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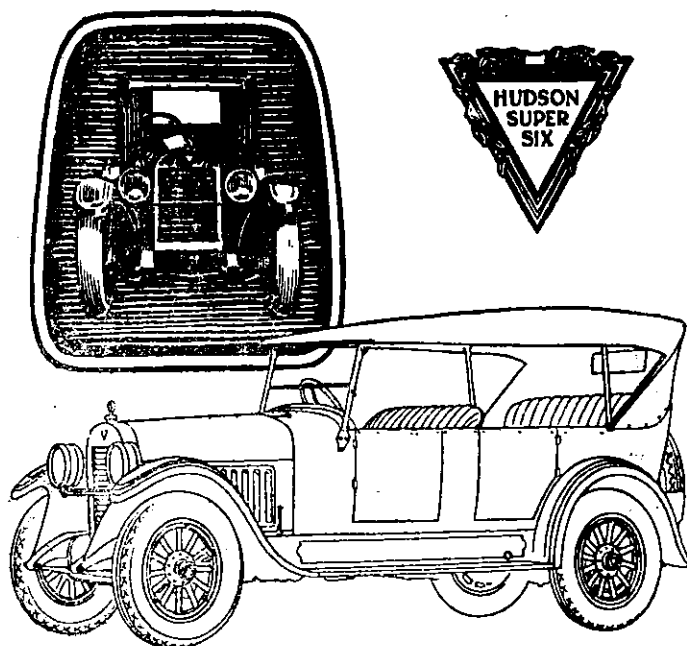
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GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S
CALENDAR.

- Dec. 13, Sun.—Third Sunday in Advent.
 „ 14, Mon.—Of the Octave of the Immaculate Conception.
 „ 15, Tue.—Octave of the Immaculate Conception.
 „ 16, Wed.—St. Eusebius, Bishop and Martyr. Ember Day. Fast and Abstinence.
 „ 17, Thur.—Of the Feria.
 „ 18, Friday.—Of the Feria. Ember Day. Fast and Abstinence.
 „ 19, Sat.—Vigil of St. Thomas Apostle. Ember Day. Fast.

St. Eusebius, Bishop and Martyr.

St. Eusebius, Bishop of Vercelli, was born in Sardinia, in 283, and died at Vercelli, Piedmont, on August 1, 371. He was made rector at Rome, where he lived some time, probably as a member, or head, of a religious community. Later he came to Vercellae, the present Vercelli, and in 340 was unanimously elected Bishop of that city by the clergy and the people. He received episcopal consecration at the hands of Pope Julius I, on December 15, of the same year. According to the testimony of St. Ambrose, he was the first Bishop of the West who united monastic with clerical life. He led with the clergy of his city a common life, modelled upon that of the Eastern cenobites. For this reason the Canons Regular of St. Augustine honor him along with St. Augustine as their founder.

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Encamped, the soldiers of the King,
 About the mountain lay,
 To seize the Prophet, and in chains
 To bear him swift away.
 The Saint's young servant cried in fear:
 "Oh! now what shall we do?"
 "Nay, nay, for us there are far more
 Than all this host in view."
 The Seer then prayed unto the Lord:
 "Dispel, O God, his dread."
 The prayer was heard, and from the youth
 Straightway his terror fled.
 He saw the mountain all ablaze
 With Cherubim who rode
 In fiery chariots, rank on rank;
 Sunlike, their armor glowed.
 Thus heavenly warriors gird us round
 From foes to guard us well,
 And when Faith opens our eyes to see,
 We mock the host of hell.
 —M. J. WARSON, S.J., in *Pearls from Holy Scripture for our Little Ones*.

If you find anyone determined to talk failure and illness and misfortune and disaster, walk away. You would not permit the dearest person on earth to administer slow poison to you if you knew it. Then why think it your duty to take mental foods which paralyse your courage and kill your happiness?

The Storyteller

For the Old Land

A TALE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

(By CHARLES J. KICKHAM.)

Chapter VI.—Sammy Sloan in the Priest's Shrubbery—The Cooper's Workshop—Rody Flynn and His Melancholy Crony—How Paddy Shaunnahan Defeated Hammy Cosgrove out of His Own Bible—The Repeal Warden and Counsellor Doheny's Speech—Mr. Robert O'Keeffe Desires Joe Cooney to Bring His Horse to the Forge, which Compels the Bailiff to Alter His Plans.

It was known all over the village of Shannaclough that the Hon. Horatio himself had called upon Father Feehan the night before, accompanied by a tall gentleman with a long nose. It was further ascertained that after a discussion of nearly three hours' duration between the parish priest and his two visitors—during which the embryo legislator shed tears and talked of his "poor mamma"—the long-nosed gentleman filled cheques to pay expenses and so forth, and the Hon. Horatio consented to repress his honorable ambition to "elevate himself and his country together," until the general election, which Father Feehan, with an affectionate clasp of the hand, assured him was nearer than many people imagined. Father Clancy, the curate, remarked at breakfast that the youthful aspirant for parliamentary laurels would do well to employ the interval in the cultivation of "Lindley Murray," and a beard, a remark which, fortunately for the curate, Mrs. Slattery, the housekeeper, thought was intended as friendly and complimentary to the scion of the house of Allavogga, who had shaken hands with her very civilly and respectfully, when taking his leave the night before. All this, by some mysterious agency, had been spread over the whole parish at an early hour in the forenoon. We know how the news was received by Martin Dwyer, of Corriglet, and his wealthy neighbor, Mr. Cormack, of Rockview House. There was gladness among the enfranchised everywhere; and, to a great extent, the non-electors sympathised with their "free and independent" neighbors. The owners of the two public-houses looked sullen; but even they could not help feeling the influence of the general sunshine more or less. In fact the only really discontented person in Shannaclough that morning was Sammy Sloane, the bailiff, who had been conditionally retained in the Tory interest, and counted upon making a good thing out of the election.

Unlike the two publicans, however, Sammy Sloane wore a cheerful and comfortable look, as with his stick under his arm, he was seen to walk quickly through the street, and, somewhat to the surprise of Rody Flynn, the cooper, turn into the priest's gate, which was but a short distance outside the village. The bailiff noiselessly opened the gate, observing that the key had been left in the padlock, which was locked round one of the bars. He glanced furtively up the avenue, which was quite overhung by trees, whose thick foliage almost completely shut out the sky. With a

laughing expression in his really good-humored face, the little bailiff walked quickly across the enclosure—half-field, half shrubbery—on the right-hand side of the avenue, till he came to a fine lilac in full blossom close to the high ivied garden wall. Sammy Sloane put up his hand as if to pull a sprig of the lilac, looking furtively in every direction to see if anyone was observing him. Mr. Sloane was a man of taste, and his getting a nosegay to bring home to his wife and children would have caused no surprise whatever; though, possibly, Father Feehan might say it was like Sammy Sloane's audacity to come into his shrubbery uninvited and help himself to his lilacs.

Mr. Sloane, however, did *not* help himself to a single sprig of the priest's lilac because it happened that Father Feehan or anybody else was *not* looking at him. His real business in the priest's shrubbery this morning was not to get a nosegay for his wife, though that would have done very well as a reason for his being there—if occasion required it. He sat down behind a holly bush, against the ivied garden wall, and, stretching out his short, stout legs, took off his hat and placed it between them. Taking a roll of papers from his breast-pocket, which was very deep, Mr. Sloane selected two from the lot, and returned the rest to his pocket.

"Well," said Sammy Sloane to himself in an argumentative sort of way, "if they let the election go on I could put them off for another six months. But people must live. And he is not a bit thankful to me for sparing him so long. Now, if that was Murty Magrath had these," he added, running his eyes over the contents of the two documents, in a way from which it could be seen that Mr. Sloane was rather short-sighted—"If Murty had these, 'tis long ago it would be done, unless he was squared, I don't think that a good system. There's more lost than gained by it in the end. When a man gets the name of taking a bribe he'll lose many a good job. Honesty is the best policy—and to do things quiet."

In this virtuous frame of mind Mr. Sammy Sloane reclined at full length by the garden wall, resting his head against the ivy, and seeming to take great interest in the movements of a pair of golden wrens among the branches of the fir tree, against the trunk of which he had placed his feet, the heel of one resting upon the toe of the other. While the bailiff was watching the busy little wrens with his half-shut, short-sighted eyes, Mr. Robert O'Keeffe was slowly riding through the village, stroking the neck of his handsome bay horse with his gloved hand, and followed by many admiring eyes, till he reached the priest's gate, which he opened without dismounting, and was lost to all eyes in shady avenue, save the half-shut ones that glanced for a moment from the golden wrens, as the rider passed from the sunlight

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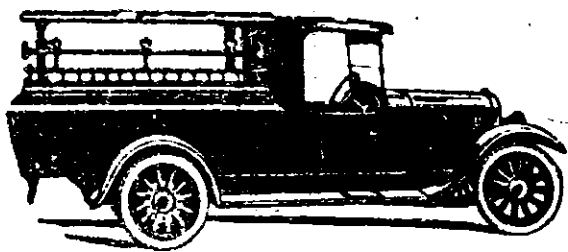
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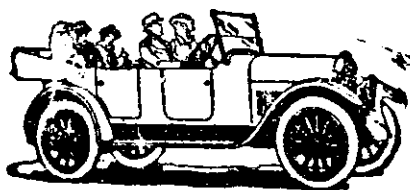
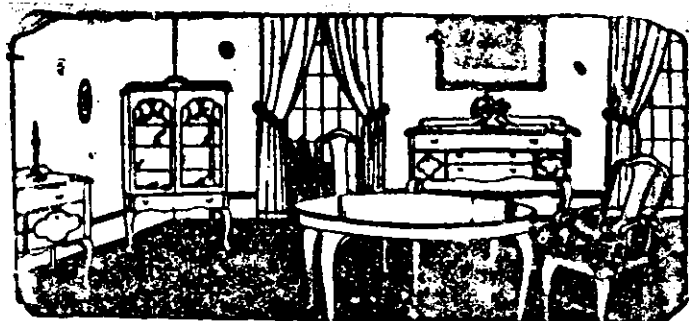
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into the twilight into the trees. Among the admiring eyes that followed the horseman as he rode through the village were two small, round black ones that belonged to Rody Flynn, the cooper, who, resting upon his drawing knife, and pushing his brown paper cap back upon the poll of his round close-cropped head, exclaimed delightedly—

"He's a mighty handsome man. I never seen a purtier man, except one gentleman I was acquainted with in the—Queen's County." Rody Flynn emphasised his words in a manner peculiar to himself, making a rhetorical pause before the emphatic expression, as if it had been trying to run away from him, and he had to catch it, and drive it with some force into its proper place with a jerk. And here let us confess, that with all due respect for Rody Flynn, it is to this day an undecided question in our mind whether he did not sometimes—in fact often and habitually—draw upon his imagination in reference to what he had seen and known in the Queen's County. No matter what the subject under discussion might be—no matter what the harrowing accident by flood or field related—no matter how enormous the potato or turnip brought in for exhibition by the Scotch steward at the Castle—Rody Flynn had seen something more extraordinary "in the Queen's County."

This is a sore subject with us. We quite entered into the feelings of our old friend Father Walter Cleary (peace be with him) when one day, having found Rody Flynn shaving the head of a poor man in typhus fever, to whom Father Walter had been called to administer the Sacrament—he said to us—"what an admirable character that Rody Flynn is. He's always doing work of charity; his house is like a dispensary, and he's really very skilful. And there he is now after shaving that poor man's head, not deterred by the danger, though he knows there is danger. I'd rather than fifty pounds," he continued, "that Rody Flynn didn't see so many things in the Queen's County. But I suppose," Father Walter added with a sigh of resignation, "there's no use in looking for perfection in this world."

It was Father Walter first gave the name of "Dicky Sheil" to Rody Flynn's canary, whose shrill volubility cowed even Terry Hanrahan's thrush into silence, and sometimes drove Tom Doherty's flute-throated blackbird into fits of temporary insanity. But Rody Flynn had seen one better singing bird even than his own Dicky Sheil, "in the Queen's County."

"Did you ever hear Sheil?" Father Walter asked indignantly, as if he thought Rody meant to disparage not the canary, but the brilliant Richard Lalor himself.

"I did," Rody replied, his little eyes sparkling with delight.

"In the Queen's County, I suppose," muttered Father Walter with something like a scowl.

"No, in Clonmel," returned Rody Flynn triumphantly. "The time of General Matthew's election."

"Tell me something he said?" rejoined Father Walter, dubiously.

"'Twas the last day of the polling," Rody replied, laying down his mallet, and pushing

his paper cap back from his forehead. "He was speaking from the balcony of Hearne's Hotel. He was about my own size," added Rody Flynn, looking upon his shapely legs encased in a well-fitting corduroy breeches, and light grey angola stockings, and then drawing himself up to his full height.

"Tell us something he said," Father Walter interrupted, almost morosely.

"The polling was coming to a close," Rody Flynn went on, his round face radiant at the recollection of that exciting contest, when the "Gallant Forties"—so soon, alas! to be flung away like broken tools—trooped to the poll in the teeth of more deadly peril than soldier ever encountered upon the battlefield. "The polling was coming to a close; and it was known we had a successful majority. As Sheil was speaking, a big—Orange flag was hoisted over the club-house. 'They're beat, they're beat,' says Sheil, 'I see they have hung out an Orange pocket handkerchief there beyond. Oh, friends, it is bedewed with many an orange tear.'"

"You did hear Sheil," said Father Walter, fixing his eyes upon Rody Flynn, as if he would look through and through him, and satisfy himself as to the reality or otherwise of those Queen's County experiences, which he regarded as the one shadow upon Rody Flynn's character.

"Yes," said Rody, "and Doheny spoke after, and told the people not to mind Orange or Green, or any color, but to stand by their country and their religion."

"Don't talk about Doheny," said Father Walter.

"He was the honestest man of 'em all," retorted Rody Flynn, stoutly. "Sheil was a—brilliant senator, as you say. He was a great man, too, while he stuck to O'Connell. But, after all, what was he but a—place-hunter?"

Father Walter felt the force of this, and was silent for a minute or two, of which "Dicky Sheil" took advantage to hurl a thrilling defiance at Tom Doherty's blackbird, who immediately dropped cowering from his perch as if a hawk were poised above his head, and then fluttered round and round his wicker prison uttering discordant cries, and apparently bent upon dashing himself to pieces.

"Well, here," said Father Walter, as if posed by Rody's last remark. "Do these razors, and come up early to-morrow to shave me. But don't bother me about Doheny. And don't tell me you have heard a better singing bird than "Dicky Sheil"—in the Queen's County, or in any other county, for I don't believe a word of it."

"'Tis surprising," said Rody Flynn, when the priest had turned away from the door at which he had merely stopped on his way to the chapel, to leave his razors to be set. "'Tis surprising how—prejudiced they are against Doheny."

"I remarked that," returned his melancholy-faced friend and crony, Davy Lacy, the shoemaker, who, with his long-tailed body-coat hanging loosely over his shoulders, leant upon the half-door, his lack-lustre eyes fixed upon the top of a poplar tree behind Mr. Amby Armstrong's house. That tree seemed to possess some extraordinary fascina-

tion for Davy Lacy. He was leaning over Rody Flynn's half-door one calm summer evening when the first fluttering leaf of the poplar that peeped above the red tiles of the quaint old house caught his eye, and while he was puzzling his brains to guess whether that fluttering little object was a bird or what else it might be—Nell, the cobbler, rushed down the street excitedly, and announced to Davy Lacy that a son and heir had just been born to him. Ever after Davy Lacy seemed to recognise some mysterious connection between that tree and his first-born, whom he invariably spoke of as "that lad of mine"—and watched its growth with an interest that seemed to have no small share of awe and wonder mingled with it, as, year after year, the poplar tree rose higher and higher over the red tiles. When he took part in the conversation in Rody Flynn's workshop—which was but seldom and abruptly—Davy Lacy seemed to address himself to the top of the poplar tree. Whenever he did take his bony hand from his lank cheek, and his shirt sleeves from the half-door, it was to fix a questioning and reproachful stare upon somebody; and the stare was all the more intensely melancholy as well as questioning and reproachful when he himself had said, or was about to say, something very amusing.

The contrast between the good-humored, plump, and rounded little cooper, and the lean, angular, and sad-faced shoemaker, was very striking. Yet there must have been some bond of sympathy that drew them to each other. Davy appeared to spend nearly all his unemployed hours resting upon Rody's half-door; and Rody's clubby face always brightened up when his melancholy friend appeared hitching his blue body-coat—into the sleeves of which he never put his arms except on Sundays—upon his shoulders, and silently took up his position with his elbow upon the half-door, and his hand under his chin.

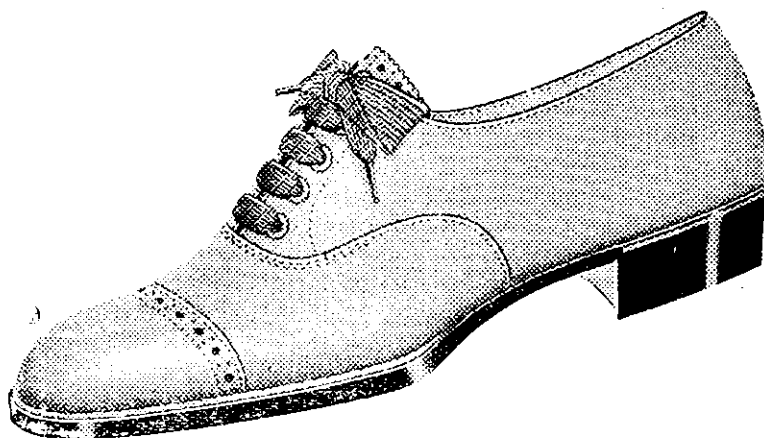
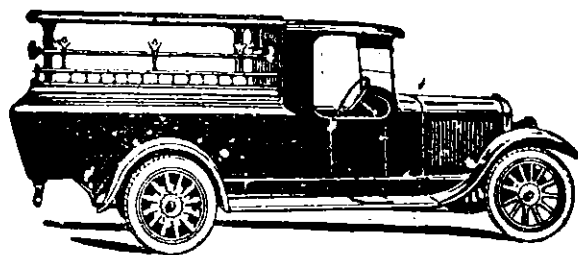
"Sure I remember," said Davy Lacy, in reply to Rody Flynn's last remark, and appearing to address himself, not to Rody, but to the poplar tree—"I remember that speech Mr. Sweeny read that made John Nowlan rush out of the door here, and knock down that lad o' mine, who came to call me home to take Mr. Dwyer's measure. He was so ragin' mad he didn't mind the boy, though I thought every bone in his body was broke."

"I remember," returned Rody Flynn, laughing, "I told that story to Mr. Armstrong while I was shaving him the evening after, and he laughed heartily. He said it showed how much people are influenced by prejudice." Rody Flynn had a habit of giving the *ipsissima verba* of those he quoted, which possibly may account for the rather long pauses in unusual places in his sentences, and the unexpected emphasis upon words to which we have before referred. "Mr. Armstrong said it was a most—amusing instance of the—powerful influence that prejudice—exercises over men's—judgment. I knew another instance of the same kind," said Rody Flynn, "in the Queen's County."

"That lad o' mine had reason to remember it," Davy Lacy interrupted, turning round and fixing a severely reproachful glance upon

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his friend's beaming countenance. Rody, however, on this occasion contented himself with a silent and inward enjoyment of the "other instance" in the Queen's County. At least we hope so. We earnestly hope that "other instance" did come under Rody Flynn's notice in the Queen's County or somewhere else, and that keeping the fun all to himself was not the result of any temporary derangement of the inventive faculty. But while Rody Flynn, to the apparent astonishment and disgust of the melancholy shoemaker, is chuckling over what happened

(we hope) in the Queen's County, we shall tell the story about Counsellor Doheny's speech, which story Mr. Armstrong—who since we left him has had a "good time" with Nannie and Nellie in the orchard, quite unconscious of Mrs. Cormack's binocular—considered so amusing that Rody Flynn thought more than once it would be necessary to let the lather dry on his left cheek, certain muscles of which became so unruly that there seemed to be danger in passing the well-stropped razor over them.

(To be continued.)

IRISH READINGS

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

SONGS AND SONG WRITERS.

(By "Ateth" in the Nation.)

Of the numerous bores that infest society, perhaps the most intolerable, if we except the prize boars at the cattle shows, are those small sing-song writers who, whilst utterly devoid of one single spark of real poetic fire, imagine themselves geniuses, and are perpetually foisting their namby-pamby effusions on the public. "Why do the public purchase them?" asks some uncompromising individual. Alas! my friend, the public cannot help doing so; they are literally pestered and betrayed into it. Shortly after that child of song, Mr. Twaddle, has published his exquisitely wretched ditty, entitled "The Dying Wail of a Broken Heart," you happen to meet, in an evil hour, a good-natured acquaintance. "Tom," says the person to you, "Twaddle has published a new song—'tisn't a bad one either—and I have promised to get rid of a few copies for the poor fellow. I expect you'll take one. Now 'don't say no,' as Mr. Bralligan says"—and you don't say no, though you ought. Again, a kind editor, remarkable for his abilities in bestowing praise upon anything, from a bloated Aberdeen turnip—bad at heart, maybe, for all its splendid appearance—to the bloated exterminator—similarly affected—upon whose cottageless property the vegetable was grown, in a characteristically eulogistic paragraph thus speaks of what he is pleased to style "the latest emanation of the genius of Twaddle, Esq., our gifted fellow-townsmen":—"It has often before been our pleasing duty to call attention to, and speak in the language of well-merited praise of, the gifted poet who is such an honor to our town, and whose latest effusion, 'The Dying Wail of a Broken Heart,' now lies before us. This charming ballad possesses all the beauties that characterised the talented author's former productions, besides many more peculiar to itself. We can honestly say that its perusal yielded us those exquisitely pleasurable sensations, much more easily imagined than described, tending to elevate the heart and refine the sensibilities of the soul. In it Mr. Twaddle has transcendently displayed his wondrous power of transforming convertibility into individuality." After such a paragraph—the concluding portion of the last sentence of which, we deem it necessary to observe, is a genuine quotation—what is unsophisticated humanity to do but rush to

the local bookseller's with frantic haste, and invest in "The Dying Wail." If the payment of a few shillings for a couple of sheets of waste paper were the only grievances we had to sustain at the hands of vain and foolish poetasters thirsting for fame, it were well, and we should have but little reason to complain: but such is not the case. In compliance with the request of friends, or influenced by the laudations of the encomiastic editor, or, perchance, captivated by the attractions of the pink-cheeked damsel generally to be found depicted on the front sheet, young ladies—we say ladies, because we are not of those who much affect male warblers—purchase the new song; and, alas! its purchase is but the prelude to its committal to memory, with ulterior views. How often have we listened with a "sad civility," closely bordering on indignation, whilst brilliant young creatures, in whose thrilling tones we should like to hear the noble songs of Moore and Davis sung, "made long the night," as they poured forth, in nauseating succession, the mawkish maunderings of vitiated taste and nonsensical sentimentality. But why do we speak of singing? Positively we have heard—*horresco referens*—sentimental songs, of the class we have indicated, recited. Goaded into desperation by the reiterated "pressings" of friends, (?) resolved to make a fool of himself and have done with it, some weak-minded young man, with watery eyes, a husky voice, and a pair of unmanageable legs, rises from his chair, and—but we spare our readers the description of a scene under the accumulated horrors of which even the indomitable "Jollity" of Mark Tapley himself must succumb.

THE SEASONS.

(By D. F. MCCARTHY.)

The different hues that deck the earth
All in our bosoms have their birth—
'Tis not in blue or sunny skies,
'Tis in the heart the Summer lies!
The earth is bright if *that* be glad,
Dark is the earth if *that* be sad;
And thus I feel each weary day—
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away!

In vain, upon her emerald car,
Comes Spring, "the maiden from afar,"
And scatters o'er the woods and fields

The liberal gifts that nature yields;
In vain the buds begin to grow,
In vain the crocus gilds the snow;
I feel no joy though earth be gay—
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away!

And when the Summer, like a bride,
Comes down to earth in blushing pride,
And from that union sweet are born
The fragrant flowers and waving corn,
I hear the hum of birds and bees,
I view the hills and streams and trees,
Yet vain the thousand charms of May—
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away!

And when the Autumn crowns the year,
And ripened hangs the golden ear,
And luscious fruits of ruddy hue
The bending boughs are glancing through,
When yellow leaves from sheltered nooks
Come forth and try the mountain brooks—
Even then I feel, as there I stray,
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away!

And when the Winter comes at length,
With swaggering gait and giant strength,
And with his strong arms in a trice
Binds up the streams in chains of ice,
What need I sigh for pleasures gone—
The twilight eve, the rosy dawn?
My heart is changed as much as they—
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away!

Even now, when Summer lends the scene
Its brightest gold—its purest green—
Whene'er I climb the mountain's breast,
With softest moss and heath-flowers dressed—
When now I hear the breeze that stirs
The golden bells that deck the furze—
Alas! ye all are vain, I say—
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away!

But when thou comest back once more—
Though dark clouds hang and loud winds
 roar.

And mists obscure the nearest hills,
And dark and turbid roll the rills—
Such pleasures then my breast shall know,
That Summer's sun shall round me glow;
Then quick return, dear maid, I pray—
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away!

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THE PARROT

(By REGINALD POUND, in *John o' London's Weekly*.)

After six years' silence the parrot had spoken.

From its perch in the ornate gilt cage which its owner, Jacob Cruden, newly in from sea, had set down on the steps, it had peered with an unwinking fullstop of an eye at the woman who stood in the doorway and had broken into the conversation with a throatily-irrelevant, "What ho, she bumps, ma!"

Whereupon the woman, a neater figure than most of her kind in that mean Dockland street, had raised her hands and uttered a sharp, astounded "Gracious!" followed by a no less incredulous, "Well, I never! Well—"

Jacob Cruden's astonishment, as profound as the woman's, manifested itself more forcibly. He struck the cage with the back of his great red hand, making the wires twang and scattering seed and water with a fine disregard for the code of strict economy he ordinarily imposed on himself.

"Go on, y'old rip, you!" he growled. "Take that!"

Momentarily it seemed that the woman, who, according to the legend in the window, had "superior lodgings" to let, would shut the door on Jacob Cruden; she stepped back uncertainly, gazing at the cage, then at Jacob Cruden, and then reflectively, into the gathering lamp-lit dusk behind him.

The notion flashed through Jacob Cruden's mind that this woman did not like him, that in some indefinite way he repelled her. He had noticed—or was it that he only thought he had noticed?—that one or two other landladies of whom, earlier in the day, he had sought lodgings, had looked at him in the same queer, hesitant fashion. Was it that he looked—well, bad? Women's intuition was a deuced funny thing sometimes! Scornfully dismissing these assuredly foolish ideas, he insisted again that he wanted permanent lodgings, which provoked the landlady to ask:

"Permanent? But aren't you—aren't you sailing again?"

"Maybe not, missus," he answered. "Tired of the sea a man gets after—"

"Tired? Well, I never knew a—"

"—after thirty-two years of it. There's more sailormen get tired of the sea than'll own it. Fact! Now, what about that room you spoke of?"

"Room? I see. Yes, of course." The woman appeared to be thinking deeply. Then, deliberately: "Yes, I can let you have a room. This way."

She stood aside, pressing closely against the door to let him pass, as if she had no desire for contact with him—the fancy was his. Blinking in the glare of the gaslight within, he precipitated the question of terms. Jacob Cruden liked giving the impression that there was no hanky-panky about him. "Straight to the point" might have been his motto, always.

"A permanency, mind, missus," he reiterated presently, when everything had been

settled. "You'll find us easy to please—me an' the old bird here; no fuss—best lodgers you ever had. See if we ain't!" Ensnconced now in an easy chair beside a glowing grate, he laughed good-humoredly, feeling more complacent, more self-satisfied, more secure than he had felt for a long time.

The landlady, moving from kitchen to scullery, from table to cupboard, from pantry to kitchen again, about the business of getting supper for the new lodger, three gentlemen upstairs, and a gentleman and his wife in the next room, apparently preferred listening to talking. Jacob Cruden decided very soon that she was not one of the talkative sort. In the light of the tidy, homely-smelling kitchen, where he sprawled luxuriously before taking up his quarters in the room assigned to him, she seemed to have shed some of her years, to be less matronly and more attractive, in a gentle way, than he had thought her. Was she, he wondered, a widow? She was wearing black, with a becoming little frill of white at the neck. No sooner thought of than the question was put bluntly. But the way she answered somehow stifled the other questions that rose to his tongue.

"Yes," she said. Then, as she turned aside to reach for plates on the dresser, she brushed her hand across her cheek, but too late to hide the tear that glistened there. Jacob Cruden relapsed into a thoughtful, respectful silence.

He had his supper alone in the kitchen, the landlady telling him to help himself; she was obliged to go out to buy extra provisions for the next day's breakfast. Afterwards, if he cared, he could sit by the fire and smoke his pipe; it would save her, if he did not mind, bothering to light a fire at that advanced hour in his room, which would be ready for permanent occupation on the morrow. Announcing this, the landlady suddenly remembered the parrot. Should she give it some food: some bread and milk? Unless he happened to have some seed by him. Jacob Cruden fumbled in the bundle he had brought with him and found a big packet of seed.

"What ho, she bumps, ma," said the parrot, comically, as the landlady bent over the cage.

When she had gone out, Jacob Cruden slewed round and fixed the parrot with a malicious eye. "What the devil—!" he muttered, and pulled with sudden fervor at his pipe.

Strange it was that after all this time that bird should suddenly find speech! Rum speech, too. Where did it learn that silly catch phrase, anyway? Sinking deeper into the chair—the most comfortable, enticing chair he had ever sat in; no doubt of that!—he rapidly reviewed the parrot's past, and unavoidably, since the two were inextricably bound up, the latter portion of his own.

Dark thoughts burrowed again in his mind, as too often they tended to do of late. His pipe, listing hard to port, fell with a clatter

to the floor; he made no effort to pick it up. His lips puckered grossly, accentuating the look of evil that clouded his face. And his eyes were screwed up, as if to emphasize the intensity of the memories that shuttled now in his brain.

Events of the past, the too-recent past, swung before his inner vision like episodes in some satanic pageant. He saw himself aboard the barque *Mary Loring*, of which he had been the hard-hitting second in command, until one thick night the captain mysteriously disappeared, being logged as washed overboard. With almost indecently little delay, Jacob Cruden had stepped into the late skipper's sea boots, as it were, to reopen negotiations with a strange vessel which, having hailed the barque that morning, had hove-to and made overtures to the now dead captain. But the captain had refused to have anything to do with gun-running for Mexican rebels.

Briefly, the cargo-running agent of the rebels, having enlisted the *Mary Loring's* help in landing a consignment of rifles north of Tampico, had prevailed on Jacob Cruden to accompany him to the rebel headquarters a mile or so inland, where the G.O.C. would disburse in person the balance due for services rendered. The G.O.C., to cut the longish and very vexing story short, had let Jacob Cruden down, coolly repudiating the bargain and ordering him to make himself scarce on penalty of being hanged if he did not do so.

Jacob Cruden, who had pluck told the G.O.C. exactly what he thought of him, and for his trouble found himself shut up in a nasty smelling, damp-walled jail, from which a week later he was released, to be offered the job of private in the rebel army on terms which made it imperative that he should accept them forthwith. So the tenth day saw Jacob Cruden climbing the high *serras* in the ranks of a nondescript force, on the way to join the main body, which was mobilizing somewhere in the interior. In Jacob Cruden's heart there was black rage; on his shoulder there perched the late captain's pet parrot, which had shown an unaccountable attachment for him almost from the moment of its old master's painfully sudden death.

The parrot was about the only thing in creation that Jacob Cruden, at this stage, was even remotely thankful for; it was at any rate something to talk to, something to feel a grudging friendship towards. As for the *Mary Loring*, her crew, having no morals and no affection for Jacob Cruden, decided, on sighting a low, business-like hull on the horizon, to do the vanishing trick, and did it effectively.

Weeks later Jacob Cruden, having escaped from the rebels, staggered down to the coast, where he got a trading ship for the Bahamas, sailing thereafter three times round the world, before coming ashore for the last time. Henceforth he was going to be a landlubber. The sea made him think of things that he wanted to forget; things that were becoming more and more persistent in refusing to be forgotten.

Bah! Opening his eyes suddenly, he sat upright in the chair. Giving way to these moods was not doing him any good; none

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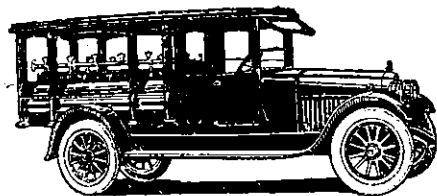
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at all. Getting nervy he was, like some blamed female. All *that* was past and done with; he would make a new start entirely.

He had money put by, enough to live on for a year or two, after which—well, let the future look after itself. He might marry. Well, and why not? Might find some decent woman with a stocking of her own. There were plenty of women who would be glad to have him look after them. Some widow, possibly. He toyed with the idea, which, vaguely, had already attracted him. *This* widow for instance; why should he not make up to her? Again, why not?

He pondered over a pleasant vision of himself as head of this trim household, living down what had gone before by being a good, dutiful husband. Saw himself spending all the long evenings that were left to him in that cosy kitchen. It was a consummation that would have to be gradually effected, of course. So far, in their very brief acquaintance, she had shown no wish to be more than merely polite to him. But doubtless she was amenable to—well, friendliness. And, after it, perhaps a wooing.

The front door jarred just then. Jacob Cruden heard the landlady's steps in the passage. It occurred to him, as he glanced at the remains of the supper, that he would offer to wash-up for her. The thought gave him a curious glow of satisfaction, symbolical of his newly-found hopes. Heavier footsteps obtruded on his mental activity; one of the other lodgers, no doubt.

The landlady came into the room, followed by two men who lowered their heads as the light met their eyes, then looked up to meet Jacob Cruden's. The foremost of the two held a faded photograph near the lamp. Jacob Cruden glimpsed on it rows of faces against a background that seemed to be composed of a ship's mainmast and rigging. Sudden terror gripped him.

"You see—there," said the landlady, with a catch in her breath. She laid a finger on the photograph. "Next but one to my husband."

"Jacob Cruden," said the first detective, stepping forward, "I have a warrant here for your arrest on a charge of murdering Captain Septimus Triggs on the high seas. It is my duty to warn you that anything you say may be used in evidence against you."

"And there's the parrot—poor Sep's parrot," said the landlady, pressing a handkerchief nervously to her lips. "It knew me the moment I opened the door! Polly! Polly!"

"What ho, she bumps, ma," said the parrot, stirring sleepily on its perch.

Jacob Cruden swore horribly and held out his wrists.

AFTER EATING ONIONS.

Spring onions are wholesome, but are avoided by many on account of the unpleasant after-effects. The use of Fluenzol as a mouthwash, however, is cleansing and cooling, and purifies the breath. A teaspoonful of Fluenzol should be retained in the mouth for half a minute or so, and worked round the gums and palate.

Wellington Catholic Education Board

REPORT AND STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS—1924-25.

In presenting the thirteenth annual report, the Board has much pleasure in announcing another successful year and, as a result, the sum of £638 18s 7d has been added to the accumulated fund, notwithstanding the extra liability of £260 per annum undertaken by the Board to meet the deficiencies in the school fees at Convent Schools.

The receipts totalled £2093 9s 9d, the principal items being the Sunday Penny Collections, £856; interest from investments, £591; donations, £220; St. Patrick's Night Concert, £137; annual art union, £127; annual school social, £161.

The expenditure totalled £1454, the main items being payment to Marist Brothers towards deficiencies in school fees, £602; payment to the Sisters for the same purpose, £260; maintenance and repairs of school buildings, £174; interest on mortgages on school buildings, £313; Board expenses, £104.

The Board records its gratitude to the following for donations, and trusts that their excellent example of generosity will be followed by many others:—Mr. and Mrs. M. Dennehy, Mr. Geo. Lambert, J.P., Mr. J. P. Corcoran, Miss C. Sullivan, Mr. A. B. Boake, and Mrs. A. Schmidt.

Through the generosity of the late Miss Alice Bourke, who died recently, the Board will receive the sum of £200 from her estate.

The Sunday Penny Collections are, of course, the main source of revenue for the Board, and the total this year shows a noticeable improvement. Although this collection totals a large sum for the year, yet the amount is not what it should be, as it represents a weekly contribution by 4000 persons. This number is approximately only half of those who attend Mass on Sundays. The collection could, therefore, be doubled if all contributed, and the Board exhorts those who are not contributing this small sum to do so from now on. Children should also be encouraged to make this small sacrifice.

The Accumulated Fund is well invested in freehold security, the sum invested now standing at £9165, and earning interest averaging £591 per annum.

Of the total amount to the credit of the fund the sum of £4370 15s 11d has been donated by the following:—Mrs. H. Sullivan and family, £500; the late Mr. Maurice O'Connor, £1000; the late Mr. J. P. Bourke, £250; the late Very Rev. Dean McKenna, £10; the late Mrs. Mary Kennedy, £2000; the late Mr. Martin Kennedy, K.S.G., £100; the late Mr. Michael J. Morrison, £13; whilst the balance, £497 15s 11d, is the aggregate of other smaller sums.

In addition to this the late Mr. Louis Tasman Reichel bequeathed 50 shares in the Reichel Automatic Fire Alarm, and Mr. J. J. L. Burke donated 50 shares in the *New Zealand Tablet* Company.

The Board appeals to those who can afford to do so to remember the Education Fund when preparing their wills. If this important matter has already been attended to, and the Fund has been omitted, please have a codicil

prepared to rectify the omission. Already eight bequests have been made to the Fund by the wills of the late Messrs. W. E. Keefe, J. P. Bourke, Patrick Lyne, Louis Tasman Reichel, Maurice O'Connor, Michael J. Morrison, the late Mrs. Mary Kennedy, the late Miss Alice Bourke, and by a gentleman whose identity for the present is not to be disclosed.

Catholics are exhorted to assist the Fund by contributing an annual donation. Even if it is only half-a-crown per year, send it along; every little helps. It is not the few large gifts that count, but the multiplicity of small donations. This is the means whereby those who are not blessed with children, or whose children are above the school age, or those who are unmarried, can assist in promoting God's work, and their meritorious acts will not go unrewarded.

There are many calls upon the generosity of Catholics, but it is our bounden duty to support our Catholic Schools, and, consequently, we should make the sacrifice without demur, remembering that we are assisting the greatest of causes—the training of the innocent and the young for the Kingdom of God.

The efficiency of our schools in secular training is again highly commended in the reports furnished by the Government Inspectors, the percentage of proficiency passes being above the average. The sound spiritual training which the children receive in no way interferes with their material studies, but proves to be an aid rather than a hindrance.

Through the efforts of the Very Rev. Father Connolly and the Rev. Father Mahony, S.M., two very fine and up-to-date schools have been built in Kilbirnie and Aro Street respectively, involving an expenditure for land and buildings of approximately £20,000. These schools were solemnly blessed and formally opened during the year by his Grace Archbishop Redwood, and are now being used for the parishes of Kilbirnie and St. Mary's. These are further instances of the sacrifices which the Catholic community is making to advance the great cause of Catholic education.

Our report would not be complete if we did not express our gratitude and appreciation of the self-sacrificing work of the devoted Sisters and Brothers who are responsible for the spiritual and secular training of our children. On behalf of the Catholics of Wellington we desire, therefore, to thank the Sisters of Mercy, the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, and the Marist Brothers, for their devoted work.

Their grand and noble calling is carried on unostentatiously, year in and year out, without the blare of trumpets or the plaudits of the world. All they desire is to serve God, through the children placed under their control, for their own personal sanctification, and to fit both themselves and the tender young souls entrusted to them for a better and more lasting world.

Our gratitude to our splendid teachers should therefore assume a practical form, and

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we should not allow their work to be hampered by financial worries. They have sacrificed their lives. Is it too much for us to sacrifice a small sum each year to assist them? What is our small monetary sacrifice compared with theirs?

In conclusion, the Board relies on the continued support of Catholics to build up the Education Fund, in order to enable the Board to accumulate sufficient capital, the interest from which will provide free educa-

tion in Catholic Primary Schools for Catholic children for all time.

The Board also wishes to thank those ladies and gentlemen who have generously worked for and supported the various functions organised for the Fund.

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P. D. HOSKINS, Hon. Secretary.

Convent of the Sacred Heart, Island Bay, Wellington

(Contributed.)

The year 1925 has been a momentous and eventful one for all who are interested in or connected in any way with the religious houses of the Sacred Heart. The canonisation of St. Madeleine Sophie Barat has called forth many beautiful celebrations and festivities in the houses of the Sacred Heart; celebrations which were shared in with great joy by the clergy, old pupils, and many friends of the Order. On Thursday, November 19, Archbishop Redwood, Archbishop O'Shea, and twenty of the clergy honored the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Island Bay.

On Saturday, 21st ult., a happy reunion of old girls took place at the convent. Forty odd arrived for Solemn High Mass at 10 a.m., at which the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., officiated. After High Mass a very pleasant meeting took place between the old girls and Reverend Mother, the latter giving the ex-pupils news of Rome and the Holy Father, and of the ceremony of canonisation at which Reverend Mother was herself present. The annual cricket match between the old and present pupils began at a little after twelve. An interval for dinner came at one. The dinner was served in the school refectory which was delightfully decorated in lampshades in corresponding tones. There was great admiration for the decorations throughout the house. Some rooms were very effective in gold and white; the corridors, festooned in scarlet and white looked their best at night in the glow of electricity, and the reception room was a charming sight in pink, green and palest lemon with beautiful baskets of roses suspended at intervals round the room. Representatives of the Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of the Missions and Sisters of Compassion came in the afternoon to join the Sacred Heart Nuns in their celebrations, and seventy old girls were present. After the dinner cricket was continued, the school winning by 20 runs. Afternoon tea was greatly appreciated after their strenuous game. A beautiful entertainment followed. Tableaux of the life of St. Madeleine Sophie from her childhood in the vineyards of Toigny until her crowning among the angels of Heaven, were beautifully staged. Interludes of interest came between the tableaux. "The Making of a Saint" by Reverend Mother Stuart, and some beautiful verses by Father Watson, S.J., were well recited. The musical items were also received with enthusiasm. A charming finale to the entertainment consisted in the grouping of the senior school on the stage, all in white and carrying green

palms, the juniors stood below with red roses in their hands. They sang a stirring, martial hymn to St. Madeleine Sophie in her own native language—the French. We were almost sorry to leave the room after these beautiful scenes and sounds. Benediction was then given by the Rev. Father Ryan, S.M., and again the children sang with fervor and expression. Tea was served for all the guests. Many of the old girls had not met since their school days so that the opportunity of renewing old acquaintances and making new ones was greatly appreciated by all. There were over sixty at the tea, for many were not able to come before the afternoon. Perhaps the most fascinating event of the day was the lecture given by Father Ryan. The subject of his lecture was "The Growth of the Society of the Sacred Heart from the Birth of Saint Madeleine Sophie down to the present day." One hundred and thirty lantern slides of the different convents of the Sacred Heart throughout France, the Low Countries, the Central States, Southern Europe, America, Great Britain, Australasia, and Japan, gave a further interest to the evening's entertainment. We feel deeply indebted to Father Ryan, not only for the study and work that he has put into his delightful lecture but also for a deeper insight into the spirit and aim of the society.

On Sunday the parents and friends of the children and Nuns were invited to the convent. They greatly enjoyed the entertainment which was the same as that given on the previous day, and were privileged to attend Father Ryan's beautiful lecture in the evening.

The fact that a church, dedicated to Saint Madeleine Sophie, was opened by Archbishop Redwood at Parakino, for the Marist Mission (in charge of Fathers Venning and Riordan), on Sunday, seems to be the crowning event of these days' celebrations.

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CORRESPONDENCE

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by our correspondents.]

"A SHAMEFUL CONFESSION."

To the Editor.

Sir,—

Your paragraph headed "A Shameful Confession" in the current issue of the *Tablet* seems to assume that Arthur Ponsonby (not Sir Arthur) is admitting and condoning the crimes of a government of which he was a member.

This is entirely untrue. Ponsonby is a Pacifist and was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the Labor Government of Ramsay MacDonald. He had nothing to do with the conduct of the war, which, I believe, he consistently opposed. You mistake his irony for cynicism and thereby do an injustice both to him as a sincere, if misguided, pacifist, and to the patriotic supporters of the war.

His letter is not a "confession" but a thrust at his political opponents who conducted the war. As well might one quote from an attack on the present New Zealand Government by Mr. Holland and call it a "Shameful Confession" by Mr. Coates.

I am, etc.,

VALENTINE SPALDING.

Christchurch, November 28.

[Few will deny the truth of the revelations, and there can hardly be any question as to their shamefulness.—Ed. N.Z. *Tablet*.]

"Our Lady of Victory Mission"

Let us have a little personal chat. I have been looking up those who have helped Our Mission since our first appeal in N.Z. in 1922, and do you know how many I have found who have not fallen to the Great Reaper, Forgetfulness? If all had persevered and given their mite, what a blessing they would have conferred on us and on themselves too. Owing to the fact that we have had to start a new Mission right from the ground up, "Our Lady of Victory" has been thrown into the huge debt of over £1,000. You will easily see that for a person staggering under this huge debt much mission work is not possible. Can you help us remove this night-mare from our pillow? Help us wipe out this debt. "The little rills make the mighty river." In return, you and yours, living and dead, will share in all the merit and prayers at the Mission. May God share down on you His richest blessings for the favors you have done, and are going to do for "Our Lady of Victory."

Henry I. Westropp.

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COMBINED CONCERT BY PUPILS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The Concert Chamber of the Town Hall never seemed so small as on Wednesday evening week, when the Primary School Choir, the Secondary School pupils, and the more advanced pupils in the musical grades united to give pleasure to Wellington. Everybody knows the reputation of St. Mary's. It has kept its place, changeless though challenged, and in recent years the brilliant successes of its primary school choirs have extended that reputation to the ranks of the children. The names of its successful pupils spring to the tongue—Teresa McEnroe, Mabel Esquilant, Mrs. Ellis, Agnes Segrief, Mary McKeowen. It is St. Mary's that has turned forth the band that delights concert-goers each St. Patrick's Night. It caters for the classical and for the simple in taste. And if there were no Teresa McEnroe's in the list presented on Wednesday night at least the general result showed careful training and exquisite taste. Mallinson's beautiful settings were in force on the programme. Miss Agnes McDavitt sang with vivacity and effect "Beautiful Beatrice," and that lovely thing of Elgar's "The Shepherd's Song," which is to be sung drowsily, like one who speaks from out a dream. She sang also a duet, "Devotion," with Miss Schollum, who in her own numbers showed a certain quality of radiance. She was greatly applauded for "A Birthday" (Mallinson), and "Lotus Flower" (Schumann). Miss Myrtle Pigou's contributions were "Ave Maria" (Luzzi) and "Sapphic Ode" (Brahms). Her presentation of them was attractive. She sang also "The Londonderry Air" as a duet with Miss Gilpin. The soloist failed a little in the spirit of the song. Miss Dorothy Dudson, who had the difficult task of beginning the programme, sang gracefully, "Mon Coeur s'ouvre a ta voix," and "Caro mio ben" (Giordani). Miss Polly Carroll had the sweet notes of her race in "Hush, Little One" (Bevignani) and "Gloriana" (Mallinson). The lullaby could perhaps have been sung a little more softly. Miss Eilla McMahon sang skilfully "Farewell to My Home" (Catalani) and "Spargi d'Amaro Pianto" (Donizetti), and Mrs. Vera Mehan was pleasing in "Un bel Di Vedremo" (Puccini) and "Song of India." To Miss Ailsa Dillon fell that bit of a thing of Stevenson's, "Sing Me a Song of a Lad that is Gone" and Massenet's "Eyes of Blue." Miss Ann Gilpin's deep voice was heard in "Ombria mai Fu" and she and Miss Quirk sang the two different settings—Mallinson's and Franz's—of "O Thank Me Not." Very pretty was Mallinson's "Cuckoo," sung by Misses Schollum, Ellis, and Carroll, and the part song, "You Stole My Love," with its reproachful little intonation. Now for the instrumental items. Misses Rutter and Maxwell played "Andante" and "Variations" (Schumann) with great success and the audience showed its admiration for the brilliant playing of Misses Isabel O'Regan and Mildred Sim in "Valse" (Arensky). The accompanists were Misses Marjorie Keegan,

Mavis Dillon, Agnes Duncan, and Mrs. Lynch. Their work was unobtrusive, and therefore excellent.

Now a word at the last for the Primary School Choir, so brilliantly trained by the Sisters of that school and conducted by their good friend, Mr. Oakes. "Well, its late, but we could have stood more of those little ones," said a man on his way out, and one heard the remark on all sides. They are worth going miles to hear, even if, as happened on this occasion, some of their best

were too sick to attend. Both tone and volume are amazing for their size—the interpretation was wonderful too. They sang "The May Bells" (Mendelssohn), "Autumn Days" (E. F. Davies), "The Changeringers" (Markham Lee), "The Angel" and "Ye Spotted Snakes" (Rubinstein), "The Viking Song" (Taylor), and "Once Upon a Time" (Bantock). The final "clang" in all its metallic harshness of the "Viking Song," the clean cut quaintness of the final question in "Once Upon a Time," the mellow chiming of their bell-like throats in "The Changeringers," and the dreamy sweetness of that Shaksperian lullaby, "Ye Spotted Snakes," are only a few of the things that linger in the memory. Everyone is hoping that the whole of this fine concert will be repeated.

Redemptorist Authors

A Word About the Author.

Father Walsh was born in Cork, and made his studies in humanities with the Christian Brothers, his Philosophy and Theology in the studenstate of his Order. He graduated with distinction at the National University of Ireland. While acting as Professor and Director of the Redemptorist Preparatory College of Limerick, he took the degrees of B.A. and M.A. in order to stimulate the students under his care.

Experience as a successful teacher and practice as a successful preacher qualify him as book-instructor to young and old. Father Walsh, presently Vice-Provincial of Redemptorist Fathers in Great South Lands was for some years Provincial of his Congregation in Ireland.

It is refreshing to note that Redemptorists in Australia join the galaxy of distinguished Redemptorist writers, who are fast forming a valued Redemptorist library in English-speaking countries. The name "Walsh" is now added to names of distinction, such as Bridgett, Vassall-Phillips, Stebbing, Muller, Gerardy, Mageean, Goiermann, Coyle, Griffith, Carr, and Livius. In the domain of Theology many priests have on their shelves, the Moral Theologies of Marc, Aertneys, Konnings, and even Father Damen, present Professor in the Propaganda College, Rome. All over the Continent of Europe sons of St. Alphonsus, "Apostle of the Pen," have made their mark as authors and as writers in Catholic magazines and ecclesiastical reviews.

Perhaps the most notable of these modern Redemptorist authors is the French Father Berthe, whose *Life of St. Alphonsus* is a classic in biography. Father Berthe's *History of Our Lord Jesus Christ*, and Father Stebbings *Story of the Catholic Church* are well deserving of prominent place in every Catholic library. *Father Tim's Talks* by a Father McEnniry, which first appeared in the *American Liguorian*, has become in book form, a vogue in the United States. There is a great future in Australia for Redemptorist activities in the field of Catholic literature.

No one knows his strength in peace. If there be no combat we cannot give proof of our virtues.—St. Gregory.

Priest-visitors to the Redemptorist House at Nocera Pagani, near Naples, after praying at the tomb of St. Alphonsus, view with particular interest a veritable relic in the sometime living-room and writing work-shop of an Apostle of Catholic literature. It is a small table at which the Saint wrote his Moral Theology, his dogmatic and devotional works. Without a doubt he intended that his spiritual children should do as he had done and extend the Kingdom of God by pen as well as by tongue.

He dreamed Apostolic day-dreams in that little cell. He dreamed even of missions by his Congregation to the pagans of far Eastern Asia; and that has come true. He never dreamed of Redemptorists carrying out his favorite Apostolate and the pen in these great far South Lands. And yet, that too is beginning to be realised. A few weeks ago the Catholic papers heralded the advent of a fresh work on the Catholic Church, written by a Redemptorist and printed in Australia. The book, entitled *Some Catholic Principles for Present Needs*, has just been published by Mr. E. J. Dwyer, George Street, Sydney.

The author, Very Rev. T. F. Walsh, M.A., C.S.S.R., has been engaged for some years, in the Apostolic works of his Order in most of the great centres of Commonwealth and Dominion. If Father Walsh in the varied labors of a missionary has any specialisation, it is for Retreats to diocesan priests. As Clerical Retreat Master he has been invariably appreciated. The clergy and religious instructors of youth will take particular interest in his new book, as a reminder of his able discourses in the time of spiritual exercises.

Primarily intended for the Catholic laity, it will serve, as the foreword states, for the enlightenment and encouragement of all seekers after truth. The pages, replete with judiciously selected matter, germane to the subject, convey the impression of exactness and kindness. Originally delivered in lecture form in a Lismore public hall, at the suggestion of Bishop Carroll, the addresses were so well received by mixed audiences of Catholics and non-Catholics that publication in permanent form was strongly suggested.

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BOOK NOTICES

Catholic Principles for Present Day Needs, by Very Rev. T. Walsh, M.A., C.S.S.R. Dwyer, Sydney.

The learned Provincial of the Redemptorist Fathers is so well known in New Zealand that it is almost superfluous for us to point out his qualifications to write such a book as we have before us. He understands the needs of the present day; his long experience and his ability have peculiarly fitted him to deal with them; and the traditions of patience and kindness of his Congregation, together with his native broadmindedness and charity contribute to make his treatment of the thorny subjects of controversy acceptable to all. It is a book to be read by Catholics and non-Catholics with profit, and we augur for it a large sale.

Piggy in the Looking Glass, or Doggeral Doses for Delicious Doodles. Burns and Oates. Price: One shilling.

A delightful book for the very little ones.

A Great Mystery of Inheritance, by Constance M. Symonds. Burns, Oates, Washbourne. Price: 2/- net.

Here is a delightfully written treatise on the Incarnation and the Virgin Birth, by an author who has the happy gift of combining the union of piety with true scientific education.

A Short Life of Pope Pius X, by F. A. Forbes. Burns, Oates, Washbourne. Price: One shilling net.

Now that there is such a universal demand for the promotion of the cause of canonisation of Pius X, this biography of the Pope of the Blessed Eucharist is timely indeed. It is an extremely interesting life, and we recommend it to our readers who want to know more about the saintly Pontiff.

Back to Morality, by T. Slater, S.J. Burns, Oates, Washbourne. Price: 5/- net.

In this, the latest publication from the pen of the learned Jesuit theologian, we have set before us the Catholic teaching on topics of actual interest and importance. The chapters on Communist Sunday Schools, Justice, Prices Moralised, Catholicism and Anglo-Catholicism, Freemasonry, and the Catholic Family are all worthy of study. The unifying idea underlying the series is that the greatest danger of our time is the lack of morality, and the author's aim is to lead people back to the moral principles of Jesus Christ.

Manual of the Children of Mary. Burns, Oates, Washbourne, Ltd. Price: 2/-.

A new edition of this well known manual. It contains everything that was in the older editions, but is only one-fourth the size. This should be a consideration with the young ladies at the present time who seem to have to carry everything with them in their hands.

Honor Thy Mother. By Father Alexander, O.F.M. Burns, Oates, Washbourne, Ltd. Price: 1/6.

Commences with some beautiful thoughts on Motherhood, and on our obligations to our mothers, and proceeds to treat of the Motherhood of the Blessed Virgin, first, as the Mother of Christ, and secondly as the Mother of Men.

The Life and Work of Blessed Michael Garicoits. By John F. Makepeace, M.A. Burns, Oates, Washbourne, Ltd., London. Price: 2/-.

A small volume of seventy-odd pages written, as the author says, for ordinary people, and as an attempt to portray a modern Saint in such a way that we too may know him and love him as his companions knew and loved him.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

READER.—A neighboring priest who happens to have the book informs us that *Geraldine* was written by A. E. Agnew. If it is still in print, Burns and Oates, Pater Noster Row, London, would be able to find it for you.

CRITIC.—Your remarks, and the style in which they are couched recall the schoolmaster who told his pupils that "a preposition was a bad thing to end a sentence with."

HOXI SORT.—The novel you are thinking of must be *David Harum*, best and kindest of all American stories. As well as we can remember the saying was that "fleas are good for a dog because they prevent him from remembering that he is a dog." It was an old negro who was reported as saying that the same delightful creatures reminded him of arithmetic, because "they added to his worries, subtracted from his comfort, divided his attention, and multiplied like—well!"

F. P. M.—The rule is that before receiving Communion we must be fasting from midnight. Fast here means abstinence from anything taken as food or drink. Do not be scrupulous about washing your teeth or rinsing your mouth. Take ordinary care, and then if it is unavoidable that minute drops of water be swallowed you must consider that they are not taken as food or drink but as part of the saliva. There is a danger of tepidity for persons who receive daily in a spirit of routine. This might even cause serious spiritual harm. But the difficulty is met with if left to the advice of a prudent director, who will forbid daily Communion unless proper dispositions are present.

PERPLEXED.—A public oratory is one to which the public have free access. A private oratory is a chapel in a private house in which Mass may be said by a Papal privilege. Semi-public oratories are chapels in convents, colleges, pious institutions, hospitals, and prisons. One does not satisfy the precept of hearing Mass by attending a private oratory unless he be the master of the house, a relative dwelling there, or a guest or a domestic.

(2) With regard to your second point, either physical or moral presence is required. It is sufficient that a person be so united with the congregation that he can, by hearing, or by seeing, or by following the actions of others present, attend to the principal actions of the Mass. He may be a long way from the altar but there may not be a long distance between him and the other members of the congregation.

Bucceroni (3rd edition, vol. 1, page 263) says that a person who, although he does not see the priest nor hear his words, can distinguish the parts of the Mass from the sound of the bell, the singing of the Choir, or the movements of the congregation, with which he is morally united, hears Mass even though the crowd be so large that he is outside the Church.

But, needless to say, the good Catholic will endeavor to be close to the altar and to follow the actions of the priest devoutly.

(3) The answer to your third query is clear from the following words of the author quoted: "It is not lawful to sell things which are instituted or used for evil ends, unless in the particular case you know there can be no abuse. In the sale of the objects you mention the abuse is to be presumed."

CARNIVAL AT WINTON

The carnival in connection with St. Thomas's church, was continued on Thursday and Friday evenings and was well patronised both nights (says the *Winton Record* for November 24). It was a great success and all credit is due those, who, with Mrs. D. O'Malley (secretary), and Mrs. O'Reilly (treasurer), worked so assiduously to that end. On Thursday night, Rev. Father Hunt took the opportunity of thanking the public for their liberal patronage and made special reference to the performances of the children. He expressed his keen desire to see children well trained and well brought up. The success of the Carnival was principally due to the training of the children by the Sisters of Mercy, great crowds being attracted during the week to hear the singing and see the marching of the little ones.

During the evening the Orchestra played several very pleasing selections. The children's marches and choruses were much enjoyed and it was quite evident that they had been carefully trained. Other items which were much appreciated were.—Dances by Misses I. Deegan, E. McDermott, Master R. Heller; recitations, Miss A. Murphy, Masters R. Scully and J. Conley; songs, Masters W. Geary, J. Matheson, W. Murphy, P. Corcoran, V. Driscoll and S. Butler. The accompaniments were played by Misses M. Deegan and E. Kerr. A song was also rendered by Mr. Geo. Lindsay, his accompanist being his little daughter Isabel.

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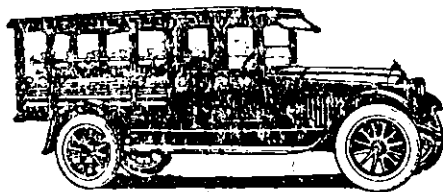
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The Church in New Zealand

SOME HISTORICAL NOTES.

Cobb and Co's Coaches: Now But a Memory

From time to time reference has been made in these notes to the coaches of the early days and to the Bishops who made use of them when on episcopal visitation. Old-timers will remember the line running from Wellington to and from Foxton, and other connecting services with the farther north centres along the west coast of the North Island; the line from Masterton to Wellington southward, and others northward through the Forty Mile Bush and onward to Napier, while again others linked up districts far and wide. The following interesting pen picture of coaches and coaching in bygone days was given in a recent issue of the *Auckland Star*:—

Alas for the days of Cobb and Co.! Gone are the dashing, swinging, red-bodied coaches that used to bring the mails and a vivid rush of life at intervals into the township settlements of the country. Steam and motor spirit have won out in the long race of half a century against the gallant efforts of willing horse-flesh. The daily appearance of wheeled machines running over specially prepared ways, with calculated and controlled speed, in smooth comfort, to an assured time-table is progress without a doubt. But these machines do not fire the blood nor grip the imagination as did the twice-weekly dashes of the old mail coaches, swinging spectacularly over primitive roads that bristled with natural hazards, the equipage rumbling and bumping along to the drag of mettlesome horses outspread in half-leashed driven fury.

"Royal mail! Royal mail!" How the glorious old bluff used to grab the right of way with superb arrogance, crowding-off, dusting, and splashing mere plebeians on the King's highway! On it dashed, the splendid old road hog. It was the moving picture of the 'eighties; flying hoofs and tossing manes, jingling harness, the swaying, creaking coach with red-painted body and flaunting yellow-lettered insignia, the bobbing passengers atop, dominated by the hard-bitten, capable uncrowned king enthroned at the starboard corner and working wonders of dexterity with lash, ribbons, and voice. Individuality oozed from team, driver, and coach, and bubbled up incessantly from the passengers pent in cramped discomfort through all kinds of hazards. Every trip was a tale rich in human interest, and varied by thrills and sometimes spills.

The identity of the original Cobb and Co. appears to be shrouded in mystery. "An American firm that perpetrated its atrocities chiefly in Australia and New Zealand," was the answer given by one man who had had a deal of travelling experience in both countries, and apparently had painful recollections. It appears to be generally accepted that the firm was one of some standing in America in the old days of the "roaring 'forties," and that men who had been drivers for Cobb in the States started coach

services in Australia for themselves, but used the old name "Cobb and Co." on account of its familiarity to the gold miners, who formed the bulk of the then population. There may also be something in the fact that the style and coach adopted was that first used by Cobb and Co.—a small front boot, limited inside seats, and chief passenger room on top, with heavy springs reinforcing a strap-slung body. Maybe the slinging of the body in straps was the sign of royalty, to denote the carriage of the mails, for the original State coaches of Britain were strap-slung, without springs.

Be that as it may, it seemed to be the tradition and policy of the firm that Cobb and Co. "followed the gold." The firm apparently came into being in California, on the trails of the old gold-rushes. Whether the original firm ever operated in Australia or not cannot be determined, but the recollections of those who have been questioned encourage the belief that the Cobb and Co. lines in Australia were private ventures by ex-Americans and saw profit in passenger transport to the various gold diggings, with the result that the old name became a household word throughout the Australian States. Certain it is that the original firm was never in New Zealand, but various Cobb drivers from Australia started up passenger transport lines to the South Island gold diggings, retaining the old name, and others followed suit in the North Island.

So far as can be ascertained, the first Cobb line in Auckland province was established between Auckland and Onehunga by Ned Carter, a driver from Australia, and this was extended later to the Thames. The names of Cook and Hardington became later associated with the Cobb and Co. service in Auckland, and the stables of the line were on the site now occupied by John Court, Ltd., in Queen Street. Cobb and Co. coaches have entirely faded from view in this province, and probably the last important line of Cobb coaches in New Zealand was running through the Otira Gorge from Canterbury to the West Coast. It lost its natural usefulness with the completion of the railway from Christchurch to Greymouth only a year or two ago. That Cobb line was started in 1865 by a Mr. le Cole, but was acquired in 1873 by Cassidy and Co., who still have the coaches running occasionally through the Gorge.

In Otago the Cobb coaches were run from Gabriel's Gully (now Lawrence) to Arrowtown, and thence along the famous Skippers road to Queenstown. It was on the latter road, with cliffs on one side and precipice on the other that the Cobb coach, dashing downhill round a corner was faced by a traction engine drawing a wagon of wool bales. There was not a chance of pulling up the team, nor space for the two vehicles to more than inch their way past each other, and the dare-devil driver took his only chance. Lashing the team to a smooth gallop, he swerved past the traction engine with

two wheels on the road and two over the precipice, to swing the coach back to safety before it lost its balance past recovery. There is a tale about a similar piece of road at the Devil's Bend in the Otira Gorge, to the effect that the driver over-balanced and fell from the coach going round the Bend, and the unguided horses proceeded on their way, taking coach and paralysed passengers safely to the next station ten miles away. Picturesque tales of dare-devilry and wonderful dexterity by the Cobb drivers, and extraordinary sagacity of the teams, are still told in all parts of Australia and New Zealand, but Cobb and Co. are now but a memory of pre-macadam days.

Old Stage Coach: Relic of West Coast Days

Only those who have actually travelled over the mountain road between Arthur's Pass and Otira can get a mental picture of its hairpin bends, its steep gradients, and its perilous winding along the verge of the depths of the Gorge (says the *Christchurch Press*). Drivers who could match their skill against any whips in the world, and horses which had attained a degree of sagacity probably never excelled in the animal kingdom, gave passengers by the coaches a confidence which allowed them to survey the glorious scenery with that pleasure which only safety could bring.

The old coaches were really wonderful products of craftsmanship, and, with a full load of passengers, made a great picture as they traversed the road. One of the typical old stage coaches which ran between Springfield and Kumara, years before the piercing of the hills by the tunnel, will be seen at the opening ceremony of the Dunedin Exhibition. It has been lent by Mr. E. M. Lovell-Smith, of Christchurch, and will be driven through the streets of Dunedin. For many years this coach carried the late Mr. R. J. Seddon as an inside passenger. With two bags of horse feed on the floor, and the cushions suitably arranged, Mr. Seddon could snatch a refreshing sleep on the journey overland, when returning from Wellington. The vehicle was built, with the exception of the body, which was made by a Nelson firm, by Abbot and Downing, of Concord, U.S.A., and when Campbell Brothers joined Cobb and Co., Mr. Cassidy purchased it for the Gorge Road.

(This old coach is now on view in the Motor Pavilion of the Great Exhibition, and is attracting much attention.)

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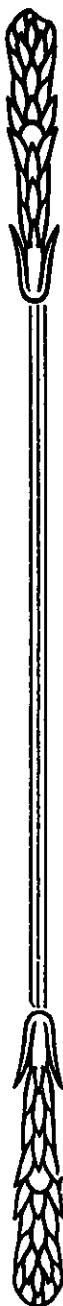
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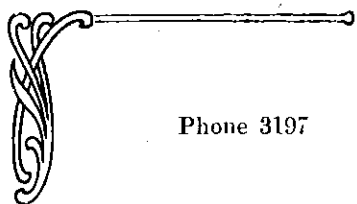
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The City of Many Waters

COLOR AND SPLENDOR OF ROME.

(By M. DUNCAN BENNETT, in *T.P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*.)

"Where a voice of living waters never ceaseth," so runs Gilbert Murray's translation of a chorus of Euripides. It was another part of Italy that the Greek poet wrote of, but it might well apply to Rome. For the waters of Rome flash and laugh and sing all the year round; scarcely ever are you out of the sound or the sight of them. Wander on the streets or through the green shade of the gardens, and the noise of waters is ever in your ears, the sparkle of waters in your eyes.

So, away from Rome, it is not first of her colors, which indeed no city on earth can match, golden and flame and purple, of her glorious buildings, her glowing sunsets, that I think; not first of her marvellous gardens with their green walks and views over the city, but of her waters—not those of Frascati or Tivoli, lovely as they are, but those of every piazza and garden. I dream of the great and commanding fountain of the Pauline water, of Trevi where the lover of Rome makes his offering that he may return, of Bernini's many fountains, bees and ships and classic figures, of the cleanest of waters to see, the purest to drink.

Where to Drift is Best.

The only thing to do in Rome is to drift. Try to be methodical and you are lost, for there is no method, no reason in the arrangement of the city. In the morning you will, perhaps, shudder a little at the endless cold galleries of the Vatican, and on the same day rest in the golden glory of the Forum at sunset. You will pass from the refined peace of the Medici garden to the strange other-worldly peace of the Catacombs, and from the Catacombs to that lovely spot where Shelley lies under the Aurelian walls.

From the Aventine.

You will sit on the Aventine, that deserted and lovely hill, and meditate, surprised to find yourself at last really in Rome, that city of all our dreams; you will let the very name of all that lies in the city below you thrill with magic. Descend from the quiet hill and you may be at will in San Clemente, with its temple of Mithras and its air of the bygone ages, or on the Palatine where the flowers grow among the ruined glories of the rulers of the world, in San Giovanni, mother Church of Christendom, in the Colosseum, fine and unlovable, out on the age-old, lovely Appian way among the tombs, in the rich glow of St. Peter's, in the gardens of the Renaissance.

How well I remember the golden evening when first I went over the Aventine. It was Christmas Eve, and the day had been one of such jewel-like splendor that it seemed hard to believe, in the sun, that it was midwinter. My companion, a young American, and I had bought roses to lay at sunset on Shelley's tomb.

We walked by the by-ways. There is no

part of Rome that is richer than this, for when we had lingered in that little gem among churches, S. Maria in Cosmedin, and my companion had lied with his hand in the Bocca di Verita and proved that legend lied too, since it did not close on him, we leaned on the Palatine Bridge and talked as we looked at that lovely temple whose name none knows, at the Cloaca Massima, on all that is left of the Ponte Rotte, on Tiber itself.

Gardens of Peace.

To climb the Aventine, as we did presently, is to leave the world behind. It is almost impossible to believe that you are in a great city. Here among the gardens reigns unbroken peace, and we saw the orange tree of St. Dominic in the pleasant Cloister of Santa Sabina, and the line of the Palatine Hill and the Church of St. Saba.

The Garden of the Knights of Malta was very peaceful, and at the end of the green tunnel we looked down on Tiber flowing below the hill and across to the city near, and yet all the world away from this garden which indeed seemed to make of life nought but "a green thought in a green shade." And, of course, there was water.

Indeed, it seemed a pity at length to come down from the hill to find that grave under the walls, so deserted was the Aventine, for we saw no one but ourselves and the peasants. But perhaps Christmas Eve keeps people in shops and churches.

Glorious Sunsets.

The soul of a city, the charm of a city, are things one can feel but can scarcely convey. It cannot be denied that part of the lure of Rome—and a very large part—is her color. The light deepens in the Forum, on the Palatine, on the Aventine, best of all in the Campagna, to flame and golden yellow, to blues and purples that I have never seen matched. The whole city seems to burn, her stones glow as if with an inward fire. I never saw Turner's colors at Venice, whose colors seem to be those that a child (or Fra Angelico) paints, almost without shadow so bright and rich are they, but only in Turner's canvases have I seen caught for an instant the wonder of Roman light.

If I had never heard the name of Caesar, if I did not know a Roman from a Gothic building, if I cared nothing for art and nothing for history, still I should feel the magic of Rome, because, although history and art and literature are so much to me, whenever I think of Rome I think first of fountains and then of light-days like jewels, sunsets like the glory of another world.

And when this splendor is joined to the name of Rome, to more history and tradition than all the world holds beside, there are no words to describe its appeal. Just to say to yourself "I am in Rome" is to feel that life is almost too wonderful to be true.

FATHER KNOX ON CONVERTS

NO ALTERNATIVE TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

"Jesus said to the twelve: Will you also go away? Simon Peter answered Him: Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Speaking from this text at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Liverpool, on a recent Sunday, Father Ronald Knox, M.A., said that people who left the Catholic Church generally lost faith, lost hope, and drifted away. Converts did not drift into the Catholic Church. To become a Catholic did not mean losing their grip on any religious convictions they had before, but it meant they must declare their assent to a number of doctrines which probably they had never considered before. One might leave the Catholic Church by drifting with the tide, but to come into the Church one must set his teeth and swim. To whom did they go, those unfortunate souls who lost the Faith? A few of them found an uneasy satisfaction in other forms of worship, Christian or half-Christian, but the bulk of them did not go to any sort of church. They knew what they had lost: they did not want patent religions that were "very nearly as good." They went to swell in a small degree the ranks of our fellow-countrymen now so formidably numerous, who acknowledged no God or religious authority. There was no substitute for the Catholic Faith. It was the last hope left to the world and the last hope it would ever get. They had only to look around them to see the self-confessed failure of all other creeds to satisfy the needs of the immortal soul. It would not be content with mere philosophies or political agitation; the schismatic Christianity of the East was melting like glass in the fire wherever it came into touch with Western civilisation. Other denominations openly deplored their lack of membership and silently deplored the modernism that was eating away the heart of those who remain with them. To Catholics no alternative presented itself unless they gave up altogether the hope of eternal life to plunge into the pleasures of the world—to share their delights with the beasts and his despair with the Devil.

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Retreat for Men, Wanganui

A Retreat for men will be held at the Villa, commencing on Thursday, January 21, 1926, at 7.30 p.m., and end on Monday morning, January 25, 1926—three days.

Retreat will be conducted by the Rev. T. G. McCarthy, S.M., Marist Missioner.

Those who intend making the Retreat should apply early to the Secretary Retreat Committee:

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Current Topics

What Mussolini Has Done

Readers of that interesting book, *The Lady Next Door*, will remember how Harold Begbie exploded the legend of the superiority of Belfast, so long maintained by the British press. He told the naked truth about the ugliness of Ulster wherever it was Orange, and he paid a long overdue tribute to the calumniated Catholics for whom British Fair Play had no fairness. Now, at a time when Mussolini's activities in ridding Italy of pests of all kinds, including Masons, are stimulating our old friends, the calumniators of Catholic Ireland, to defame the Italian *Duce*, Harold Begbie once more protests in the name of truth, and tells English readers that he has seen for himself how much Italy has improved and how far cleaner her cities are than those of England, as a result of the Fascist leader's efforts on behalf of his country. Not only is there less indication of vice in the streets, but there is a seriousness and sense of patriotism among the people which it would be well for England to imitate.

Some Reforms

Besides the institution of the Governorate of Rome, and the *Podestà* in communes having less than 5000 inhabitants, there will be ten Rectors, each charged with the task of supervising, under the Governor, a special department. An Advisory Committee will be composed of representatives of professional orders and trade corporations. It will number eighty, and its members shall be appointed by the Crown. The *Podestà* will be nominated by the Prefects of the Province in which the commune lies. He will be assisted by a council analogous to that advising the Governor. The members of the council shall be nominated by the Prefect from a list of names sent in by the trade or profession to be represented. A reform of the Senate, whereby ultimately it shall become a House of Faculties, mainly elected by trade corporations and professional orders, is contemplated. Parliamentary procedure, it is suggested, should be altered as follows. Bills, after passing through the new department under the Premier for expert approval by the Cabinet, would be discussed in detail by committees of the Senate and Chamber, after which one single general discussion and vote would take place in each House. Bills rejected would not necessitate the resignation of the Cabinet, this only becoming inevitable (except for new elections) should an explicit vote of no confidence be given by both Houses. Representation of corporations and professions will be introduced probably in place of the present system for local government purposes in communes with over 5000 inhabitants.

Energetic measures have been taken by the Government and the Fascist Directory as a sequel to the Florence disturbances. The local Fascist Directory at Florence has been dissolved, and General Balbo has been appointed with full powers to reorganise local

organisation and purge it of unruly members. The Prefect of Florence has been retired because he failed to keep order. A Siennese Fascist Legion has been broken up.

In Rome, where following the Florence disturbances a Fascist band invaded the headquarters of the Grand Orient, wrecking the furniture, the secretary of the Roman Fascist organisation has been dismissed.

These measures have been favorably received by the Opposition press as an earnest of the Government's firm desire to suppress violence and enforce discipline in the Fascist ranks.

A "Garrison" Plot

It has been stated by Mr. Kevin O'Higgins that persons in Dublin have formed a secret organisation for the purpose of combating anti-British trade tendencies in the Irish Free State, and that an ex-officer, who was canvassing, disclosed the fact that they were first going to concentrate on the new Shannon Hydro-Electric Scheme. It goes without saying that England did not enjoy having Germans called over to Ireland to do work which the British firms were incapable of doing, and it is only natural that the agents in Ireland should be inspired to hinder the progress of the scheme. This, together with the apparent duplicity connected with the Boundary Commission, is not likely to promote better relations between England and Ireland, and of course it will all strengthen the hands of the extreme Republicans and give them useful material for propaganda. The *Weekly Irish News* reports that in the course of a recent speech at Waterford, Mr. O'Higgins, Minister for Justice, referring to the Shannon dispute, said he did not share the view that the rate offered by the contractors was unreasonable, and he disclosed the fact that persons in Dublin have within the last month been canvassed to join or subscribe to a secret organisation "to combat certain anti-British trade tendencies" in the Free State. The agent, an ex-officer, said they were concentrating on the Shannon scheme, which they hoped to render abortive, after which they would "find further fields for useful endeavor." Mr. O'Higgins denied that there were any anti-British tendencies. Other countries have been free to make offers which were advantageous. No rival proposals came from Britain. There was no sentimentalism in it. It was not development by French, Germans, Belgians, or Americans that was objected to, but development would continue despite any force, secret or open. "Enterprise and development are in the air," he said in conclusion. "We have passed out from the ravine. The people know that they own their country and can make what they will of it. No amount of cant about midnight treaties can alter that."

Mr. MacDonald on Lord Birkenhead

At Liverpool, recently, Mr. MacDonald made a few caustic remarks concerning certain literary activities and, although he

mentioned no names, nobody needed telling that he referred to Lord Birkenhead. The speaker said he had "missed several press opportunities," meaning that he had refused to write well-paid articles for certain papers:—

"He thought the whole idea of selling one's name, and it was nothing else, was absolutely detestable. If you can write nonsense, superficial, commonplace, stuff without style or distinction, and just put your name to it, and if you happen to be the Chief Hangman of your generation, you get £1000 an article for it; whereas if you were a poor journalist you would not get a guinea."

The *Irish Weekly News*, commenting on this, remarked that the Earl of Birkenhead is not, of course, "the Chief Hangman of his generation"; but he was the head of the English legal system. He wrote reams of "superficial, commonplace stuff without style or distinction"; Mr. MacDonald spoke by the book, no doubt, when he said that the "Contributions" thus characterised were paid for at the goodly rate of £1000 an article. But "the poor journalist," even in his poverty, would not put his name to the "pot-boilers" published over the signatures of Lord Birkenhead and other more or less eminent cuckoos of the newspapers in England. It was time that someone who will be listened to spoke frankly about the kind of "enterprise" favored by the new class of press "Napoleons" in Great Britain; and Mr. MacDonald knew his subject, as he has always been, and is, a working journalist.

The Belgian Bishops and Socialism

The Catholics and Socialists came to a compromise upon which the present administration of Belgium is based. The Bishops, while recognising this, condemn Socialism because of its doctrines, many of which are opposed to the Gospel and to the teachings of the Church on the dignity of the soul and the dignity of Christian men and women, on the essential laws of the conjugal life, and on the respect due to universal justice, and to the fraternity of peoples. They explain that the compromise does not change the respective programmes of the parties or effect their doctrines, but has been arrived at as a basis of administration. Hence a prudent confidence in those who have agreed to govern the country is not to be confounded with a compromise of doctrines. In conclusion, they say:—

"Never has Catholic organisation of social action appeared so necessary as at the present hour.

"Socialism has aided and may still aid in redressing certain abuses against which we protest with the same energy and at least with as much sincerity as its partisans do, but it is not capable of placing social order upon a solid basis.

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a universal suffrage aiding in consolidating order and peace, at an equal distance of the two branches of the alternative with which the political parties threaten us: anarchy or dictatorship. . .

"The day upon which the work-givers' organisations and the Christian workingmen's associations, instead of arranging themselves into classes tearing each other to pieces, will unite, in mutual confidence, to set up the economical society upon the foundation of the Gospel, the social question will be solved and peace re-established."

The Locarno Pact

The central part of the Pact which is going to patch up the Treaty of Versailles, unless it becomes yet one more monument to the folly of the statesmen of this age, is the Treaty of Mutual Guarantees. Subsidiary to this are four treaties of arbitration between Germany and her eastern and western neighbors, two treaties of guarantee between France and Poland and France and Czechoslovakia, and a draft collective Note from the former Allies to Germany, defining their interpretation of Article 16 of the Covenant. Signature was formally affixed in London on December 1. It is anticipated that they will become part of the public law of Europe in the New Year. None of the treaties become operative until Germany enters the League of Nations, so that, in addition to formal signature, special meetings of the Council and Assembly must be held to elect her. The Pact itself is not a complete denial of the right to fight. Warfare is legitimate in four cases (which may be described as specified instances of self-defence), but in three of these cases the party which thinks itself aggrieved will be the judge of the facts and of the urgency of making war on its own account without the sanction of the League or of any other international authority. The danger implicit in this loophole is great or little according to one's belief in the loyalty of the Powers concerned in carrying out the other and guiding principles of the Pact. These provide for the submission of "all questions of every kind" (1) to normal diplomatic procedure, (2) to judicial procedure, under either an arbitral tribunal or the Hague Court, (3) to a Permanent Conciliation Commission (where (1) has failed and (2) does not apply), and, lastly (4), if all these methods fail, to the League. Warfare becomes legitimate only three months after the failure of (3) (and then only against a State which has already attacked), or in the event of some flagrant contravention of the demilitarisation of the Rhineland, sufficient to threaten an immediate breach of the peace. Great Britain and Italy undertake to support these provisions by force of arms, compulsorily, at the dictate of the League, and on their own appreciation of the facts if time does not permit the calling in of the League. Similar provisions apply in the East, except that the guarantee is supplied by France instead of by Great Britain and Italy, that it is unilateral and does not operate to the advantage of Germany, who will have to rely upon the Covenant alone.

An Appeal Against England

Mr. O. G. Esmond, T.D., who was recently in Geneva, issued to the Irish press a statement in which he says:

"I am in a position to confirm the statement in the *Journal de Geneve* last Sunday, that the Irish Free State will soon be obliged to appeal to the League of Nations for the protection of the Irish Nationalist minorities in the area known as Northern Ireland, which is still under the authority of the British Government.

"Although since the passing of the Gilbert Murray resolutions by the Third Assembly, the League has been recognised as the general protector of minorities, it has hitherto refused to intervene when appealed to by minorities whose right to League protection is not specifically stated in some Treaty or understanding.

"Consequently, it is not possible for the Irish minorities to bring their case directly before the League themselves, which makes it necessary for the Irish Free State to intervene and appeal to the Council on their behalf, under Article XII of the Covenant.

Reasons for Appeal.

"The main reasons for this appeal are as follows: The Belfast authorities have organised a secret army estimated at 45,000 men, the ranks of which are open exclusively to anti-Irish elements, and the sole, and openly admitted, object of which is to terrorise and suppress the rights of the minorities.

"The existence of this army, which is openly subsidised by the Imperial Government, is in direct violation of the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921, in which there is the understanding that the Belfast Government shall have no power whatever to organise or control any military force.

Disfranchisement.

"Secondly, the Provincial Legislature has passed a series of enactments for the purpose of disfranchising the minorities and eliminating them from the local administration. They began by abolishing the system of Proportional Representation, and proceeded to re-arrange and 'gerrymander' the electoral areas with the same object. These laws have been so successful, and have been carried out so thoroughly, that the minorities—who number between 400,000 and 500,000, or just over one-third of the total population of the area—have been practically completely eliminated from the local administration, their members have been removed from public positions, and their Parliamentary franchise reduced to a farce.

The Treaty.

"It is the contention of the Irish Free State that these laws are in striking violation of Article XVI of the Anglo-Irish Treaty, which laid down that the Parliament of Northern Ireland should not make any law so as either directly or indirectly to give any preference or impose any disability on account of religious belief or status.

"The continued suppression of these minorities, accompanied as it is by grave violation of the Treaty which was registered at

Geneva last year, would inevitably lead to serious trouble between Ireland and Great Britain, were the matter not brought before the League.

"It is hoped by this means to obtain protection of the elementary rights of these populations, which the Irish Free State is both morally and legally bound to defend."

The German Centre Party

According to Dr. Wirth, the time has come for a radical re-organisation of the German Centre Party, the traditional bulwark of Catholic political influence in the Fatherland. He says it is necessary that a strong leader shall arise and stake his reputation and personality on a fight against reaction. A movement to preserve the democratic spirit and to appeal to all German Democrats must start within the Party. It is expected that such a campaign would have strong support among those who opposed the steam-rolling of the tariff and tax Bills through the Reichstag. According to the *Irish Catholic* three important elements have already rallied to Dr. Wirth's aid. The first is the Catholic Youth, representing one of the strongest and most intelligent youth movements in Germany; the second is the Baden Centrist organisation, under the leadership of Monsignor Schofer; and the third is the Catholic Workers' Organisation, which is powerful in Rheinland and Westphalia. Another factor that is expected to permit Chancellor Wirth to make headway is the death of Dr. Peter Spahn, former president of the Reichstag and leader of the Centrists for many years. Dr. Spahn was a member of the Reich for thirty-three years and regarded as a mouthpiece of his party. His tendencies were known to be reactionary. In sounding his call for a new policy Chancellor Wirth is quoted as saying:—

The politics of the last weeks have been raw and primitive. If to-day there were new elections in Germany, the results of the Hindenburg elections would not be the same, I believe the political situation in Germany needs clarifying. The Catholic Centre must again throw its pivotal influence with the parties of the republic and the democracy.

[CARD.]

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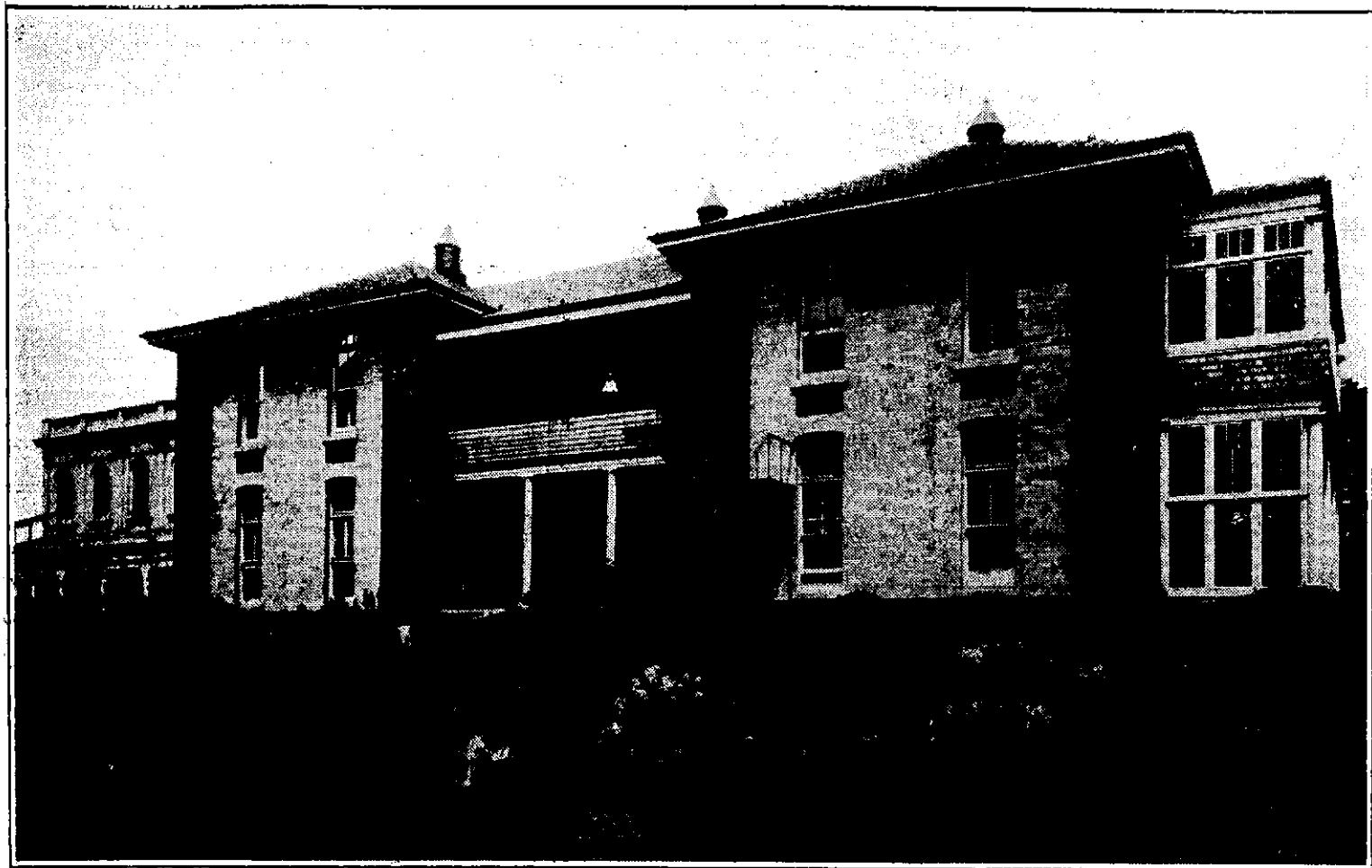
(By REV. JAMES ECCLETON, S.M.)

In the last years of the 19th century the public hospital at Coromandel—a seaside town on the western side of Hauraki Gulf—was in serious straits. It possessed neither matron nor nurses, and the Hospital Board saw no succor nigh. It was suggested to the Sisters

gone through a course of training at St. Vincent's Hospital, Sydney, filled the columns of the Coromandel newspaper with prehistoric piffle. The Sisters worked on unheeding, even as they did, and would do again, in our day when plague swept through this

Sisters of Mercy, and from warm Celtic hearts aflame with love divine what deeds of splendor spring!

Mother Ignatius found opposition to her project. The time was not opportune it was alleged. There were other works at her community's hands! The Catholics of Auckland were committed to aid other excellent enterprises! Good men and women thus tried to measure a valiant woman with their narrow gauge. There were poisoned shafts, too, of falsehood and derision, but unhesitat-



THE MATER MISERICORDIAE HOSPITAL, AUCKLAND. THE WING BUILT IN 1918 IN THE FOREGROUND. THE ORIGINAL HOSPITAL TO THE LEFT. [Photo by Crown Studios, Auckland.]

of Mercy by the harassed secretary that they might of their clarity in the hours left them when school work was done spend themselves during the day on the patients. At night the sufferers were to be left to the care of a wardsman. The gaunt spectre of enteric stalked through the decaying mining settlement, and the Sisters, ever quick to heed the call of the sick, found themselves perforce installed in the hospital. There were murmurings, of course. Weird misconceptions of Catholicism and of its clergy and religious had been imported from the United Kingdom and had in New Zealand lived stolid, stiff, and stodgy. The wild savagery of the Orangeism that survives in the spiritual and intellectual jungles of the North of Ireland and the stupid vaporings current in "papal aggression" days found echo in sleepy Coromandel. A new hospital was being built, and when it was ready the Sisters moved into it to receive the patients. Bilious bigots blind to the self-sacrifice of the Sisters, now reinforced by two of their number who had

fair land. Dr. McGregor, the then Inspector-General of Hospitals, gave the Coromandel Public Hospital the best report of its chequered history. The rugged, able, and honest Scotsman rebuffed the fools who babbled inanities and insanities. Not one farthing did or would the Sisters draw from the Hospital Board for their work. Charity in its only real sense was their spur, their magnet, and their reward.

THE VENERABLE FOUNDESS.

In Auckland a valiant woman of wide vision, of all-embracing charity, of gentle mercy, the late Rev. Mother Mary Ignatius Prendergast, had dreamed of a Catholic hospital in the city staffed by the Sisters of her own Order, the Sisters of Mercy. She had made her plans quietly and fully. Across the gulf her sisters were working. To Auckland she would bring them to found there an Hôtel Dieu that one day might rival the Mater Misericordiae Hospital in far-off Dublin. For they are Irish in origin, these

ingly the lion-hearted nun moved on and peanut minds ceased to be vociferous although they long remained whisperingly vocal.

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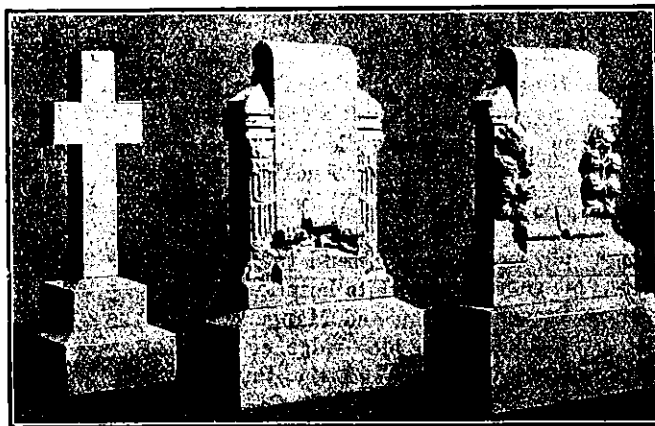
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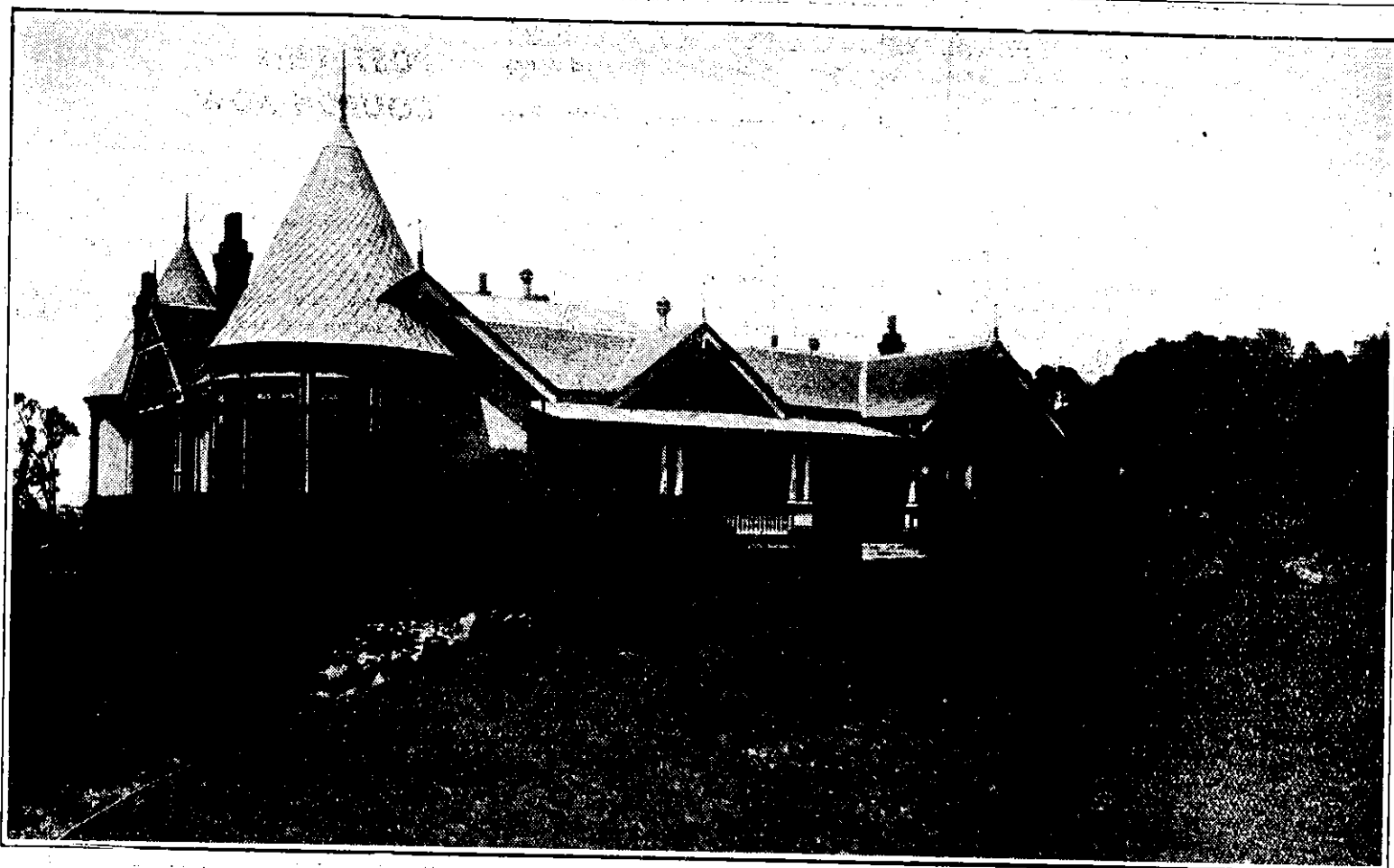
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There was no fanfare of trumpets when the Sisters came to Eden's heights. There was a quiet, unheralded coming, a scrubbing of floors, and an adequate furnishing. Patients came slowly, but when they came they came in a steady stream. As the sufferers grew in numbers the leading physicians and surgeons of the city grew to know that the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, the hostel for sufferers under the protection of Our Lady, of her who is the Mother of Mercy, the Mother of the Man-God who is Infinite Mercy itself. To staff the hospital to meet its ever-growing needs New Zealand Sisters of Mercy crossed the Tasman Sea to study in Australia, in Catholic hospitals of Australian Sisters of Mercy and of Australian Sisters of Charity, and to obtain Australian certificates. In their own land these certificates would be denied them unless they would study in public hospitals. State supervision is very useful and, we may grant, even necessary, but the doctrine that the State and the State alone is efficient is at least questionable. If we in New Zealand are to press this teaching much further we shall have the Servile State in all its ugliness. "More business in Government and less Government in business" may be an excellent election slogan. It would be very interesting and not at all unpleasant to see it become a norm of conduct. When next the Sisters of the "Mater" apply to the Government for the right to train their own nurses in their own hospital in their own land they may perchance have in reply something better than glacial politeness or the official inertia and listlessness born of lack of competition and consequent lack

of contrast. The Australians are in better case. A continent breeds bigger, broader men and women. We in New Zealand are insular and insularity creates the mental outlook of a microbe. The consensus of the opinion of thousands of patients from New Zealand and from beyond the seas, of all classes and creeds, the calm judgment of distinguished physicians and surgeons, the action of the eminent American surgeons who placed the "Mater" on the short list of New Zealand hospitals approved of the American College of Surgeons and the affectionate regard of Aucklanders, all these should speak effectively with myriad Tongues. The day must come, and come soon, when officialdom must listen or stand apart from a mighty and a goodly company in sullen apathy.

The Work Extended.

In 1918 was opened a new brick wing of the hospital. The vision of Mother Ignatius, then in the house of her eternity, was becoming real. The added accommodation was soon inadequate. Sufferers clamor for admission. A short week ago the Sisters purchased "Kiwi" and a further acre and a half of land, the home and grounds of the late Mr. P. L. Dignan. This property adjoins the hospital grounds and its procuring gives the Sisters the whole of the spur on which the hospital stands. Already plans are being prepared of a great central block, of a great hospital five storeys in height, containing every latest appliance and convenience. It is to house a hundred more patients. The sunlight and clear air of Auckland are to be laid fully under tribute. An extensive

roof garden is not the least of matters planned. The private hospital is to be, as it has been, but a means to an end. A great public hospital is to be a home of rest, refreshment, and peace for the stricken poor, for the tortured souls and bodies of men and women of the ranks, who have dropped from drooping shoulders at least for a time life's heavy burden. There are not as once there were wolves by the wayside. There are, and there will be, white-robed, smiling Sisters of Mercy to tend their wounds to help them back, if that be God's ordaining, to health. That is the aim and the hope of the "Mater" staff. When the longed-for public hospital is in being the private hospital will be but ancillary and auxiliary. To the Sisters of Mercy the sick represent each and every one, Our Lord Himself. "You do it unto Me" is engraven in their hearts. It has ever been there. It was there when English and Irish Sisters of Mercy accompanied Florence Nightingale to the Crimea. The battlefields of the American Civil War knew them as did the blood-dyed fields of the late War. There can be no class war no creed war, no color bar where they work, for where they work, in operating theatre or beside the bed of suffering, goes the charity of Christ and its compelling urge.

When death does come and its angel will not be denied, its advent to the "Mater" is not the coming of a gloomy visitant with its wings beating with the throbbing of the drums of doom. The angel of death is a gentle, smiling visitor, with arms far-flung in sweet invitation, when in the "Mater" he takes from the hands of the Sisters the soul



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His wife became worried about him—one day she bought a set of books at a book-shop, and, on coming home, placed one of them so that her husband would come across it by accident. That night, it was all she could do to get him to bed! From then, the change was miraculous! Everyone with whom he came in contact remarked on his new buoyancy of spirits.

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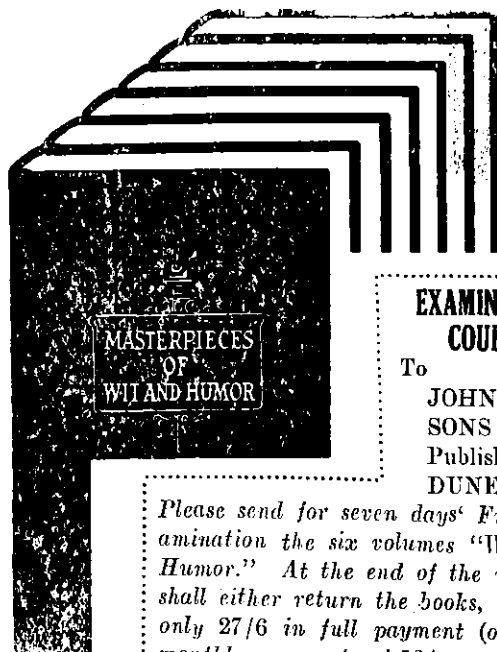
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(Tablet)

from a body racked with pain wherein not even their unceasing care could keep the vital flame.

Even as Mt. Eden once poured forth from its crater's torn and jagged lips its volcanic flame so do consecrated hearts to-day in the "Mater" just below that still yawning volcanic pit burn with charity that is of Our Lord and of Him alone.

The First Quarter of a Century.

Twenty-five years ago two Sisters with the ink still damp upon their Australian certificates were at the "Mater's" opening. They still are there, rejoicing in its growth and hopeful of great things yet to be. Around these Sisters are yet others, Irish, English, Scottish, New Zealanders, and Australians and with them are a brave efficient band of lay nurses. Two of the lay nurses have been at the "Mater" for many years. It pains the Sisters that for their training the lay assistants must, in order to qualify as registered nurses, leave the hospital for three years and work in public hospitals in New Zealand or, at the price of exile, study in Catholic hospitals in Australia.

On the 12th of December, in the grounds of the "Mater" and in those of "Kiwi" adjoining a garden fete is to be held. The Sisters had not wished for a great event, but their friends—clerical and lay, Catholic and otherwise—are working hard to make it a great success. The knowledge of the brave, unselfish work of the Sisters of Mercy in building up with poor initial resources, the Mater Misericordiae Hospital must stifle all pettiness, all carping criticism and engender in the heart of everyone something of the flame of charity and sacrifice that blazed in the heart of the valiant woman, Mother Mary Ignatius Prendergast, when she set her hand to the building of the pioneer Catholic hospital in the Dominion and crowned it with the name and fame of Mercy.

The Mater Misericordiae Hospital, Auckland

SILVER JUBILEE, NOVEMBER, 1925.

On Eden's heights, above the city's roar,
Girt all about by hill and forest green,
Yet tow'ring tall as do the hearts that soar
Beyond mere time, with calm majestic mien,
Sweet Mercy on its brow, and love and peace
That are of God enshrined within its walls
Stands out the haven for the sick, surcease
From pain its aim, when pall of suffering falls.

Five lustra has the "Mater" seen speed by
Since, firm in high resolve, unchecked by storms,
A woman's heart, strong urged by pain's sharp cry,
Brave made by Charity, the puny norms
Of earthly guile contemned, set high this home,
From Celtic souls what deeds of splendor spring!
Her soldier saint her courage showed: The loam
Of earth, bedewed with Grace, such brave deeds bring!

Throughout the fleeting years, without the beat

Of drum, with soundless instancy, as pass
In tranquil majesty before the Seat

Of God the mighty spheres, as in the Mass
The Christ Himself appears, unto the sick
As to Our Lord Himself has come health's balm

With charity, not self, its urge, the quick
To strength renewed, with cease to death's alarm.

The dawn of greater things now breaks; for wide

With far-flung arms in Mary Mother's name

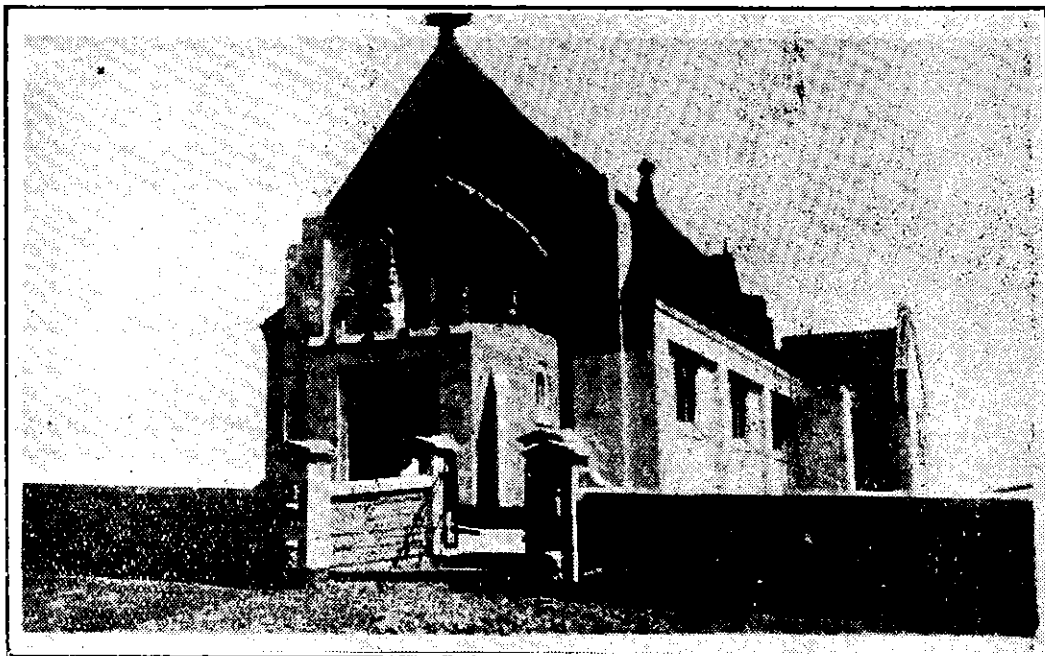
The "Mater" reaches out the flowing tide
Of stricken poor to hold for Mercy's fame
In Christ's dear name. We "Ave" call for past

Well spent, for resolutions brave; then, leal

To Christ and His dear ones unto the last
We set our hands to make a vision real.

—J. A. ECCLETON.

Auckland,
December 3, 1925.



NEW CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL, PALMERSTON.

Solemnly Blessed and Opened by His Lordship Bishop Whyte on Sunday, November 29.



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Dunedin

Diocesan News

Archdiocese of Wellington

(From our own Correspondent.)

December 4.

Another five pounds for the Far East box on the Catholic Supplies counter. There is certainly a generous and silent donor somewhere in the offing who appreciates the work of the Irish Missionaries in China. Speaking of the Irish Missions, their Christmas organ, *The Young Apostle*, is on sale there, and that is another way of helping that devoted band of priests. It's a fine Christmas gift for any child with its quaint illustrations and stories. And by buying it you not only give pleasure—you do good. And Christmas is coming.

The schools are preparing little plays and concerts for their breaking-up ceremonies. And in the orphanages too preparations are being made for Christmas. Children with good toys of which they have tired are reminded of the need of their less fortunate little friends in these institutions. Someone in visiting an orphanage the other day asked one of the little boys, "If someone were sending you something what would you like it to be?" He answered instantly, "A letter. I've never had a letter in my life." That anecdote speaks for itself. How little it takes to please these children. There are Mother Aubert's Orphanage at Island Bay, and Nai Nai and Upper Hutt, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, and over the channel the Nelson Orphanage, conducted by the Sisters of the Missions—all full of children less fortunate than their brethren with homes of their own and parents to shower gifts upon them.

Mrs. McEnroe, of Kensington Street, died this week. Her family and her friends grieve deeply for her loss. Her fine straight wisdom, her firm abiding faith, made her one of Kerry's noblest types. She was respected by all who knew her, and the Coasters flocked to pay their last tribute to her. Her daughter, Mrs. Casserly (Teresa McEnroe) has a special place in Wellington hearts. To her and her sisters and brothers deep sympathy is extended. Mrs. McEnroe will not soon be forgotten. The Kingdom of God to her soul!

Wellington is collecting for a testimonial for Mr. Paul Hoskins, who is too well known to need introduction to *Tablet* readers. For thirteen years he acted as correspondent to this paper, and his copy never failed them. It was characteristic of the man. He has sacrificed everything in the way of worldly advancement to devotion to his faith, counting inaction and passivity ignoble things. At Buckle Street on Sunday, Rev. Father Cullen spoke in the highest terms possible of the great work and the saintly character of Mr. Hoskins, exhorting his parishioners to show practically the admiration they have all cherished for so long for his faithful and voluntary services to every Catholic cause. He was the last man to desire a testimonial and would have stooped it if he could. There has been no Catholic work in the city with which his name has not been connected,

and as an organiser he is unequalled. His friends in other centres will be glad to hear what is going on in every parish here, and may perhaps wish to join in the tribute.

The Catholic Education Board's report makes Buckle Street a proud parish. In the time-honored contest for first place its colors are triumphant. The figures disclosed are a credit to it. The erection of two fine schools is mentioned in the report. Two new schools in so short a time is an achievement. Both schools are fine solid buildings, lasting structures. St. Mary of the Angels and Kilbirnie owe a debt of gratitude to their pastors, Rev. Fathers Mahony, and Connolly, respectively.

The Church of St. Mary of the Angels now presents a magnificent interior. Father Mahony has had 28 (three-light) stained glass windows placed in position recently—14 on each side of the clerestory. Those on the Gospel side depict the Miracles of Our Lord, and the Epistle side the Parables. These pictures are exquisite works of art—the Gospel being represented in wonderful detail and marvellous expression. They are exciting great and deserved admiration, and St. Mary of the Angels' Church, which has so often been described as beautiful, is now a veritable gem.

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

December 4.

On Sunday, November 29, the new church at Parikino, Wanganui River was opened by his Grace Archbishop Redwood. Dedicated to St. Madeleine Sophie Barat, the ceremonies of the day were carried out at the new church with great éclat and everything went well. It was a wonderfully fine day, which made it possible for numbers of visitors, both Maori and Pakeha, to be present. The Wairere took a big load up from Wanganui, leaving town at half past seven in the morning. Passengers were picked up at Aramoho, and at several other landings up-river. Also, the Ohura brought another big lot down river from Jerusalem and other settlements. Consequently, Parikino was a busy place that day, and the proverbial hospitality of the Maoris was taxed to its utmost. It was a most enjoyable day for everyone, and it was quite picturesque to see both boats leaving Parikino in the late sunshine of a beautiful afternoon, the remaining Maoris farewelling their guests.

His Grace Archbishop Redwood was in Wanganui for a day or two before and after his visit to Jerusalem and Parikino. Very Rev. Dean Regnault and Rev. Father O'Reilly, S.M. (Provincial), also have been here on a short visit.

Wanganui friends of the late Rev. Father O'Ferrall, S.M., were shocked indeed to hear of his death. During his few years with us Father O'Ferrall endeared himself to all with whom he became acquainted, and as was generally the case, the connection was on account of sickness or other trouble in the family, there are many who have very fond recollection of him. He is at rest, and we can only pray for the repose of his dear soul. Requiem Mass was celebrated on

last Thursday, a big congregation attending.—R.I.P.

Died also during the week, after only a few days of real indisposition, Miss Mary Anderson, well-known in Wanganui for many years. Coming out to New Zealand when quite a young woman, Miss Anderson had lived here ever since a few weeks after her arrival in the country, and, during the long years had come to be ranked among the old residents of this parish. For many years Miss Anderson had been unable to get about very much and had to depend very largely on the goodwill of her friends, and, feeling rather worse than usual, had been anointed by Father Mahony just before he went away the week before last. No one anticipated what was coming, but she was dead just in a few days. Requiem Mass was celebrated for her, after which the funeral took place.—R.I.P.

St. Mary's Children of Mary and a few friends had a glad night at St. Joseph's School this week. The convent pupils and junior Children of Mary gave a nice little musical programme, after which Rev. Father Mahony, on behalf of the girls, presented the president (Miss Kennedy) with a silver vase, inscribed. The presentation was a great surprise and a great pleasure to Miss Kennedy, who was quite overcome and found it difficult to reply. Light supper was handed round, and the evening finished early after the young folk had danced awhile.

Still another death as I write this, word has been received of the death of Mrs. Sisson, sister of Rev. Mother Gertrude, Sacred Heart Convent, and mother of Sister M. Ligeuri and Mrs. Cochrane (Taranaki). Another sister (Mrs. Green) died only a few days ago, both being daughters of the late Mr. and Mrs. Collins, old residents of the Turakina Valley. Sympathy is extended to Mr. Sisson and the family.—R.I.P.

Pcefton

(From our own correspondent.)

December 3.

The annual concert in connection with the local convent was held in the Princess Theatre on Saturday evening, and despite the inclemency of the weather, the attendance was very large, the seating accommodation of the theatre being taxed to its utmost capacity. The entertainment, which consisted of action songs, solos, choruses, monologues, dances, duets, and a pretty operetta, "Dame Darden's School," was full of interest and merriment from start to finish. The children showed they had been well trained for the occasion, and acquitted themselves in a manner that reflected great credit on the Sisters of Mercy. The audience was a most appreciative one, and many of the items received well-merited encores. During the evening Doctor Conlon, on behalf of the Sisters of Mercy, thanked all who had in any way assisted in making the entertainment so successful; special mention being made of Messrs. West, Wills, and Walsleben, who were responsible for the artistic decorations and stage production.

J. E. Fitzgerald **FISH! FISH! FISH!**

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GARDENS, N.E. VALLEY

Dunedin

Diocese of Auckland (From our own Correspondent.)

November 27.

The annual reunion and cricket match of ex-pupils was held at the Sacred Heart Convent, Remuera, on Saturday last. The weather was rather dull but a large number of old girls were present. The cricket match between past and present pupils was keenly contested, but once again the younger generation proved victorious. Afternoon tea was served during the course of the afternoon, and an entertainment provided by the students for their visitors was thoroughly enjoyed.

On Monday evening last the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall was thronged to the doors on the occasion of the annual entertainment given by the pupils of St. Mary's Convent. In fact large numbers were unable to obtain admittance. The programme was of a very high standard and no better performance by the pupils of any school has been presented to the public for some years. The Sister Director and her assistants deserve unstinted praise for the excellence of their work. The programme opened with two selections, "Marche Militaire" and "Londonderry Air," by the Convent Orchestra, rendered in excellent style. A choir of the senior pupils then gave two part songs, "Come, Sweet Morning" and "Lullaby," their efforts being very warmly applauded. Miss Winnie Cook's "Staccato Caprice" was executed in this talented performer's most capable style, and for this she was recalled. A violin solo by Miss L. Dunnet—"Serenade"—was feelingly played and warmly applauded. A special feature of the evening was a display by the Eurythmic class, and the delightful grace with which the movements were executed evoked warm appreciation. Miss Edith Moore next rendered "Chopin Polonaise" in a most capable manner, while the fairy comedy "Man in the Moon" by a group of little girls was really delightful. The climax to the performance was reached in the staging of "Joan of Arc." The most distinctive feature was the excellence of the characterisation, and the singing and acting were remarkably good for such young performers. The concert in every way merited the support accorded it and all were loud in their praise of the work of both students and Sisters.

The examination of most of the Catholic schools in Christian doctrine has now been almost completed. Last week Rev. Father Bradley and Monsignor Cahill visited the Sacred Heart College. The report is to be published later.

The annual picnic for Brothers and boys of the Sacred Heart College at Matakaitai, Waiheke Island, was held on Thursday. The weather was dull in the morning but brightened up considerably as the day advanced. Owing to the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Allison an excellent site was secured for luncheon. The afternoon was spent in exploring the island and swimming. Before leaving the island afternoon tea was partaken. On the wharf the boys, in their usual hilarious fashion, tendered their thanks to those who had assisted to make the day enjoyable. The annual picnic is one of the

most important functions in the college year for then teachers and pupils are closer together than at any other time, and that feeling of comradeship was evident on this occasion.

December 3.

A conference of delegates from all parishes was held at St. Patrick's Presbytery the other evening to consider ways and means to promote a monster bazaar in 1926, to raise funds for the establishment of two additional Catholic boys schools to meet the growing and pressing needs of Catholic children in the city of Auckland and suburbs. His Lordship Bishop Cleary presided over a meeting composed of about 50 representatives. The desirability of further school accommodation for Catholic boys was strongly stressed by the Bishop. It was decided to hold a queen carnival in connection with the bazaar, to be held in the Town Hall in May next, and to offer a £100 nugget in connection with the art union. Rev. Dr. Buxton was appointed secretary. A further meeting is to be held shortly to consider prizes to be offered, and judging by the energy shown the movement should meet with great success.

It is pleasing to announce that it has been decided to form a Catholic Board of Education in Auckland on the lines of the Wellington body. The time is quite opportune, and the board should go a long way towards improving local educational matters. It is hoped to constitute the board at an early date.

His Lordship the Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation last Sunday at the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Epsom, to about 50 children of the parish. Dr. Cleary, prior to the administration of the Sacrament, tendered his congratulations to the Rev. Father O'Byrne and the parishioners for their great work in providing such a beautiful edifice for the worship of God. I hear, said his Lordship, that the little children have played their part in building this house of God, and I feel very grateful to the children for what they have done, and I thank God for the efforts of all of you—from the parish priest down to the smallest child. Dr. Cleary delivered a most edifying address to the children and gave a simple but beautiful illustration of their Faith.

The Rev. Father O'Byrne, parish priest of Epsom, has left Auckland on a well earned holiday. Rev. Father O'Brien will take his place meanwhile.

Much sympathy is extended by a large circle of friends to Mr. Dan Flynn and his family at the indifferent health of Mrs. Flynn who is now laid up in the Mater. Mrs. Flynn, who is a very devout Catholic, belongs to the Ponsouby parish where the family have lived for many years and are known as ardent church workers. Prayers have been offered for the speedy recovery of Mrs. Flynn.

Mrs. Niven is holding an "evening" on Thursday at her residence, Remuera, in aid of her stall at the bazaar which will shortly take place. The Remuera parishioners are working hard for this bazaar, which should result in a substantial sum being raised.

Sister Mary Augustine, one of the oldest members of the Order of Mercy in Auckland, passed away on Wednesday. Fifty years ago

she taught school at St. Peter's, Hobson Street. May her soul rest in peace.

A very successful "euchre and dance" was held in the apartments adjoining the Mater Hospital recently. The proceeds will be devoted to the fund established to extend the hospital. It was well supported by Catholics from all parts, and augurs well for the success of a similar function to be held in a week's time. This is an object that the Catholics of Auckland can well help. The institution is one of the best in New Zealand.

DEATH OF MR. W. J. NAPIER.

Mr. William Joseph Napier, the well-known Auckland barrister, passed away last Saturday, at a private hospital. He was one of Auckland's early colonists. Born in Ireland, Mr. Napier arrived in Auckland when he was five years of age, and received his early education at St. Peter's Catholic School, Hobson Street. Thirty years ago he was one of Auckland's foremost public men, and an eloquent speaker. For many years he was legal adviser to Sir George Grey, and was connected with many celebrated legal cases. He took a prominent part in local affairs; represented Auckland in Parliament; was connected with the Victoria League and a Fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute. Mr. Napier is survived by his widow and two sons. A Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's Cathedral by the Rev. Father Buckley, prior to interment at Hillsborough Cemetery. A large number of prominent citizens were present at the Mass, including the Chairman of the Harbor Board (Mr. H. R. Mackenzie); Captain Duder, formerly Auckland Harbor Master; Mr. Robert Farrell; Mr. T. Lamont, Mayor of Devonport; the president of the Auckland Law Society, Mr. A. H. Johnstone; Messrs. R. McVeagh, J. Alexander, Vernier Walle, the president of the committee of the English Speaking Union; representatives of the North Shore Cricket Club and Auckland Orphans' Club. Rev. Father Buckley assisted by Rev. Father Furlong officiated at the graveside. The members of the legal profession attended the Supreme Court on Wednesday to pay a tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Napier.—R.I.P.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, LITTLE RIVER

A sale of home-made cakes, poultry, eggs, butter, cream, mutton, flowers, etc., in aid of St. John's Church fund, Little River, will be held in the vestibule of Everybody's Theatre, Christchurch, on Saturday next, December 12, from 8 a.m. to 11.40 a.m. Stall will be in charge of Mrs. Fahey and Mrs. Keenan.

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Selected Poetry

FAR AWAY.

As chimes that flow o'er shining seas
When Morn alights on meads of May,
Faint voices fill the western breeze
With whisp'ring songs of Far-Away.
Oh, dear the dells of Dunamore,
A home in odorous Ossory;
But sweet as honey, running o'er,
The Golden Shore of Far-Away!

There grows the Tree whose summer breath
Perfumes with joy the azure air;
And he who fears it fears not Death,
Nor longer heeds the hounds of Care.
Oh, soft the skies of Seskinore,
And mild is meadowy Melleray;
But sweet as honey, running o'er,
The Golden Shore of Far-Away!

There sings the Voice whose wondrous tune
Falls like diamond showers above
That in the radiant dawn of June
Renew a world of Youth and Love.
Oh, fair the founts of Farranfore,
And bright is billowy Baliintrae;
But sweet as honey, running o'er,
The Golden Shore of Far-Away!

Come, Fragrance of the Flowering Tree,
O, sing, sweet Bird, thy magic lay,
Till all the world be young with me,
And Love shall lead us far away.
Oh, dear the dells of Dunamore,
A home is odorous Ossory;
But sweet as honey, running o'er,
The Golden Shore of Far-Away!

—Irish Weekly.

A SPRING AFTERNOON IN NEW ZEALAND.

We rode in the shadowy place of pines.
The wind went whispering here and there
Like whispers in a house of prayer.
The sunshine stole in narrow lines,
And sweet was the resinous atmosphere,
The shrill cicada, far and near,
Piped on his high exultant third.
Summer! Summer! he seems to say—
Summer! He knows no other word,
But trills on it the live-long day;
The little hawkler of the green,
Who calls his wares through all the solemn
forest scene.

A shadowy land of deep repose!
Here when the loud nor'wester blows,
How sweet, to soothe a trivial care,
The pine-trees' ever-murmured prayer!
To shake the scented powder down
From stooping boughs that bar the way,
And see the vistas, golden brown,
Touch the blue heaven far away.
But on and upward still we ride
Whither the furze, an outlaw bold,
Scatters along the bare hillside
Handfuls of free, uncounted gold,
And breaths of nutty, wild perfume,
Salute us from the flowering broom.

I love this narrow, sandy road,
That idly gads o'er hill and vale,
Twisting where once a rivulet flowed,
With as many turns as a gossip's tale.
I love this shaky, creaking bridge,
And the willow leaning from the ridge,
Shaped like some green fountain playing,
And the twinkling windows of the farm,
Just where the woodland throws an arm
To hear what the merry stream is saying.

Stop the horses for a moment, high upon the
breezy stair,
Looking over plain and upland, and the
depth of summer air,
Watch the cloud and shadow sailing o'er the
forest's sombre breast;
Misty capes and snow-cliffs glimmer on the
ranges to the west.
Hear the distant thunder rolling; surely 'tis
the making tide,
Swinging all the blue Pacific on the har-
bor's iron side. . . .
Now the day grows grey and chill, but see
on yonder wooded fold,
Between the clouds a ray of sunshine slips,
and writes a word in gold.

—ANNE GLENNY WILSON.

THE LAST OF THE FOREST.

Hast thou not heard, O White Man, through
a troubled dreaming
On some still night when all the world lay
stark,
Sharp through the silence, moaning of the
sea, and screaming
Of night-birds in the dark?

Hast thou not said, O White Man, shivering
when the shrieking
Wild voices thrilled thee in a mystery of
pain:
"Peace! 'tis the Ocean calling! 'tis the Dead
Tree creaking!
Hush thee, my heart, again!"

Are they but birds? is it the sea in lamenta-
tion,
Or is it Ghosts of Earth, and Air, that cry,
Moaning a requiem, in their utter desolation,
For old worlds passing by?

Is it the wind that howls? The Dead Tree
thou ignorest,
Speech hath, and Spirit, though a shadow
grey.
Hearest thou not the voice that mourns the
vanished Forest,
That was, and passed away?

"White Man, behold me! ghastly in the
Spring's serenity,
Battered, and bruised, by ceaseless storm
and strife;
I am the Spectre of a mighty forest's green-
ness,
I, who am Death in Life!

Late, and with lingering footsteps, Spring
draws near, revealing
Love, and new life, to every passer-by;
Angel beloved! in thy touches is no healing,
No balm for such as I!

Dawn after dawn, I, sleepless, wait the first
faint flushes,
Then, as the cloud-gates of the East un-
fold,
Over the world the red flood of the sunrise
rushes
That leaves me white and cold.

Heaven in her pity rains her tender tears
upon me,
Me, —who shall never bud or bloom again,
There is no quickening in the sunshine lav-
ished on me,
The dew drops all in vain.

Shattered by lightning, tempest-tossed, and
torn, and broken,
Storms had no power to shake me till this
last,
When, at the coming of the White Man,
doom was spoken,—
Now live I in the Past!

What is there left, O White Man, what is
there remaining?
What is there flees not from before thy
face?
Wonder thou not to hear the Spirits' loud
complaining
For flower, forest, race!

As the worn body by a lingering breath is
haunted,
So is my Ghost withheld from final peace;
While these strong roots thus firmly in the
earth are planted,
Am I denied release.

Hast thou no mercy, Storm-wind? let thy
fury hound me;
Let loose thy Fiends, and bid them work
their will,
Till in Earth's bosom snaps the link that
bound me!
Then shall my soul be still!

Dost thou not hear, O White Man, through
thy troubled dreaming
On this calm night when all the world lies
stark,
Sharp through the silence, moaning of the
sea, and screaming
Of night-birds in the dark?

What! dost thou say, O White Man, shiver-
ing when the shrieking
Wild voices thrill thee in an agony of pain:
"Peace! 'tis the Ocean calling! 'tis the
Dead Tree creaking!
Hush thee, my heart, again!"

They are not birds! the sea wails not in
lamentation—
They are the Ghosts of Earth, of Air, that
cry,
Moaning a requiem, in their utter desola-
tion,
For old worlds passing by.
—DORA WILCOX.

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Patching the Peace Conference;
 Sub-Leader—The Ulster Boundary, p. 33.
 Notes—The American Language; Life in New York; Canon Sheehan, p. 34. Topics—pp. 22-23. Complete Story, p. 9. Redemptorist Authors, p. 15. The Church in N.Z., p. 19. The City of Many Waters, p. 21. Mater Misericordiae Hospital, Auckland, p. 25. 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 promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.

LEO XIII, P.M.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

The New Zealand Tablet

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1925.

PATCHING THE PEACE CONFERENCE

HALF a dozen years ago the Great War ended, and the people who had been told that it was a war to end all wars began to breathe freely. In due time, those who told us that they were going to make the world safe for democracy gathered at Versailles to fulfil their pledges to the dead for whose deaths they were responsible, and to the living who still trusted them to some extent. These war-makers and peace-makers began by disqualifying God and by obliterating the Ten Commandments. They then proceeded to break their pledges to their enemies and to scrap the Fourteen Points which had been the basis of the Armistice. These things done, a game of grab commenced; and avarice and hatred dominated their councils so successfully that no sooner was the Versailles Conference over than it was plainly seen that it but sowed the seeds of ill-will and enmity all across disturbed Europe.

* * *

Retribution came swiftly. The visitors who at Versailles had taken as their motto the old pagan phrase, *Vae Victis!*—"Woe to the Conquered"—found that they had built for their own confusion, and that their deliberations had produced nothing more stable or real than were the iris hues of the rainbows in the great fountains which played in the park outside the room wherein they were seated. Self-interest dictated that it must all be done over again. This time, they who had dictated to Germany, and enforced their terms by starving the women and children, were glad to borrow a suggestion from a German. The Catholic leader, Dr. Marx, proposed that all should meet as friends anxious to form an alliance of peace. Having found that it did not pay when they met as victors and vanquished, the late Allies agreed that it might be well to try what a conference on equal terms, in a friendly spirit, might accomplish. The Pope had warned them long ago that this was the only hope; but they did not want to hear any suggestions from the Vicar of Christ, so they scorned him as

they tore to pieces Wilson's Fourteen Points, which were an echo of the Pope's proposals for securing a lasting peace. After six years of failure and of bitter disillusionment, they met once more to endeavor to patch the former effort at peace-making. At Locarno, a beautiful little town on the shore of Lago Maggiore, amid the peace of the giant hills, and beside the tranquil waters of that lovely lake, the representatives of the late belligerent nations sat for ten days in calm discussion of ways and means. The people all round were deeply interested, and the world waited for the result. At length, one evening, from the lofty crag behind the shrine of the Madonna del Sasso, electric lamps flashed forth to all the shores of the Lake the magic word *Pax*. A new alliance had been made. Germany, Belgium, Britain, France, Italy, Poland, and Czecho-Slovakia had come to an agreement, the text of which is widespread in the daily papers these days. Suffice to say that the new agreement was a pact of peace, not a war-alliance like so many pacts that had preceded it. The German frontier was settled. Aggressive action on the part of any one of the signatories was to arouse the others against the aggressor. Germany, France, and Belgium, in particular, were to be guaranteed against attacks from one another. There was no talk of imposing terms. They met as friends who were honestly seeking for a basis of permanent friendship. And they all hoped that they had done something which would at least prepare the way for the complete restoration of peace and stability in Europe. The next step came on December 1, when, in London, the plenipotentiaries assembled for the signing of the document, which has the official title of The Treaty of Guarantees. After mutual expressions of good-will had been exchanged, the historical Treaty was signed, as between the President of the German Reich, the King of the Belgians, the President of the French Republic, the King of England, and the King of Italy. Finally, the imposing text of the Treaty, bound magnificently and sewn with blue and red ribbons, was sealed, signed, and set apart for a while to be admired by privileged visitors who had secured admission to the Foreign Office during the ceremony.

* * *

And now? The history of modern Europe is strewn with the rags and tatters of broken treaties. Behind all the high-sounding phrases of diplomacy there lies the conviction, founded on too stubborn facts, that modern States recognise no higher law than self-interest; and that right is not might except on paper or in the mouths of politicians. On the morning before the sessions began at Locarno, Monsignor Bacciarini came over from Lugano to celebrate Mass and to invoke a blessing from God on the work of the delegates. There was, thus, an external sign of religion in connection with the proceedings; and it may be that this Italian prelate's supplication will bring blessings on the undertaking. When the plotters sat at Versailles we pointed out that their boycotting of Almighty God could not but have evil results: *Unless the Lord builds the house, the builders shall work in vain!*

Now, when the Locarno Treaty is acclaimed so jubilantly by the press, we ask ourselves what lasting peace can there be in a world where the seeds of war are still sown in the schools which banish God and religion from the hearts of the children; where self-interest dominates the home and the mart and the council; where the sanctions of religion, which alone are powerful enough to teach self-control and self-denial, are removed by the Governments. Treaties are "scraps of paper." What we want is that the rulers of every country should recognise, as did Washington, and as Mussolini does, that until the principles of Christianity are the motives of individual and social action, until Christ, the Prince of Peace, rules in the hearts of his children, the best peace that treaties can achieve will be but smothered war.

THE ULSTER BOUNDARY

The cables announced on last Saturday that an agreement had been reached in connection with the Boundary. The terms are: (1) The Boundary Commission is dropped; (2) Ireland is relieved of her share of the Public Debt, to which Article V of the Treaty bound her, but Britain's liabilities for malicious damage done since January 1919 are assumed. That all parties to the bargain seem pleased may be a good omen. What we regard as a better one is that the *Morning Post* and the *Northern Whig*, both always sincere in their hate of Catholic Ireland, join in a howl of rage and protest that the Sinn Féiners have won another victory. It is, we believe, the best thing that could happen that the Commission has gone out of existence, leaving the settlement of the problem to Irishmen. There ought never have been a problem, and there never would have been had not the old Parliamentary Party sold the pass and accepted the partition of Ireland by a foreign power. But the partition is there, and it is backed up by English funds which support the Orange army. As for the financial side of the settlement, while Ireland was liable to pay a share of the Public Debt, England was bound to allow her the amount extorted from her by admitted over-taxation after the Union. As this amount was in the neighborhood of £300,000,000, the release from the burden of the Public Debt is not the godsend it looks at first sight. Probably the Dail will ratify the agreement by a large majority, the Labor opposition notwithstanding. One may venture to hope that the friendly spirit of the conference may be a presage of an amicable settlement between North and South. We have no doubt that the Six Counties would quickly come in if English politicians ceased using the Orangemen as their tools.

The *Morning Post* says: "The Boundary question has been settled in the only possible way—i.e., by leaving it unsettled—but the British public would be appalled if it saw, arrayed in cold figures, the price it has been paying and is still paying for the questionable privilege of claiming a hitherto unfriendly neighbor as a dominion when the substance or even the pretence of allegiance had ceased to exist."



NOTES



The American Language

For a considerable period during the past year the writer of these notes found himself in countries where he heard and tried to speak foreign tongues all day long. It was natural enough to expect to be called on to answer in Italian, French or Spanish, while on the Continent, and in Ireland one was more or less disappointed at not being given more practice in Gaelic. On arriving in the United States a rest from the efforts of memory necessary for conversation in strange idioms was hoped for, but all in vain. For there is a fearsome and horrible language spoken there and it is the despair of all who try to master it. You hear a boy described as a pilly person; going to school is hiking to the sweat shop; a visit to a gymnasium is a round at the perspiracy; and a stupid youth is dumb—as who should say a boola-vau! The spoken language is simple compared with the literature. We give you one sample and leave you to recover during the coming week. A lad who was taking a holiday in the country wrote to his friends who were sweltering in the city:—

"Yesterday we buggied to the town and baseballed all the afternoon. To-day we muled out to the cornfield and ge-hawed until sundown. After we had suppered we piped for a little while. After that we staircased up to our rooms where we bedstended until the clock sixed next morning."

Life in New York

He was merely an average man.

His height was the average height;

He followed the usual plan,

And came home from the office at night.

His wife and his children, of course,

Were about what the average had;

He lost on the stocks on the bourse,

And swore when his golf score was bad.

He kicked at the taxes he paid,

He grumbled at every new maid;

He voted the regular way,

And shaved off the stubble each day.

His morals were good of a sort,

He smoked two for a quarter cigars.

Kent up, through his naper, with sport

And never got seats on his car.

He slept the conventional eight.

He never neglected a meal,

He got bald on the top of his pate,

And was killed by an automobile.

The mention of golf recalls something. Passing by a park in Canada we saw a remarkably large number of men playing golf very seriously. A few perches farther on we came to the gate. It bore a brass plate on which we read the words:

MENTAL ASYLUM.

They do things logically in Canada, where the climate keeps their heads nice and cool.

Canon Sheehan (MWBRE)

Recently a monument to the memory of Canon Sheehan was unveiled at Doneraile by the Bishop of Cloyne. In the course of an eloquent panegyric, delivered for the occasion, Father Phelan, S.J., dealt with the illustrious Canon's writings in a passage which we take the liberty of reproducing in our columns. Readers who love *My New Curate* will appreciate it for the flood of light it throws on the literary work of this great Irishman:—

"The reason he wrote novels is that the novel has become the main channel through which men pass their thoughts into the hearts of others. It is said that one of the greatest achievements of St. Thomas's life was that he seized on the philosophy of Aristotle and converted it to the use of Christian schools. This monument of organised thought he baptised and turned to the service of Christ. Stimulated, perhaps, by the Angelic Doctor, Canon Sheehan laid hold of the novel, and made it an instrument to elevate and spiritualise the lives of men. Thus an instrument used so often to inflame passions, pervert thoughts, and pour vitriolic acid on the very foundation truths of Christian teaching was used by him for a high and holy purpose. He wrote novels, then, for the same reason as he preached sermons—namely, to draw the hearts of men close to the Heart of Christ.

A.M.D.G.

"To the Greater Glory of God"—might be inscribed on the cover of every book he wrote.

"Had he neglected this artistic gift with which God had so richly dowered him and sent forth his thoughts in a more prosaic form, his works to-day, instead of being translated into the world's languages, with edition chasing edition, in all probability would be found lying on the top shelves of libraries wrapped in the cobwebs of neglect. Other masters of fiction concentrate all their powers on an individual or group of persons, but you will search in vain through the works of Dickens or Victor Hugo for the life of their respective countries. Canon Sheehan made all his characters subordinate to the grand purpose of flinging on the canvas

The Inner Life of the Entire Nation.

Yes, Ireland in sunshine and shade, smiles through her tears out from every page. The aroma of Ireland is everywhere: we meet the scent of the wild woodbine and cowslip and the smell of the turf fires; the immortal hope of a glorious future, the tone of resonant defiance, the sunflashes of humor, and the laughter that trembles on the border-land of tears. As one of his reviewers beautifully put it, 'The fragrance of Ireland's life exhales from his works, pungent as the perfume of thyme from the fingers that rolled it.'

"Before Canon Sheehan's advent into the domain of fiction other writers all attempted to paint the Irish priest, but every picture is disfigured by bigotry or malice. They wrote to gratify the savage racial or religious hate of their readers. But when we turn from the true pictures of clerical life as drawn by your late pastor to those of Carleton or Lever, the latter read like literary nightmares. Yet all his thoughts and toil as an author is pervaded by his priesthood. He never forgot that the hand that held the pen was also anointed with the chrism of ordination. This was especially evident from the manner in which he bore himself when blushing honors were showered upon him. He did not seek fame, but fame sought and discovered him. Yet the incense of flattery and the applause of the world's greatest men failed to disturb his calm equipoise of mind or beautifully balanced character. His gentle, unobtrusive humility was never in danger of being disfigured by arrogant demeanor towards others or a boastful word about his own marvellous triumphs.

"Another Christ-like feature was his charitable forgiveness to those who sought to belittle his works. He could indeed well afford to treat with silent pity the vulgar splutterings of human pride and jealousy. He knew poor human nature, its weaknesses and its limitations, too well to treat them with anything but forbearance."

AN APOSTOLIC BLESSING

Apostolic Delegation,
40 Edward Street,
North Sydney, N.S.W.,
November 25, 1925.

Dear Sir,—

For the satisfaction and consolation of the Faithful who have written to his Holiness during this Jubilee Year, I beg you to publish the enclosed letter received from his Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State.

Thanking you in anticipation,

I remain,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

* B. CATTANEO,
Apostolic Delegate.

The Editor,
New Zealand Tablet,
Dunedin.

(Translation)

Secretariat of State of his Holiness,
The Vatican, October 17, 1925.

Your Excellency,—

Numerous letters from pious persons have reached the Holy Father which express the intentions that have inspired their particular prayers. Their having written to the August Pontiff manifests their desire that he should strengthen their prayers with his own, and at the same time shows the confidence and devotion that they nourish for the Vicar of Christ.

His Holiness, delighted with this attestation of reverent affection, fervently prays that God will grant the petitions of these, his good children, who, although materially distant from the centre of the Church, show such faith in the spiritual union of all Catholics.

No Rubbing Laundry Help



FOR WASHING CLOTHES

In confirmation of his sentiments the Holy Father most heartily imparts the Apostolic Blessing to all those who in this way had recourse to him.

With best regards,

I am, Your Excellency,

Yours affectionately,

(Signed) P. CARDINAL GASPARRI.

Archbishop B. Cattaneo,

Apostolic Delegate,

North Sydney.

IRISH HISTORY

The Examiners for this year are, as last year, Rev. John Kelly, Newtown, Wellington, for juniors; Rev. E. Lynch, Palmerston North, for seniors.

PRIZE FUND.

Mr. Maurice Coughlan—Gold Medal.

Donations for book prizes may be sent to the Editor.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament from the eleven o'clock Mass at St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday. After Compline at which his Lordship the Bishop officiated, the usual monthly meeting of the Men's Confraternity of the Sacred Heart was held, followed by sermon, procession, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given by his Lordship the Bishop.

The Sacrament of Confirmation was administered to eighty candidates by his Lordship the Bishop after the eleven o'clock Mass at the Sacred Heart Church, North-east Valley, on Sunday. In the afternoon his Lordship again officiated at a Confirmation ceremony at St. Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin, when 188 candidates, including a number of adults, were Confirmed.

Rev. Brother Hynes, who for the past five years has been on the teaching staff of the local Christian Brothers' School, has received notice of his transfer to Australia, and leaves for Sydney this week. In appreciation of his interest in the sanctuary boys and their duties, and on saying goodbye to them after devotions at St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday evening, Brother Hynes was, on their behalf, presented by Father Monaghan with two useful volumes, handsomely bound. During Brother Hynes' term of office in Dunedin he has, apart from his teaching duties, rendered valuable service in training the boys' choir, arranging school entertainments, and giving musical tuition to the pupils generally.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF CHRISTIAN BROTHERS, DUNEDIN.

A meeting of old boys of the Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin, was held in St. Joseph's Hall, on Sunday evening, for the purpose of electing a committee to organise fitting celebrations to mark the Golden Jubilee of the establishment of the Christian Brothers in Dunedin. Mr. A. G. Neill presided over a gathering of some 140 old boys, representative of every period from the school's commencement fifty years ago. As an outcome of the meeting an able and vigorous committee, led by prominent business and professional men of the city, was chosen to draft a programme of the festivities and commence preparations.

Another general meeting of old boys will be held in St. Joseph's Hall at 8 p.m. on Sunday

next, December 13, to approve the general outline and nature of the celebrations which the committee has been asked to draw up. All old boys are asked to again show their enthusiasm by attending in force on Sunday next, as the committee must set to work immediately. Dunedin men will assist their committee in their task of locating other old boys by being prepared to hand in to the secretary (Mr. J. N. Smith) on Sunday evening the names and addresses of any old boys in other centres whom they know.

ST. MADELEINE SOPHIE BARAT CHURCH, PARIKINO

BLESSED AND OPENED BY ARCH-BISHOP REDWOOD.

Parikino, the pah made famous by the well-known challenge to the ordeal of fire so successfully upheld by Father Lampila, S.M., has raised to the service of Almighty God a church which is to be the centre of Catholic life for a wide area. Just 18 months ago the fund was opened, and now there remains but £170 debt on a church which cost £890.

St. Madeleine Sophie Barat, one of God's latest saints, showed her remarkable power of intercession by granting a splendidly fine day after a week of boisterous weather. The ceremonies commenced at 7.15 a.m., when his Grace the Archbishop of Wellington, blessed the building. At 7.30 the first Mass in this new church was offered by his Grace. The congregation was entirely Maori, and at this Mass every member of the congregation received Holy Communion. His Grace preached from the opening words of the ceremony of baptism—"What dost thou ask of the Church of God, Faith." He stressed the importance of a new church, a new altar, the centre of supernatural life, the home of our Eucharistic Lord, the place whence the Sacraments would apply the merits of the Precious Blood to the souls of the faithful. At 10 o'clock the Ohura arrived with 200 Maoris from the up-river pahi, and a few minutes later the 'Wairere' brought a full complement of pakeha visitors from Wanganui. The Maoris from up-river were headed by Rure Manihera, an altar boy of Father Lampila and grand Catechist of the Wanganui River Missions. Tamatea led the Ngati-Hau; Hoani Morehu the Ngati-Ruaka, and Rangitahua the Ngati-Pomoana. The ceremonial greeting of the visitors, with the huge papal flag at their head, was a most impressive scene. At eleven o'clock Mass was celebrated, his Grace presiding in the sanctuary. Very Rev. Father Venning, Superior of the River Missions, being celebrant. In the Sanctuary were Very Rev. Father Langerwerf (Waihi, Lake Taupo), Rev. Father Kaveney (Dunedin), and Father J. Riordan, S.M. The altar servers were representatives of Jerusalem, Kawhaiki, and Ranana. The occasional sermon was preached in Maori by Rev. Father Langerwerf after his Grace Archbishop Redwood had addressed the congregation. The sermon of Father Langerwerf will be long remembered by the River Maoris. His fluent Maori, his brilliant oratory, and his fine descriptive powers made his sermon an exceptional delight to the big congregation of Maoris. Father Venning read the balance sheet which shows that of a total debt of £890, already £650 had been paid. The remaining £240 was reduced by £70 as a result of the day's collection. Father

Venning took the opportunity of thanking his Grace for his presence and expressed feelings of appreciation of the privilege he had bestowed on them. He also mentioned that his Grace was donating £20 for a bell. He thanked Mother Aubert and the Sisters of Compassion for the donation of a magnificent gold monstrance. The builders, Messrs. J. Wicky and Sons, received their share of thanks. But, above all, the Patroness of the church and her daughters, the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, deserved the heartfelt and abundant thanks of the Missionaries and the Maoris for their repeated donations, £25 in cash, all the vestments and altar linen, the crucifix, the Benediction set and numerous necessary articles. The ciborium was the gift of the children of the parish school, Island Bay. The fine altar was the gift of Miss Frances O'Neill, Wanganui, and was made by Mr. J. Irvine, of Wanganui.

After Mass, dinner was served in a large marquee in the middle of the Marae. Six times the three long tables were cleared and re-set before all had been served.

At two o'clock his Grace administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 35 candidates, including two converts. A feature at all ceremonies was the beautiful and devotional singing of the Maoris. Among other hymns, they sang two in honor of their patroness—St. Madeleine Sophie (Sancta Sophia)—and sang them so very sweetly.

At last the time for farewells came and the two boats carried away a large crowd of well satisfied and highly appreciative visitors. A feature of the gathering was its representative character, all the four dioceses were represented—England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Australia, Assyria, and last, but not least, China had a representative.

CHRISTCHURCH CATHOLIC CLUB

(Contributed.)

A meeting of all lady friends and supporters of the Christchurch Catholic Club has been called with the approbation of his Lordship Bishop Brodie, to consider ways and means of assisting the club. The meeting will take place in the Marist Brothers' Schoolroom, Barbadoes Street, on Sunday next, December 13, after the 9.30 a.m. Mass. All are urged to attend.

For a long time the club has felt the need of the assistance of a ladies' committee or branch, and at this meeting the ladies are invited to consider the best means of providing this assistance. There can be no doubt that such an organisation of the ladies is needed, and when in working order will find much scope for work. This is noticeably so when it is remembered that next Easter, here in Christchurch, will be held the annual conference and tournament (debating, tennis, and billiards) of the Federated Catholic Clubs and Societies of New Zealand, when delegates are expected from all over New Zealand. At present there is no ladies' organisation of a social nature in Christchurch offering such scope to those who have ever been willing to help in a work so valuable—a work which has for its object the providing of rational amusement for our Catholic young men in a truly Catholic atmosphere. All are welcome and a very large attendance is hoped for.

"Tablet" Subscriptions.

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

PERIOD NOVEMBER 2 TO 19, 1925.

OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.

Miss T., Ravensbourne, 15/4/26; Mr. W., Waitati, 15/11/25; G. S., Cromwell, 30/9/26; Mrs W., 125 Macandrew Road, Dun., 30/4/26; Miss O'C., Leith St., Dun., 23/10/26; J. J. McG., Arthur St., Dun., 30/4/26; Mrs J. G., 338 Highgate, Maori Hill, 30/3/26; D. J. R., 92 Cannongate St., Dun., 30/3/26; W. D., Bayfield, Andersons Bay, 30/9/26; Mr. M., 32 Wellington Street, Invercargill, 30/9/26; S. S. S., 101 Princes Street, South Inghill, 8/10/26; Mrs T., Rattray St, Dun, 23/3/26; Mrs A. H., The Terrace, Arrowtown, 15/4/26; T. N., Chesney St., Sth. Inghill, 30/9/26; Miss B. P., P.O., Inghill, 23/3/26; Mrs. B., Tattersalls Hotel, Dun., 23/8/25; Miss W., 65 Heriot Row, Dun., 28/11/26; Mrs R. F., Carrington Htl., Gore, 30/1/26; Mrs W. B., 20 Kaikorai Rd., Kaikorai, 30/3/26; M. M., Mossburn, 23/11/26; M.H., 373 Elles Rd., Inghill, 30/10/26; Mrs McK., Napier St., Mornington, 30/9/26; T. O'D., Alma, 8/5/26; J. J. O'C., The Mill, Lawrence, 15/4/26; Mrs D., Taieri Rd., Kaikorai, 23/10/26; J. F., Oto Creek, Brydon, 30/9/26; W. H., Hotel Sth. Dun., 30/1/25; Rev. Fr. W., Queenstown, 15/9/26; E. P., 78 Tertiot St., Inghill, 30/9/26; Mrs. O'C., Orepuki, 23/3/26; E. H., Crombie St., Gore, 15/4/28; P. R., "Abbeyvale," Oreti, 20/10/23; Mr. F., Stafford St., Dun., 8/9/26; Mr. H., 56 Nairn St., Kaikorai, 30/3/26.

CANTERBURY AND WEST COAST.

T. R., 46 Rintoul St., Westport, 30/3/26; Mrs M. H., Havelock, 30/3/26; P. E., Romilly St., Westport, 8/1/27; T. N., 34 Frankleigh St., Spreydon, 30/9/26; G. C., Claremont, 30/9/26; E. L., Soldiers Rd., Reeften, —; E. J. C., Rakaia, 15/2/26; J. S., William St., Timaru, 30/9/26; J. C., 46 Madras St., Chch., 8/4/26; Miss McA., 25 Roger St., St. Albans, 30/3/26; Rev. Fr. K., Fairlie, 30/9/26; Mr. S., Conference St., Chch., —; Miss G., 2 Fitzgerald Av.,

Chch., 28/8/25; Miss W., Coventry Street, Chch., 30/10/26; P. R., "Grasslea," Waddons, 30/6/26; H. McM., 10 Fitzgerald Av., Chch., 30/3/26; Miss F., Grocer, St. Asaph St., Chch., 15/10/26; R. L., 131 Peterborough St., Chch., 23/10/26; Mrs R. K., 442 Wilsons Rd., Chch., 15/4/26; Mrs J. K., 132 Oliviers Rd., Chch., 30/4/26; W. H., 29 Norwich St., Linwood, 30/3/26; R. A., Waltham Rd., Chch., 15/10/26; W. K., 247 Kilmore St., Chch., 30/3/26; C. B., 324 Manchester St., Chch., 15/4/26; Mrs P., 213 Bealey Av., Chch., 15/10/26; J. G., Hereford St., Linwood, 30/3/26; W. B., Francis Av., St. Albans, 23/10/26; T. Q., c/o State Coal Office, Chch., 30/9/26; O. E., Sandridge Htl., Sydenham, 15/10/26; F. W., Colombo St., St. Albans, 15/4/26; L. B., Caledonian Rd., St. Albans, 15/10/26; Mr. B., 217 Westminster St., St. Albans, 8/10/26; H. St. A. M., Barlows Bldgs, Chch., 30/9/25; D. O'C., Cheviot, 23/3/26; F. B., Weld St., Blenheim, 30/10/26; J. O'C., Box 44, Pleasant Point, 30/9/26; J. M., Rotherham, 15/11/26; J. P. B., Atahua, 28/8/25; M. M., P.O., Greymouth, 15/4/26; Mrs J. G., 10 Cowper St., Greymth., 8/1/26; J. F. & Co., Greymth., 30/9/26; C. McS., McMillan St., Methven, 30/10/26; Mrs McCl., Rangiora, 8/11/25; J. O'S., Spreadagle, 8/3/26; M. M., Reeften, 30/9/26; J. A., 11 Harper St., Nelson, 15/4/26; D. McK., "Kolmar," Lyndhurst, 30/9/26; M. D., Box 37, Leeston, 23/9/26; P. S., Sutherlands, 15/4/26; E. C., Shaw St., Temuka, 15/11/26; Mrs. J. F., Thompson St., Timwald, 30/9/26; Dr. A., 31 Carlton St., Merivale, 15/11/26; J. P. D., Mona Vale Av., Riccarton, 30/9/26; V. S., 139 Worcester St., Chch., 15/5/26; Mrs R., Maythorn, Waimate, 8/4/26; W. W., Pukekura, 23/3/25.

WELLINGTON AND TARANAKI

Mrs. O'C., 72 Rongotai Ter., Wgton., 8/5/26; J. K., Totaramika, 8/9/25; Mrs. T. McCl., Pendarcs St., N. Plym., 8/4/26; J. H., Box 71, Eltham, 30/9/26; J. D. T., Shannon, 30/9/26; J. P., Waikamac, 23/10/26; J. R. McG., Tawai Rd., Trentham, 15/10/26; J. M. H., Solicitor, Wanganui, 30/9/26; Mrs C., 5 Robbers Avenue,

Aramoho, 30/3/26; Miss N. O'D., Mt. Biggs Hawera, 15/3/26; J. C. C., Cole St., Master-School, Feilding, 23/8/26; E. T. S., P.O., ton, 30/6/26; A. J. P., Te Ore Ore, 30/6/25; J. H., Napier Rd., Woodville, 30/6/25; P. A. H., 59 Albert St., Masterton, 15/5/26; J. J., 30 Kent St., Wgton., 15/11/26; J. M., Royal Oak Hotel, Carterton, 15/11/26; T. C., Club Htl., Carterton, 15/5/26; Mr P., Te Ore Ore, 30/6/26; H. S., Central Hotel, Woodville, 15/5/26; Mrs H. R., P.O. Hotel, Woodville, 15/11/26; Mrs. D., Masterton Rd., Woodville, 30/6/26; Mrs O'N., Anby St., Woodville, 15/11/26; Mr. F., Mgr. Bank N.Z., Woodville, 15/5/26; Mr. H., Napier Rd., Woodville, 30/12/25; B. H., Waipapa Valley, Raetihi, 15/6/25; Mrs W. J. C., Devon St., W.N., Plymouth, 23/5/26; Mrs P. J. M., Fernridge, —; P. J. O'G., 80 Young St., N. Plym., 30/9/26; R. C. O., Taihape, 30/9/27; D. B., Petone, 8/10/26; C. C., 33 Campbell St., Wanganui, 15/11/26; N. S., 152 Featherston St., Palm. Nth., 15/10/26; Mrs W. B., 323 Vic. Av., Wanganui, 15/4/26; J. J. B., Belmont Road, Lower Hutt, 15/9/26; F.J.D., 17 Kawatairi Av., Wang., 15/11/26.

AUCKLAND, HAWKE'S BAY, AND FOREIGN.

H. M., Gisborne, 30/10/26; Mrs A. J. O'C., Dargaville, 30/6/26; J. P. F., 14 Station St., Napier, 30/9/26; T. M., 4 Royal Ter., Remuera, 30/10/26; Major T. P. H., Box 1183, Auckland, 30/3/26; Mrs M. McC., 91 Vigor Brown St., Napier, 23/11/25; F. E. D., Motukaraka, 30/9/26; G. B. McD., 4 Crummer Rd., Ponsonby, 23/7/26; H. P., 142 Sunshine Town, Taumarunui, 8/2/26; P. H., 405 McLean St., Hastings, 8/4/26; M. F. E., 21 Mangawhai Rd., Newmarket, 15/4/26; D. M., Te Kawhata, 23/10/26; J. C., 79 Wellesley Rd., Napier, 30/6/25; J. F., Farmer, Drury, 30/11/25; Convent, New St., Ponsonby, 15/1/26; Mrs T. F. B., Box 53, Wairoa, 23/11/26; E. S., Captain Springs Rd., Te Papapa, —; Mrs J.T., Hill St., Ouchunga, 23/9/26; Mrs J.A.D., 16 Leighton St., Grey Lynn, 15/5/26; Mrs G. D., 1 Hyderabad Rd., Napier, 15/2/26.

What has it Meant to You?



Address all communications to—
THE REV. R. HAYES,
FAR EAST OFFICE,
ESSENDON, VICTORIA.

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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A Page for Little People

Conducted by
ANNE



My dear Little People,—

Are you all very busy getting ready for the holidays, and finishing up your year's work? Indeed, Christmas is so very close now, it is almost here, mind you all say your Thousand Hail Mary's for the Little Infant Jesus, and offer them up for your very dear Grown-ups. We have a good many letters to read this week, and one or two other things to talk about, so, I will not say much to you just here. We must get all our letters answered and everything sorted up before Christmas so that we can have all kinds of interesting things to write about during the holidays.

LADDER WRITING COMPETITION.

Seven Little People have climbed our Ladder this week and they say there is a wonderful view from there. Only Little People who have climbed can know what is on the other side of the fence. You should just see them waving their arms and smiling with delight as they look down on this jolly old world from the rungs of our lovely ladder.

1. Paul Porter is Top this time.
2. Jack Porter is second.
3. Bridgie Reilly third.
4. Mollie Cavanagh fourth.
5. Cassie Dowling fifth.
6. Kathleen Harding sixth.
7. Mary Harding seventh.

The Competition is closed now, next week you will be awarded your prizes. If any letters arrive this week for the Competition, you'll see the last Ladder next week, along with the Prize List. But the Competition is closed. Next week I'll tell you what we're going to do during the Holidays by way of a Competition. We'll have good Prizes and a lot of fun, so look out.

We have some letters to read and answer, we'll do them now. Two New Members have written. They are—

FRED JOHNSTON, Hook, R.D. Waimate, who is only five years' old, and is a Lead Pencil Treasure. Fred has a Badge indeed he has, because his brother James got two and gave him one. What do you know about that? (Welcome Fred. We've got such a lot of nice little friends for you to meet. When is your birthday? Please let us know. Do you like your badge? We think James is a real sport to give it to you.—Anne.)

CASSIE HART, Victoria Street, Cambridge, has sent for a Badge and wants a Birthday Mate. Cassie has one sister and three brothers. (Welcome Cassie, you're just in time to meet us all before Christmas. Do you know there are two Birthday Mates waiting for you—Cecily Murray, 178 Tasman Street, Wellington, and Margaret Anne Nyhon, Sandymount. Hurry now the three of you and make each other's acquaintance. Hope you'll like your Badge.—Anne.)

JAMES JOHNSTON, Hook, R.D., Waimate, got his Badges safely and has given one to Fred so that he can be a Member.

James is always called by his full name, not "Jim," and he wore his Badge into Timaru, but didn't happen to meet any Little People. (Glad you liked your Badge and that you've passed one on to Fred. Good boy to wear your Badge, one of these times you will meet another Member. Sorry you have no real Birthday Mate James, the nearest to you is Mick O'Rourke, 17 Vautier Street, Napier, on the 4th. Then there is Frank Kinney, Filly Burn, Hyde, on the 6th August. Will you three be Letter Friends?—Anne. P.S.—Yes, I do like pets, call your little rabbit "Bunty."—A.)

LEN McMAHON, Mount Pleasant, Cronadun, writes to see how we're getting on and wants to know when the Writing Competition is coming off. Also, Len is hoping to pass into the fifth standard at the end of the year, he wears his Badge on his coat and wants a name for two white kittens and a black calf. (Good day Len, glad to hear from you. What Writing Competition are you wondering about Len, not the one just closed is it? Look out for the next. I think you might call your calf "Sooty" and the kittens, "Tiny" and "Dot." Glad you wear your Badge, and that Henry Campbell and Leslie Heath are Letter Friends with you.—Anne.)

ZITA TRAYNOR, Malta Street, Wyndham, is an old friend who writes to say she is thinking of us. Zita thinks it would be nice if a Fairy Godmother gave us a new Joy Boat for a Christmas Box, and she thinks we might have some Fairy Stories once in a while, or a serial story. Zita is coming to Dunedin for her holidays. (So glad to hear from you Zita, I think we may follow some of your suggestions in the New Year, I like them myself, and maybe a Fairy Godmother will come to light with a new Joy Spot for us. Mind you wear your Badge when you go out in Dunedin, you'll be sure to meet some members of our Club.—Anne.)

MARGARET CAMERON, Nokomai, writes to tell us the Inspector has been to her school. Also that she has some roses blooming. (How did you get on and did the Inspector ask you any questions? Were you frightened of the mob of cattle. Glad the pets are well.—Anne.)

EILEEN BYRNE, 659 Gloucester Street, Linwood, Christchurch, writes a nice long letter with suggestions and riddles. Eileen is sitting for a Junior National Scholarship early in December. And she tells me that not one of her Letter Friends has written for over five weeks, although she used to get two letters each day, once upon a time. (Glad to get your long letter Eileen, how very dreadful about your Letter Friends. Like yourself, I hope they'll wake up when they see this letter. Perhaps they are extremely and amazingly busy just now. Thanks for the riddles, you'll see them in the Riddle Bin some time. I'll let you know later about the suggestion you make, but I'm afraid it may be inclined to take up rather much space to be workable. However, we'll see. You must be delighted to have that dear little

new brother Patrick James. Thank you for stamps for Orphans.—Anne.)

ESSIE GAMBLE, Aramoho, writes a short note saying she is so busy now learning music that she has not much time for writing. She likes her music very much. (Glad to hear from you Essie, of course you have no spare time as you must practice regularly and often if you want to do any good with your music. We won't forget you.—Anne.)

MARGARET WALKER, Enfield, has had a letter from her Letter Friend, and they are both trying in the Ladder Competition, so I could not put this one in, but you had your chance just the same for you wrote very nicely last time. (Glad you and your Letter Friend are writing to each other. I may tell you something more about that Wiggly Weasel one of these days.—Anne.)

BRIDGIE REILLY, Benmore, entered for the Ladder, enclosed her penny and is making a garment for an Orphan. Bridgie and her little brother have two grey rabbits and they want names for them. (You'll see where you are on the Ladder Bridgie dear, you did very well. Thank you for the penny, and for the promise of a garment as well. Would you like to call your rabbits "Pip" and "Squeak."—Anne.)

MOLLIE CAVANAGH, Pukemaori, Tautapere, also entered for the Competition and likes our page very much. Mollie has two Letter Friends. (Glad to hear from you Mollie, do you see where you are on the Ladder. Hope you get on well in the examination and have a good concert to finish the year happily.—Anne.)

CASSIE DOWLING, Hyde, is on the Ladder and is very busy with her lessons just now. They have a dear little foal at Cassie's place, and four wee kittens which they found safely tucked away in one of the bedrooms. (Glad you entered for the Ladder Cassie, hope you do well at the exam. I hope you did not disturb those dear little kittens and their fond mother. Love from all of us.—Anne.)

KATHLEEN HARDING, Motukaraka, Hokianga, entered for the Ladder and sent answers for two of our riddles. Kathleen says they hope to be confirmed soon, they are expecting Bishop Cleary to confirm them. (Glad to hear from you Kathleen, good girl to try in the Competition. Yes, "Cork" is the lightest city in the world. And the other answer is right also.—Anne.)

MARY HARDING, Motukaraka, Hokianga, is on the Ladder too, and she has had letters from her friend Ella. Mary tells me they have ten pigs—four black ones, two tan ones, two red ones and two black and white ones. (Mary precious, you sure have got some gaily colored pigs, are they pets? and does Jacko like them? Glad you like your Badge and that you tried in the Competition.—Anne.)

ABOUT YOUR BADGES.

I am glad to know that some of you wear your Badges, and I hope you will all try to wear them, and be very sure to make friends with each other when you meet. That

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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.

MARRIAGES

NEWTON—LE LIEVRE.—On October 27, 1925, at St. Patrick's Church, Akaroa, Mary Virginie, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jules Le Lievre, "Mt. Desmond," Akaroa, to William J., elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. Newton, of Little River.

BYRNES—FARRELL.—On November 4, 1925, at the Catholic Church, Te Kuiti, by Rev. Father Hunt, Peter, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Byrnes, Morven, Canterbury, to Margaret Farrell, of Te Awamutu, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Farrell, of Borrisokane, Co. Tipperary, Ireland.

DEATHS

KAENEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Catherine Kaveney, relict of John Kaveney, and beloved mother of Mary Thornton, who died at Dunedin, on November 16, 1925; aged 78 years.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

KIRK.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Kirk, who died at the residence of her late sister, Mrs. McBride, 77 Cargill Road, South Dunedin, on November 13, 1925; aged 76 years.—May her soul rest in peace.

McENROE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Catherine McEnroe, widow of the late Philip McEnroe, who died at her residence, 11 Kensington Street, Wellington, on November 29, 1925.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

McGRANE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Katherine McGrane, who died on December 19, 1924.—Inserted by her loving husband, Martin Lestrane McGrane, and her loving niece (Mai) and nephew (C. H. Richardson, Ohakune).

McGRANE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Katherine McGrane, who died on December 19, 1924.—Inserted by her loving sister and brother-in-law (Ellen and Hugh McCambridge).

WALKER.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Hannah Walker, beloved wife of John Walker, McMaster Street, who died at Invercargill, on December 17, 1924.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

WANTED

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

ADDRESS WANTED

Would Person posting money in Dunedin to *Tablet* Office (envelope bearing post-mark November 23) kindly forward name and address.

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.

E. O'Connor THE CATHOLIC
BOOK DEPOT
CHRISTCHURCH (Established 1880)

The Psalms (Boylan), 2 vols—37/6.

Christian Apologetics (Devivier), 2 vols—27/-
The Official Catholic Directory, 1925, Complete Edition—18/-.

Discourses and Sermons, Various Subjects (Cardinal Gibbons)—7/6.

Jesus the Model of Religious (2 vols), Meditations—32/-.

The Sanctuary of Strength (Spiritual Life), R. Eaton—6/6.

The Catholic Teacher's Companion (F. Kirsch)—12/6.

Communion, Devotions for Religious (N. Dame)—12/6.

The Catholic's Ready Answer (Hill, S.J.)—10/-.

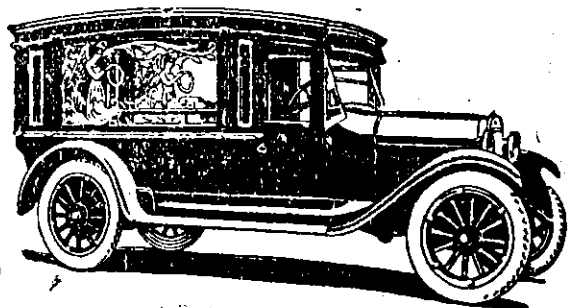
The Boys' Book of the Saints (illustrated)—3/6.

Saints of Old (Margaret Kennedy). Illustrated—3/6.

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Dunedin

L.P.L.C. Badge should make you feel quite happy when you see it worn by others as well as yourselves, as it simply means that you are Members of the same Club, or family. Promise me then, especially now at holiday time when many of you may go to other towns and be among strangers, that you will wear your Badges and speak to other wearers.

Probably, many of you are too busy with examinations and extra work to write often to your Letter Friends, but do try to send each other a Christmas greeting, a nice little letter. I don't mean presents and all that sort of thing, not at all. But be mindful of each other when the happy season comes closer.

IMPORTANT.—Will TOMMIE PHILPOTT please send his full address? His Badge has been returned from METHVEN "unclaimed."

RIDDLE BIN.

Answers from last time;—

1. What goes up white and comes down yellow?—An egg.
2. Why do people on a rainy day look like mushrooms?—Because they have umbrellas up.
3. What is it that is all around the world and we can't see it?—The air.
4. Why did the white wash?—Because it saw the enamel bath.
5. What is it that has teeth but no mouth?—A saw.

New Riddles—

1. Why does a short man rise early?
2. What is it that asks no questions but requires many answers?
3. If the sea were all to vanish what would Father Neptune say?
4. If Mississippi wore Missouri's jumper, what would Delaware?

Punctuate this to make it right;
Everybody in the land, has twenty nails on each hand,
Five and twenty on hands and feet, and this is true without deceit.

STORY CORNER.

BLUE POTS.

Pamela was a little pansy-elf who did not like her own voice. The reason she did not like her own voice was because she had once overheard some gnomes talking about it.

"Pamela is a beautiful pansy-elf," they had said, "but her voice is a little squeakish sometimes."

Now, Pamela felt so upset about this she ran away into the wood, all by herself. She ran on all day, right until the evening, and just as it was getting dark she came to a little wooden shop, with pretty blue pots standing on a window-shelf. A little Brownie man was smoking his pipe on the door-step.

"Good evening! How much are these pots?" said Pamela the pansy-elf.

"They are not for sale," said the Brownie shopman. "They are for myself always."

"Are they empty?"

"No, they are full."

"What is inside them?"

"Voices," said the Brownie shopman, puffing at his pipe. "Voices are inside them."

All kinds of voices. One voice in each pot. If you don't like the one you've got, you may give it to me, if you like, and I will change it."

"It happens that I don't like the voice I have got," said Pamela the pansy-elf, all of a tremble. "Do you mean to say that I really can change it?"

"Yes, certainly. It doesn't matter to me what voices are in my pots, so long as they are full. One voice in each pot. The end one there has a princess's voice inside, and the next has a nightingale's voice, and the next has a butterfly's voice, and the next to that—"

"Oh! do let me have the princess's voice, and take mine in exchange," cried Pamela the pansy-elf. So, the Brownie shopman lifted the blue pot from the end of the shelf, pulled up the lid, took out the voice, and gave it to Pamela the pansy-elf. He put Pamela's voice into the pot, and put the lid on to keep it down, and put it back on the window-shelf. Then he went to sleep for three days. Now it happened that this voice had belonged to a wicked princess who had no business to be a princess at all, and the sound of it was like a wheel that wants oiling. So when Pamela the pansy-elf got back to her friends, and began to talk, they all ran away, with their hands to their ears.

"Come back. I want to talk to you," cried Pamela.

"No, no. Not while you speak in that dreadful way," they answered. "We simply cannot stand it."

Then poor Pamela the pansy-elf felt very upset. But after a while she thought to herself: "I will go back into the wood, all alone by myself, and I will find that Brownie shopman, and change my voice again." So she ran away into the wood, and came to the little shop, and there were the pretty blue pots, all in a nice row on the window-shelf. But the Brownie shopman was fast asleep in the doorway.

Then Pamela the pansy-elf thought to herself, "I will creep into that little house, and I will change my voice, and have the nightingale's voice, which is in the second blue pot, and then I will run away home."

So she tip-toed past the Brownie shopman, as quiet as a butterfly. She ran into the little shop, and took the second blue pot from the window-shelf, and opened the lid, and took out the nightingale's voice, and put the princess's voice in, and shut the lid, and put the pot back upon the window-shelf. Then she tip-toed out, and ran away like the wind. (But all the while Brownie shopman had been peeping out of one eye.)

Pamela the pansy-elf ran to her friends, who were playing ring-o'-roses, and she began to sing at the top of her voice. "They will be certain to like my voice now?" she thought.

But the elves stopped playing, and the smiles went away from their faces, and their eyes opened wide with horror.

"Oh, Pamela, what a dreadful voice," they cried.

"It's not a dreadful voice. It's a nightingale's voice," said Pamela the pansy-elf, in a rage. "A nightingale's voice is the sweetest voice on earth."

"Only in the spring-time," said a little green gnome, who knew such things. "Nightingales sing sweetly enough in the spring, but this is autumn. The leaves are brown and yellow, and the music of the birds is gone away. Besides, I think your nightingale must have a bad cold. It is a dreadful voice."

(We'll finish the story next week.)

A VERSE OR TWO.

Read this my dear Little People, and, next time you see some nice fleecy Clouds, stop a minute and watch what wonderful pictures you can make out of them:—

CLOUDS.

I saw a lady in the sky to-day;

Her fleecy, floating skirts were long and wide,
Her arms were crossed, her head was turned away,

She had a dragon at her side:

A big grey dragon pawing in the air,

His curly tail went sweeping to the ground,
His mouth was open and his teeth were bare,
But he made no sound.

I turned to watch a butterfly go by,

And when I looked again where they had been—

The lady and the dragon in the sky—
They were not to be seen.

SOME SHOES FOR DOLLY.

Eight stitches I put on, and then

Knit six-and-twenty rows.

I finish off when I've done that

And start to knit the toes.

Eight stitches I put on once more,

Knit till it's just a square.

Then take that off, do each again,

So that I have a pair.

From cardboard now I make the soles,

Exact size of her feet,

A needle now to sew them up,

Then they will be complete.

The square I now fold corner-wise,

And with my needle sew

The long piece to it at each end,

You see to make the toe.

The little soles I last sew on;

Now, don't you think them nice?

You could not have a better pair

For ever such a price!

Try to make these shoes.

Good-night all,

ANNE.

MOTOR CAR OWNERS.

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Commonwealth Notes

NEW SOUTH WALES.

A message from Rome states that his Holiness the Pope gave an audience to Dr. Dwyer, Bishop of Wagga Wagga. During the audience his Holiness expressed his pleasure at having received during the year the first large Australian pilgrimage to Rome.

In the course of a tribute to the splendid work being done by Catholic hospitals, the Hon. the Minister for Health, Mr. G. Cann, said that he was pleased to be present, not only from the point of view of paying a tribute to the good work done, but, as was said, the great public of Australia would soon be converted to the idea that no matter who is doing the work, as far as the Catholics were concerned in regard to their orphanages and hospitals, they should get their fair share from the point of view of the Government. He promised to go into the matter fully and see if he could not render more assistance than they were getting. He hoped that he would never be judged guilty of bigotry in regard to the work of such institutions as theirs, and if the Government could not do more than it had been doing, it will at least banish all thought of bigotry and try to be as charitable as our great Master.

Archbishop Kelly, of Sydney, blessed and opened the new church-school at Bankstown on Sunday, November 8. Situated on a commanding height, and at the rear of the old church, which dates back to 1851, the new structure brings an atmosphere of modernity to the group of buildings. The old church—now to be used as a kindergarten—is a picturesque building, with its burial ground alongside.

VICTORIA.

The Rev. Brother Hickey, Provincial of the Christian Brothers, is expected in Melbourne shortly (says the *Advocate* of recent date). He has manifested great interest in the spread of technical education in our Catholic schools. Brother Hickey expects to gather round him for the great juniorate school and training college in Strathfield the usual large company of fine boys and young men as subjects for the congregation. Victorian Brothers are now an important section of the students of Strathfield who have pledged themselves to the Christian education of Australian youth.

It will be interesting to many persons to know that there is a possibility of St. Patrick's Hall, Melbourne, being sold. A splendid offer has been submitted for the building. On November 13, 1851, the first Legislative Council of Victoria was opened in St. Patrick's Hall by the then Governor, Charles Joseph Latrobe. A photograph from drawings made by Mr. William Strutt at that period still hangs in the office of the society, and is closely scanned by visitors when they are being shown over the building. His Grace the Archbishop was presented with a replica of the same photograph when a conversation was tendered in his honor a few years ago. Many members of St. Patrick's

Society are somewhat unwilling to part with this historic old building out of sheer sentiment, but, as the upkeep of the hall is costly at the present time, it may be that sentiment will give way to business and the place sold. A modern structure will rise in its stead.

A valuable property has been purchased in Kyneton by the Very Rev. Dean Martin, P.P., for the purpose of establishing a boys' school which will be placed in charge of the Marist Brothers. Rev. Brother Brendan, Provincial of the Marist Brothers in Australia, visited Kyneton recently for an inspection of the property.

Speaking at a Confirmation ceremony recently held at St. Mary's, East St. Kilda, the Bishop of Sandhurst (Right Rev. Dr. McCarthy) stressed the need of more vocations to the religious life amongst young Australians. This country was still obliged to look to Ireland for priests, Brothers, and nuns, which fact proved that Australia was not doing its duty in regard to the important question of fostering religious vocations.

WEST AUSTRALIA.

Rev. Father S. Power, C.M., speaking at Malvern recently, related many interesting experiences of his recent trip across the continent, to give a series of missions and Retreats in the diocese of Geraldton (says the *H.A. Record*). This work was undertaken at the request of his Lordship Dr. Ryan, C.M., who prior to his appointment as Bishop of Geraldton had been pastor of St. Joseph's, the Vincentian Fathers' beautiful church at Malvern, Victoria. Father Power said the trip to Fremantle, across the great Australian Bight, occupied four days, and upon arrival, Father Power was the guest of the Oblate Fathers, and went on to Geraldton—a train journey of 300 miles. A visit to New Norcia revealed the most Catholic centre in Australia, presided over by the Spanish Benedictine Fathers and Brothers. It is a vast parish, extending over 30,000 square miles, having its colleges for boys and girls, and Retreats for monks, etc., where, apart from the world, the Benedictine community devote their lives to prayer and hard work for the good of souls. One of their number, Father Moreno, O.S.B., a very eminent organist and musician, has his choir trained to such perfection that the liturgical singing is unsurpassed, even in Europe. The Cathedral at Geraldton was designed and built in the first place by Father Hawes, who, in earlier years, was a clergyman of the Church of England, and also an architect of note. The building of the church at Mullewa was another work of Father Hawes, expressive of his great devotion to the Mother of God, under her title of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, to whom the priest-architect has dedicated many churches out in the wilds of the barren West, where the good nuns of the Presentation Order, brought in the first instance into the diocese by the zeal of the late Bishop Kelly, have succeeded, against almost insurmountable difficulties, in keeping the lamp of faith alive. The sparsity of Catholics in the wilds of the West is made

up for by their fervor and devotion, as it is quite an ordinary occurrence for people to come 14 or 15 miles to Mass. It was Father Power's experience to meet in the diocese the "most Catholic non-Catholic in the world," a lady who, though outside the fold, made complete arrangements for a mission given by the visiting Vincentian Father. Another outstanding monument of Catholicity noted by Father Power was the glorious church at Northampton, built by the zeal of the late Administrator, Dr. Graber, with its beautiful Stations of the Cross, donated by himself. Here, as in other parts of the desolate West the Presentation Nuns succeeded in keeping the lamp of faith brightly burning.

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Sports and Entertainments

M.B.O.B. Association, Christchurch

(From our own Correspondent.)

On the evening of November 23, the above association held its annual dinner at the Carlton Cafe, Cathedral Square, and the function proved in every way a distinct success. All teams of the three branches of the association—League, Soccer, and Cricket—were well represented; Rev. Brother Phelan presiding over a large attendance of about one hundred members and supporters. At the official table were Rev. Father Gregory, Rev. Father Hally, Mr. H. T. Armstrong, M.P., Mr. English, and Mr. Bunt, representing the Canterbury Football Association, Mr. G. H. Brittenden (secretary M.B.O.B.A.) Mr. F. Smyth (club captain), Mr. D. McCormick (secretary Monica Park Board of Control), and Mr. H. Mullins (vice-captain of senior team). Rev. Brother Phelan apologised for the unavoidable absence of his Lordship Bishop Brodie and Sir G. Glifford. At the conclusion of the dinner a very fine musical and vocal programme was given to a highly appreciative audience by talented performers, to whom are due the best thanks of the association. Messrs. Mannix, Clemence, McMenamin, and Dunbar proved a very efficient orchestra and added greatly to the enjoyment of the gathering. Vocal items by Messrs. Clemence, Darragh, Burns, Courtney, and by Rev. Father Hally and Rev. Brother Phelan were much appreciated. Rev. Brother Phelan, in a neat speech, welcomed all and congratulated the various League and Soccer teams on their play during the past season. He trusted that both on and off the field, beaten or unbeaten, the members would continue to be a credit to their old school and to the association. Trophies won during the season by the Soccer teams were presented by Mr. R. English, president of the Canterbury Football Association. A tangible token of esteem was presented to Father Gregory, an old boy of the school who was ordained the previous day, and who, with Father Hally, of Dunedin, was welcomed to the gathering. Both visitors suitably responded. Having been congratulated on winning the Christchurch East seat in Parliament, Mr. H. T. Armstrong, M.P. (a vice-president of the association), expressed thanks for the remarks made about him. He urged the boys always to play the game and to take a large part in public matters and become good citizens. Mr. D. McCormack (secretary of the Board of Control) presented the senior team with the McKoon Cup for the winning Senior League team. Trophies won at the Labor Day carnival were presented by Mr. F. Smyth. A presentation of a canteen of silver was made to E. H. Ellis, who last season represented Marist, Canterbury, South Island, and New Zealand at League. After the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the gathering, the function came to a conclusion with hearty cheers for Rev. Brother Phelan, as an acknowledgement of the great work done by him over many years for the Association.

HIBERNIAN SOCIETY

ST. JOSEPH'S BRANCH, DUNEDIN.

There was a large attendance at the last fortnightly meeting of St. Joseph's branch (No. 73) of the H.A.C.B. Society, the president (Bro. A. Gillick) presiding. Sick pay and other accounts were passed for payment, and the usual routine business transacted. Two candidates were admitted to membership, and three nominations received. The report of the half-yearly meeting of New Zealand District was read by the secretary, and it was decided to defer discussion thereon till the quarterly meeting to be held on the 8th inst. As important matters are contained in the report a full attendance of members at that meeting is requested. Members were notified that the next quarterly Communion in connection with the branch is to take place at the nine o'clock Mass at St. Joseph's Cathedral, on Sunday, the 20th inst. The quarterly balance sheet was read and adopted. The president, in moving the adoption of the statement of accounts, referred to the branch's sound position and steady advancement, a notable feature being the number of new members registered during the quarter—the largest for some considerable time. The progress thus indicated was very encouraging and he trusted it would continue. He eulogised the work of the secretary (Bro. J. J. Ford). The auditors (Bros. J. J. Marlow, jun. and J. N. Smith) reported most favorably on the way the books of the branch were kept; and incidentally referred to various matters of interest contained in the balance sheet. A vote of thanks was passed to the auditors for their much-appreciated services. The branch delegates to the Friendly Societies' Dispensary Board (Bros. J. J. Marlow, jun., P.P., and W. E. Simpson) reported on the recent meeting of that body.

THE HIBERNIAN CLUB.

The clubrooms are being well attended, due to the social attractions provided by the president and management committee, who are desirous of seeing every member of the society taking an active interest in the movement. Debates and card and billiard tournaments are being arranged, while the latest books and magazines may be found in the reading-room of the club.

An interesting debate was held on Monday evening week, when the subject discussed was "Is the Immigration Policy of the Government Beneficial to the Dominion?" Messrs. A. J. Dowling (leader), F. Brown, and J. N. Smith spoke in the affirmative, and Messrs. F. Moloney (leader), B. Lynskey, and J. J. Marlow, jun., in the negative. Mr. J. J. Marlow, sen. (District Deputy), presided, and in an eloquent summing-up of the arguments advanced gave an interesting and instructive address on the Immigration policies of former days; also the methods adopted by the United States and the different dominions of the British Empire to increase population. On a vote being taken

the decision was in favor of the negative. The speeches were distinctly good, the various speakers, especially the leaders, treating the subject in a manner denoting a considerable amount of study.

The next debate is to be held on Monday, the 14th inst., when a very important subject is to be tabled for discussion.

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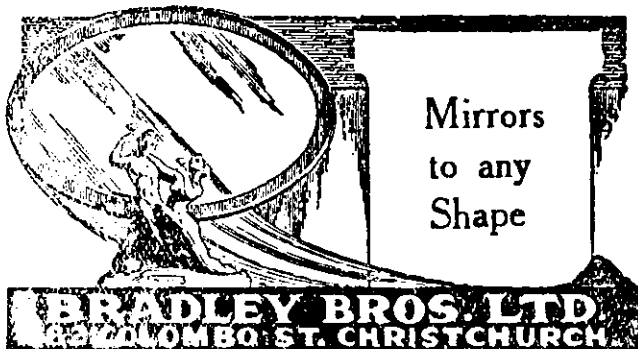
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Here and There

The King of the Basutos, in South Africa, is a Catholic.

Cardinal Maffi, of Pisa, has issued a Pastoral Letter condemning immodesty of dress.

Natives in the Fiji Islands 'kiss' a bishop's ring by rubbing their noses against it.

The first natives of Bengal to become priests will be ordained next year at Bandhura (India).

The diocese of Great Falls (U.S.A.) is to have thirteen new churches by the end of next year.

In Catholic journalism for seventy years, Rudolph Krueger, has died at St. Louis (Missouri).

Councillor John McCurdy, a Catholic, has accepted the invitation to become Mayor of Wigan.

The National Council of Catholic Men of America has 1103 organisations in its membership.

Rolls and coffee are served in the basement of the Cathedral at Cincinnati for the communicants.

One group of pilgrims recently received by the Pope consisted of thirty Catholics and 180 Protestants.

Gotthart Stroschein, who attempted to start a Ku Klux Klan organisation in Germany, has been deported.

Two men have been arrested for robbing the residence of Canon Fortune, parish priest at Taghmon (Ireland).

Father M. Marty won the championship cup at the golf tournament promoted by the clergy of the diocese of Leeds.

A Texas family of nine were received into the Church together on the fiftieth anniversary of the parents' wedding.

No fewer than 100,000 persons in the State of Iowa are legally disqualified from marrying under the new Eugenics law.

A list has been compiled of the names of all persons over the age of fourteen who have been or are now inmates of State institutions for the insane or feeble-minded, and all these have been barred from marriage.

Copies of the list are to be sent to the County Clerks throughout the State with instructions to refuse licences to applicants whose names appear on it.

A tablet to the memory of Mrs. Fitzherbert, the wife of King George IV, has been unveiled at Brighton by Alderman Thomas Stanford. Mrs. Fitzherbert lived in Old Steine from 1804 till her death in 1837. She was at one time regarded as the mistress of George IV, but it was recently proved that she was married to him according to Catholic rites. Mrs. Fitzherbert was closely identified with the early history of Catholicism in Brighton.

On the same day tablets commemorating Herbert Spencer, Charles Dickens, and Dr. Russell were also unveiled. All the tablets are on houses associated with the lives of the celebrities commemorated.

Viscount Grey's Memoirs.—Viscount Grey's Memoirs have just been given to the public in Europe. They chronicle the intimate details of the diplomatic negotiations between Washington and London which preceded the entry of America into the great conflict, and reveal definite documentary evidence to show that President Wilson, as early as 1916, was giving thought to a definite proposal to throw the United States into the war on the side of the Allies. Grey relieves the former Kaiser and the German people of the odium of setting the torch which started the world conflagration and holds that in determining the guilt for bringing on the war the armed-camp conditions to which Europe had been brought by the events of decades must be considered. He holds that militarism and armaments made the World War inevitable, and he doubts whether even yet the nations have learned that lesson without which they must perish.

* * *

History of the Papacy.—It is almost forty years since Dr. Ludwig von Pastor published the first volume of his monumental *Geschichte der Papste* which at once took rank as a classic. Nine massive volumes have since appeared, the tenth, dealing with the pontificate of Sixtus V, is in press, and several others are to follow in rapid succession. It is all the more remarkable that the aged historian can find the time not only to revise, but completely to overhaul his earlier volumes. In preparing the 5th to 7th edition of his first volume, for instance he had to utilise the researches, domestic as well as foreign, of almost an entire generation of scholars. He performed this gigantic task with his usual diligence and hardly a page has remained unchanged. In reading his sketch of the literary Renaissance in Italy, therefore, and his account of the pontificates of Martin V, Eugene IV, Nicholas V, and Callistus III, the reader may rest assured that he has the very latest word on this important period in the history of the papacy.

* * *

Religious Chaos in England.—"Six hundred different sects and nothing but trouble," is Father John Lane's comment on the religious chaos in England to-day. He made this remark when preaching recently at St. Chad's Church, Cheetham Hill Road, at the Mass which marked the inauguration of the 34th session of the Manchester branch of the Catholic Truth Society. Nobody, outside the Church, knew anything definite, said Father Lane in an outspoken address. Could they point out two Anglicans who believed the same thing? Could they mention the names of two ministers who taught the same doctrine? Could they tell him the names of two bishops who would give the same opinion on matters of fundamental importance? The Archbishop of Canterbury, he continued, talking about why the churches were empty, said it was because the parsons could not preach. No, they could not preach because they had nothing to preach about. St. Paul said I

preach Christ and Him Crucified, but outside the Catholic Church people did not know Christ and certainly did not know Him crucified.

TOASTS 4



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“It is a splendid mixture and worth great praise.”—J. McI.

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Irish News

THE BOARDING-OUT SYSTEM AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS—IRISH FRANCISCANS IN ROME—HOUSING CONDITIONS OF DUBLIN—STRIKING CHRISTIAN CENTENARIES—NATIONAL HIBERNIAN PILGRIMAGE—DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN PASTOR—FATHER LUKE WADDING AND ST. ISIDORE'S.

The Free State Government Commission of Inquiry finds itself obliged to weigh the comparative merits of the boarding-out system and of the industrial schools. In theory it is, of course, possible to say a good deal on both sides, and each method has its advocates. In Ireland, where the industrial schools are in charge of religious Orders, that system has naturally its best defence.

Artane, which is under the control of the Christian Brothers, is indeed one of the sights of Dublin, and provokes the admiration of visitors. Its pupils are fortunate in the care bestowed upon them. They are free to choose a career, and trained adequately for many. They may be electrical engineers, or bakers, or weavers, or farm laborers. The grounds and buildings are lit by electric power generated on the premises.

* * *

The Irish Franciscans in Rome celebrated recently the 300th anniversary of the founding of the convent of St. Isidore.

Three hundred years ago—1625—Pope Urban VIII granted permission to Father Luke Wadding, O.F.M., to found this house in Rome. The name of St. Isidore is familiar to all students of history, and from its cloisters have gone forth a host of learned and holy priests. It was fitting, then, that the Feast of St. Luke should have been chosen as the day most appropriate for the Tercentenary Celebration.

The church was beautifully decorated and illuminated, and from an early hour crowds filled every part of it. The Bishop of Waterford, Father Luke Wadding's native diocese, sang the High Mass, and his Grace the Lord Primate of Ireland preached an eloquent sermon. Several of the Irish bishops at present in Rome, as well as priests and pilgrims, took part in the functions.

* * *

The housing conditions of Dublin have aroused the conscience of the citizens. Last year, it will be remembered, the most impressive paper at the annual Conference of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, was that read by Father Fitzgibbon. Its points revealed in detail a deplorable state of affairs. He gave figures for each district of the city, showing the straits to which the people are reduced and the difficulties of a Christian life in such surroundings.

Something has been done since to diminish the housing shortage, and further plans are in progress; but the problem is an enormous one, and, with all the assistance that the Government and private enterprise can give, it will take many years before it is adequately solved. The number of persons to the acre should not exceed fifty. Yet, in Wood Quay, the figure is 138.3, in Mountjoy 117.6, in the Rotunda Ward 113.2, and in Inns Quay 103.1. Over twenty thousand

families of one to twelve persons each are living in one-roomed tenements. There are in the city about 3000 insanitary houses with a population of 20,000 persons. It is estimated that approximately 26,000 new houses are required for immediate needs.

* * *

Ireland is starting preparations for three very striking Christian centenaries. The greatest of them all will occur in 1932, which will be the fifteenth centenary of St. Patrick's coming to preach the Gospel in Ireland.

In 1929 the Catholics of Ireland will have enjoyed exactly one hundred years of Emancipation, and widespread celebrations will crown the immortal achievement of Daniel O'Connell, who freed his country from the Penal Laws.

The year 1926 will see the seventh centenary of the canonisation of one of the greatest of the Irish saints, St. Laurence O'Toole.

* * *

Those accompanying the National Hibernian Pilgrimage to Rome for the Holy Year had the privilege of being present at one of the strangest phenomena of religion in the world—the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, at Naples.

The pilgrims were led to Naples for a two-day stay, and the great public miracle occurred September 19, on the saint's feast day.

Sceptics have been confounded for centuries by the miracle of St. Januarius's blood. The fluid, which according to tradition was recovered in phials when Januarius, Bishop of Beneventum, was martyred seventeen centuries ago under the Roman Emperor Diocletian, is a solidified mass throughout the year, but on the feast day returns to its liquid state.

Exhaustive scientific investigations, many of them by sceptics, have failed to explain the phenomenon, and annually thousands of pilgrims gather to watch the centuries-old miracle.

* * *

In his 80th year, Very Rev. Archdeacon Power, P.P., V.G., Dungarvan, died on the 15th October, after a brief illness. One of the best known priests in Ireland, he was pastor of Dungarvan for 23 years.

While a curate in the same town he took a prominent part in the land agitation, and was under police surveillance for a time along with Very Rev. Father Prendergast. On a few occasions he had narrow escapes from arrest.

Mgr. Power was born at Carrickbeg, and was educated at the famous monastery at Melleray, afterwards going to St. John's College, Waterford, and the Irish College, Paris, where he was ordained.

If Father Luke Wadding had done no more than found at Rome, as he did in

1625, the Franciscan College of St. Isidore, besides the Ludovisian College for secular priests, he would still deserve well of us all, in praise and recollection, after three hundred years; but these two colleges are but a part, and some may think a minor part, of the fruits of his great labors (says the *London Tablet* in its "Et Cetera" page. The tercentenary celebrations shortly to take place at St. Isidore's will honor not only a founder, but one of the most notable of Franciscan scholars, who in his day rejected over and over again offers of high place—it is even said that votes were cast for him at Conclave—in order to do the works nearer to his heart. Father Wadding's life extended almost to the "allotted span"; he was born at Waterford in 1588 and died at St. Isidore's in 1657; and into it he packed an immensity of scholarship and literary toil for which the marvel is that he found time when many duties were pressing upon him in other and daily tasks. His fame rests chiefly upon his work as the historian of his Order—the monumental *Annales ord Minorum*; but he wrote many books besides—volumes of theology and hagiography, lives of Popes and Cardinals, and much more. His great annotated edition of *Scotus* would alone suffice to establish proof of his literary zeal, cultivated year after year in the late evening hours, when other men sought rest or recreation.

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Town and Country News

Waikato Notes

(From our own correspondent.)

Hamilton, November 26.

The second session of euchar tournaments which have been held weekly by the Catholics of Hamilton was, with the exception of a farewell evening, concluded for the season on Tuesday night. The session which extended for fifteen nights, yielded a nett profit of £66 12s, making a total for the season which commenced last May of £134. The winner of the tournament prizes were:—Ladies, Mrs. S. Jenkinson (184 games); gents, Mr. A. Craike (174 games). In awarding the prizes, Rev. Father Bleakley referred to the great success of the tournament, not only from the financial standpoint but as a means of bringing the parishioners together. He thanked the ladies of the parish for the great work they had done in arranging for the supper at the various evenings, making special mention of the part played by Miss Doyle who, week after week, was in attendance to supervise the functions.

Later a presentation was made by Mr. E. de Venny McGarrigle, on behalf of the men patrons, to Father Bleakley as an appreciation of the great interest he had shown in the tournament.

Gaily decorated stalls, whose tempting wares proved a source of attraction to purchasers of all ages, and stallholders keenly intent on the business in hand, constituted a busy scene this week at Glover's Hall, Frankton, where an "All Nations" bazaar in aid of the Catholic Church building fund was in progress. Delicious cakes and sweets, needlework of all kinds, and a produce stall with a stock of all things necessary to the provisioning of a household found ready favor with the stream of visitors. At the evening sessions dancing competitions and various games were organised. Orchestral music supplied by members of the Men's Club also enlivened the proceedings. The feature of the bazaar is a championship tug-of-war for which £50 in prizes has been offered. With the number of teams competing some keen and exciting tussles were witnessed and the final to-morrow evening should provide a thrilling contest.

The ladies in charge of the stalls were the following:—Plain and Fancy stall: Mesdames Dwyer, Frost, Turner, Crawshaw, Misses Frost (2), Wand, E. Gegan, Jenks, Staunton, and Lineen. Sweets stall: Mesdames Bell, Smith, and Miss Fairburn. Produce stall: Mesdames Green, McGonnel, and Misses Cox (2). Afternoon teas: Mesdames Salsbury, Fitzgerald, Misses Fitzgerald (3), and R. and L. Gegan.

An epoch making event for the Cambridge district more particularly regarding the Catholics of the community was the laying of the foundation stone and the blessing of the fine new brick church which is in course of erection on the old church site in Anzac Street. There was a large attendance of local parishioners, visiting priests, and Borough representatives. The ceremony, a

particularly impressive one, was performed by Monsignor Cahill, Vicar-General of the Auckland diocese, assisted by Rev. Fathers Bleakley (Hamilton) and Kirrane (Cambridge).

Every candidate presented by the Hamilton Marist Brothers' School, passed the proficiency examination.

Invercargill Notes

(From our own correspondent.)

November 27.

The official opening of St. Mary's Tennis Club's new courts took place on Wednesday afternoon, when there was a good attendance of members and friends. Rev. Father Martin declared the courts open and in doing so appealed to all to practice and take an interest in the game, so that next year they might be able to compete with other clubs. Mrs. Haigh served the first ball and the ladies' committee handed round afternoon tea.

Miss Mary Lister and Mrs. Fitzgerald were made the recipients of a beautiful framed picture of the Sacred Heart, and an ivory-bound prayer book from the Children of Mary, on Sunday last. Rev. Father Graham, who made the presentations, referred most kindly to the many good qualities of both, and wished them, on behalf of their girl friends of the sodality, every blessing and happiness in their new life. To show the appreciation of the sodality for many kindnesses from the Dominican Nuns they too were the recipients of tokens of gratitude from the sodalists, and the Director was presented by the president with a little souvenir.

All the residences, etc., of Invercargill have been re-numbered, and *Tablet* subscribers are asked to notify the office of their addresses bearing the new number allotted. This will facilitate postal delivery and prevent subscribers copies going astray.

WEDDING BELLS

NEWTON—LE LIEVRE.

A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnised at St. Patrick's Church, Akaroa, on Tuesday, October 27, when Mary Verginie, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jules Le Lievre, "Mount Desmond," Akaroa, was married to William, elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Newton, late of Little River. The Rev. Father Gallagher officiated, and Miss E. Le Lievre presided at the organ. The bride, who entered the church on the arm of her father, wore a simple frock of cream satin and georgette. The long train of satin with pleated georgette panels from the yoke was finished with a deep frill of accordion pleated georgette over lace. The long tight-fitting sleeves were also of georgette and were finished with posies of pink and white. She wore a hand-embroidered veil, held in place by a coronet of silver leaves and orange blossoms, and also carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and maiden-hair fern. She was attended by Miss Moya Hayward, of Christchurch, who wore a dainty frock of

almond green marocain made with circular skirt and finished with pearl buttons; a hat of white georgette with roses to tone, and carried a bouquet of pink and red roses. Mr. J. Leghain, of Christchurch, attended as best man. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Le Lievre entertained a few relations and friends at the Kowhai tea rooms, where the customary toasts were honored. The bride travelled in a frock of saxe blue finished with fawn collar and godets of same at the sides, with hat to match.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE, MOSGIEL

VISIT OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND THE LADY ALICE FERGUSSON.

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, the Mayor and Mayoress of Mosgiel (Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Walls), the chairman of the Taieri County Council (Mr. Charles Findlay) and Mrs. Findlay, and Mr. T. K. Sidey, M.P., and Mrs. Sidey.

The visitors were met by the Rector (Very Rev. Father Morkane) and the college professors and shown over the college, their Excellencies manifesting much interest in all they had seen. The cadets amongst the students formed a guard of honor as the visitors entered and left the building. The visitors were entertained in the college library, which had been profusely decorated for the occasion, and a well-executed design of colored electric lights showing the words "Welcome" occupied a prominent place. After the National Anthem had been sung, Very Rev. Father Morkane welcomed their Excellencies. He thanked them for the honor conferred and assured them it was much appreciated. The students sang as a chorus "Worship" (Shaw).

Mr. Paul Cullen on behalf of the students presented her Excellency with a beautiful bouquet of roses from the college gardens, and in a neat little speech she acknowledged the gift.

His Excellency very graciously thanked the professors and students for the warmth of their welcome and the excellent entertainment provided. He imparted much valuable advice to the students and dwelt on the enormous possibilities for good in the life they had chosen to follow. He likewise mentioned the great responsibilities it carried, and urged one and all to prepare as earnestly as possible for work that lay before them. He made special mention of the singing of the students, which had pleased both her Excellency and himself very much.

Their Excellencies made a request for another musical item before taking their leave, and the students sang the "Credo" from the Mass "Te Deum Laudamus" (Perosi).

Rev. Father Andersen conducted the choir and Rev. G. O'Meehan presided at the piano.

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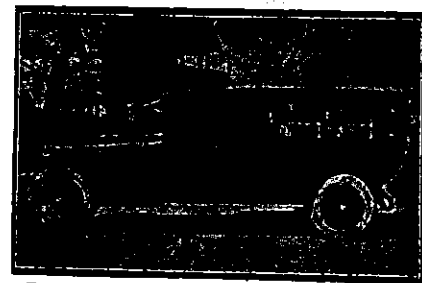
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BEATH'S, CHRISTCHURCH

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

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

(22) THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IS APOSTOLIC.

It was upon the Apostles that Christ founded His Church; it was to them that He gave the right of authoritative teaching, of dispensing the mysteries of grace and reconciling sinners, and of ruling and judging. They were members of one corporate body, each and all, commissioned to carry on the Redeemer's work. They were the Church, apart from them no Christian Church existed, from them the Church expanded and developed. With them Christ would be to the end of time, and they would be His witnesses to the ends of the earth. As the Book of the Acts of the Apostles shows, they are His plenipotentiaries, directing and superintending everything that concerns the life, progress, and welfare of the Church.

Apostolicity therefore is a characteristic of the Church of Christ, and any Church that claims to be Christ's, must show that it is Apostolic in its succession, and in its rule, for only the consummation of the ages will see the end of the Apostolic office and dignity. "Teach YE all nations . . . and behold I am with YOU all days even to the consummation of the world." Though nineteen centuries have elapsed since the mandate and the promise were given, the Apostles are still carrying out Christ's work in the Church.

How are the Apostles living still? In their writings merely? No, these were merely occasional papers, written for particular purposes, and their writers rarely refer to them. If a priest who preaches three or four times a week, writes a letter or prints an essay occasionally, this letter or essay cannot be said to express his life or his work. Moreover, some of the Apostles did not write at all; and if this was the perpetual ministry that Christ gave His disciples when He commanded them to witness through all time and to the ends of the earth, it must be said that those of them who left no writings were false Apostles, and unfaithful to the trust reposed in them. They may have been witnesses "in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria," but certainly not "to the uttermost parts of the earth." Those who did write the Gospels, Epistles and the other portion of the New Testament were indeed inspired by the Holy Spirit so to do, but not one of them wrote for men who were not already Christians, and not one of them intended to include all his teaching in his writings. Saint Luke states expressly that his Gospel is merely a narrative of what had been orally taught by "eye-witnesses," and here put in writing only to corroborate what his disciple had been already taught catechetically. Saint John declares that he was putting into writing only a very small portion of what his Lord had done in the sight of His disciples. And anyone reading the Epistles of Saint Paul will see at a glance that he did not intend even to summarise what he had taught to the various cities he evangelised. The scriptures of the New Testament were intended

for those only who had been taught the Christian faith by word of mouth. They are the property of the Church, first written by her leaders and addressed to her children, then collected into one Canon by herself, and circulated with her authoritative sanction as inspired corroborators of much that she had already taught. They would be a dead letter, or very often meaningless, to those who had not already received the Christian teaching, as we do not need to be reminded to-day. They are portion of the divine Tradition, to be understood and interpreted, like the oral portion, by that society which received its mission to the nations and ages from Christ. It is not through the Scriptures therefore that the Apostles may be said to live to the end of time.

They must be living therefore in some other way; and in very fact they do live and shall live, in their successors. It was not merely to the Apostles personally but to them in their official capacity as Ambassadors and Dispensers that the promise of perpetual abiding was made, for Christ knew that they would not personally live to the end of time. Therefore their office it is that must continue: they must have successors in office, and must make provision for such succession. And this precisely is what the Church, guided and guarded by the Holy Spirit, has done from the beginning; it is through the successors of the Apostles that she has preserved through the centuries the divine deposit of Faith, has kept her ministry of reconciliation and her worship undefiled, and has maintained in unity the Mystical Body of Christ. This is the clear teaching of the Holy Scriptures—of the Acts of the Apostles and the writings of Saint Paul. Here we see how the Apostles not only preached and taught, but also organised the churches and set Bishops over them to rule and govern them by divine power. Saint Paul consecrated Timothy and Titus and left them in Ephesus and Crete to carry on the work he had begun there. He writes to both, instructing them on the duties of their office, and pointing out the qualifications necessary in those whom they in their turn would appoint as Bishops in charge of churches. To all so appointed he writes: "Take heed to yourselves, and to the whole flock, wherein the Holy Ghost hath placed you bishops, to rule the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood!" These are no mere delegates, appointed by the several congregations, they are rulers, appointed by Apostolic authority and invested with divine power. Thus do the Holy Scriptures teach that the Apostles made provision for Apostolic succession; thus do they teach that Apostolicity continues to be a mark of the Church.

This, then, is what the mark of Apostolicity means. Christ not only founded His Church upon the Apostles, but wished moreover that the powers of Order and Jurisdiction should be handed down by them to the

end of time. No Church can claim to be the Church of Christ, therefore, whose ministers and bishops are not able to trace their ordination, their consecration, and their jurisdiction to the Apostles. The Apostolic succession has been realised in history, but as we shall see in later chapters only in the Catholic Church. When the last Apostle was taken from this earth, there was not a single Christian Church that was not under the jurisdiction of a bishop appointed by the Apostles or their successors; and from that day down to the present, the Church is everywhere seen to be governed by bishops through whom the Apostles live. "The Church of Christ," writes T. W. Allies, "is not a paper kingdom, it cannot be printed off and disseminated by the post. But from His own person it passed to Peter and the Apostles, and from them to a perpetual succession of men, whose special work is to continue on this line by a chain never to be broken. . . . And the gift is as living and as near to Him now as when Saint Paul spoke of it as communicated by the imposition of his hands to his Disciple; nay, as it was when He Himself breathed on His Apostles together assembled, and said, 'Receive the Holy Ghost'; and will be equally living and direct from Him to the last who shall receive it to the end of time. And all this because these men who are taken up into this succession are the nerves of His Mystical Body, through which runs the supply to all the members."

After treating of the succession of doctrine and the succession of Sacraments, as he has here treated of the succession of men, he thus sums up: "Such is the summary of the whole written and unwritten teaching of the Church; such also, in few and brief words, the perpetual work of the succession of men whom we have described. Thus the three successions of men, of doctrine, and of institutions, are woven together by the Holy Spirit as three strands of a rope which cannot be broken: in the union of these three His perpetual presence dwells; and this is the spinal cord whereby He joins the Body with the Head." (*Formation of Christendom*, 2-157, etc.)

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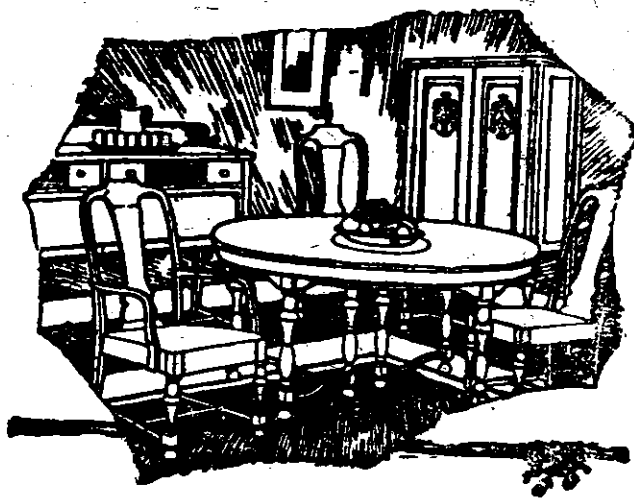
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On the Land

MARKET REPORTS.

At Burnside last week, the yarding of fat cattle consisted of 281 head of good quality, principally bullocks, with a few pens of cows and heifers. Following the previous week's heavy yarding, when the trade bought freely, the penning proved in excess of requirements, and a further drop of from £2 to £2 10s per head occurred. Prime heavy bullocks made £20 to £22 12s 6d, prime £17 to £19 12s 6d, light from £13, prime cows and heifers made £12 to £14 2s 6d, extra to £18 10s, others from £15. Fat Sheep.—The yarding consisted of 2000, all being shorn with the exception of about 300. Owing to the butchers having purchased over-supplies at the record yarding the preceding week, the penning proved in excess of requirements. Consequently prices eased on the previous week's rates by 1s 6d per head. Prime woolly wethers made 49s 6d to 53s 3d, others from 43s, woolly ewes 46s 9d, prime heavy shorn wethers made 40s to 45s 9d, prime 37s to 39s 6d. A large number of light sheep was bought by graziers at from 33s 6d to 35s 3d. Fat Lambs.—The entry consisted of 90 very fine quality lambs, which sold firm at the preceding week's rates. Pigs.—There were 107 fats and 53 stores. The pigs sold at an all-round rise of 7s 6d per head. Heavy baconers made from £5 to £6 7s, medium baconers £3 15s to £4 10s, best porkers £3 15s to £4 8s, light porkers £3 to £3 10s.

At the Addington market last week the yardings were generally smaller than those of the previous week's, and an easing in prices was maintained. Fat Lambs.—The entry totalled 440 head as against 600 on the preceding week. The sale commenced well, but as it progressed values dropped. On average, however, they were about on a par with those of the previous week, prices per lb ranged from 9d to 10d. Values were: Prime lambs 32s 6d to 35s 10d, ordinary lambs 29s to 32s, light lambs 22s 6d to 28s. Fat Sheep.—Eight lightly-filled races were forward in the fat sheep section, including more plainer sheep than usual, although prices at the beginning of the sale were equal with late rates. Half-way through the auction the market slipped back to the extent of 1s a head, particularly in respect of lighter classes. Extra prime wethers brought 37s to 41s, prime 33s to 36s 6d, medium 30s 6d to 32s 6d, light 27s 6d to 29s 9d, prime ewes 27s to 30s 6d, medium 24s to 26s 6d, light 21s to 23s 6d, inferior 17s to 20s. Fat Cattle.—The entry of fat cattle amounted to close on 520 head, including a larger proportion of cows than usual. For all good class beef the market was sound at the preceding week's prices, values being a shade better for best steer beef. Prime medium-weight beef sold at 46s 6d to 49s 6d (100lb extra to 51s), prime heavy 43s to 46s, medium 38s to 41s, light and inferior 34s to 37s 6d, and rough cattle down to 25s. Extra prime heavy-weight steers made to £24.7s 6d, prime heavy £19 to £21 17s 6d, prime medium-weight £18 10s to £20, medium £15 10s to £18, light £11 to £15, extra prime heifers to £17 12s 6d, prime £12 10s to £14, medium

£9 to £12 5s, light £6 15s to £8 15s, extra prime cows to £15 12s 6d, prime £11 7s 6d to £13, ordinary £9 to £11, light £5 to £8 15s.

CLEAN WATER FOR POULTRY.

There is no detail in the management of poultry which requires more constant and scrupulous attention than the water supply.

It must be derived from a pure source, and of not too hard a nature, since a chalky water is responsible for many losses in chicken-rearing.

Drinking vessels should frequently be scalded out, and they should preferably be of a material which is capable of withstanding boiling water, than which there is no cheaper or more simple germicide.

It is, of course, sometimes difficult to prevent fowls from drinking the manure-polluted puddles in the farmyard, but they are much less likely to do so if fresh, clean water is always within their reach.

SOIL BACTERIA.

In England and on the Continent scientists are devoting increased study to the action of bacteria in the soil, with the object of discovering the causes of greater or less activity and the most effective ways of encouraging the little creatures in their beneficent work for the benefit of crops.

A soil full of clods possesses less bacterial activity than cultivated soil with a fine tilth.

A well-aerated soil containing organic substances encourages the development of the organisms.

The application of certain fertilisers, including sulphate of ammonia, sulphate of magnesia, bones, superphosphate, and basic slag, have been found to be helpful.

Frost depresses bacterial life, though activity is rapidly regained with milder weather.

The lower layers of soil are not favorable; in this respect deep cultivation, admitting air to penetrate the lower layers, is of advantage.

As is generally known, the presence of lime, rendering the soil alkaline, is beneficial; in fact, essential.

Thus it would appear that the most favorable conditions are those which experience has taught intelligent farmers to obtain—viz., good tilth, deep cultivation, a supply of organic matter (humus), adequate supply of lime, and the use of suitable fertilisers, including farmyard manure and fertilisers.

WINTER SPINACH.

One of the most useful of vegetables in the winter and early spring is winter spinach, which is not grown by the ordinary gardener nearly as much as its merits deserve. The seed should be sown thinly in March on good ground, and from this sowing gatherings may be obtained in May and onwards towards November. The plants require to be thinned out early to ten or twelve inches apart to ensure sturdy seedlings with thick leathery leaves that will enable them to resist

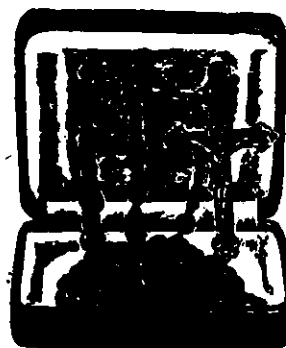
mildew and withstand extremes in temperature.

It is important with winter spinach, to enable it to pass safely through the winter, that a good plant, well established, be aimed at, and one that will give a supply of leaves during open weather through the dullest months of the year. It is not wise, however, to pick it too hard during frost, thus exposing the tender heart of the plants too much. Some few of the leaves are useful for protection.

Ground that has carried a crop of peas or potatoes makes a suitable site for spinach, and needs but little preparation as regards manure. A sprinkling of soot or lime over the surface, and deeply forked in, is all that is necessary. Should the soil be very dry it is well to moisten the drills a few hours before sowing the seed; after-attention consists of thinning and keeping the ground well hoed to destroy weeds and promote a free growth of the plants.

With many persons spinach is an acquired taste, but when appreciated it is not often afterwards rejected. Food experts speak in the highest terms of the plant.

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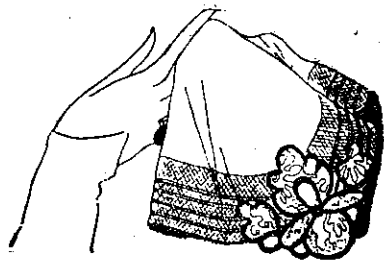
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Catholic World

JAPAN MAY BE REPRESENTED AT THE VATICAN.

There is reason to suppose that Japan will be represented at the Vatican by an Ambassador in the near future, states the *New World*, of Chicago.

The paper believes that the Apostolic Delegate to Japan, Mgr. Giardini, who is on a visit to Rome, has presented the request of the Japanese Government to the Cardinal Secretary of State.

THE CHURCH IN AMERICA.

No legislation antagonistic to the Catholic interests passed through the United States Congress during the past twelve months, states the report of the laws and legislation department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference recently submitted to the Hierarchy.

Vigorous efforts to promote such measures as birth control, federal control of education, and uniform marriage and divorce were defeated.

The decision in the Oregon School case—which threatened to make it compulsory for all children to attend State schools, irrespective of their religion—is considered the greatest victory Catholics won during the year.

Many harmful State Bills were also defeated, notably a Colorado Bill which sought to make sacramental wine illegal.

DEATH OF BISHOP-AUXILIARY OF BIRMINGHAM.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Michael Francis Glancey, Bishop of Flaviopolis, Bishop-Auxiliary and Vicar-General of the diocese of Birmingham, died on the night of Friday, October 16.

Born on October 25, 1854, Mgr. Glancey was educated at Sedgley, Douai, and Oscott, where he was ordained priest in 1877. For the first eleven years after his ordination he was a professor at Oscott, and from 1888 to 1897 Diocesan Inspector of Schools. He was appointed Chancellor of the diocese in 1897, and he fulfilled the exacting duties of this important office with conspicuous success until 1918.

In addition to the work entailed by those diocesan posts, he served for some years the missions at Bilston, Eccleshall, and Ashton-by-Stone, and from 1899 to 1908 he was in charge of the mission at Solihull. From 1908 to 1914 he was Principal of the Institute of St. Charles at Begbroke, near Oxford.

CARDINAL DOUGHERTY ON THE "LITTLE FLOWER."

Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, summed up the significance to the modern world of the life of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, in an interview he accorded a pressman just before he left Lisieux.

"Her life," he said, "has been a fulfilment of St. Paul's saying that God chooses the feeble and foolish to confound the strong and the wise. In her case we have an instance of God's revelation to babes and sucklings. Scarcely had she died when the fame

of her sanctity spread like wild-fire over the whole earth."

His Eminence continued: "It appears to all who have considered the matter as a special intervention of Providence in these times to recall the world from the sensual and materialistic to holiness and the spiritual. St. Teresa seems to have been raised up like the Prophets who, from time to time, were sent to the chosen people to remind them of their duty, and also in order to withdraw them from idolatry."

THE WORKS OF FATHER FABER.

Recent statistics of the book world tell a most interesting fact about the works of Rev. Frederick Faber, priest of the Oratory, who died just sixty-two years ago.

On the anniversary of his peaceful and blessed death (says *The Universe*), an application was received at the London Oratory for permission to translate the "Spiritual Conferences" into Flemish. Only a day or two previous the same request had come for their translation into German.

The better known of Father Faber's works as *All for Jesus*, *Growth in Holiness*, *The Precious Blood*, and *The Blessed Sacrament*, have long since been published in French, Italian, and German, some even into Spanish and Portuguese. Reprints and new editions have constantly been called for, while a large number of small books of extracts from the various works have appeared in English and French.

A MARTYR FOR THE FAITH.

The recent laying of the foundation stone of a new church at Chard, Somerset, England, revived the memory of a martyr for the Faith, Rev. John Hambley, a priest of Douai College.

Father Hambley was a native of Somerset, and died for the Faith there on July 20, 1557. He was betrayed at an inn by a gentleman's servant and suffered two years of imprisonment before being put to death.

At his trial a verdict against him was returned. The Judge addressed him in such pathetic terms that the prisoner's constancy appeared to the Court to be staggering. He was inclining to conform when a perfect stranger stepped forth and delivered a letter to him. He read it again and again and became so deeply affected as to burst into tears. He, however, declined to satisfy the curiosity of the onlookers as to the cause of this distress.

The next morning he announced in open court his deep sense of shame because of his weakness, and bitterly lamented that his Lordship and the terror of impending death had, for a time, shaken his resolution, stating that, from now on, the most excruciating torments would prove most acceptable to him.

On the following day he went rejoicing to the place of execution.

The new church is dedicated to the English Martyrs, one of whom, Father Hambley, was barbarously put to death on the spot.

COLOGNE'S DEVOTION TO SAINT.

—The people of Cologne cherish a deep-seated devotion to St. Ursula, Virgin and Martyr, who devoted her life to the Christian education of the young.

In the estimation of the Wise Man, the guarding of virtue is the most important part of the education of the young. A number of Christian families had intrusted the education of their children to the care of the pious Ursula, and a number of persons in the world had in similar manner, placed themselves under her direction. England was then sorely harassed by the Saxons and Ursula thought that she ought, after the example of numerous of her compatriots, seek an asylum in Gaul.

She met with an abiding place on the borders of the Rhine, not far from Cologne, where she hoped to find undisturbed repose. But a horde of Huns having invaded the country, she was exposed, with all who were under her guardianship, to the most shameful outrages.

Without wavering, these holy virgins preferred death, one and all, rather than incur shameful guilt. Ursula herself furnished a noble example of fearlessness and courage and was, together with her companions, cruelly martyred in the year 453.

The name of this dear Saint has, from remote ages, been held in great honor throughout the Church. She is especially looked upon as the patroness of young persons and the model of teachers.



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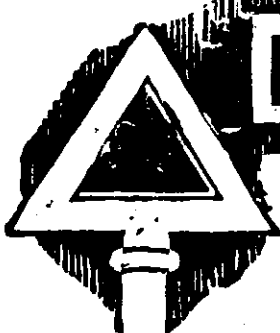


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"ROMAN CATHOLIC"

All American contemporary calls attention to the superfluity of talking about "Roman Catholics" instead of simply "Catholics," and the "Roman Catholic Church" instead of simply "The Church." It is certainly like talking of a quadruped horse or an episcopal bishop (says the *Edinburgh Catholic Herald*). In view of the use of the word by our Anglo-Catholic friends it seems important for us to insist on our historical and rightful name. "Roman" is correct enough, and even necessary, when there is, in official documents or otherwise, need to express the authority of the Apostolic See, or our union with the Chair of Peter, or some special liturgical (or other) use of the capital of Christendom. The "Roman Missal" differentiates our own Eucharistic Liturgy from the various other rites used with equal authority in the Church. "Roman Congregations," "Roman Vestments," "Roman architecture," all carry their obvious meaning.

But "Roman Catholic," as used by the average man in our country, is a ridiculous expression. It ought to denote only a Catholic residing in the City of Rome, or at least in the Roman Province. And the absurdity of the title is enhanced when the speaker makes no claim, and feels no desire, to be called a "Catholic" himself. Ignorance is, of course, at the root of the custom when practised by ordinary Protestants; they do not really think that there can be more than one kind of Catholic, but they call a son or daughter of the Church a "Roman" partly because other people do, and partly, it is to be feared, because the word is supposed to have something offensive and sinister about it! Our duty is surely to insist on our right to the title "Catholic," *pur et simple*.

Now as Then.

At the bottom almost all Protestants and the great army of the unattached to any religion, are aware of that right. As in St. Augustine's day, so in this 20th century, if you go into a shop to ask your way to the Catholic Church, or enquire of any passer-by, you will not be asked—"Which kind of Catholic, please?" We are given the credit of knowing our own name!

The case is different with the Ultramarines of the Anglican Church. The last thing we should wish to tread on their, or anyone else's, corns, and there is so much which calls for our admiration in their constancy and acceptance of obscurity and even

active persecution in the past, that we would not say a word in disparagement of these honest though mistaken souls; there may be a few in bad faith among them, since there are black sheep in every flock; but that does not touch the straightforwardness and earnestness of the rest. Yet, while we are content to style them by their self-chosen title, we must ever be mindful of the fact that with such words so applied, as "Anglo-Catholic," "Orthodox," "Evangelical," the inverted commas are always understood. Courtesy and convenience are the reasons for their omission under ordinary circumstances.

Serurus judicat orbis terrarum. Both friends and foes agree that to us alone belongs the sacred title "Catholic," plain and unqualified. To call ourselves Roman Catholics, unless in legal documents or to obviate mistake, is an inexcusable timidity. And, under ordinary circumstances, we have no need, when speaking of the Divine Kingdom, to add any of her four great notes. She is "The Church": that bare simplicity of title is her supreme honor; and not another religious society in the world dares to make that claim.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PAPACY

"The Truth about the Papacy," is an unusual title for a *Punch* article, and the contribution itself is still more curious. A school-master begins, "It was entirely by accident that I learned the truth about the Papacy," and then explains how it came about. He was giving a pupil unpunctuated passages to punctuate and selected the following about Henry VIII.

"Henry had no deep-grounded respect for the Papacy. Were Popes complaisant, Henry was correspondingly gracious."

The boy inserted his punctuation marks as follows: "Henry had no deep-grounded respect; for the Papacy were Popes. Complaisant Henry . . ." The master was about to intervene, and then—

"After all! Why? should one punctuate in the conventional manner! Original methods sometimes bring to light (!!) remarkable hidden truths, don't they?"

And that's the end! It is certainly rather subtle, but what interests us, of course, is "the remarkable hidden truth" thus brought to light: "Henry had no deep-grounded respect; for the Papacy were Popes." A few parallels may throw further light on "the truth"—and its fallacy:

"Even less deep-grounded was Oliver Crom-

well's respect; for the Monarchy were kings."

"And shallower still is the Communist's respect to-day; for Government are capitalists."

"While a good many people have lost all respect whatsoever; for Parliament are politicians."

"Though even their indifference hardly equals that of millionaires; for the Law are Judges."

"And saddest of all is it to find non-Christians actually filled with contempt; for Christianity are Christians."

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Cherry Squares.

Very attractive and economical. Cut any leftover loaf cake into 1-inch cubes, and heat for short time in hot oven. When the cubes are crisp enough, dip them into icing or melted chocolate, and ornament each with a glacé cherry.

Chocolate Wafers.

Melt together a few peppermint creams and an equal amount of chocolate. After thinning the mixture sufficiently with water, pour over vanilla wafers or very thin biscuits. Made at a minute's notice.

Sponge Cake.

To 5 egg yolks well beaten add 1 cup sugar which has been sifted 4 or 5 times; 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup sugar which has been sifted 4 or more times, and to the last sifting has been added small pinch of salt, and rounded teaspoon baking powder. Lastly, add 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten. Bake in pan with hole in centre, or little round pans, in moderate oven.

Icing for Above Cake.

Beat the fifth egg white stiff, add as much sugar as it will take, then the desired flavoring, then another tablespoon water, and enough additional sugar to stiffen. For icing little cakes, divide icing into three parts, leave $\frac{1}{3}$ white, another color with chocolate, and the third with pink fruit coloring.

Coffee Cake.

Two cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 4 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk (sweet), 3 tablespoons fat. Sift dry ingredients; cut in fat and add milk very slowly. Put in a well-greased pan and spread with the following: One teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, enough melted lard to spread. Bake in a moderate oven.

Cinnamon Fancies.

Sift together 9 heaping tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons baking powder, 1 cup sugar. Add 1 heaping tablespoon chopped butter, 1 egg mixed with 1 cup sweet milk. After spreading mixture with a little more butter, and sprinkling of cinnamon, bake and cut into narrow rectangles.

Cinnamon rounds, a good substitute for cake when the latter runs short, are round slices of bread and butter, sprinkled with cinnamon and sugar, then toasted.

Nut Ring Cakes.

Separate yolks and whites of 2 eggs. Drop yolks into small saucepan of boiling water, let barely simmer until solid throughout.

Drain and rub through a sieve. Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups light brown sugar. Add egg yolk, 1 whole egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, and flour enough to roll, making the dough no stiffer than absolutely necessary. Roll out and cut in rings with cutter. Brush with beaten whites of eggs, sprinkle with mixture of granulated sugar, cinnamon, and coarsely chopped almonds. Lay on buttered tin. Bake in moderate oven. These are delicious, and will keep a long time.

Household Hints.

In washing delicately colored fabrics, or any colored things which are likely to fade it is wise to use cold water only and to dry them in the shade. When a thing is inclined to run, salt should be added to the last water. Everything should be dried wrong side out. Quick drying helps; and drying may be hastened by turning the garments about.

Never crush things when taking them from the line. If they are neatly folded, they will be much easier to iron and will look far nicer.

When washing window paint, or cupboard doors, etc., use a little whiting on a flannel instead of soap. It will remove all dirt marks without injuring the most delicate-colored paint.

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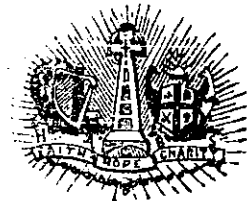
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"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,

Who never to himself has said,

'This is my own, my native land'!"

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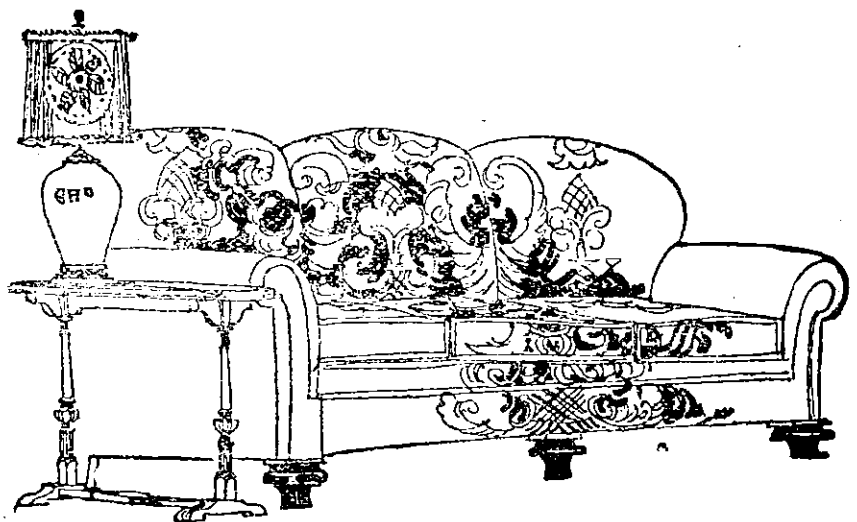
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THE NUNS OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

(Apropos of the Canonisation of St. John Eudes.)

And the silent hush of the cloister,
Where Vesper anthems swell,
In deeds of love and kindness
A band of virgins dwell.
In robes of creamy whiteness,
Pure as the forms they enfold,
Shedding a lustre around them
More fair than the brightest gold.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd

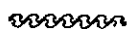
Here follow the Master's call,
Cheering the weak and lowly,
And breathing peace to all;
Praying the weak and tempted
To shun the path of sin—
Their doors are ever open
To let the wanderer in.

In hearts all torn and bleeding
They pour the balm of love,
Whispering words of comfort,
As angels whisper above.
Like a cluster of sweet-scented flowers
They wear their young lives away,
Laying down for their Master,
In charity's mission each day.

Till wasted, wan, and exhausted,
They sink to rise no more;
A whispered prayer, a sigh of love,
Then death, and all is o'er.
So ends their earthly mission,
Sealed with their Master's kiss,
Only to wake in Heaven
To everlasting bliss.

They pass through death's dark portals,
Without a shadow of fear,
Whilst from the lips of Jesus
These blessed words they hear:
"Well done, My Spouse, My Sister,
The crown is prepared for thee,
For what thou hast done for these little ones
That thou hast done for Me."

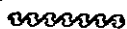
—The Pilot (Boston).



LOVE OF THE POOR.

Our Lord appears before us in the persons of the poor. Charity to them is a great sign of predestination. It is almost impossible, the holy Fathers assure us, for anyone who is charitable to the poor for Christ's sake to perish.

"But where, sayest thou, can I find Christ on earth? Where can I find Him, that I may give to Him? Give alms on earth, and thou hast fed Christ in heaven."—St. Augustine.



A MATTER OF THINKING.

In a story that appeared recently in a magazine a character is made to say: "The toughest test of a man's pluck that I know is the hard, monotonous grind of standing up to every-day duties and responsibilities. For there is no excitement in that, no glory—but just grit."

Everybody cannot stand right in the glare of the limelight. There are dusky corners

appointed for a good majority of people. And in these dusky corners the most sporting thing to do, as well as the most courageous, is to play up as conscientiously as if corners and dusk were non-existent.

"God pity all the brave who go
The common way, and wear
No ribboned medals on their breasts
No laurels on their hair."

It has often enough been said by the philosophers of life in words more or less varied but always containing the same familiar old truths, that no matter what work we do, or where we do it, in the home or outside the home, we will find it to have its monotones, its tiresomeness of routine, its crushing dullness.

Sometimes the work may seem to hold nothing but dullness, breaking the spirit in long weary years, and the active-minded may well and excusably question with impatience what there is in it for him or for her, what development, what gain? Yet, from only a purely ethical point of view, if the tired, depressed worker is strong enough to endure it, there is in a dull job, a dull existence, the greatest opportunity in the world to demonstrate backbone. It is a great trial, and a great manifestation of the strength of the spirit.

Being Strong.

One of our modern poets has given us the same thought in a pleasant fragment of verse:

I will be strong:
Burdens are muscle-makers; tests make powers,
And weariness well-won brings happy balm.
'Tis fretful coward weakness saps our strength and kills.

I will be strong."

A very wise woman, full of common-sense and the mature wisdom which is the fruit of a trained intellect facing the problems of life squarely and sanely, has written words on this subject which are worth pondering on with quiet reflection. She very sensibly remarks that the dull jobs of the world have to be done by someone, so "shoulder the share that comes your way, and don't shirk it.

If it is small work, and unworthy of your powers, learn to do the same thing in a big way. One has not conquered a job until it can be done without impatience and without resentment. You are not fit for a better job until you have won from this one the best gifts it has for you—perseverance, patience, good humor, and heroic persistence."

It is all mostly a matter of thinking. Life depends on the way we take it. The ideal in practice is to take plain day just as it comes, and by our generous acceptance of all its dull and trivial details, transmute it with a radiance and a charm such as color adds to pictures, and fragrance to flowers.

The Finest Art.

It was a man, so I learn, but it should have been a woman, who said that the finest

of all arts is to improve the quality of the day. It is men as a rule who scorn the trivial trials of life. For them are the wings of initiation, enthusiasm, a broad scope of activity, a satisfactory sphere of influence, a wide area for talent and power, a gratifying netting-in of solid results of personal work done on large free lines of individual liberty. But women have to be content with the aprons of humble service, the aprons donned for life-long homely duties which have no glamor, no halo of splendid lustre.

They would, perhaps, prefer wings to lift them to glorious heights, but, for them, aprons are allotted, not high-soaring wings; for them, and for the general average of ordinary folk, be they men or women, in the beaten tracks of life, an ordered Destiny has settled aprons, not wings. But—

"The best men doing their best
Know peradventure least of what they do:
Men usefulest in the world are simply used;
The nail that holds the wood must pierce it first,
And He alone who wields the hammer sees
The work advanced by the earliest blow.
Take heart."

Nothing is too little that is ordered by God our Father; nothing too little in which to see His hand; nothing is too little when done for Him; nothing, which touches our souls, too little to accept from Him. Everyone should live and work as if no one but himself could do the special work which lies to his hand. Has not someone said this, hinting at the general charity which should underlie our lives—

"Do the work that's nearest
Though it's dull the while,
Helping, when you meet them
Lame dogs over stiles."

It is not by change of circumstances, but by fitting our spirits to the circumstances in which God has placed us, in bringing ourselves docilely to the line of God's leading that we truly find our souls, and finding them, we realise the Divine Love that settles every detail of our lives.

We learn to sacrifice our dreams of wings, and smilingly don the aprons of loving service, ready to spend ourselves in the dullness of a dull job for the sake of Him who asks it from us.—Catholic Herald of India.



PRAYER FOR A LITTLE HOME.

I pray not for
Great riches, nor
For vast estates and castle-halls;
Give me to hear the bare footfalls
Of children o'er
An oaken floor
New-rinsed with sunshine, or bespread
With but the tiny coverlet
And pillow for the baby's head;
And, pray Thou, may
The door stand open, and the day
Send ever in a gentle breeze.

—JAMES W. RILEY.

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The Magio Digestive Powder.
Gastritis, Flatulency, etc.

Re-vitalises the digestive system, and cures Indigestion,
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BAIT.

A rich old lady was paying a visit to a friend, whose little girl was called down to see her. She brought a small parcel in her hand and said, "This is for you, with my love."

"What is it, darling?" asked the old lady.

The child thought for a minute, and then said: "Mummy calls it a sprat to catch a mackerel."

WHEN OPINIONS DIFFER.

The defendants were all certain that they had not been over-speeding.

"We may have been putting on speed when we got to the hill, but we could be down to twenty miles an hour within two car-lengths," said the first one.

"I'm sure," said the next man, "that we weren't doing more than fifteen miles an hour, and at the cross-roads we were down to ten."

The third merely put it: "We were practically at a standstill when the policeman came up."

"If I hear any more witnesses, I shall have the car backing into someone," said the magistrate. "I'd better stop the thing now. Three guineas fine."

SMILE RAISERS.

Fortune-Teller: "You have a tendency to let things slide."

Young Man: "Yes, I play the trombone."

Steward: "Can I do anything for you, sir?"

Passenger (faintly): "You might present my compliments to the chief engineer and ask him if there is any hope of the boilers blowing up."

"I was advised if I wish to be lucky," remarked the Scot, "to throw a penny over the bridge the first time the train crossed running water. I did it, but the string nearly got entangled when I was pulling it up again."

Old Lady (in country post-office): "I want to send these trousers by book post to my son, who is in hospital."

Assistant: "We cannot send trousers by book post."

"But I understand anything that's open at both ends can be sent by book post!"

A man once christened his baby "Homer," and on the clergyman asking him whether he had done so because "Homer" was his favorite poet, he replied: "Poet? Lor', no sir; I keep pigeons."

"They say Robinson is becoming a great orator."

"Well, I've only heard him speak once, but it was certainly a treat to listen to him."

"What did he say?"

"What'll you have?"

Science Siftings

(By Volt)

Trying to Harness the Sun.

The sources on which we rely for heat and energy—coal, oil, and gas—are being swiftly used up. They cannot be replaced. Natural gas is almost exhausted, and petrol production is probably at its height.

Science is turning to the sun for a solution of its power and heat problems.

Nature's source of heat and energy is the sun. It is said that the power of the sunshine falling upon a square mile of land at sea-level in one year is equal to 700,000 horsepower. Scientists are now searching for a practical way to convert the sunshine into electrical current.

Color and Disease.

Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, who has been interviewed lately by a *Daily Mail* representative with regard to the "treatment of all kinds of illness by the use of different shades of light," is a member of an old Catholic family, one of the oldest in England. Lord Clifford is the tenth Baron of his time, having succeeded his brother in the title nine years ago. Educated at Beaumont by the Jesuits, he went, a young man, to New Zealand, and afterwards settled for a time in Tasmania, where he busied himself with a variety of farming enterprises. As a practical farmer, Lord Clifford made a special study of the action of colored light upon the growth of vegetation. He seems to have come to the conclusion that all colors of the spectrum may be utilised for the cure of different complaints. It is his hope that the new method which he is investigating may eventually lead to a cure for consumption.

By Air to Anywhere.

Six years ago the first regular aerial passenger service was inaugurated between London and Paris.

To-day all the capitals of Europe are linked by air with London, and every month the fleet of Imperial Airways, Limited, fly on an average 135,000 miles—more than the equivalent of five times round the world.

Nor is this all. There is shortly to be inaugurated an aerial mail service between Port Said and India, and eventually this will be extended by way of Rangoon and Singapore to Port Darwin, thereby bringing Australia within about 100 hours of London, compared with the thirty days now taken by the fastest mail steamers.

Flying Hospitals.

Almost every day sees some new step in man's conquest of the air. The latest is the proposed aerial ambulance, which is to be fitted with an operating theatre constructed on the lines of, and containing all the apparatus usually found in, the operating theatre of a modern hospital.

The great success of aerial ambulances, in which vibration has been eliminated, has convinced the experts, both medical and mechanical, that there is every possibility of producing a machine of such stability that minor operations, and, in cases of urgency, major

operations as well, can be performed in mid-air.

The usefulness of such a machine cannot be exaggerated. Suppose, for instance, a soldier were taken ill in an isolated outpost in Iraq. Immediately the aero ambulance would be sent for to carry him to the nearest military hospital. If he suddenly became worse on the way, the fact that an immediate operation could be performed in mid-air might be the means of saving his life.

HOW THE CAPTAIN SAVED THE MATCH.

After hard training on Thursday night in preparation for a big match on Saturday, one of the star players in a local football team contracted a heavy cold. On the Friday morning he rang up the Captain and stated that he would be unable to play. "What's the trouble?" "Just a bad cold," he replied. The skipper, like a wise man, promptly sent him along a bottle of Baxter's Lung Preserver. Somewhat sceptical, but with hope, the player used the remedy with the result that he was fit to play on Saturday. Not only that, but he scored the try that won the day.

Baxter's Lung Preserver gives quick relief to all bronchial complaints. It is rich, warming, penetrating and dependable. Possesses wonderful tonic properties that help to build up the system against future attacks. Do not wait until a cold grips you, but obtain a bottle of "Baxter's" without delay. 2/6 buys a generous-sized bottle from any chemist or store; or, better still, get the family size at 4/6.

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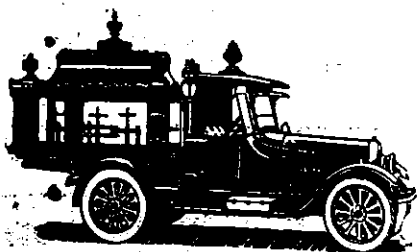
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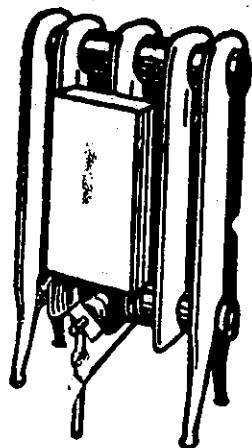
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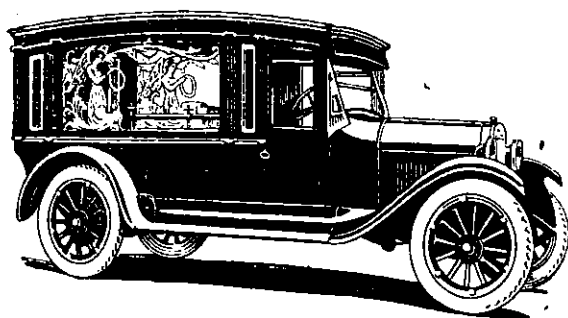
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