A considerable number of retiring Senators are also on the defeated list. Old Irish Party men will be interested to note that the Parliamentarians have made a poor show. While the lowest of the first nineteen candidates has at present about 8000 votes to his credit, Mr. P. J. Hooper, formerly editor of the *Freeman*, has been eliminated, having had fewer than 5000 votes. Mr. Jerry MacVeagh has also "gone west," as has Liam de Roiste, one of Cork's representatives in the Dail. General Hickie was the first to secure a quota, and is now definitely elected.

...

At Wexford District Court recently, before Mr. J. V. Fahy, D.J., John Kim, Holly-wood Grove, Fleetwood, England, skipper of the trawler *Meuse*, and Stephen Reader, Warrenhurst Road, skipper of the trawler *Kingston*, were charged by the State with illegal beam trawling off the Wexford coast within the prohibited area on May 15. Mr. T. J. Kelly, State solicitor, conducted the prosecutions. There was no appearance for the defendants.

Mr. T. J. Connolly, a Government official, gave evidence of having served copies of the summonses on defendants and on the owners of the vessels.

Captain D. Thompson, of the Government's patrol boat, the *Muirchu*, produced a chart defining the prohibited area on the Wexford coast between Hook Head and Cahore Point. He stated that at 4.35 on May 15, when patrolling the coast he observed the trawlers go inside the prohibited waters near the Coningbeg lightship. He travelled six miles in their direction and saw them heaving up their trawls. They then went in the direction of the Barrels and he gave chase. At 5.23 he came quite close to the *Kingston* which he hailed and told to stop. The *Kingston* refused to stop and he cried out that if they did not stop he would take it as an absolute refusal. Notwithstanding this the *Kingston* continued her course. He then went to the *Meuse*, which stopped, and on boarding her he found it was owned by a company. He placed some of his men aboard her and had her taken to Rosslare Pier, where he seized the net.

Each defendant was fined £100 and ordered to pay 5 guineas costs and £5 1s 3d expenses.

...

General Mulcahy, member of the Dail for Dublin City (North), who had such a stormy reception from Irish Republican sympathisers when he arrived at Hoboken recently, was later mobbed by a crowd of rioters while the delegates of the Parliamentary Union were paying a visit to the Independence Hall.

One of the rioters struck General Mulcahy in the face and he was again molested at the railway station. The police intervened and made fifteen arrests. The demonstration was not directed against the other Parliamentary delegates, with whom General Mulcahy was travelling en route for Washington.

...

The reports which were lately current as to the possibility of negotiations being opened with a view to the settlement of the Shannon scheme labor dispute were verified by the developments which subsequently took place in Limerick.

Dr. McLaughlin, the Irish representative of the contractors, Messrs. Siemens-Schuckert, and Mr. Joseph McGrath, the ex-Minister for Industry and Commerce held a conference with officials of the Limerick Branch of the Irish Transport Workers' Union. The proceedings were private, and no statement was made as to what took place. The wages offered by the contractors, 8d an hour, and the rate in operation in Limerick and Clare, 1s 1d an hour, as well as the conditions of labor generally, will, it is believed, give rise to considerable discussion before any arrangement is reached. The conference was of an informal character.

Mr. Joseph McGrath, who was formerly Minister for Industry and Commerce, and who will have the employment of all the men

on the Shannon scheme, is acting for the contractors, and is described as Director of Labor. Mr. Thomas Kennedy (Vice-President) and Mr. Patrick McCarthy (Local Organiser) are representing the Transport and General Workers' Union in the negotiations. When seen after the first conference night, Mr. Joseph McGrath, on behalf of the contractors, had nothing to say beyond the statement that the situation was hopeful. He would not say more pending the resumption of negotiations. One thing can be said, and that is that the delay in reaching a basis of agreement is causing irritation locally among the working classes. Another consignment of constructional material and plant was expected to arrive in the port that week. This will consist of the parts of a large electric crane which is to be erected at the docks for the unloading of further cargoes required for the Shannon scheme.

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Town and Country News

Westport Notes

(From our own correspondent.)

November 16.

Despite very inclement weather St. Canice's Club was taxed to its utmost capacity on November 5, when the parishioners met to extend a hearty welcome home to Rev. Father Bowe, after his extended tour. Mr. T. Ryan presided and voiced the sentiments of those present, while Mr. J. Radford, in a few appropriate words, presented Father Bowe with an address of welcome. His remarks were endorsed by Rev. Father Long, Messrs. H. E. Holland, M.P., J. Ahern, F. O'Gorman, and Enright. The following contributed to an enjoyable musical programme: Messrs. J. Shannon, J. Ryan, and Clery, Misses Doyle, McPadden, Lock, Archer, Bevan (2), J. O'Sullivan, and Brown (2). The accompaniments were played by Misses Doyle and Connie Smith.

At the Music examinations at Royal Academy, held by Mr. T. Tidmarsh, the following pupils of St. Mary's College were successful:—Higher Division—Loyola Lovell, Irene McNarn. Lower Division—Ella Pfeffer. Primary—Claudia Slowey, Olan Costello, Lindsey Monteith.

Two more of the fast dwindling band of pioneers died recently in the persons of Mr. Patrick Galvin, one of the earliest residents of Addison's Flat, and Mr. John Cur-tayne, an old resident of Westport.—R.I.P.

The death occurred at the Buller Hospital on November 20, of Basil Croucher, who met with an accident on board the ss. Orepuki, on November 15, while the vessel was swinging to leave port. Deceased was only 18 years of age, and belonged to Christchurch. His mother and aunt were with deceased until his death.—R.I.P.

AN "AT HOME" IN TIMARU

(From our own Correspondent.)

A very successful "at home," arranged by Mesdames Whitehead, Venning, and Crowe, in aid of the Art Stall, took place in the Girls' Hall, Craigie Avenue, recently. The scheme of coloring was mauve, and shell-pink. Three large hoops decorated with festoons of these shades, and silver tinsel were effectively suspended overhead. The many lights were shaded in pale pink and mauve, and the effect produced was charming. The following contributed to the excellent musical and elocutionary programme:—Mrs. Doherty, Misses E. O'Meeghan, P. Lynch, M. Emery, C. Flamank, E. Mathieson, and M. Collins; Messrs. F. Ryan, A. Wheeler, G. Mathieson, W. Durning, C. Clarke, and Master Neil Collins. A dainty supper was served at small tables artistically arranged with spring flowers. Amongst the large number of guests were Rev. Fathers Hurley, S.M. and Barra, S.M., and the Mayor and Mayor-ess (Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Wallace). The hostesses expressed their hearty thanks to all those who so kindly gave donations of money and gifts towards their stall for the sale of work on 24th inst., in connection with St. Anne's Guild.

CONCERT AT PORT CHALMERS

At the Town Hall, Port Chalmers, on Thursday evening, November 12, members of St. Joseph's Cathedral Choir gave an entertainment for the benefit of the Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent. The choir, conducted by Mr. A. Vallis, rendered in its usual finished style the choruses "The Sea Hath Its Pearls" (Piusotti), the "Gloria" (Mozart), "Nazar-eth" (Gounod), and the "Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust; the large audience being roused to a pitch of enthusiasm seldom witnessed in the seaport town. Songs were rendered by Mrs. Sandys, Misses A. Vallis, S. McCready, Clare Dillon, and V. McKenzie, Messrs. F. Rodgers, M. Coughlan, and Ellis; a trio by the Misses H. and A. Eagar and Mr. E. H. Eagar; a duet by Messrs. H. Poppelwell and F. Heley; and recitations by Miss Heley and Mr. J. B. Flynn. Each number was delightfully given, recalls being general. Miss M. Sandys and Mr. Vallis were the accompanists. A humorous sketch, "Going Shopping," by the Misses M. and A. Eagar, caused much merriment. The choir was met on arrival at Port Chalmers by Mr. J. Flynn. Mesdames Flynn and Percy, assisted by the Misses Malone and Middleditch, were in charge of the refreshments. Mr. J. P. Eagar, on behalf of the Sisters of St. Joseph, thanked the performers for their beautiful entertainment, which will be long remembered in the Port. The final returns are not yet to hand, but it is anticipated the amount will be up to expectations.

MUSIC EXAMINATIONS

ST. BRIDE'S CONVENT, MASTERTON.

The following is a list of the successful candidates who sat for the Trinity College examinations recently conducted at the Convent by Mr. Cundell (Examiner for T.C., London):—

Diploma of Associate.—Pearl Ede 73.

Higher Local—Cecilia Cummins 71, Grace Scott 71, Margaret Cooper 70, Mollie McGinnity 67, Mollie Meikle 66.

Senior—Mollie Fitzsimmons 80 (honors).

Intermediate—Millie Morey 76, Edna Hubbard 75, Erna Renall 73, Jean Scott 65.

Junior—Ina Robinson (singing) 83 (honors), Mollie Dwyer 80 (honors), Tess Smith (singing) 75, Phyllis Kilminster 75, Lillian Hutchins 73, Ena McAuliffe (singing) 68.

Preparatory—Emma Papps (violin) 75, Huia Pickett 64.

First Steps—Mary Tiller 83 (honors), Beryl Scandrett 80 (honors), Betty Harris 77.

CONVENT OF MERCY, GORE.

The following are the results of the Trinity College of Music examinations held recently by Mr. G. F. Vincent, F.T.C.L.:—

Junior Honors—Zita Brownlie 86, Mona Neilson 86; pass: Kathleen Bates 74.

Preparatory Honors—Veronica Smith 81; pass: Doreen Smith 75.

First Steps—George Nevin (violin) 82.

At the Theoretical examinations held in

June last, the following pupils were successful:—

Junior Honors—Mary Collins 100, Kathleen Moore 88, Kathleen Bates 85, Zita Brownlie 81.

Preparatory—Mona Neilson 93, George Nevin 90, Doreen Smith 84.

CONVENT OF MERCY, GREYMOUTH.

On November 19, Mr. Tidmarsh, examiner for the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music, London, and Royal College of Music, London, conducted the practical examination at the Convent of Mercy, Greymouth. Thirty-three candidates were presented, and all were successful. The following is the list:—

Advanced Grade—Ethel Wallace (violin, honors) 140; Bertha Adkins.

Intermediate Grade—Mildred Coburn (violin) 136.

Lower Division—Norman McKnight (violin, distinction) 138, Sheila McSherry, May Doherty, Sheila Heslin.

Elementary Division—Phil Warnes (violin, distinction) 130, Eileen Sweetman, Willie Ritchie (violin), Kathleen O'Donnell, Con Warren (violin), Lindsay Abbie (violin), Charles Wise (violin), Keith Fleming (violin), Aileen Preston, Arthur Gilligan, Harry Bowes (violin), Margaret McDonnell, Evelyn Smith.

Primary Grade—Joan Davis, Bertha Currie, Cecil Hannan, Netta Dunn, Clarice Armstrong, Margaret McMillan (violin), Ethel Sallantire, Martha Shannon, Mary Fry, Mavis Malone, Mary Gillies, Patricia Heslin, Phemie Dargan.

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Henry I. Westropp.

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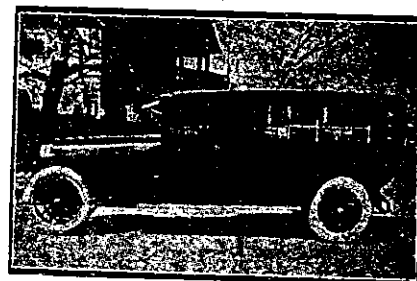
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BEATH'S, CHRISTCHURCH

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

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

21.—THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IS CATHOLIC OR UNIVERSAL.

This characteristic means that the Church still preserving her internal unity of faith and her external unity of government, is intended to be the one Church of Christ throughout the whole world. The prophets foretold the one Kingdom of Christ to which all nations would repair: The stone cut out of the mountain without hands will become a great mountain and fill the whole earth; Christ will be the Light of the Gentiles even to the ends of the earth and to peoples from afar; He will be given for a Witness to the people, for a Leader and a Master to the Gentiles; His everlasting name will belong not to the children of Israel only, but to those of the stranger also; the whole earth will be His footstool, and every nation of it will bring forth children to Him; He will send His disciples to the Gentiles, into the sea, into Africa and Lydia, into Italy and Greece, to the islands afar off; and all these will unite to offer one Sacrifice, a Clean Oblation, everywhere, from the rising to the setting sun, to the Lord of Hosts, Whose name is great among the Gentiles.

And when Christ had come and would forecast His own Kingdom, He spoke the parable of the mustard seed, small indeed, but the spreading branches of whose tree would give lodgment to the birds of the air. He spoke also the parable of the marriage feast, in which the servants of the master are sent into the highways to bring in guests who would fill his house. He spoke the parable of the Good Shepherd, Whose flock are all the people no matter where these may be found. For them He will not build several sheepfolds to suit their foolish fancy, one in Prussia, one in Scandinavia, and one in England. No, one great Catholic or Universal sheepfold He will build for all, and "there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

He keeps His promise and founds a Catholic or Universal Church: He sends His Apostles into all nations, and commands them to preach His one Gospel to every creature; they must be witnesses for Him, not in Jerusalem and the adjoining territories only, but "even unto the uttermost parts of the earth." He is no national King having His vision bounded by this or that territory; He is the Eternal King of Ages, Who would gather all His children to His bosom, because no matter what their nationality may be, He wishes them all to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth. "He was the true light that enlighteneth every man coming into this world." His Church therefore, His Kingdom of Truth, must be for every man, it must cover time and space, must be for all ages and nations, must be not national but Catholic. The Apostles understood this, and to justify their work even in the infancy of the Church, St. Paul wrote: "their sound hath gone forth into all the earth and their words unto the ends of the whole world."

The Fathers of the early Church also understood that Christ had set up an universal Church. The name "Catholic Church" with

its strict technical meaning, was of common usage among them in the beginning of the fourth century, and became in their hands a powerful weapon against heresy and schism. St. Pacianus, the eloquent Bishop of Barcelona (360-390), insisted against the Novatians that "Catholic" was the proper surname of Christians, a name that would distinguish them from those who would arrogantly retain the title "Christian" while they were engaged in breaking up the Christian unity: "Christian is my name, but Catholic my surname. . . And people when named Catholic are separated by this appellation from the heretical name."

"The Church is one," writes St. Augustine, "and our ancestors call it Catholic, to show that it is spread throughout the nations. It is the Body of Christ, and those who are not members of it cannot share in the salvation merited by the Head. . . I am retained in the Church by the very name of Catholic: for it was not without reason that she alone, amid so many heresies, obtained that name." By that same name he confounded the Donatists, and it was his arguments against the Donatists that led the illustrious Cardinal Newman into the Church. The Donatists in the fourth century, did not deny any point of Catholic teaching in its Theology concerning Christ, but they were endeavoring to propagate a faulty system of Church discipline and organisation, which they had set up in their little corner of Africa. St. Optatus refuted them, about the year 370, and St. Augustine, about the year 400. They both insisted upon the note of Catholicity, and pointed out that both the Old and the New Testament represented the Church as spread over all the earth. St. Augustine strongly insisted upon the common use of the name Catholic:

"Although there be many heresies . . . yet there is but one Church. This is the Catholic Church. . . We must hold fast to the Christian religion and the Communion of that Church which both is, and is called Catholic. Heretics and schismatics, whether they like it or no, are obliged when speaking with strangers to call her the Catholic Church. For, unless they call her by the name by which she is known all over the globe, they are not understood. . . Do you imagine that the African Church is the Catholic Church . . . that the Church has perished everywhere outside Donatus and Africa? . . . Therefore the universal Church securely judges that they cannot be good who separate themselves from the universal Church in any part of the world."

It was this last sentence, beginning with the four Latin words "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*" that first startled Cardinal Newman, showing him beyond a doubt that the Anglican Church occupied the same position of sad isolation in his day that the Donatist Church did in its:

"For a mere sentence the words of St. Augustine struck me with a power which I

never had felt from any words before. By those great words the theory of the *via media* was absolutely pulverised. . . I became excited at the view thus opened upon me. . . I had seen the shadow of a hand upon the wall. It was clear that I had a great deal to learn on the question of the Churches, and that, perhaps, some new light was coming upon me."

That the new light came and did its divine work we may learn from this beautiful passage from his sermon on Christ upon the Waters:

"There is one, and only one religion such; it is known everywhere; every poor boy in the street knows the name of it; there never was a time, since it first was, that its name was not known, and known to the multitude. It is called Catholicism, a world-wide name and incommunicable; attached to us from the first; accorded to us by our enemies; in vain attempted, never stolen from us by our rivals."

This other passage, from "Discourses to Mixed Congregations," is worthy of his master St. Augustine:

"How different are all religions that ever were from the lofty and unchangeable Catholic Church! They depend on time and place for their existence; they live in periods or regions. They are children of the soil, indigenous plants, which readily flourish under a certain temperature, in a certain aspect, in moist or in dry, and die if they are transplanted. Their habitat is one article of their scientific description. Thus the Greek schism, Nestorianism, the heresy of Calvin, and Methodism, each has its geographical limit. Protestantism has gained nothing in Europe since its first outbreak." Of the Catholic Church, he says: "She is the same as she was three centuries ago, ere the present religions of the country existed; you know her to be the same; it is the charge brought against her that she does not change; time and place affect her not, because she has her source where there is neither time nor place, because she comes from the throne of the illimitable God."

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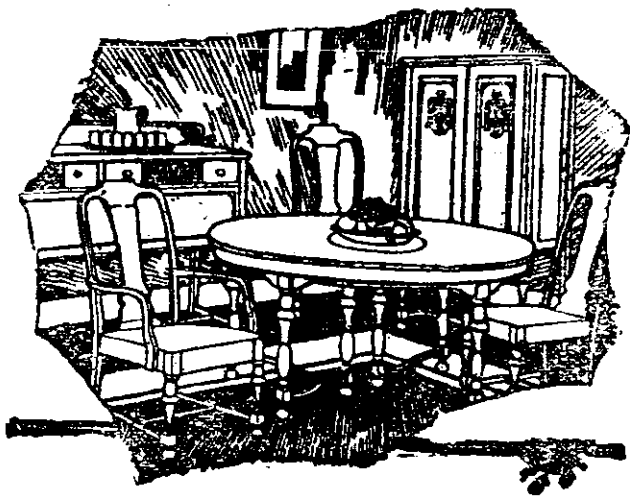
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On the Land

MARKET REPORTS.

There was an exceptionally heavy yarding of fat cattle at Burnside last week, 422 head being forward. The quality in most cases was good, and, on account of the heavy yarding, there was a considerable drop of from £2 to £2 10s per head. Extra prime bullocks made to £26 12s 6d, prime £19 to £21, good beef, medium weight, £15 to £17 10s, unfinished £11 10s to £13, best cows and heifers £12 to £13 10s, extra prime to £17, medium £10 10s to £11 10s, inferior £7 10s to £9. Fat Sheep.—There were 4481 penned, and the supply was much in excess of the demand, with the consequence that several hundred sheep were passed out unsold. Competition was irregular, and prices on the average were easier by about 4s per head. Extra prime woolly wethers made to 61s 6d, medium 51s to 53s, medium weights 43s to 45s, extra prime shorn wethers to 48s 6d, prime 39s to 42s, medium weights 34s to 36s, light and inferior 29s to 31s, extra prime shorn ewes to 42s 9d, prime 34s to 36s, aged and inferior 21s to 24s. Fat Lambs.—There was a good yarding, 135 being penned, a number of pens being of unfinished quality. Competition at the commencement of the sale was fair, but as the sale progressed butchers got their supplies filled, and towards the end sales were very hard to effect. A few extra prime lambs brought up to 45s 9d, prime 34s to 37s, good 30s to 32s, medium 23s to 25s 6d. Pigs.—There were 278 fats and many stores. Prices dropped heavily, the fall being more than 10s per head taken all round.

Excess yardings were the rule at last week's Addington market, and there was a decided drop in values, particularly for fat sheep. The uncertainty regarding feed was the cause of the heavy entry. Fat Lambs.—Six hundred were entered, being more than butchers wanted, and there was a drop of 2s to 3s a head. Values averaged from 9d to 10d a lb. Fat Sheep.—A heavy entry of 11 races, practically all of which were shorn. The market dropped from 3s to 4s per head on the previous week, and towards the close of the market the bulk of the sheep were passed. Values were lower than they have been since last Summer Show. Wethers 43s 6d to 51s 6d, extra prime wethers 36s 9d to 41s 4d, prime wethers 33s to 36s 6d, medium wethers 30s to 32s 6d, light wethers 27s 10d to 29s 9d, extra prime ewes to 33s 10d, prime ewes 27s to 31s, medium ewes 24s 6d to 26s 6d, light ewes 21s 6d to 24s, inferior ewes 17s to 20s, prime woolly ewes 37s 6d to 41s 6d, extra good to 52s 9d, prime woolly ewes 36s to 44s 4d, medium woolly ewes 29s to 35s. Fat Cattle.—There was an excess entry, 645 being offered, including about 100 from the North Island. There was a ding-dong sale, with a drop of 50s per head on big steers from the preceding week, and about 40s on lighter. Prime medium-weight beef averaged 46s 6d to 49s 6d, and in a few cases to 51s per 100lb. Prime heavy-weight beef brought 43s to 46s, medium 38s to 41s, light and inferior 34s to 37s 6d, and rough down to 25s. Extra prime heavy-weight steers brought to £23 17s 6d, prime heavy-weight steers £19

to £21, prime medium-weight steers £18 15s to £21 10s, medium steers £15 15s to £18 5s, light steers £11 to £15 10s, extra prime heifers to £15 7s 6d, prime heifers £12 10s to £14 5s, medium heifers £9 to £12 15s, light heifers £6 5s to £8 15s; extra prime cows to £16 12s 6d, prime cows £11 5s to £13 15s, ordinary cows £9 to £11, light cows £5 to £8 10s. Vealers.—There was a heavier entry and an easier sale. Runners made to £8 10s and vealers to £6 17s 6d. Fat Pigs.—There was a large entry. Baconers sold at little change, but porkers were easier. Choppers brought £3 to £7 10s, light baconers £4 to £6 5s—average per lb, 8d to 9d; porkers brought 55s to 75s—average price, 8½d to 9½d per lb.

GARDENING NOTES

WORK FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER.

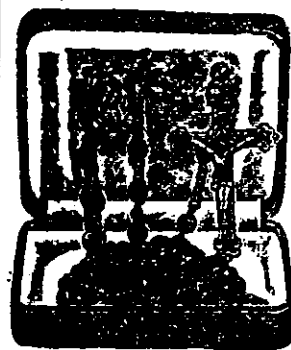
The Vegetable Garden.—All the spring planting of vegetables and seed sowing for the main crops in the season's supply should be finished by now, and the principal work in the garden centred in securing a good healthy plant growth. This consists largely in hoeing weeds and thinning out where seeds have come up too thickly; the latter especially in regard to carrots, parsnips, turnips, onions, leeks, and kindred plants. Spinach and lettuce should also be thinned out as required. Continue sowing a small quantity of seed and planting out cabbage of different sorts, including cauliflower (autumn giant is the best for a late crop). A good square of this variety should be put in as soon as possible, as it comes in late in the autumn and is very useful at that time. Give plenty of water at time of planting, and an occasional application of liquid manure during the dry season to keep them moving. A good square of early and late brocoli should be put in now, using plenty of water at time of planting. Sow thinly a line or two of round spinach—this is a good wholesome vegetable and a supply should be found in every garden. With regard to spinach the best plan is to frequently sow a small quantity in good rich soil. Keep up a succession of lettuce and radish, sowing them in rich soil, and well watering during dry weather. Now is a good time to sow peas, beans, scarlet runners, and French beans. Pumpkins, marrows, and cucumbers ought to be planted out, using plenty of manure and water to assist their growth. Keep the soil constantly stirred with the Dutch hoe and thus ensure an adequate supply of air and food to growing vegetables. During the time when watering is necessary a supply of fertiliser before watering will prove very beneficial.

The Flower Garden.—All the bedding out should now be finished, and work in this department confined to the regular mowing, rolling, and watering of the lawn, and to caring for the newly bedded-out plants by watering when necessary, and hoeing out weeds. Stake dahlias and chrysanthemums as a protection against strong winds. Cut back privet, laurel, holly, and Matipo hedges. Now, while the growth is soft and fresh, is the best time to carry out the work

of hedge-trimming; the second trimming prior to winter will, too, be found a much easier operation as a consequence.

The Fruit Garden.—Trees with a luxuriant growth should be looked over and where there are many shoots of young spray these should be pruned back to about three inches from the stem so as to give light and air to the fruit, and also do away with unnecessary growth. Spraying for codlin moth and fungus diseases must be now attended to; the necessary material with instructions for use being obtainable from dealers in gardening requisites. Now is the time to thin out late grapes. At least half the berries require to be cut off; this should be done with sharp-pointed scissors, taking care not to handle the branches but using a branched stick to steady them during the process. If mildew is showing dust on sulphur or apply with a little bellows.

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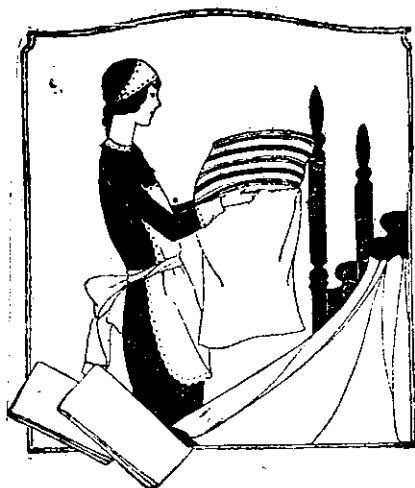
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Catholic World

HOLY DOOR TO CLOSE ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

A programme of events which will mark the ending of the Holy Year of Jubilee has been approved by the Pope and announced here (says a Rome message).

The octave from the eighth to the 15th of November has been set aside for the commemoration of the 16th centenary of the Council of Nicea. On November 8 a famous picture of the Saviour will be transported from the Sancta Sanctorum where it has reposed during the Holy Year to the Basilica of St. John Lateran.

The week will be replete with solemn ceremonies and processions in which various Oriental rites in communion with the Holy See will take part.

On November 15 a Solemn Pontifical Mass according to the Greek rite will be celebrated in St. Peter's in the presence of the Pope and with ecclesiastics of Oriental rites participating. Solemn exposition of a picture of "Maria Salus Populi Romani" in the Basilica St. Mary's Major will be held on December 8.

Formal closing of the Holy Door—open only during Holy Years of Jubilee, will take place on Christmas Eve. On December 31 the Pope will pontificate at a Mass in St. Peter's at which the *Te Deum* will be chanted and his Holiness will proclaim the institution of a new Feast of Jesus Christ, Universal King of Society.

In connection with this proclamation the Pope will publish an encyclical in the near future.



WHY THE CHURCH SUPPORTS HER OWN SCHOOLS.

The Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., Archbishop of Cincinnati, at a dinner tendered him by newspaper executive there, took advantage of the occasion to explain the Catholic attitude toward education.

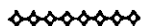
Declaring that many non-Catholics have now come to realise that education without a religious foundation is incomplete, his Grace went on to say: "You may disagree with us Catholics on the question of the parochial school, but long experience has taught the Church the value of a religious atmosphere. If it simply were a question of teaching the three R's, I would use all the authority of my office to close every parochial school in the archdiocese. But we maintain that it is necessary to teach the child a knowledge of God and the purpose of its creation from the very beginning.

"From a simple problem in arithmetic we teach the eternity of truth and that God is the eternal truth. So, too, by means of geography and kindred studies, the child is led to a knowledge and love of God. It is in the school also that from the very beginning the child is taught respect for authority as coming from God."

Bespeaking the co-operation of the newspapers in church work, his Grace said:

"I am prepared to welcome suggestions at all times, even when a principle is involved. Not that I believe we can always agree upon

principle. But there are many differences of opinion that can be ironed out by frank discussion. At any rate we may lay aside those things on which we cannot agree so that we may develop those which otherwise would be lost entirely.



NOTES FROM PARIS WORKING FOR REUNION.

Announcement of the founding of a new Benedictine Abbey devoted especially to the purpose of reunion of the Eastern Christians with the Roman communion was made at the week's conference on Church Reunion which ended a short time ago at Brussels. The conference was held with the approbation of the Belgian Hierarchy. Dom Lambert Beaudouin, of the University of Louvain, made the announcement of the new foundation.

Archbishop Szeptycky, of Leopold, Metropolitan of Eastern Galicia, attended the gathering, and Cardinal Mercier presided. The final meeting expressed the hope that the sacrifices for unfortunate Russia will count in the great cause and perhaps hasten the day of reconciliation among the churches. It affirmed the love of Rome for the separated Christians and added that Rome, while desiring reunion, intends no injury to either the rites or the traditions of the Eastern Churches.

EXPOSITIONS OF DECORATIVE ART.

Two international expositions are now being held in France: the Exposition of Decorative Arts, in Paris, and the Exposition of White Coal and Tourism at Grenoble. The Paris exhibit has a Catholic church, built, decorated, and furnished by societies of Catholic artists. At Grenoble, the organisers of the exhibit also built a Catholic church. It is built in the Alpine style, with steep roof, on account of the heavy snows, thick, low walls, and a large vestibule where umbrellas may be closed, coats shaken free of snow, and heavy, mud-caked boots scraped before going into the church proper.

Catholics are very pleased that the directors in charge of these two exhibits should have thus recognised the place which belongs to the Church in the life of cities.

JEW VINDICATES COURAGE OF TWO CATHOLIC PRIESTS.

The vindication by a Jew of two Catholic priests who had been made subjects of derision in an anti-clerical paper of the Department of Haute-Saone, has attracted no little attention and has had a result directly opposed to that sought by the author of the article.

The paper published an account of the rescue of two wealthy Jewish residents of Mantoche, Monsieur and Madame Levy, whose boat capsized in the River Saone while they were on a pleasure trip.

Led astray by its sectarian policies, the paper stated that two men who were about 100 metres from the scene of the accident hastened to save the victims "while two priests, witnesses of the drama, went down

on the shore and knelt down, doubtless praying to St. Barnabas to pull Monsieur and Madame Levy out of the water."

As a matter of fact the two priests bravely assisted in the rescue. They were Abbe Roux, pastor of Graye, in the Jura, and Abbe Monnot, pastor of Mantoche, two war veterans with brilliant records.

M. Levy paid a visit to the two priests and told them that he would demand a full rectification by the paper of its maliciously false statements. Such a rectification was later published.

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TOASTS 3



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Cold Philosophy

Physiology, says the wise man, is an unfixed science, "but its uncertainties, such as function and organisation, perception and sensation, and at last thought and will, which belong to anatomy and metaphysics, all exhibit God in the tenderness of numberless adaptations and the unattainable perfection of mechanical skill."

We look about us to-day and find a marvellous advancement in every branch of science. Indeed it is almost frightening when we pause to consider the great amount of time that is necessarily consumed in research, and the perfecting of these minute details and mechanisms. We perceive also that, contrary to the mind of the old philosopher, man scarcely ever reduces these wonderful problems and achievements to their proper foundation, God.

It is frightening, because we know that Time is a very precious possession, that it passes quickly. The very watch that rests above our pulse or near to our heart is hurrying our life away with every moment. A second, an hour, but we may not turn back however much we would.

Time is a very peculiar thing. We cannot understand it. We have been told by theologians that in the next world it will probably bear no analogy to the hours and the days that we were accustomed to count in this. What, for instance, is a day to the Creator of the universe? We cannot say. What are a thousand years in His sight? Possibly as a brief moment of our earthly existence. We do not know. Of one thing, however, we are certain, and that is, that we came from God, and that we return to Him when our Time here on earth is no more.

We enter the Zoo and watch the antics of the giant elephant as he sways this way and that, with friendly eye following the capers of the children who share their luncheon with him and thereby earn his gratitude so far as he can be supposed to have such. This marvellous creature, that eats and sleeps and performs other functions of a living organism, cannot reason or think. In this alone he is unlike man. He was fashioned by the Creator's Hand, but something was left out of him. God, we may say, stopped short of the infinite perfection of His masterpiece. Therefore the elephant remains an inferior design in creation as compared to man, made to the image and likeness of his Creator.

Look up to the window, and note the tiny creature flitting hither and thither upon the curtain. It is a species of small fly or mosquito. It is exceedingly finely proportioned. It has a mouth, eyes, other organs, but we must use a microscope to discern any of them in detail. It has a certain powerful life, however, for it is able to wreak its vengeance upon man. In the still hours, when he is slumbering peacefully, it suddenly descends upon him, and fastening itself to his flesh, draws forth a drop of his very life blood. And yet, with the slightest pressure of his little finger, man can crush the life from this tiny organism that came from God.

Man passes through the museums and laboratories, and wonder at the skeleton of the man-eating shark. He looks upon the sharp-pointed instrument of the sword-fish where-with he condemns his opponent to a speedy death. He wonders, and speculates, and makes scientific calculations. But in them all he generally omits one thing. He gives no credit for all these wonders where it properly belongs. These creatures, one and all, were fashioned by God, tirelessly working to fill His universe with wonderful masterpieces.

To the man of faith, all these wonders are but another revelation of the Omnipotence and goodness and wisdom of the Creator. His thoughts advert to that far back day when, having separated light from darkness and the earth from the sea, God fashioned, as so many toys, all the creeping and flying and gliding things that sustain their life from His all-supporting Hand. In all, the man of faith sees and reverences the Mighty Maker of the universe.

"I would not enter on my list of friends," said Cowper, "though he be graced with polished manners and fine sense, the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." So we would not enter on our list of friends the scoffer, the irreverent man, who says that all these wonderful things came "by chance."

The great scientist, who was very poor in the things of the spirit, sat by his study table, delving into the wonders of a subject that had long obsessed his mind. Through the open window a beautiful moth came flying and, with unwonted temerity, alighted on the page of his book. And the great one, annoyed that it left a trail of pollen on the immaculate page, crushed it in his palm, uttering imprecations on this little, helpless,

beautiful thing he had so wantonly put to death.

In his study a religious sat poring over his Breviary. He was contemplating in spiritual vision, all the beauties of the earth, calling on all nature to praise God Who was responsible for such wonders and such beauty. And, behold, he looked on the sleeve of his holy habit, and there was a tiny insect, of a pale green color, its slender body scarcely larger than the head of a pin, its delicate legs scarcely more than a thread of finest silk.

The man of God admired and revered the tiny creature, knowing that it was a specimen of the artistic handiwork of One Whom he served and loved. He did not disturb it, but suffered it to remain while it would, that he might make the longer meditation on the generosity and goodness of Him Who, while creating this wee atom, had gone many steps farther and made man with a brain to think, hands to fashion, and a soul to wonder and to love!

Surely there was a vast difference between the two types of men. The power and wisdom of the one came from the Infinite Maker of the universe, of the other from his own distorted idea of his importance in the world.

Do not all charms fly at the touch of cold philosophy? asked the poet. And we think that the answer is Yes.

—The Pilot (Boston).

AFTER THE JAZZ—

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My reason for writing you is that my little grandson, Clive Dean,
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(Signed) W. E. BUSCH, Storekeeper.

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Domestic

By Maureen

Gooseberry Charlotte.

One quart gooseberries, sugar to taste, 1 cup whipped cream, ½ oz gelatine. Oil a china mould. Prepare the gooseberries as for gooseberry fool. When cold stir in the cream and the gelatine dissolved in a little milk. Stir well till it begins to set, then pour into the mould. Use when quite set.

Gooseberry Fritters.

Two cupsful gooseberries, 3 egg yolks, 2 egg whites, 1 tablespoonful sugar, 2 table-spoonsful milk, 1 oz breadcrumbs, 2 oz flour. Fry the gooseberries in butter until tender. Then mash them to a pulp with a fork. Take the yolks of the 3 eggs and the whites of the 2, the sugar, milk, breadcrumbs, and mix together well with the flour. When these ingredients have been thoroughly mixed, add the gooseberry pulp to them. Boil for a few minutes to thicken, then drop pieces of required size into a frying pan containing boiling fat. Fry to a delicate brown, and dredge with sugar before serving.

Christmas Plum Puddings.

Two lbs suet, 2 lbs raisins, 1 lb currants, 1 lb sultanas, ½ lb almonds, 12 eggs, ½ pint milk, 2 lbs brown sugar, 1 lb breadcrumbs, 2 lbs flour, 1 pint ale, 1 lb mixed peel, 3 oranges, 2 lemons. Mix flour, breadcrumbs, sugar; add raisins stoned, currants, sultanas, peel cut fine, and chopped almonds. Add grated rind of oranges and lemons. Mix in gradually the juice of oranges and lemons, ale and milk. Let it stand some hours. Then mix in the eggs well beaten. Mix thoroughly and press into buttered basins, filling each full. Scald pudding cloths, dredge them over with flour, and spread over the top of each basin; leave a little room for swelling, and tie with string round the rim of the basins. Plunge into fast-boiling water, and boil for seven or eight hours, according to size. On the day they are to be used, boil again for 2 hours.

Lemon Lady-Fingers.

Excellent for serving with afternoon tea. They are made by spreading lemon curd between lady-fingers. For lemon curd, put ¼ cup butter and ¼ cup sugar in double saucepan. Add grated rind of 1 lemon, strained juice of 2 lemons, and 3 beaten eggs. Stir over fire until mixture thickens. This filling is equally good in pastry or layer cake, and will keep well.

Fruit and Nut Filled Cakes.

For the foundation use any good pastry recipe. Cut the paste in desired shape, and put together in twos, with a thick mixture of honey, figs and ground almonds. Press the edges tightly together, and bake the cakes quickly in hot oven.

Household Hints.

For mixing cake the pastry an old marble slab or a piece of plate-glass is better than a board.

To remove the smell of cooking, take a basin of boiling water and pour into it about five drops of oil of lavender.

To stop hiccups, give the patient a teaspoonful of granulated sugar and vinegar. If this does not afford instant relief, repeat the dose.

When cake-tins are worn thin, scatter a little sand over the oven shelf before putting the tin in, and the cake will not burn in the baking.

When making jellies grease the jelly moulds with butter, and when the jelly is to be turned out plunge the mould into hot water and remove at once.

To freshen a carpet sweep it with a broom previously dipped in salt and water. Shake the broom well before using it, for it is needed damp, not wet.

Common kitchen salt, thrown on a fire, will extinguish fire in the chimney. All the doors and windows in the room should be closed to prevent a draught.

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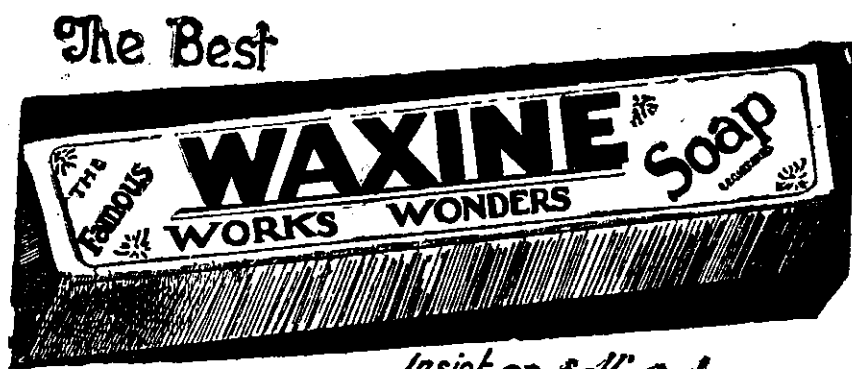
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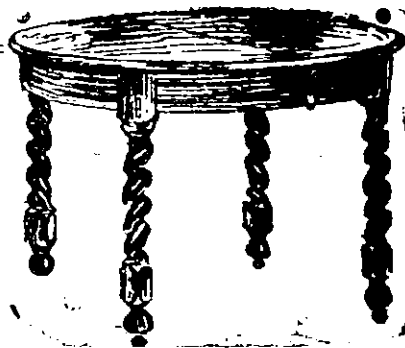
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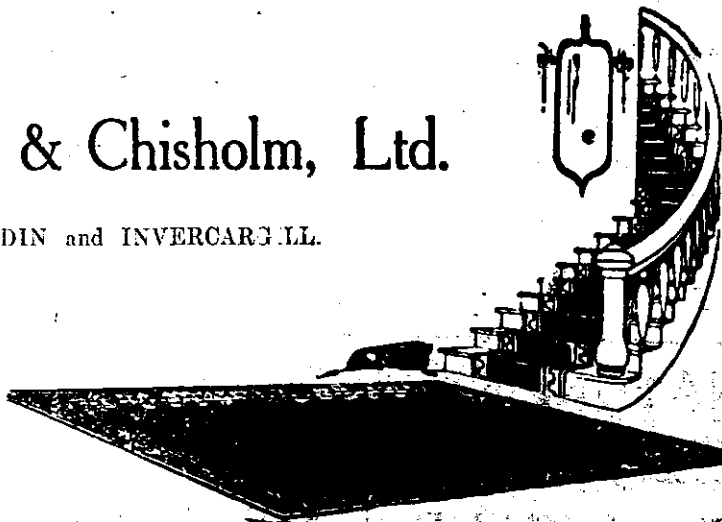


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Unfading Flower of Purity!
Queen of Mercy, mild!
Hail, ever-glorious Morning Star,
That dost the sun outshine!
Plead for thy children here to-day
Who gather round thy shrine.—

Thou'rt purer than the lily fair,
More fragrant than the rose;
Thy throne in heaven's highest court
With radiant glory glows;
Angelic choirs glad praises sing
Of thy pure virgin state
To thee, our Mother and our Queen,
Conceived Immaculate!

Hail, Temple of the Living God,
From spot and stain e'er free!
Plead for thy children here on earth
That we may holier be.
In every weary woe and care
We thy protection need—
O Spotless Maid! O lily fair!
For us, then, intercede.

Plead thou our cause with thy dear Son,
And send us sweet relief.
Grant Erin's faith may brighter shine,
Though bitter be her grief.
O Virgin blest! O Fount of Love!
Hear thou our pleading prayer;
On us thine eyes of pity turn,
And take us 'neath thy care.

—EDIE HAYES.

Rathmines.

WHERE A SAINT STAYED: HOTEL'S MEMORIAL PLAQUE.

One of the most touching incidents in the life of the Little Flower, and one which has frequently been referred to during the ceremonies of her canonisation, was her pilgrimage to Rome, with her father; and her personal plea to Pope Leo XIII to be allowed to enter the Carmel at the age of fifteen.

Investigations made in connection with this trip to Rome of the future saint have revealed that she stopped at a "Hotel du Sud" in the via Capo le Case. A plate bearing an appropriate inscription has been placed on the site of the room which she occupied.

SIGNS OF A TRUE VOCATION.

Signs of a true vocation are many: a few shall be numbered here, which may prove helpful to the undecided.

1. A desire to have a religious vocation, together with a conviction that God is calling you.

2. A love for prayer and holy things in general.

3. To be zealous for the salvation of the souls of others as well as of one's own soul.

4. A desire to give one's self entirely and abandon all for the love of Jesus Christ.

5. A contempt of the world, together with a hatred of sin, and a desire to atone for sin.

Father Meschler, S.J., tells us the advantages of the religious life when he writes thus: It is like an island of peace and calm in the middle of the fleeting, changing, restless flood of this earthly life. It is like a garden planted by God and blessed with the fat of the land and the dew of heavenly consolation. It is like a lofty mountain, whence the last echoes of this world are heard. What peace, what happiness, purity, and holiness has it shed over the face of the earth.—Exchange.



A HARBOR LIGHT.

It would be hard to imagine a Catholic home without a crucifix in it, a Catholic home where devotion to our Crucified Saviour is not practiced. Sacred pictures there should be in our homes, and other articles of devotion; but first and above all, a Crucifix.

"Why do you Catholics always have that image before you?" a good Protestant once asked. "I always like to think of Jesus in His Resurrection!"

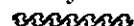
Ah, but the Calvaries we must all mount wearily and painfully before we reach the glory of our resurrection! And it is while as we mount our calvaries, it is while we suffer and toil, that we have need of the crucifix. What a fountain of strength and consolation it is, this image of the loving Saviour suffering all, enduring all, teaching how to suffer and endure.

It is succor in pain. It is balm and oil to wounded hearts; to souls made barren, grief brings "the gift of tears, sweet as the gift of song." It waters their arid wastes and makes the flowers of patience and resignation bloom where only a bitterness spread like a blight before. To the heart emptied of tears it brings the pure, refreshing dew of new hopes and new ideals.

And then, in the hour of temptation, in the moment of sin, oh! what magic has been wrought by the sight, the touch, of the crucifix!

Like a sudden light in the darkness, like a harbor light when the night is full of "cries of wreck upon the roaring deep," it bursts like a beacon before the harassed soul, and with its cry of mercy, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" it reaches out, it saves, it shields, and shelters and enfolds.

A world of books could be written about the crucifix, yet all would not be said. Have you a crucifix? Do you use it, or is it thrust away in some corner and forgotten? Bring it out again. Give it one thoughtful glance. Study it. Think what it means, what it says. You will not hide it away again. And if you have no crucifix in your home, get one. You need it. It will be to you as arms, armor, security.



GOODNESS.

Goodness and learning cannot of themselves enable anybody to find the true religion. Goodness cannot, because nobody is good enough; we are all sinners, and therefore by nature more or less blind to God and the spiritual world. Nor can learning, because human learning is wholly concerned

with the things of this world, and cannot get beyond it: it can therefore no more lead people to the knowledge of God than the science of chemistry can lead them to the knowledge of history. The Catholic Faith was never intended for learned people more than others: the Gospel was first preached to the poor and ignorant, and as St. Paul says, "the world by wisdom knew not God." It was not intended, either, exclusively for the good, but for "men of good will"—i.e., for men who want to be good, though they may not be so yet. Many who have no religion at all, people say are good, in the worldly sense, who have no religion at all, and say they don't want any. That kind of goodness, which consists in a general adherence to established moral principles, is one of the fruits of religion; but since it can certainly be had without religion itself, it clearly cannot prove anything as to the religion of anyone who has it. A person cannot be truly religious without at least trying to be good; but he may try to be good and succeed very fairly without the true religion. What religious belief really depends on is character—not so much what a person does or knows as what he is: and our characters depend mainly upon ourselves. They are built up, generally by our conduct during a course of years, but may sometimes undergo, from various causes, a sudden and complete change. The grace of faith, which God gives probably to everybody, and with which those who believe co-operate, is thus a test, not of our learning or conduct, but of the motives on which we habitually act, since these are the main constituents of character. A man who loves goodness for itself, and desires to know God, is predisposed to faith. One who tries to be good because goodness is a way to worldly success, and never thinks of God, is not so predisposed; though his character may—as apparently was the case with some of whom we read in the New Testament—be changed by God's appeal to his soul. We must therefore decide on our religion for ourselves; the only thing that will help us in uncertainty is prayer.—The Missionary.



A MOTHER'S WISH.

Baby, oh baby, why can't you stay little?

Here in my arms you lie snugly and warm,
Safe from the world in your own little haven,
While I protect you and guard you from harm.

See, does a sunbeam stray over your eyelids,
Teasing you gaily with warm, dazzling ray?

Never mind, little one, it shan't molest you—
Mother's own hands, baby, brush it away.

Shield you from sunshine? Ah, would I could shield you,

Guard you from all of life's thunder-storms too;

Tempests and trials to which I must yield you,

Out in the world that is waiting for you.

Ah, let me stay that far day of committal,
Stay it with laughter and tears and a kiss—

Baby, oh, baby, why can't you be little,
Safe in my arms, baby, always—like this?

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THE FIVE SENSES.

A teacher tells of an incident in a primary school examination over which she presided. One of the questions was with reference to the five senses, and a bright pupil handled the subject this way:—

"The five senses are sneezing, sobbing, crying, yawning, coughing. By the sixth sense is meant an extra one which some folks have. This is snoring."

A BACKSLIDER.

An old negro was brought into a police station charged with vagrancy.

"Law, mistah, I ain't no vagrant! I's a hard-workin' religious man. Look at dose!" And he pointed proudly to the large patches ornamenting the knees of his trousers. "I got dem from prayin'!"

"How about the patches on the seat of your breeches?" asked a policeman.

The negro looked sheepish for a moment, then:

"I reckon I must have got dose backslidin'," he said.

"FRUITFUL."

The inspector was paying his annual visit to the village school and was putting the children through their paces.

They did quite well until he asked them the meaning of the word "epidemic." Nobody knew, so he had to help them out.

"An epidemic is something that spreads. Now, can anybody give me an example of an epidemic?"

There was a long silence.

"Can no one tell me?" asked the inspector at last. "Remember, something that spreads."

Then came a small voice: "Jam, sir."

SMILE RAISERS.

"They tell me you love music."

"Yes, but never mind; keep on playing."

"You say you're looking for a cashier? Why, I thought you engaged one just last week?"

"I did; that's the one I'm looking for!"

"Now, Bennie, can you tell me what an island is?"

"Yes, ma'am. An island is a place you can't leave without a boat."

Willie: "Father, what is an egotist?"

Father: "An egotist, my son, is a man who tells you those things about himself which you intended to tell him about yourself."

A teacher had been talking to the class about the guinea-pig and describing it, observed: "It has no tail to speak of."

Later the pupils were requested to write an essay on this animal, and the following is an extract from one paper: "The guinea-pig is a small animal covered with fur. It has a tiny tail, but you must not speak about it."

Science Siftings

(By Volt)

A Few Words About Vitamines.

What do vitamines do? How do they protect us against enemy bacilli? How promote growth?

Science, convinced of the use of vitamines, is now seeking reasons. The present trend of opinion is that our life-processes are guarded by the secretions of the so-called ductless glands—the thyroid, adrenals, the spleen, the pituitary body in the brain—and that vitamines help these glands to function. This help is best supplied through diet. Seek proof in an instance.

A man went for the Red Cross to Roumania. The Austrians had driven off all the cows; the national diet was a sparse ration of oatmeal and a thin soup made of bran and vegetables. Eye-diseases were common among the children; many were blind. The man heard that up in Archangel they had docked a vessel laden with evaporated milk. He bought the entire cargo; its vitamines saved the Roumanian babies.

We must eat to live—but if we eat carelessly we may eat to die. What must we eat to live?

The Magic Power of Milk.—The fat-soluble life-guard is widely distributed in Nature. Spinach alone, even after drying, gave rats enough to live on. But it perishes if kept an hour at water's boiling-point and is sensitive to that beating which is important in preserving. As for the water-soluble life-guard, it also is present in nearly all leaf vegetables.

But can one get enough of these vitamines in green foods to ensure all that is necessary to physical well-being and advancement? No.

Therefore, Time's revised food-creed begins: "Drink more pure milk!"

The human stomach cannot accommodate as much green food as the cow's seven, and she passes her store on to you in milk. Earth's little peoples, like the Japanese, are dwarfed, the scientists declare, because they do not get enough milk and milk's fat-soluble vitamines. No other food so completely supplies the deficiencies of a diet of seeds and their products. And, unless one wants to continue to suffer from malnutrition, there is this to remember about grains:

Flour that has been bolted and sifted is like the rice that has been polished. Its vitamines have been "refined" away for cattle fodder. Countries which were free from deficiency diseases like scurvy and pellagra before the introduction of refined flours have been known to develop such diseases since highly-refined flours were introduced. In grain, the vitamines lie close to the husk's outer layer, and this outer layer is what the modern milling processes tear away.

That does not ban bread. Bread made from properly prepared flour—that is, flour in which all or a large proportion of the entire kernel has been preserved—is a vitamin necessity. It has been proved that the diet choice of the human family is, in many instances, based on a sort of subconscious sense of what the human system needs, and bread has long been the chief among these instinctive choices.

As Appetite Promoters.—Ever since the discovery of vitamines, scientists and dietitians have noted loss of appetite among the symptoms indicative of vitamin deficiency in the human body. And now, thanks to careful checking up on the part of tireless investigators, it is well established that these invisible life-guards actually play a large part in promoting appetite.

It has been found that animals fed on a diet deficient in them have invariably suffered loss of appetite, even to the point of absolute refusal of food. Yet as soon as vitamines were added to the daily food portion, appetite began to return, and so long as these elements were present, remained at normal.

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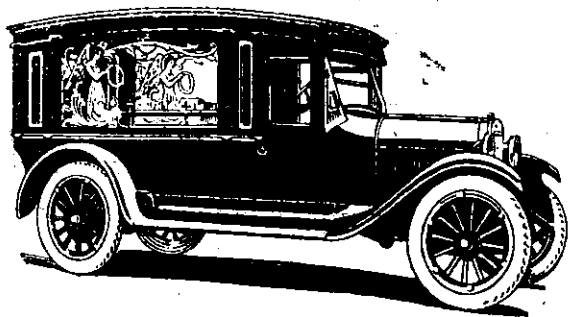
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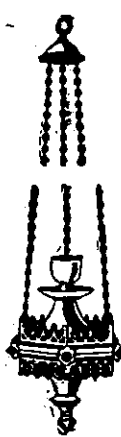
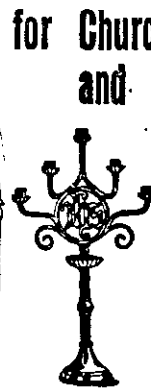
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