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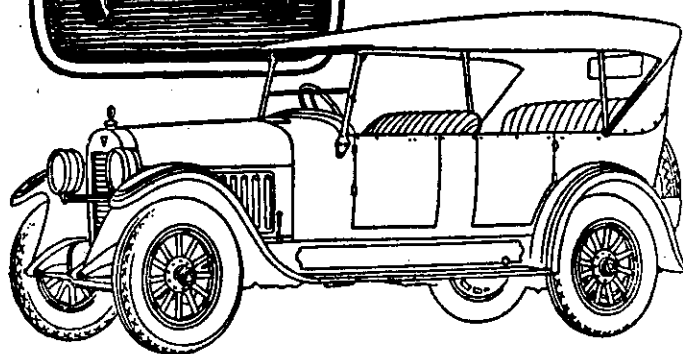
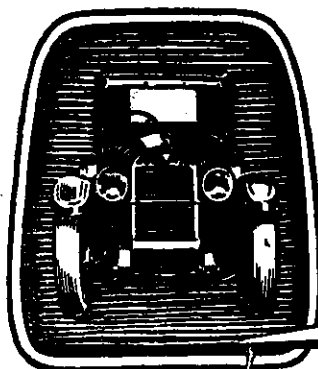
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GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- Jan. 3, Sun.—Feast of the Most Holy Name of Jesus.
 „ 4, Mon.—Octave of the Holy Innocents.
 „ 5, Tues.—Vigil of the Epiphany.
 „ 6, Wed.—Feast of the Epiphany.
 „ 7, Thurs.—Within the Octave.
 „ 8, Frid.—Within the Octave.
 „ 9, Sat.—Within the Octave.

THE EPIPHANY*

This feast was instituted to celebrate the memory of three great mysteries, of which the first and principal one is the adoration of the Magi; the second, the Baptism of Jesus Christ; and the third, His first miracle on the night of Cana in Galilee.

The feast of these three mysteries is called the Epiphany, which means *showing* or *manifestation*, because in these mysteries the glory of Jesus-Christ was clearly manifested to men.

The Magi were eminent persons of the East, who devoted themselves to the study of wisdom. They came to adore Jesus Christ because a new star had appeared, and they knew by divine inspiration that it was a sign of the birth of the King of the Jews and Saviour of mankind. Hence they came to adore Jesus Christ in Bethany; for, on going to Jerusalem, the capital of Judea, where was the holy temple of God, they understood from the priests that the Messiah was to be born in Bethlehem according to the prophecies.

GRAINS OF GOLD

A NEW YEAR THOUGHT.

When weary one night from the toil of the day,

My heart with its burdens cast down;
 Alone and unaided on life's barren way,
 And all the world wearing a frown,
 I heard the quaint tones beating measured and slow,

Of the clock, from its shelf on the wall;
 And, as the staid pendulum swung to and fro,

In rhythm these words seemed to fall :

“Never give up. Never give up.

Time will be given you.

Never give up.”

“The past is gone, with its sorrows and faults,

Then leave it and build you anew.

The past is dead, locked in memory's vaults,
 And living hopes beckon to you.

For the brave is the pathway of life.

Can you climb?

Then turn from the years that are dead,
 With your eyes on the promise that's sublime

In the years that are lying ahead.

Never give up. Never give up.”

The great misty future says,

Never give up.”

* This feast of January 6 can be traced back to a very early date in the East, where it was associated with the Nativity and Baptism of Jesus. Baptisms often took place on this day, and lights were carried to symbolise the spiritual illumination of the baptised. It also had several other names, as Day of Lights, Feast of the Three Kings, Twelfth Day, and so on.

The Storyteller

For the Old Land

A TALE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

(By CHARLES J. KICKHAM.)

CHAPTER VIII.

Rody Flynn Visits his Garden—George Ponsonby and his White Greyhound—Acting-Constable Finucane and Sub-Constable Joe Sproule of the Gurthnaboher Station.

Rody Flynn, having taken a look at Father Feehan's garden—and particularly admiring the peas and the “early-york,” which was getting white already—thought that, as he had left his work at all he might as well have a look at his own “garden” also. Rody's “garden” was a miniature farm of four Irish acres, a half-mile or so from the village. Here was a strip of pasture, a strip of meadow, a narrow strip of turnips, a wide one of wheat, which looked promising, and one of equal width of potatoes, which, Rody observed, with that sparkle of the eyes and raising of the brows which we have before noticed, were beginning to peep over the ground. All were enclosed by a good quickset fence, on the mossy sides of which primroses grew by the million. The white-thorns in the farthest corner from the road Rody “never knew to be without a blackbird's nest,” a thing which he believed could not be said of any other “piece of a ditch” of equal length in Ireland, except that one in the Queen's County, where two pair of blackbirds built every year as “regular as the sun.” A happy man was Rody Flynn as he walked along the headland, looking at his wheat and potatoes, and turnips and meadow—not unmindful of the primroses and the hawthorn blossoms, which promised to be abundant this year—till he came to the strip of pasture. Then the sparkle in Rody Flynn's eyes was dimmed, and the laugh faded from his round chubby face. He turned from the headland and walked to the middle of the strip of green pasture where a little brown cow was quietly grazing, and kept from trespassing upon the meadow and the tilled portion of the field by means of a light chain and a long iron pin driven into the ground. The little brown cow raised her head and turned her mild eyes upon Rody Flynn, and Rody, standing close to her, looked into the little brown cow's meek face for a minute or two without moving. Then patting her upon the shoulder—the least little gleam of the old merry laugh returning to his eyes, as she playfully thrust her black horn under his arm (just as if she wanted to tickle him)—Rody moved on towards the gate, picking up two stones on the way and flinging them over the fence upon the road. Rody Flynn told his melancholy friend, Davy Lacy, one evening in strict confidence that he could never bear to look on while Julia was milking the little brown cow, as it always gave him a “swelling in the heart”—thinking of her mother. And he had known a very decent man who died of a swelling in the heart in the Queen's County.

“I'll give him to Mr. Armstrong. I'll give Rover to Mr. Amby. Who else has a better

right to him? And even if he sends him to Tom Dwyer, I have no objection, except that he might let him run apace through that stony place above Corrigdhoun. That's the only objection I have to Rover's being sent to the mountain; I can't keep him any longer myself. Perrington threatened to shoot him; but I'll snare rabbits in spite of his teeth. He can't prevent that, and let him do his best. I have snares set now where he little suspects. But I'll make a present of Rover to Mr. Armstrong.”

During the delivery of this abrupt address the merry look came back into Rody Flynn's face, and his black eyes sparkled as he fixed them on the speaker, who looked all round while he spoke, as if these remarks were addressed to the hills and the trees, and the sheep and cattle in the fields, and once or twice to the little brown cow—but never to Rody, whose eyebrows rose higher and higher as the speech went on, till at length he laughed outright, and looked into the orator's face.

“You think I ought to shave off this,” he went on, grasping his long black beard and combing it with his thin delicate fingers. “Well, you see, shaving is a great trouble; and Mrs. Perrington says the beard is picturesque. She wouldn't shoot Rover or stop me from snaring rabbits. And she likes this too,” he added, raising a hareskin cap from his matted jet-black locks, and holding it at arm's length before him, but seemingly unable to keep his large brown eyes fixed on that or any other object for more than a second.

“Yes,” he continued, replacing the hareskin cap on his head, and looking at the torn sleeve of his old green shooting jacket, which, it was evident, originally belonged to some slender and not very tall stripling. “I know I'm in a queer state,” and the large brown eyes wandered immediately from the green coat sleeve to the grey tweed trousers, which were equally dilapidated, and as much too short for his long legs as were the coat sleeves for his attenuated arms. “But”—and now his gaze took up the whole horizon—“but I'll come out in flying colors when I come in for my property. I'll buy a white pony then for Mrs. Perrington. Why wouldn't I?” he exclaimed, looking directly for the first time at Rody Flynn, as if he had protested against the white pony. “She was always my friend. Didn't she send for me long ago after she came home from London, and said I was the handsomest boy she ever saw? That was before she married Perrington. I'm sorry she ever married him; for only for my father dying without making a will, and I lost my property, I'd have proposed for her myself.” Here he put a whistle, that hung suspended by a cord round his neck, to his lips and blew a long clear note. In an instant a beautiful snow-white greyhound sprang lightly over the fence and stood beside him. “Now, I'll let you see

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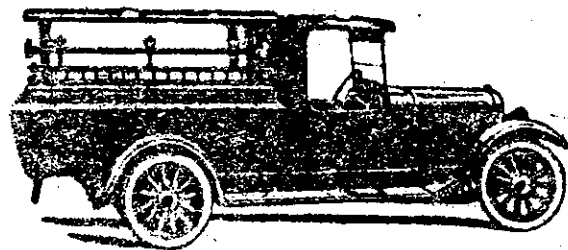
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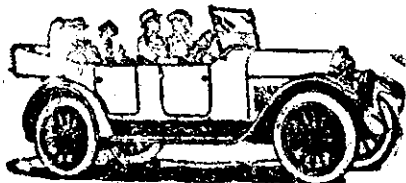
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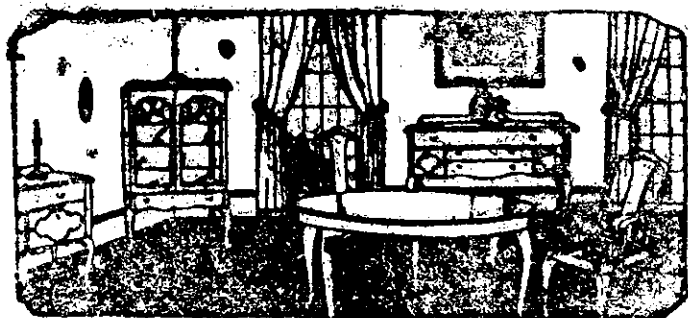
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what a spring there is in him," he went on. "Come down here to the gate." He waved his hand towards the wooden gate of Rody Flynn's field, and the white greyhound instantly flew over it. Then the long slender hand was waved the other way, and the greyhound flew back again. This was repeated half-a-dozen times, to the infinite delight of Rody Flynn, and the evident astonishment of the little brown cow, who raised her head high and gazed wildly at the snow-white hound, as he sprang gracefully backwards and forwards over the wooden gate.

"He's a beautiful animal, George," said Rody Flynn, delightedly. "I never saw a handsomer greyhound."

"I know," interrupted poor crazed George Ponsonby, "the one in the Queen's County. I wish I could get one look at that dog in the Queen's County. But look at this, Rody." And he pulled up the leg of his tattered trousers, and pushed down his stocking, exhibiting his skin, with the remark, uttered as if to himself, his wandering eyes resting for a moment on the limb—"Tis small, but 'tis straight."

"I told you before what to do to that," said Rody Flynn. "And if you don't do it you'll have a sore leg that maybe 'twont be easy to heal. Cold water several times a day, that's the best thing for it."

George Ponsonby let the trousers drop over his skin, but did not mind pulling up the stocking, and, seeming to forget all about it, blew his whistle and walked away, followed by the beautiful white greyhound.

George Ponsonby's leg reminded Rody Flynn that one of his patients, for whom he felt great sympathy, was probably in his workshop at that moment. He had just quickened his pace lest the patient might go away under the impression that he had gone some distance from home, and the poor fellow's hand was in so bad a state, and the walk from the mountain was so long, it wouldn't do to disappoint him, Rody thought—when three long-legged, wild-looking, pigs rushed past him at full gallop. Turning round he saw two policemen running breathlessly after the pigs, greatly encumbered by their rifles. There was a shallow pool of mud at the turn of the road, a hundred yards or so further on, into which the three wild pigs plunged, and commenced rooting with all their might.

"For heaven's sake, as they have stopped at last, let us take a little rest," said Acting-Constable Finucane—who was a slender-waisted and military-looking young man, with well-oiled hair and whiskers—just as they had come up with Rody Flynn.

"I wouldn't take a five-pound note to go through the same hardships again," returned Sub-Constable Joe Sproule, letting himself fall on his back against the slanting fence of Rody Flynn's field, crushing numberless primroses, and pushing his head under the hawthorns on the top, feeling the coolness pleasant to his heated face.

"Who is that strange-looking fellow with the white greyhound we have just passed?" Mr. Finucane asked, looking ruefully down upon his mud-bespattered uniform.

"Ye can't be long in this part of the coun-

try," replied Rody Flynn, "or ye'd know Ponsonby."

"We're only a few weeks in this county," the military-looking acting-constable answered, taking a showy handkerchief from the breast of his jacket, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "We belong to the Gurthnaboher station. But who or what is he?"

"He's a poor harmless fellow that's going about," Rody Flynn replied. "His mind is not right. His grandfather was a Protestant clergyman; but his mother made a foolish marriage. Both she and her husband died, and poor George was someway not right in his mind, and is going about from one place to another—here to-day and there to-morrow—just like a poor fellow—another gentleman's son—I know in the Queen's County."

"I knew he was a gentleman," said the sub-constable, who held a branch of the white-thorn, under which his head was thrust, between his teeth. "The first look I gave at him I knew he was a gentleman."

"It must be hard for a gentleman to disguise himself," said Rody Flynn, raising his eyebrows and laughing, as he turned round expecting to catch a glimpse of the scarecrow figure in the tattered green shooting jacket going up Ballykiraun hill. But another tall figure, in whitish cord knee breeches and long-tailed blue body coat, caught his eye near the next turn of the road. It was Sammy Sloane's clever rival, Murty Magrath, who, no doubt, had been out on business that morning—like Sammy himself—to soothe in some measure his irritation at the turn affairs had taken in regard to the election of a fit and proper person to represent the county in the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland.

Chapter IX.—Murty Magrath and the Two Policemen—The Glenmoyan Pigs—The Rural Policeman's Paradise, as Pictured in Sub-Constable Joe Sproule's Youthful Dreams—The Reality as He has Found it.

Murty Magrath, who had been loitering at the turn of the road, as soon as he saw that he was observed, moved on at an ordinary walking pace, and bade Rody Flynn and the policemen the time of the day very civilly, passing the forefinger of his right hand, while he spoke, all round his unusually long neck, inside the high white cravat which covered the long neck up to the ears, and seemed to press uncomfortably upon his windpipe. "What o'clock might it be?" Murty asked in the most innocent and natural way imaginable, as if the question had been suggested by the watch-key, which the military-looking acting-constable managed to display below his belt.

"A quarter to two," the acting-constable replied, having with much trouble got his Geneva watch from the fob of his tight-fitting trousers.

"Good God!" exclaimed Joe Sproule, getting his head from under the hedge, and staring in amazement at his superior officer, "you said it was only eleven when we had the misfortune to meet these three devils. How far is it from the cross beyond the second hill?" he asked, turning to Rody Flynn. "It

seems we took two hours and three-quarters to come from that."

"Tis about three miles," was the reply. "Ye must walk mighty slow."

"Walk!" said Joe Sproule, getting upon his legs with a groan, like a man very bad with the rheumatism. "The devil a walk; 'twas all running and tumbling. I never saw the like of it," continued the sub-constable solemnly, as he buttoned up his jacket. "That black pig must have an 'open Sesame,' for d—n the gate along the whole way that didn't fly open the minute he pointed his nose at it." Rody Flynn chuckled; but Murty Magrath passed his finger between his white cravat and his windpipe, and looked innocently unconscious, as he asked Rody Flynn "Was he coming home?"

"I am," said Rody, stepping out to keep up with the policeman, with whom he seemed disposed to be companionable.

The three lean pigs with an abrupt grunt rushed out of the pool of mud, and stood in line across the road, as if determined to defend the pass against all comers. Joe Sproule fell back a step, and clutching his rifle dropped upon one knee and "prepared for cavalry," without waiting for the word of command from his superior officer.

"Begob, it is dangerous," muttered Murty Magrath, thrusting all his four fingers between his cravat and his windpipe. "Let us non-combatants stand aside."

"Hush-h-h!" said Joe Sproule, advancing cautiously for a yard or two.

But the three lean pigs stood firm, with their snouts pointed to the enemy.

"I'll show 'em the cold steel," said Joe Sproule, drawing his sword, but never for a second removing his eye from the three pigs. The flash of the cold steel had the desired effect, for the three lean pigs wheeled round with another abrupt grunt and scampered off in the way they should go.

"They're Glenmoyan pigs," Murty Magrath remarked, as the party moved on again. "They seem to breed for speed and endurance in Glenmoyan. Look at the limbs of the black fellow; did you ever see such bone and muscle? Not an ounce of idle flesh. 'Tis quite different down here. The trouble you'd have here," Murty Magrath observed feelingly, turning to the military-looking acting-constable, who was showing symptoms of feebleness about the knees—"The trouble you'd have down here is to make them walk at all. There's a very gentlemanly herd of pigs about Shannaclough," added Murty Magrath impressively, turning to Rody Flynn, as if for corroboration of the assertion.

"Well, there's a great change both in pigs and people in regard of walking," said Rody Flynn. "I remember when every man and every pig walked to the fair of Cloughbeg, as a matter of course. Now both man and pig must drive—even comin' into our own little market."

"Yes," returned Murty Magrath, "you won't find a more gentlemanly herd of pigs in Ireland. They take the world easy, and are always contented so long as their bellies are full. But if you put the Glenmoyan pigs in a coach they wouldn't be satisfied."

"Did you see that!" exclaimed Sub-Con-

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stable Joseph Sproule in amazement. "Isn't it just as I said?"—"open Sesame?"

"Go, turn 'em back," said Acting-Constable Finucane, faintly.

"That's an intelligent fellow," Murty Magrath remarked, when Joe Sproule had started off to drive the three lean pigs out of a ploughed field, the gate of which had yielded

to a push of the black one's nose. "He read *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*. The police are nearly all reading men now, and as a consequence are more wide-awake and up to everything, and capable of performing their duties. The police are a most useful and intelligent body of men."

(To be continued.)

IRISH READINGS

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

THE LANGUAGE AND SONGS OF IRELAND.

(By Thomas Sexton, M.P.)

The following speech was delivered by Mr. Sexton, M.P., at a complimentary concert of Irish music given in the Round Room of the Rotunda, Dublin, on February 9, 1884, in recognition of the efforts made by Mr. John O'Donnell, a well known Dublin musician, to popularise the national songs of Ireland:—

I am here this evening, not only to enjoy with you this feast of Irish music, but also, as a member of the council of the Gaelic Union, to give thanks to a distinguished Irish artist for the aid which he gave to our particular purposes by his recent concerts here. I have also to express my sense of the kindness of the chief magistrate in gracing this occasion with his presence, and I wish to thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for having assembled here to-night to give practical support and aid to one of the most excellent and deserving Irish artists of our day. We, members of the Gaelic Union, feel that in our efforts to foster and preserve the ancient tongue of Ireland we command the general sympathy of the public. It would, indeed, be strange, when such efforts are made to preserve those ruins of the past—the churches, the raths, the towers—which are mere mute and dead memorials, if we should neglect to foster that ancient tongue which is the most interesting, the most eloquent, the most precious relic that has been borne down to us along the heavily freighted stream of time. We should beware lest we incur the contempt that deservedly falls upon a race that is ignorant or careless of the past of its own fathers. And it is an observation verified by history and by human experience that when a race is thus careless and thus ignorant of its own past it has but a sorry prospect for the future. We look around us, and we find in Wales the ancient Gaelic cultivated and spoken by the most fastidious classes in society. We find in Scotland the olden tongue still the care of the learned and the wise. We find in England learned societies devoting themselves to preserve the records of the crude dialects of Chaucer's day, and even of earlier times. And shall it be said that while in every other country intelligent efforts are being devoted to preserve the remains of ancient tongues we in Ireland neglect a language which is the reliquary of the legends that come down to us from the dawn of civilised history, which is the living medium of those traditions which fill us with a sense of our

distinctive existence as a people, the language which holds those exquisite fragments of song that crystallise for us the aspects of our ancient life, and represent with a marvellous fidelity the lights and shades of our history and of the temperament of our people? It may be said that life is now so much a matter of hurry and of hard labor that when a language has passed out of the sphere of active literature, and passed in a great degree from the daily uses of life, people have no time to study and to acquire the knowledge of that which could not be turned to practical account. The force of the argument will depend upon the disposition of the mind to which it is applied. But, whatever may be its force, it cannot be said that any of the difficulties which stand in the way of the study of the Irish language impede the study of our native music. It is as easy to learn to sing an Irish melody as it is to indulge in the imbecilities of Italian opera or the inanities of English song. If the ancient tongue is the voice of our race, the native music is its spirit. Our music is the picture of the nature of our people. In its mixture of gloom and gaiety, in its martial tone and sweet note of sorrow, it is a picture unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, in fidelity, of the nature of a people formed for a full and hearty enjoyment of life, but saddened by misfortune and by wrong—a people who, in spite of all the evils of their lot, have preserved to the present day that fascinating cheerfulness and that tender feeling which attract the regard of even the most unsympathetic stranger. Had we been a prosperous and powerful race our national music might be as tame and uninspiring as that of other nations which I could name, but our national music has thriven and flourished in misfortune, and it is more dear to us because it is the child of persecution. The noblest and most inspiring airs which thrill the Irish heart come down to us, not from the distant days of an independent Ireland, but from that penal era when the Irish minstrel was hunted like a beast of prey. I think, moreover, I may say there is not in the world a more exquisite union of thrilling thought and of fascinating sound than in the Melodies of Moore. And Moore made as keen a remark as it is possible to make on the subject of music, and showed his deep sense of the fact that music is a language more universal than words, that music touches depths of feeling which language cannot reach, that it is, indeed, a language which needs no interpretation or comment, when he said of his own Melodies that one of their claims to favor and to fame was that his poetry sympathised with the music. I have no fear, no doubt, as to the future of Irish music because I feel from what my own heart tells me that there is no one in this hall over whom some particular Irish melody has not a special and almost a magical power through its connection in his mind with some bygone time or with some deep emotion. You heard a few moments since that charming melody, "Oft in the Stilly Night." It carries me back a good many years, and I remember a certain day when, with a body of the best loved friends of my life, I went on an excursion to the demesne of Woodstock, in the Co. Kilkenny—a region doubly charming because it is as lovely a spot as can be found even in our lovely Ireland, and because it was the home of Mrs. Tighe, a lady who shed the light of genius upon that romantic scene. I remember that the day was a lovely Summer's day. The scene, as I have said, was beautiful. Youth and friendship and high spirits completed the enjoyment of the occasion, and I remember that as the evening closed and the soft light of the moon fell on the broad stream along which our boats were moving, someone sang "Oft in the Stilly Night." Later incidents of my life have faded from my memory, but whenever I hear the song I think of the friends who surrounded me that day. Some have passed out of the world, and as to others, though they are all still alive, their ways of life and mine are sundered. And when I hear these words:

not reach, that it is, indeed, a language which needs no interpretation or comment, when he said of his own Melodies that one of their claims to favor and to fame was that his poetry sympathised with the music. I have no fear, no doubt, as to the future of Irish music because I feel from what my own heart tells me that there is no one in this hall over whom some particular Irish melody has not a special and almost a magical power through its connection in his mind with some bygone time or with some deep emotion. You heard a few moments since that charming melody, "Oft in the Stilly Night." It carries me back a good many years, and I remember a certain day when, with a body of the best loved friends of my life, I went on an excursion to the demesne of Woodstock, in the Co. Kilkenny—a region doubly charming because it is as lovely a spot as can be found even in our lovely Ireland, and because it was the home of Mrs. Tighe, a lady who shed the light of genius upon that romantic scene. I remember that the day was a lovely Summer's day. The scene, as I have said, was beautiful. Youth and friendship and high spirits completed the enjoyment of the occasion, and I remember that as the evening closed and the soft light of the moon fell on the broad stream along which our boats were moving, someone sang "Oft in the Stilly Night." Later incidents of my life have faded from my memory, but whenever I hear the song I think of the friends who surrounded me that day. Some have passed out of the world, and as to others, though they are all still alive, their ways of life and mine are sundered. And when I hear these words:

When I remember all the friends long linked together,

then,

Fond memory brings the light of other days around me—

and I think of the exquisite taste with which Moore wedded the charming words of "Oft in the Stilly Night" to the thrilling air which is in itself the very soul of pathetic and tender recollection. I conclude by saying that Irish music will always live and flourish in Ireland by the force of its own inherent charm, and I can imagine no better hope for it than that it may always command the services of interpreters as gifted as those who have charmed us here to-night.

FAREWELL.

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

Sail bravely on, thou gallant barque,
Across the Western sea;
And safely guard the precious freight
Thou bear'st away from me.
Sail on, nor heed the frowning skies,
Nor angry wave nor wind;
Nor reck the grief of aching hearts
Thou leavest here behind.

Keep well thy watch, O seaman bold,
Out o'er the rushing prow;
Nor glimpse of land, nor guiding light,
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The night comes dark, and o'er thy way
Big clouds are gathering wild!
Great God! Protector of the world,
Guard Thou both wife and child.

And fain would have the good ship turn
And bring mine back again.

Sail on, brave ship; a priceless stake
Is on thy fate for me!
May angels waft thee on thy course,
And calm each threatening sea!
Sancta Maria! to thy care
Are child and mother given,
Whether we meet again on earth,
Or meet our next in heaven!

Like miser watching from the shore
The argosy that bears
O'er ocean paths to distant lands
The treasures prized of years,
I sit and gaze, through streaming eyes,
Across the darkening main,

A Complete Story

YVONNE'S DREAM

(By MARY JANET SCOTT, in the *Missionary*.)

Yvonne glanced up and down the street, which looked as dismal as only a cobbled street can look, as the great drops of heavy rain splashed down upon the time-worn stones.

She was standing at the round window of the little inn, waiting for her father to come and fetch her in the old green cart drawn by the apparently immortal "Jaco." Yvonne's heart was like the street; the big drops of disappointment were splashing down into it, and it was not on soft ground they fell.

Six months ago she had left her father's house to join the children of St. Francis, whose work is amongst the poor heathens. And three days ago the kindly-faced, soft-voiced Reverend Mother had told her that her place was not with them, and that on Thursday morning her father would meet her at St. Gabrielle's, the old Breton town near her home.

"But, *ma Mère*, I am very happy here—it is true that the Mother-Mistress does not seem to like me, but when I am professed that will be over."

"Yes, and then perhaps someone else will 'not like you,' as you call it—what then?"

Yvonne did not answer and the other went on:

"No, my child, it is not a question of liking; you think *Mère St. Genevieve* does not like you—why?—because she tells you your faults—that is pride. You will have to overcome that before ever you can do anything for our Lord."

Yvonne was deeply hurt, and the cobbles in her heart grew harder, as disappointment rained down on them. She had yet to learn that it is only love that can wear away the hard stony pavement of our hearts.

The sound of hoofs on the road made the girl turn round, and she caught sight of the well-known grey horse, and beyond him, her father's rosy face smiling as he drew nearer, for he loved Yvonne and was rejoiced to have her back once more. True, he had listened with reverence when M. le Curé had told him of the honor our Lord had done to his family in selecting Yvonne as His spouse, and he had tried to be glad—but—well, there was the child herself standing in the doorway—and he was glad now at all events.

The old cart stopped and Yvonne clambered up beside her father.

"Art glad to be home, little one, eh?" the man said, looking hard at her. "Thy mother

will be pleased to have thee; the children are a handful when she has so much to do."

Yvonne's heart sank. How she hated the old round of daily duties—the boisterous children, the washing days, the feeding of the pigs and poultry, the deadly monotony of the simple village life! It seemed cruel that her one chance of escape had been so rudely cut off—she who had meant to do so much for our Lord out among the poor blacks.

Yvonne was very pretty and very engaging and had lived upon a little shrine all her life, and had had no little incense offered before her, till she had come to see everything from her own point of view only, and to believe that she was the centre of her own and other people's lives. She was quite sure now that *Mme. la Supérieure* was wrong, and that they would soon regret having sent her home. She wondered even how long it would be before they realised their mistake and asked her to come back to the lovely convent, where everything was spacious, and the chapel lovely and bright, and the singing in which Yvonne joined, like a chorus of angels, and there was always news of the foreign missions to fill the minds of the young aspirants. And never once did Yvonne suspect that she thought all this because she wanted to go back to a life that was more agreeable to her tastes than her home life.

She was strangely silent on the way home, and old Jules put it down to the atmosphere of sanctity from the convent that still hung around her. When they arrived at the small farm house, her mother was not so enthusiastic about the halo round her daughter's head. She was a practical, hard-working woman, who believed in doing your duty as God gave it to you to do, and she knew very well that it was no effect of holiness to be sharp with the little ones, or to sit dreaming in the church instead of driving the goats in from the hedges where they were browsing.

She shook her head when she heard from M. le Curé that Yvonne wanted to go to another convent.

"Let her be content at home first, M. le Curé—doing her duty here, she stays, and then I'll believe that she'll stay in any convent."

M. le Curé looked at the woman; it was the first time he had realised that perhaps Yvonne was not quite so flawless at home as she looked in her white Child of Mary's veil,

walking in the May procession, or singing before our Lady's altar in the church.

He said no more of the convent to the mother and daughter, but he was somewhat dismayed to hear that Yvonne was constantly to be seen walking with Lucille, who was at home for a vacation, she being a lady's maid in Paris.

The two girls seemed inseparable, and the old priest's heart was sad. Yvonne was always a good child, regular at Mass and the Sacraments, but Lucille—well, it was not her fault, poor child; left without her mother early, in the care of a drunken father. Then came his second marriage, and a hard time for his little child, and finally no one knew how, or by whose means, she was off to a situation in Paris, and now here after four years she had come to see her grandmother, and astonish the village folk by her airs and graces and the fashion of her clothes and hats.

To Yvonne it was a revelation. It was her first glimpse of the world of pleasure, and it was not long before she came to know that it was the one thing her soul longed for.

Hitherto she had seen no means of breaking her bonds save by entering a convent; now truly she was being shown the glory of the kingdoms of the world, and hearing specious promises of possessing all the pleasures thereof.

Mère Jules shook her head, and M. le Curé prayed longer in the little church, before the tabernacle, but to no one would Yvonne listen except Lucille.

How should the old-fashioned villagers know the great world when they had never been in it? And she ran off to meet her friend and hear more of the wonderful shops and cinemas and pleasures of the gay capital.

It was close to Christmas and after the New Year Lucille was to return to her situation—or a new one; no one was quite sure on the subject—and she had promised to obtain one for pretty, graceful little Yvonne, who was scarcely more than a child in years, and a veritable child in worldly wisdom.

But all this was a profound secret between the two girls, for Yvonne had sense enough to know that her parents would not have permitted it. Then came the questions of money—Lucille looked doubtful when Yvonne told her that seven francs was all she possessed.

"Seven francs for the journey and all the new clothes you will want—it is not a fortune—I must think."

Next day she appeared radiant.

A friend (Lucille seemed to have many mysterious friends) would lend the money—Yvonne could repay it when she had earned some. It all sounded very plausible.

Christmas Eve came, and Jules and his wife went off to Confession with the elder children. Yvonne's mother looked at her.

"Wilt thou come with us now, or later on?"

"Not now, mother—I must finish ironing my petticoat."

The family went out, leaving her alone with the little ones.

She was hot and tired when at last she put away the irons, and she sat by the fire near little Yves' cradle, rocking it occasionally when the child cried.

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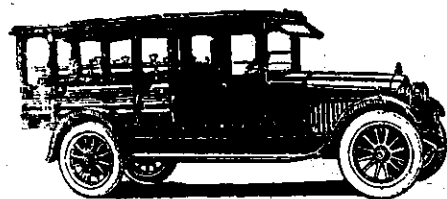
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She wondered how she would escape her mother's vigilant eye at Mass next day, for she had no intention of going to Confession, and could not dare go up to the altar with the others. For deep in her heart she knew that she was doing wrong; she could no longer pretend that she did not know that Lucille was no fit friend for her, for during the last few days she had thrown off much of her former reserve, and Yvonne began to feel sick with terror at the idea of going to Paris with her, and yet the picture of its beauty and pleasures drew her like a magnet.

She thought of all her friend had told her—of the delights of dances and theatres and suppers at which they had sparkling wines and dainty dishes, and pretty dresses, and then she looked round at the smoke-begrimed kitchen, at the rough clogs of her parents, and her own, her common serge skirt and coarse white cap—and she shuddered. It was the old, old temptation, and Yvonne was weak, for she had kept away from the only thing that could give her strength—the Sacraments.

The family returned, and Yvonne was forced to go to the church as if for Confession, unless she wished to betray all her plans to her mother.

There were still many waiting round the Confessionals of M. le Curé and the young Vicar, when she entered the building where she had been baptised, and made her First Communion. She slipped up the side aisle and turned into the Lady Chapel—where the Crib was already prepared—even the Divine Child was there before His time—but the villagers would have been disappointed not to see Him there when they came out to make their thanksgivings for the outpouring of His precious Blood on their souls.

Yvonne knelt a moment in the corner, and then sat back on her heels. The Baby Christ was wonderfully sweet, and He smiled as if welcoming each kneeler. The girl moved a little—somehow. His look disconcerted her, though she had always loved that figure of the Divine Child. She had had a long and tiring day, and she was weary and leaned her head against the wall.

When somehow the wall seemed to give way, and Yvonne found herself in the streets of a great city. The roar of the traffic frightened her, the lights blinded her, and a voice which struck terror into her heart asked her what she wanted.

"I am looking for Lucille," she murmured faintly.

"Come and I will show you where she is."

They turned down a side street, dark and silent, which seemed deserted, but presently they met men and women hurrying on, and their voices and above all their laughter made Yvonne shrink away. It seemed a long, long time that they walked and she was cold and miserable. The streets grew darker and more silent till they came to a large building and her guide stopped. No word was spoken, but Yvonne halted also.

From within the building came the sound of music such as Yvonne had never heard, and laughter and voices now reached her, and she wanted to run away, but she could not move. She felt ill and faint, and yet she could not understand why, for this was she knew the hall of pleasure for which she had longed.

Louder and louder grew the sounds within—a very babel of confusion. Then the doors burst open and Yvonne was almost blinded by the medley of colors and lights, and by the roar of so many voices, the music and laughter.

Men and women whirled past in a dance such as she had never seen, and she shrank back terrified, just as her eyes caught sight of a tiny figure not far from the door. It was the little Child who year by year lay in the Crib in the church. Now He was hustled and jostled from side to side. His tiny feet trodden on, and His beautiful little head bleeding from the knocks He received on all sides. No one heeded Him; no one apparently saw Him. Yvonne saw that through eyes blinded by tears He seemed searching in vain for a friendly face. She tried to cry out, but her voice was dumb; then He looked at her and her heart seemed to break with sorrow and love—and somehow He was in her arms and she could feel the beat of His little Heart near hers. She bent her head as He looked up at her; she must tell Him how grieved she was, and how she had loved Him in spite of all, and wanted only Himself.

But a great sob choked her and she awoke as M. le Curé touched her gently on the shoulder, saying:

"Wake up, my child; everyone has gone but you. Are you waiting Confession?"

The girl gazed up into his kind old face, and he saw that she could not speak for her tears—but she rose up and followed him to the Confessional.

Far away, out in a lonely district in China, Sister Marie of the Divine Child toils amid the little ones of our Lord's flock. Her sisters love her for her great humility and charity, and her babies adore her, and there is one story she is never tired of telling them—all about the Holy Night of Christmas. For the little ones it is such a joyous feast that they cannot understand why Ma Soeur weeps so much as she kneels before the Crib on Christmas Eve. Her sisters wonder, too, but then they smile.

"It is her love that makes her weep—who ever had such a great devotion to the Holy Child? One would think she had seen Him; the way she talks of Him."

"Perhaps she has," added the baby of the Community, little Sister St. Agnes, not yet nineteen. "Anyway, I am going to kneel by her now, and ask the little Jesus to show Himself to me this Christmas Day. If I creep close to her, perhaps I shall see what she does."

The others laughed, I think because they were just overflowing with happiness. They hardly even wanted to see the Divine Babe, when they thought of what a few hours would bring them—His visit at their Midnight Communion.

Man never rose to greater power and honor, never "lifted his daring to the stars" in such a sublime hope as when through Christ he turned the defeat of suffering into victory and dared to creep up to the knees of God and call Him Father. To our Brother Christ be the honor and praise!

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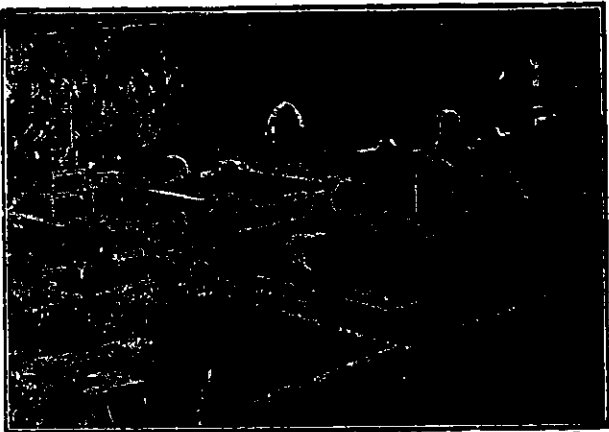
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How the Faith Was Kept

IRISH COLLEGES ABROAD

(By REV. D. O'MAHONY, B.D., B.C.L., in the *London Catholic Times*.)

The gratifying announcement that the Irish Franciscans have reacquired their old College of St. Anthony in Louvain recalls the successful efforts that were made abroad during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for the education and training of ecclesiastical students for Ireland. Numerous Irish colleges had to be established and maintained on the Continent; the most notable of them were the Irish College in Paris and the Irish Franciscan College at Louvain, the Irish College in Rome having but few students before the nineteenth century. The total number of Irish clerical students being educated on the Continent at the outbreak of the French Revolution was 478, and of these there were 348 in France. One result of the Revolution was the foundation and endowment of Maynooth College in 1795 by the British Government.

The Irish College in Paris still survives, educating at present about 100 Irish students for the secular priesthood. Its present Rector, the Rev. P. Boyle, C.M., has written an interesting History of the College (London, 1901). Its history goes back to the late sixteenth century, when bands of Irish students began to settle in Paris. They were accommodated in various premises till the College des Lombards, in the Rue des Carmes, was handed over to them exclusively by Louis XIV in 1677. Among Bourdaloue's extant sermons is one he preached, probably in the year 1696, in aid of the Irish students' seminary. An earlier benefactor of theirs was St. Vincent de Paul. The Lombard College housed all the Irish students till 1770, when the Paris Irish College of the present day began to be built in the Rue du Cheval Vert, now the Rue des Irlandais, quite close to the Pantheon. In 1792, during the Reign of Terror, it fell under the ban of the revolutionaries. Its superior, the Abbe Kearney, who, with his friend, the Abbe Edgeworth, brother of the Irish novelist, Maria Edgeworth, had been present at the execution of Louis XVI, was in 1793 thrown into prison and narrowly escaped being guillotined. After the Revolution the College was re-opened; and from 1804 to 1814 the English and Scottish students in Paris, as well as a few French students, lived (not always amicably) with the Irish students in the Irish College. After the disasters of 1814 and the restoration of the Bourbons the Irish Bishops sought to have the funds of the College annexed to Maynooth; but the French Government refused to allow this, and the Irish College was spared. It has also escaped, more or less, the confiscation threatened by recent French legislation regarding religious establishments. The late Cardinal Logue and the late parish priest of Youghal, Mgr. Canon Keller (called Kelleher in his earlier days), were students and afterwards professors at the Irish College.

There were Irish Colleges also at Bordeaux, Toulouse, Nantes, Poitiers, Douai, Lille, Rouen, and Bourges. None of these sur-

vived the French Revolution. The biggest of them was the one at Nantes. To the Irish College at Douai, which was founded as early as 1577, an annual subsidy of 5000 florins was paid (not always promptly) by the King of Spain, till Douai was annexed to France in 1677.

Louvain.

In Belgium there were Irish Colleges at Antwerp and Tournai, and Louvain had three Irish Colleges—an Irish Dominican College, called the College of the Holy Cross, the Irish Franciscan College of St. Anthony, and an Irish College for the secular clergy, known as "Collegium Pastorale." All these were confiscated by the French revolutionaries. The Irish Colleges at Louvain (writes Father Boyle) during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries gave to the Church in Ireland 32 bishops and about 300 priests, of whom 200 at least were graduates in arts of the University of Louvain. One of the rectors of the Irish Pastoral College, Thomas Stapleton, was also rector of the University.

Five years after the suppression of the monastery of Donegal, their last house of studies at home, the Irish Franciscans established themselves at Louvain in 1606, with the approbation of Pope Paul V and an annual endowment of 1000 crowns from the King of Spain. Ten years later they acquired a new site at the corner of the Rue de Pantalou, and built their permanent College of St. Anthony, which they are again to occupy as a constituent college of Louvain University. For nearly 200 years the Irish Friars in Louvain did inspiring work for Faith and Fatherland. By the year 1630 their college had supplied to Ireland three archbishops, two bishops, and 63 missionaries. In 1619 it sent priests to the Hebrides, in Scotland. It provided professors for the Irish Franciscan College founded at Prague in 1629, and for St. Isidore's, Rome, in 1625. In the list of Irish confessors and martyrs whose beatification is at present being promoted in Rome it counts eleven of its alumni—Brothers D. Cheevers and M. Hoare, Fathers J. Cathan, B. Conny, P. Fleming, W. Hickey, J. Kearney, F. O'Mahony, H. Stafford, W. Walsh, and N. Wogan. Early professors of the college whose names are still familiar to the learned were Father B. O'Hussey, whose Irish Catechism (Antwerp, 1608) was the first Catholic book ever printed in Irish; Father Hugh Ward, who compiled a *Life of St. Romuald*, the Irish patron saint of Mechlin; Father Patrick Fleming, author of a *Life of St. Columba* (Louvain, 1667), and other biographical work; and the celebrated hagiologist, Father John Colgan. A lay-brother of the college, Michael O'Clery, the chronicler of the Four Masters, was sent from Louvain to spend 20 years in Ireland collecting historical materials and eventually compiling his famous *Annals*. The college, too, became the last resting-place of many distinguished Irish exiles. In the chapel are

buried Bernard O'Neill, son of the Earl of Tyrone; Hugh O'Donnell, son of Prince Rory O'Donnell and grandson of the Earl of Kildare, and his namesake and cousin, the son of Caffar O'Donnell; also Lady Nuala O'Donnell, sister of the Earl of Tirconnell, and Lady Rose O'Doherty, his sister-in-law. This Rose O'Doherty was the wife of Caffar O'Donnell, who, with his brother, the Earl of Tirconnell, is buried in the Church of San Pietro in Montorio, Rome; after her husband's death in 1608 she left Rome for Flanders, and later married Owen Roe O'Neill, for whom a worthy dirge has been penned by Aubrey de Vere:

Lords and priests, ye talked and talked
In Kilkenny's Council Hall;
But this man whose game ye balked
Was the one man 'mong you all!

In the College cloisters lie buried the Irish Dominican Bishop, Dominic Burke, and the famous annalist, Brother Michael O'Clery; also Major Lynch, of the Lynches of Galway.

Salamanca.

In Spain there were Irish Colleges at Salamanca, Seville, Madrid, Alcala de Henares, and Compostela. Of these the one at Salamanca alone survives. It bears the aristocratic title of "El Real Colegio de Nobles Irlandeses," and at present accommodates some 30 clerical students, who attend lectures at the diocesan seminary.

The Irish Colleges of Salamanca, Compostela, and Madrid enjoyed subsidies from the King of Spain. The College at Alcala, dating from 1590, had a big endowment from its founder, a Portuguese nobleman, who was related to the McDonnells of Ulster. The fishermen of Seville obtained from Pope Paul V an indult permitting them to fish on six Sundays and holidays each year for the benefit of the Irish College of Seville. The Irish merchants at Seville granted the College a percentage on every cask of wine they sold; and Irish soldiers in the service of Spain gave it a portion of their pay. The founder of the Irish Colleges at Seville and Madrid was Father Theobald Stapleton, who afterwards died a martyr in Ireland.

In Lisbon also there was an Irish College founded in 1593 for the secular clergy. It came to an end during the civil wars in Portugal in the nineteenth century. The Irish Dominican friars and the Irish Dominican nuns still retain convents in Lisbon.

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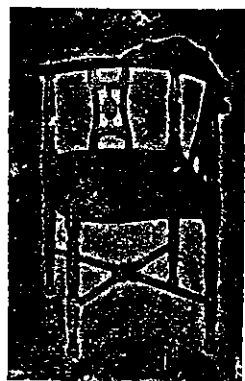
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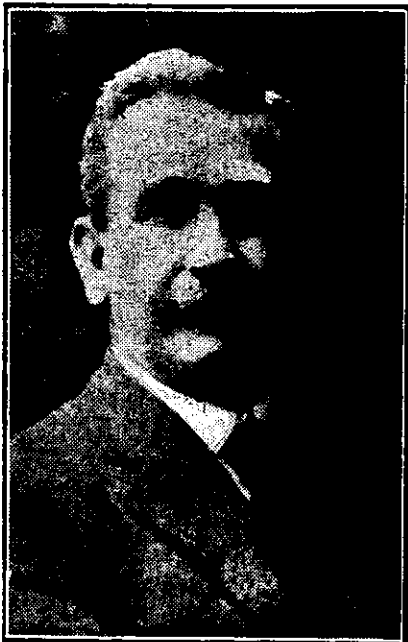
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Presentation to Mr. P. D. Hoskins

KNIGHT OF ST. GREGORY HONORED.

(From our own correspondent.)



Wellington, from its four corners, sent representatives to the gathering the other night in St. Francis's Hall, when Mr. P. D. Hoskins was the guest of the Catholic community. The hall was kindly loaned by Rev. Father Smythe for the occasion and the clergy of the various parishes were there in person to do honor to the greatest Catholic layman in the Dominion. His Grace Archbishop O'Shea presided. On the platform with him were the guests of honor (Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins) and Messrs. P. J. O'Regan, J. J. L. Burke, J. Smyth, and J. Scott.

His Grace opened proceedings with a fine eulogy of the guest of the evening. "The task that I have to perform this evening," said his Grace, "is both a pleasant and a difficult one. It is difficult to praise a citizen who has performed such noble work in his presence. However on this occasion the pleasant part of the proceedings will no doubt overcome the other side. I may be permitted to recall to you why the Catholic community of Wellington, with their bishops and clergy have resolved to show their appreciation of the splendid work done by Mr. Hoskins on behalf of Catholic activities extending over a period of twenty years. When I was a young priest Mr. Hoskins was quite a youth, but even at that stage he began to take an active part in all things connected with the Church. I remember that at that time he took a keen interest in the Catholic Benefit Society, and it is largely due to his efforts that the Hibernian Society holds the strong position in Wellington that it does to-day." Continuing, his Grace stressed the work of Mr. Hoskins in Catholic Federation activities. Indeed he was the moving spirit, the initiator of the Catholic Federation. The Catholic Field Service Fund for supplying comforts to the soldiers on the battlefield was another of his cares, and he had just recently triumphantly concluded the campaign for funds for Lewisham Hospital.

His Grace's remarks were loudly applauded, the applause reaching its loudest when he aptly described this great Catholic as "A humble, self-effacing gentleman." The audience knew it to be true.

"But," he went on, "Mr. Hoskins's great work has been in the interests of Catholic education. In the organisation of the Catholic Education Fund he has shown rare organising ability. Heedless of obstacles, he has gone on his way, unruffled and calm. Like other people who work in the public interest he has had to suffer from the indifference of those from whom he had every right to expect assistance. As long as he has had the countenance of his ecclesiastical superiors, he has gone ahead quietly with the work in hand. You may travel the world over and not find a more amiable and delightful man to work with. If he had sought the limelight there would be more people in this city aware of the debt they owe him. When his advice on occasion was not accepted he never thought of taking offence or sulking but always went, giving his great organising ability to the task in hand. It was for that reason that when I visited the Eternal City, his Grace the Archbishop commissioned me to ask a small decoration for Mr. Hoskins from his Holiness. When I gave the list of his good works the Secretary of Congregation of Propaganda said: 'It is not a small decoration this man merits.' He was given a decoration, perhaps not fully appreciated in this new country. It was, however, a coveted one in the courts of Europe, honored by Government in the Old World—the Knighthood of St. Gregory. Mr. Hoskins is one of those lay apostles whose works keep alive the spirit of the Church. Other speakers, members of the laity, will come before you to-night to praise Mr. Hoskins, but none will feel the truth of those praises more deeply than I."

Prolonged applause greeted the conclusion of this speech.

Then came the presentation. It was most fitting that it should have been made by Mr. J. J. L. Burke, so many years his co-worker in Catholic interests, so many years united with him in a friendship as close as that of David and Jonathan. In a characteristically brief speech he presented him with a wallet containing two hundred guineas and read the address from the Catholic community, an address which at the request of the Sacred Heart Community, Island Bay, had been finely illuminated by them, in token of gratitude for many kindnesses received from Mr. Hoskins. Mrs. Hoskins was presented with a beautiful bouquet by Miss Mary O'Gorman.

Mr. P. J. O'Regan is always sure of an enthusiastic hearing. As a fellow-parishioner of Mr. Hoskins he added his tribute. "His work," he said, "is continuous and sustained. You have only to look around you at the magnificent Catholic edifices in this city and you will realise by an association

of ideas that a great many of them are due to the energy and ability of Mr. Hoskins. The Archbishop mentioned the lay apostolate. Well we are fortunate in our own apostle, Paul. (Laughter.) Besides it is not as if Mr. Hoskins is a man without family ties. There is a contingent of young Hoskinses. (Laughter.)" In more serious vein Mr. O'Regan commented on the position of Catholic education and the fallacious idea that the State should usurp control of education. "I look for the day," he said, "when every Catholic child will receive free education in its own schools and that day will be the fruition of the activities of men like Mr. Hoskins."

Mr. J. Scott, in neatly chosen words, supported Mr. O'Regan. "Within the ambit of my experience I have never met another man with the qualities of Mr. Hoskins. I am of a younger generation, but I have watched him and worked beside him, and I trust the younger Catholics of this Dominion will follow the trail he has so gloriously blazed." (Applause.)

Mr. Johnson in a human and reminiscent vein recalled his early association with Mr. Hoskins. He traced his career from a youthful letter-carrier to his present high position in the Postal service to-day, a position gained entirely by merit and exertion. Any one of the duties Mr. Hoskins had undertaken was sufficient for one man in his spare time, but he went through with them all. In addition he had been auditor for the Catholic Hostel for nine years. He was, as Mr. Scott had said, "the universal secretary."

The ovation given Mr. Hoskins was so great that he had to wait his opportunity to speak. He bore out in his speech the Archbishop's dictum, "A humble, self-effacing gentleman." "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" was sung before he was permitted to begin. "You have given me to-night a list of my virtues," said Mr. Hoskins. "You have charitably omitted a catalogue of my faults. If you ask Mrs. Hoskins, she will be able to supply them. (Laughter.) Much has been made of what I have done, but I have only done my duty. It is the bounden duty of every Catholic man to assist in so far as is to him possible in the promotion of the grand old Faith to which it is our privilege to belong." This profession of faith carried out during a lifetime by deeds was greeted with stirring applause. "A comparison has been made of our Church and its members as being afloat on the ocean of life in the great barque of St. Peter. It is a good comparison. We cannot all be passengers on that barque. Some must be workers. The bishops are our captains—the clergy our officers, and we must work to keep the ship riding the seas. To God the praise is due. He has blessed me with good health. Without the hearty co-operation of the hierarchy and the clergy I could not have accomplished much. I had, too, the help of the noble band of men and women who work for the Church, and the great body of the laity without whose assistance such work is impossible. When in addition to this is added the work done by the Sisters and Brothers, not much is left to me." (Laughter.) Mr. Hoskins, after reading a fine quotation from Gladstone on the permanence

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and the glory of the Church, in conclusion said: "This evening will remain the most memorable of my life. I again protest that I have done nothing to merit your kindness, but it is none the less appreciated." Cheers were then given for Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins.

During the evening songs were finely rendered by Misses McDavitt and Berry, and Mr. C. Hickmott. Miss Muriel Blake was an efficient accompanist.

The duties of secretary for the presentation were most capably carried out by Mr. J. Smyth, of Hataitai.

Following was the address:—

Wellington, 17th December, 1925
To Paul Donnellan Hoskins, Esquire,
Knight of St. Gregory.

Dear Sir,—The great work which you as a layman have done for the last twenty years for the cause of Catholicity in Wellington has been noted with keen and appreciative interest by the hierarchy, clergy, and your fellow Catholics throughout the city, and it is the wish of all to place on record the public appreciation of your labors.

Commencing in an humble way as secretary of the Hibernian-Australasian Catholic Benefit Society, your organising abilities and alertness for the good of the cause and the welfare of your co-religionists were soon in prominence, and your good work with that society soon made you a necessary adjunct for all the Catholic works in the city.

Passing in brief record the Hibernian Society, the Catholic Federation, the Marist Old Boys' Association, the Catholic Field Service Fund are a few of the many activities with which you have been closely associated. Whilst the successful organisation and completion of the Lewisham Bazaar and Art Union are also triumphs of which you may be justly proud.

Far outstanding all, however, the monumental work of the Wellington Catholic Education Board, which to-day has a fund of something like £15,000, will go down in history as the fruition of your activities and unstinted labors.

The fact that his Holiness the Pope has been pleased to recognise your great and useful work by conferring on you the dignity of a Knight of St. Gregory is a matter of which we Catholics are justly proud.

In asking you to accept this address and the accompanying gift we wish to confirm and place on record our appreciation of your untiring zeal and energy in the cause of Catholicity not only in Wellington but throughout New Zealand, and in conclusion we trust you will be granted many long and useful years in which to carry on the good work.

On behalf of the Hierarchy, Clergy, and Catholic laity of Wellington and your friends generally,

We remain,

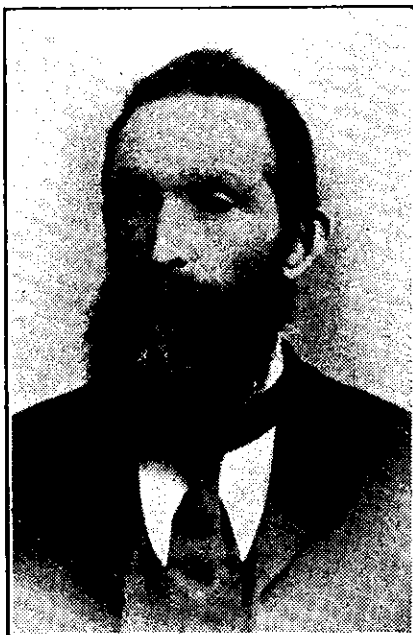
Yours very appreciatively and
sincerely,

* Francis Redwood, S.M., Archbishop of Wellington; * T. O'Shea, S.M., Coadjutor-Archbishop of Wellington; P. F. Cullen, Adm.; M. Collins, O.S.S.R.; T. F. Connolly, V.F.; J. Kelly, P.P.; S. Mahony, S.M.; P. J. Smyth, S.M.; Thos. Devoy, S.M.; Brother Louis, T. O'Brien, J. P.

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OBITUARY

MR. MICHAEL MORAN, MOSSBURN.



There passed away at Riverton hospital on November 23 another of the fast diminishing band of pioneers, in the person of Mr. Michael Moran. Deceased, who was 80 years of age, was born near Ennis, Co. Clare, Ireland. He left his native land in his twentieth year, and arrived in the Wakatipu district in August, 1865. He followed mining for about fourteen years, and afterwards took up land in conjunction with his cousin, the late John Healy. After the death of the latter some 26 years ago, deceased disposed of his interest in the land and ceased to take any active part in business concerns. He was intimate with most of the visiting clergy in the early days, and usually served at Mass. All his life a faithful member of the church his piety increased as the years passed, and the welfare of his native land was ever before his mind. He is survived by a brother (Mr. James Moran, Woodville). His only sister, the late Mrs. Daniel Enright, of Temuka, predeceased him some two years ago. He was attended with great regularity by Rev. Father O'Neill, Riversdale, and during his short stay in Riverton hospital by Rev. Father Buckley, and passed away fortified by the rites of Holy Church. The burial took place at Arrowtown; Requiem Mass being celebrated in the morning by the Rev. Father O'Neill, who also officiated at the graveside.—R.I.P.

The death, on Sunday, December 13, of the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Mahar, New Plymouth, was the cause of widespread sorrow and of sympathy for the sorrowing parents and members of the family. The funeral, which took place on Monday, the 14th inst., from St. Joseph's Church was one

of the largest children's funerals ever seen in New Plymouth. The children of the Catholic schools attended in large numbers and listened to a beautiful address by Father Minogue. During their short period in New Plymouth Mr. and Mrs. Mahar and family have done excellent work for the church, and a large circle of friends condole with them in their loss.

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Jesus Christ: Priest and Victim (Pere S. M. Giraud).

Life after Death (Bishop J. S. Vaughan).

Facultes of Pastors (Rev. J. Simon, O.S.M.).

Conquest of Heaven (Father Rouvier, S.J.).

Sublimity of the Holy Eucharist (Father Meschler, S.J.).

The Holy Mass Explained (Right Rev. Mons. O'Hare, D.D.).

From a Friar's Cell (Father Vincent McNabb).

Catholic Teaching (W. Wray).

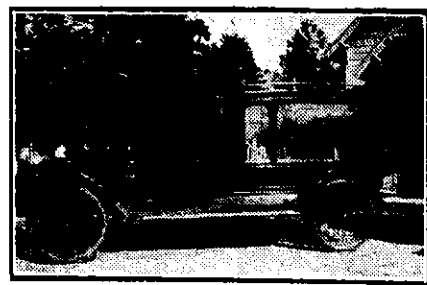
Explanation of the Creed (Rev. H. Rolfus, D.D.).

Explanation of the Commandments (Rev. H. Rolfus, D.D.).

The Precious Blood (Rev. Father Faber).

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Vatican to Extend Jubilee Privileges at End of Holy Year

(By MONSIGNOR ENRICO PUCCI, N.C.W.C. Correspondent)

According to the custom of his predecessors at the conclusion of past Holy Years, Pope Pius XI, as soon as the Holy Door closes will publish a bull extending the Jubilee indulgence to the whole world. It is assumed that the extension of the indulgence will be on the same conditions as those prescribed by Pope Leo XIII at the end of the last Holy Year. That Pontiff decreed that all of the faithful, even those who had come to Rome during the Holy Year, might obtain the spiritual favors of the Jubilee by making prescribed visits to churches in their localities under conditions set forth in the Bull, and by praying for intentions set out by the Pope. Certain exemptions were provided for religious leading a monastic life and for sailors, travellers, prisoners, and some others.

First Extension of Privileges.

The extension of the jubilee privileges to the whole world dates back to Pope Alexander VI, who first proclaimed it at the end of the eighth Holy Year in 1500. Prior to that time there had been only partial extensions. It was this same Pope Alexander VI who introduced the ceremonies of the opening and the closing of the Holy Door to mark the beginning and the end of the Holy Years.

When Alexander VI inaugurated the custom of a general extension of the jubilee privileges the Christian nations were engaged in war with the Turks and the Pope sent his representatives to the various nations to proclaim the extension and, at the same time, collect alms to support the Christian armies. These alms were fixed at one fifth of the amount which it would have cost the faithful to make the journey to Rome for the jubilee. The Franciscans were given charge of the extension in Italy. Gaspero Gulfi from Castel della Pergola, Bishop of Cagli, went to Poland and induced the king to join in the Holy war.

Alms Meet War Cost.

To the King of Hungary and Bohemia, the Pope granted the faculty to all ecclesiastics to collect alms to arm the troops destined to fight the Turks. The cardinal of St. Maria Nuova was sent as legate to Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Prussia to the Emperor Maximilian and other princes and was very successful. Alexander also assessed the clergy of Rome, including the cardinals, to pay the expenses of the war and obtained contributions for the same purpose from the Jews.

The ninth Holy Year, celebrated by Pope Clement VII in 1525, two years before the troops of the Constable of Bourbon sacked Rome, was very unsuccessful as regards the number of pilgrims attracted to the Eternal City. It was only a few years before the heresy of Luther and was further handicapped by an epidemic then raging in Rome which made many persons fear to make the pilgrimage. In 1526 the Pope extended the jubilee privileges to those who had been unable to come to Rome. At Naples the cere-

mony of the opening of the Holy Door was reproduced in the Church of St. Peter ad Aram.

Asked by St. Ignatius.

Extensions of the jubilee were granted by Pope Julius III after the Holy Year of 1550 to the Emperor Charles V and to the latter's son, Philip, as well as to members of their court. At the instance of St. Ignatius of Loyola an extension was also granted to the army of Charles V, then engaged, in alliance with the Genoese, Pontifical, Florentine, and Maltese galleys, in an expedition against the famous pirate Draguto Rais. Also at the instance of St. Ignatius the Pope granted the jubilee indulgence to the peoples of the East Indies, Brazil, the Congo, and other far-off countries then recently converted.

When Pope Gregory XIII decided to extend the jubilee indulgences after the Holy Year of 1575 the condition of the Catholics in England caused him to make some very unusual provisions as applied to them. They were permitted to gain the indulgence by visiting churches in their locality for 15 days but, in places where the exercise of the Catholic religion was banned, they were permitted to gain the same indulgence by doing such pious works as their confessors prescribed.

Other Instances.

In places where it was not even possible to have confessors they were allowed to gain the indulgence by reciting the Rosary 15 times with true contrition.

Pope Clement VIII extended the jubilee to the entire world after the Holy Year of 1600, and in 1626 it was extended to France by Pope Urban VIII.

Innocent X extended the jubilee to the entire world after the 14th Holy Year of 1650, prescribing that it could be gained by all the faithful who visited four churches in their home communities 15 times. From 1650 down to the present time the practice of extending the jubilee to the entire world has been followed by the popes, at the conclusion of each successive Holy Year.

Granity Notes

(Contributed.)

Sunday, December 6, was a memorable day for the Catholics of Granity. On that day about twenty little children received our Eucharistic Lord for the first time. This event coincided with the annual Communion breakfast for the Old Boys' Guild and Children of Mary Sodality. The usual lachrymose state of the West Coast interfered with the arrangements regarding a procession in regalia—the procession to consist of Children of Mary, Holy Angels, and First Communicants, with the Boys' Guild as a guard of honor outside the church door. Although the weather was sorrowful unto tears, the hearts of the little Communicants were bright with the sunshine of innocence begot

by purity of soul. Their little baby voices raised in prayer sent a thrill through the hearts of the adult congregation. Our dear Lord's own words, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," were verified in the great act about to be performed. He drew them to the altar rails and when His Sacred Body rested in their innocent little hearts, they bowed low their tiny heads in silent adoration. These wee tots of seven believed, loved, adored.

The combined singing of the sodalities during Holy Mass was devotional and good. One of the hymns sung was "The Shower of Roses," the words of which are so well known to all lovers of the "Little Flower."

After Mass the First Communicants and members of the different sodalities returned to the convent, where the breakfast tables were laboring 'neath their burdens. The rain still rained, but the smiles smiled with an equal persistency.

Rev. Father Long addressed the children for a few minutes. He congratulated the members of the different sodalities on their grand display of faith, and told them that they had much for which to be grateful—firstly to God, and, under God, to their devoted and self-sacrificing teachers, the Sisters of Mercy. The Sisters looked with genuine love and pride on their old pupils who had not missed a monthly Communion since their school days, which for some was a period of nearly a decade of years. Granity may justly be counted among the hidden works, but perhaps all the spiritual success of the schools' offspring can and may be attributed to the fact that only the noble woman can keep her lamp burning in dull, monotonous semi-darkness.

The music pupils of the local convent held a pleasant afternoon in the school on Saturday, December 12. Had the day been fine—it rains sometimes on the West Coast—a Christmas tree was to have sprung into existence on the lawn, as did the Maoris' magic bridge, but it grew, perhaps more magically, through the boards of the schoolroom floor. It held prizes for all—two special ones for Naomi Norganty and Colin Campbell, who secured 90 per cent. in the recent examination. Little Flossie Russell, who left the district a few weeks ago and who had been a pupil of the convent for three years, carried with her a special prize for having secured five certificates—including three honors—during that time.

Retreats for Laymen

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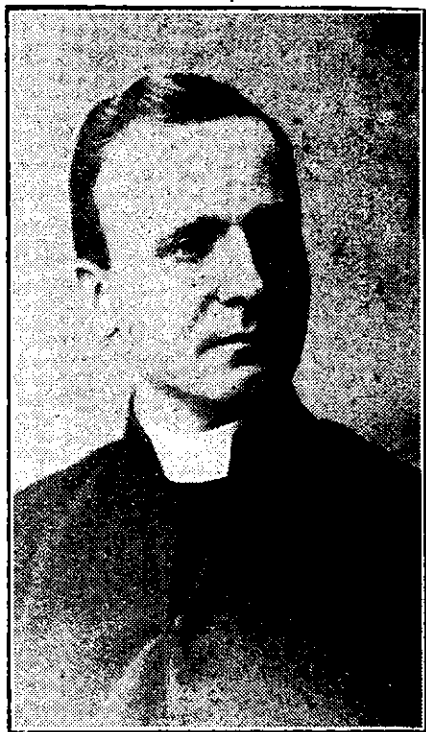
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The Church in New Zealand

SOME HISTORICAL NOTES.

Dunedin Diocese in the Early Days: Well-remembered Priests



FATHER McGRATH.

Father James McGrath was born in the parish of Kill, a few miles from the city of Waterford, in 1844. His parents were among the prominent parishioners and gave him a sound Catholic education. Amongst the companions of his boyhood was Thos. Sexton, who afterwards became a prominent member of the Irish National Party, and for his eloquence in the House of Commons was known as the Silver-tongued Sexton. James McGrath was always of a studious turn, and took up the profession of teacher under the National Board. In the course of time he accepted the position of professor of mathematics and physics in the Model School at Belfast, in the north of Ireland; a position to which a substantial salary was attached. Whilst attending to his professorial duties he studied privately: Latin, French, logic, and cognate subjects.

Feeling called to the priesthood he consulted the Passionist Fathers at Ardoyne, Belfast, and on their advice resolved to offer himself to the Bishop of his native diocese, Dr. John Power, to qualify for admission to the ranks of the diocesan clergy. In September, 1876, he entered St. John's College, Waterford, the *Alma Mater* of a large number of the older priests of the diocese of Dunedin. On account of his undoubted proficiency in scientific knowledge he was allowed to perform the feat known to students as "skipping physics," and at the end of his first year entered the theology class. Ordained in Waterford Cathedral in 1880, his first appointment was that of professor in the college school in Stephen Street, which had been successfully ruled for years by Father Joe Phelan, as he was familiarly known to his colleagues. In 1881 Bishop Moran visited Waterford College, and one of the first to submit to his attractive personality and volunteer for mission work in

Dunedin was Father McGrath. The Dean of St. John's, Father Wm. Burke, now so well-known in New Zealand, also threw in his lot with his friend of the college school. Father Nicholas Fitzgerald, another Waterford priest then recently ordained, also joined up. Father Fitzgerald, after some months in St. Joseph's Cathedral, became curate in Invercargill, where he is still remembered by some of the old people. Subsequently he became the first residing priest of Gore, where he erected the first Catholic Church and provided a presbytery, as well as churches in Wyndham and Maitland. Being of a delicate constitution the climate proved too much for him and he succumbed in 1884, being the first priest to die in the Dunedin diocese. The fourth cleric who accepted the invitation of Bishop Moran was James O'Neill, who had finished his studies at St. John's and having selected no mission, was waiting in Limerick for the only remedy that could remove the obstacle to his ordination—namely, arrival at the canonical age. He used to tell his friends that he was suffering for having been so young when he was born.

Bishop Moran put his *comedher* on him, as they say in the old land, and promised if he came he would get a dispensation from Rome. The Bishop then conferred minor orders and subdeaconship on his new recruit in the chapel of the Jesuit Home of Retreat at Milltown Park, near Dublin. After waiting for a time and cabling to Rome to Archbishop Kirby, rector of the Irish College in the Eternal City, a reply came that the utmost he could hope for was a dispensation of twenty months off the canonical age. The message disappointed the Bishop more than the candidate for priesthood; so to relieve the situation, the subdeacon put himself entirely in the hands of the Bishop. As all arrangements had been made for the sailing of four ecclesiastics and six Dominican Nuns the Bishop decided that all would go together as arranged, and on his arrival in Dunedin six months later he would confer the order of priesthood, a ceremony that had never till then taken place in the diocese of Dunedin.

The party left London in October on board the Orient steamer *Cuzco*, going round by Capetown. On arrival at the Cape the cabled news of the death of John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, reached the voyagers. The Cape newspapers had sympathetic references to the sad event which closed the earthly career of one of Ireland's noblest and most glorious sons.

Besides the Dunedin party the *Cuzco* carried a number of Sisters of Mercy for Singleton, in the Maitland diocese in Australia, some of whom afterwards came to found the Mercy Convent in South Dunedin. Father Foran, returning from a trip to Ireland to his parish in Maitland and Father Walter Curran, newly-ordained for the Bathurst diocese, were, too, on board, together with Father John Healy, of the Waterford diocese also, whose destination was Adelaide, where he died after forty years of strenuous labor in the Lord's vineyard. In Thebarton, a

suburb of Adelaide, Father Healy spent most of his missionary life. He built a beautiful parish church and founded an Order of Brothers of St. John the Baptist, who have charge of the industrial school and orphanage as well as the prison gate home founded by the good priest. Father Healy was known far and near through Australia as the Saint of the diocese of Adelaide. His memory is enshrined in the hearts of archbishops, priests, and people, as a true apostle and martyr to his all-embracing charity.

On the arrival of the Dunedin party in Melbourne they were met by Mr. John Duffy, who has in the intervening years filled so prominent a part in Victorian life. The Ringarooma, in charge of Captain Chatfield, was sailing for the Bluff on the same day, so the ten Dunedin missionaries transhipped and braved the terrors of the Tasman Sea which happened to be in one of its unpleasant moods. Arrived at the Bluff Father McGrath disembarked under the care of Father McEnroe, S.J., who was then pastor of Invercargill, and until his promotion to the pastoral charge of Cromwell, Father McGrath continued as assistant to the Invercargill parish priest.

When Cromwell parish was vacated by the promotion of Father (afterwards Monsignor) O'Leary to Lawrence, Father McGrath took charge of the Otago Central mission. During his time a stone church was erected at Alexandra and another at Hawea. Finding a difficulty in getting a suitable teacher for the Cromwell school, he took on the duties of teacher, in addition to the oversight of the large and scattered district. At weekends his figure was a familiar one riding round to the various stations on his mare, "Bessy." Sometimes in coming down from the Cardrona by the old track known as Tobin's, to visit the clergy of the Wakatipu district, he had some hair-breadth escapes when the track happened to be covered with ice, quite a usual thing in the winter months. On these occasions his pathetic surmises as to whether if he had died on the track there would be anybody to sing "Regem" over him aroused mixed feelings in his amused auditors. As a teacher of catechism Father McGrath is still remembered by the survivors of his pupils and their families. The late Mr. John McCarthy, the princely donor of the Tschemakers property to the Dominican Nuns, often averred that it was in listening to Father McGrath's catechetical instruction to the Hawea children that he got a real grip of the teaching of the Catholic Church and imbibed the love for it which was a conspicuous feature in his character.

Failing health compelled Father McGrath to take a trip to the old land, where he remained with friends for some time. On his return to New Zealand he put in a second term in Invercargill and also at Gore. Finally taking charge of the Tapanui district where the accidental burning of the boarding house in which he stayed put an end to his missionary labors. His will had been made in Bishop Moran's time and he left most of his savings to the Bishop of the diocese. Dr. Moran's successor put the money into Mosgiel College, where it is to be hoped some day a record of the gift of such a generous benefactor will meet the eye.

Current Topics

Welcome Home

Father MacManus has just returned from his tour in Europe, and, still mindful of the kindly welcomes recently extended to ourselves, we venture to say our "Welcome Home" to his Reverence. We note that he has been impressed by the manifest proofs of industry among the Italian and French peasants, from whom our people could, and they would, learn such a lot about farming. Lourdes, with its supernatural atmosphere, won his heart, and he soon found out what a courteous and cultured people Italians are. Like ourselves, he came to the conclusion that what the people of Ireland want at present is peace, not politics. Naturally, the events of the Holy Year and the magnificent churches of Rome were all of deepest interest for him. Being a church-builder himself, he doubtless examined them with the eye of an expert, as well as with the imagination of a devout pilgrim.

Loftus Hall

A cable which announced, the other day, the death of the Marquis of Ely recalls many memories connected with the Irish residence of the family, which was sold a few years ago to a community of Belgian Benedictine nuns. Loftus Hall was built about the seventies of the last century on the site of the ancient Redmond Hall, which stood on the Wexford side of Waterford Harbor. One of the lords of the Hall in the early years of their possession was very much a bon viveur, and strange tales are still told of his wild ways. Among such traditions there is a story which says that one night when there was heavy gambling and drinking in one of the rooms, a player, on stooping to pick up a card he had dropped, found that it rested on the cloven hoof of his neighbor. The devil had come among his friends, and, as they say down there in the Hook, when telling the story, "it was the devil to get him to go." When all other means had failed, the local priest was called in. Tradition says he succeeded. And, only last summer, we were told of an inscription on a grave in Gough's Bridge which holds the dust of the sagart "who drove the devil from Loftus Hall." To-day the nuns are chanting the psalms there, and the cloven hoof appears no more.

The Humors of Ulster

For how many years now have we not heard the Orangeman's war cry: "Ulster will fight!" Drums beat and tin whistles play the Boyne Water, and people and parsons perform their war dances year in and year out. And an unkind Ulster Protestant tells the world that it is all nonsense, and that "Ulster will run" ought to be the motto of the Wee State. We are reminded of this comic opera Ulster business by recent cables about the specials who refused to be dismissed. Meditate on this example of Ulster fierceness and firmness:—

"London, December 18.

"The Belfast headquarters declares that the men will stand fast till they are turned out. A message to this effect was circulated by dispatch riders."

Does not that note show what determined men these Craigite policemen are when their blood is up—or rather when there is question of cutting their pay down! And despatch riders, too! no nonsense about it: it looks like the real thing. Yes! Ulster will fight! But here comes another cable. News of the first fierce battle, no doubt! Alas and alack, Mr. Henderson was right. The specials have run away!

"December 19.

"The strike has completely ended. The men have resumed their duty and the barracks have been handed over to the officers."

And so, they all went home and lived happily ever afterwards. Here endeth the tale of the first fierce civil war in the Wee State. It will be celebrated in song and story for years to come.

"The Pearl of Italy"

Official bulletins announce the serious illness of Margherita, the Dowager Queen of Italy. She is a woman of seventy now, and has lived quietly since she retired from the throne after the murder of King Humbert, who was shot at Monza by an anarchist twenty-five years ago. In middle age she was still a beautiful woman, of the rare Italian type portrayed by Tiziano, with fair complexion and auburn hair. Her personal charms won for her from her subjects the title of the "Pearl of Italy," which was also suggested by her name, Margherita. Her appearance was not more beautiful than her character, whether as a Christian woman, or as a queen. Her piety was remarkable, and she was often seen praying before the Blessed Sacrament in the churches of Rome. We remember once seeing her arrive at Santa Croce where she came up among the worshippers and knelt to kiss the Cross exposed there on Good Friday. Her influence on the Court was all for good, and its traditions have been well maintained. One who knows the members of the Royal Family intimately assured us recently that Elena is just such a good mother as Margherita was before her, and that the children are all sincere Catholics. Iolanda, Maria, and Mafalda are the names of the princesses, while the prince is called Umberto after his grandfather. He is beloved by the Romans, among whom he walks like any Italian young man. He has inherited the bravery of the Savoia family, the princes of which are all as ready to take a real part in war as were the sons of the Kaiser.

The Pope Pleads for Modest Attire

The N.C.W.C. News Service reports that in his discourse to the delegates attending the Congress of the International Union of Catholic Women's Leagues the Pope congratulated the Catholic women's organisations on their understanding of a Christian life and encouraged their programme to promote modesty in dress. The Papal audience concluded the sessions of the Congress.

After congratulating the delegates on their successful meeting the Pontiff told the women he was particularly gratified by two phases of their work as revealed in the meeting. First, he declared, their idea of a

Catholic life is not superficial, but is guided by a profound knowledge of truth and duty so that they cannot be swerved into movements irreconcilable with spiritual Christian life. Second, he said, he is greatly pleased with their proposal for a campaign against immoral fashions. Such fashions, he declared, are the shame of many women who call themselves Christian but dishonor that name.

The Pope told the delegates that whenever he receives delegations of teaching Sisters he urges them to insist at any cost upon modesty of dress in the educational institutions conducted by them. If, on such occasions, the Sisters say that too much insistence upon this point will result in mothers sending their daughters elsewhere the Pope replies that this does not matter, but that Christian modesty must be taught and recommended at any cost. His Holiness said he is particularly anxious that the best examples of modesty shall come from Catholic educational institutions.

Godless America

According to recent religious statistics there are in the United States forty-nine and a half millions of accredited Church members. They are distributed as follows:—

Catholic (figures from <i>Catholic Press Directory</i>)	20,103,767
Methodist Episcopalians (<i>Church Year Book</i> , 1923)	4,225,246
Southern Baptist Convention	3,374,165
North Bapt. Convention (colored)	3,253,733
Methodist Episcopalian (South)	2,362,598
Presbyterian, U.S.A.	1,732,254
North Baptist Convention	1,272,250
Disciples	1,218,849
Protestant Episcopal	1,118,336
Congregational	838,271
United Lutheran	801,250
Missouri Synod	673,321
African Methodist Episcopal	551,766

African Methodist Episcopal Zion, Presbyterian U.S., Evangelical Synod of N.A., Church of United Brethren of Christ, and several other smaller bodies have memberships under half a million. Thus, about two-fifths of the whole population are Church members. Three-fifths belong to no religion. Therefore, the predominant religion of the United States is pagan. Long ago, in his farewell speech, Washington warned Americans to make religion and morality the props of the State. The godless schools have succeeded in nullifying the effects of his last message to his country; they have undermined the foundations, and left a people among whom the marriage tie is not sacred, who are devoured by the canker of race-suicide, and to a large extent unfit even to become fodder for gunpowder as a result of their loose lives. No wonder, and it is late in the day, serious non-Catholics are now urging a return to Catholic traditions. New Zealand also may one day wake up.

A Boomerang for Belfast

The *Irish Weekly News* tells a story with a moral which we here summarise for our readers. Half a dozen years ago, a man named McEvoy—note the name—was thrown out of employment in Belfast. The name explains why. He went to Japan. He knew all that was to be known about the linen industry. It was at that precise time

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decaying in Japan. So the Japanese said: "You are the man we want." They did not ask if he were an Irish Catholic. He got a free hand; he re-organised the industry; and it began to improve straightway. It was fifty years behind time when he took it in hand; in three years it was in the front rank. From the raw material to the finished article in the shop window, he overhauled the business. Under his direction, Japan, which a few years ago, could only produce coarse material was turning out yarn fit for the finest fabrics. The material increased in these few years three hundred per cent. in value: a quantity of the raw material priced at 40/- became worth 160/-, in the short period between 1919 and 1922. His health broke down, but his work was done. And he went home for a visit to his friends laden with gifts and tokens of appreciation from all those with whom he had had business dealings in Japan. What he did in Japan he could have done in Belfast, but there he could not get a job. His name was Mc Evoy. A few weeks ago we quoted a letter from a non-Catholic business man in Belfast, complaining that the bigotry and folly of his co-religionists had killed the trade with the United States, where the Irish Catholic millions remembered what the Orangemen had done to their friends in Ireland. Here now we have a record of one of these men driven from employment and going abroad to create in Japan a powerful rival which will drive Ulster from the markets of the East. It ought to be a lesson, but some people never learn.

The Church and Evolution

It ought to be plain to everybody who reads that the Catholic Church is not opposed to the theory of Evolution. It is an open question, and there are Catholic scholars for and against it. But they do not forget that it is a THEORY; they do not make a fact of it; and in this they differ from a great number of people who talk and write much and know but little of the subject. In reference to the recent inquiry in the United States, the *New York Times* quoted Father Wynne, S.J., editor of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, as upholding the principle of teaching evolution as a scientific theory of human origin and disapproving of attempts to legislate against it. He said:

We are not in favor of making laws against the teaching of evolution if it be properly taught. Evolution should be taught as a scientific hypothesis, with the facts which tend to support it and the facts which tend to discredit it impartially displayed. It should neither be preached as a dogma nor attacked as a heresy.

Nor are we in favor of having evolution tried in the courts. It is a matter for scientists, rather than jurors, and scientists are very few in number and slow to speak.

The *Commonweal*, a New York Catholic weekly, names Catholic authorities for and against it. It has a comment on the topic which puts the case very well:

"Evolution—for the present at least—should be taught as a theory and not as established truth, and the arguments against as well as those in favor should be stated. It should be taught that it may have been the method of creation; but that even so it can not and does not, as men like Darwin and Huxley admitted, in any way exclude

the idea of a Creator. From our point of view, it can never be admitted that man's soul comes under the sway of evolution as the teaching of many indicates—in flat contradiction, as we think, not merely to revelation, which settles the matter for us, but to all common-sense psychology. Indeed, this is the opinion of many important thinkers outside the Church.

"And with regard to the formation of man's physical frame, let us beg that those who are teaching the subject will face fairly the fact that the actual as apart from the imaginary evidence for its production from that of a lower animal, is very far from convincing. Of course, many will admit that in private, who are more reticent in public; but such is the fact nevertheless, and the statement made some twenty years ago by the eminent paleontologist Branco, that the only honest thing for science to say is that it knows nothing of man's ancestry, still stands unaffected by any intervening discoveries.

"With a fair exposure of the subject in all its aspects, and on honest lines which must be water-tight against the criticism of the non-Catholic listener, and more especially with that philosophical treatment which we have already desiderated, the student will go out into the world knowing what the papers and magazines are writing about—which is more than the favored inhabitants of Tennessee will be able to do. Moreover, he will go out knowing what are the weak as well as the strong points of the subject, which is more than can be said for the favored products of some State universities possessed of teachers with the blind eye ever to the telescope when it is a case of the 'cons.' Every man and woman going out into the world to-day has to face religious difficulties, and that he may be able to face them successfully is the chief *raison d'être* of his education. 'What!' some one may say, 'is that what you think?' What about his worldly career? That will not be interfered with by his having an adequate knowledge of the other matters, and if it were—what after all is man brought into the world for? To save his soul or to accumulate dollars? It is for our teachers to see that their pupils are provided with the needful weapons for their future conflict, and one of these is an adequate idea of the position of evolution as at present set before the public."

Boycotting the South

People who live in the South Island sometimes complain that the North is unduly favored by the Government, and that Auckland and Wellington are petted by politicians nowadays. Perhaps the North might, with some reason, retort that in other days it was otherwise, and that they had reason to feel dissatisfied because Mr. Seddon loved to honor the friends and the scenes of his early triumphs. However that may be, there is certainly one matter in which the South does not get a square deal. We have heard visitors who, almost against their will, straved down to Westland, Otago, and Southland say that they were positively discouraged from coming across the Straits at all. It would seem as if employees in Tourist Bureaux were not aware that there was anything worth seeing in New Zealand except Rotorua, the Waitomo Caves, the Wanganui River, and, of course, Auckland and Wellington. When visitors do come to the South Island they are

puzzled why it is not only not advertised but care is taken to prevent it from being known at all. Then they find out that Wellington and Auckland are only two ordinary little towns, that Rotorua is a place of thrills (not to be compared with Wairekei), and that the trip down the Wanganui River is tiresome and expensive beyond reason. On the other hand, they travel down the Sounds, to Picton, amid scenes that enchant them and leave delightful memories; they find the run down the Buller Gorge wonderful beyond belief; if they go as far as the Franz Josef they are spell-bound by the glorious bush, the lovely lakes, and that incredibly magnificent Jacob's Ladder of ice which lies, nine miles long, with its feet in the rushing waters of the Waiau. Christchurch, on a day in summer or spring, is delightful. Lyttelton Harbor, where the waters are like glass in the crater of an old volcano; Akaroa, like a little bit of Norway; and the rich plains of Canterbury extending far towards the serrated barrier of mountains, with their snowy tops like a long white cloud, will all appeal to the traveller as powerful indictments against the ignorance or malignity of a Tourist Department which failed to boom them. And, farther south, the interest grows even greater. Where in the world is there a more picturesque bit of coast scenery than that which meets the tourist's eye as the train winds from Palmerston to Dunedin? If you have not climbed the hills above Port Chalmers and looked down on that bright expanse of water among those green hills, you have missed one of the joys of life. There is no walk in any city more delightful than the Queen's Drive in summer. The view from the hill over St. Clair is worth going a long distance to see. Let us mention briefly, also, the charming landscapes around Lake Pembroke; the grandeur of the panorama from the top of the Crown Range; the majesty and the awe of the mountains; the enchantment of Queenstown; the myriad delights of the wonderful native bush which grows profusely all along the West Coast; and, as a reminder to sportsmen, the trout fishing and the duck shooting and the deer stalking of the South Island. We have spent considerable time among the most famed beauty spots of the globe, and we came back to be more than ever enchanted with the spell of the southern lakes, mountains, and bush. Taken all round, there is nothing in the world to compare with the South Island; and it is almost a profanation to name some of the spots which the Tourist Bureau does advertise in the same breath with it. Americans who have come down here marvel at the stupidity which hides such beauties. Australians tell the same story. If another country had such astounding natural assets how they would be boomed, and how convenient it would be made for tourists to visit them. No doubt the Exhibition (which was also more or less boycotted by our Northern friends) will open the eyes of thousands of visitors and teach them to know and love this beautiful country. Failing Government help in any effective degree, it remains for private enterprise to encourage visitors to travel in the south. This year there are motor cars running to schedule among the places of interest, and we are sure the hotels will also wake up to their own interests. Practically nothing is done in the way of advertising, and surely the Exhibition can be made a useful medium for publicity.

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Glory of Catholic Ireland

PONTIFF GIVES BLESSING TO IRISH ALL OVER THE WORLD.

(By MGR. ENRICO PUCCI, N.C.W.C. Correspondent.)

In an exclusive interview President Cosgrave of the Irish Free State, in Rome at the head of the Irish national pilgrimage, described his impressions of the reception tendered that pilgrimage-tiere.

"We were quite touched," the President said, "by the great benevolence so cordially expressed and shown us by the Holy Father. His Holiness could not have been more kind, more paternally affectionate to us. We had expected that at the audience he would address us but we had anticipated only a few sentences of greeting and benediction; and that would have been enough because we would have been content with a single word from the Holy Father. But instead the Pope deigned to make us a long discourse so full of affection and so generous in blessings that we were moved to the depths of our souls. We well know how busy the Holy Father is these days and for that reason we so greatly appreciated his action in devoting so much of his time to receiving the Irish pilgrimage."

Given Private Audience.

When the personal tribute paid Mr. Cosgrave by the Pope was recalled to the former he declared:

"The Holy Father has been too good to me and I cannot do other than try my utmost to merit what he had the kindness to say of me. But of that kindness I had another very eloquent example in the private audience granted me by his Holiness. Immediately before the pilgrimage was received Mrs. Cosgrave and I had the privilege of kneeling at the feet of the Holy Father, who spoke words of the greatest kindness for us, for the government, and for the Irish people. And here is something which will be very interesting to the Catholic newspapers in America. When I asked his Holiness for his blessing for my people and myself, the Holy Father replied:

"Yes, we give all our most abundant blessings to you, your government, and your people. . . and after a moment's reflection, he added 'and to all the Irish race wherever it may be found throughout the world.'

"These words—so beautiful and affectionate—and truly worthy of a father, will greatly console all our brothers scattered over so many lands and across so many seas.

"In a word, the Irish could hardly have been more affectionate than they are already toward the Holy See. But if that affection could be increased this pilgrimage would have the effect of binding them still more closely to the Holy Father."

Beauty of Rome.

The Irish President expressed his great admiration for the beauty and grandeur of Rome.

"It has been a revelation to us, and we shall never forget it," he said.

"We knew that in Rome we should find the Common Father," the President said,

"but we were glad to find also so many brothers in all the persons who have overwhelmed us with kindness. In this connection I would like to say that my first visit to Rome was to the Christian Brothers, who have a flourishing centre here for their work. It was from them that I received my early education in Ireland and I always have the liveliest and most grateful memories of them. I was very glad to see that in Rome they are accorded as much esteem and veneration as in their own country."

After expressing his good will toward the Catholic press and complimenting the Catholic papers, Mr. Cosgrave concluded the interview saying:

"The memory of this pilgrimage in this Holy Year of 1925 will never be forgotten in Ireland. We have come in considerable numbers but we would have come in still greater numbers had the harvest prospered during the past two years and if the distress occasioned by the recent disturbed period of our national life had not increased the difficulties of our situation. But it has been, nevertheless, a solemn and consoling profession of faith, and I was extremely glad to find myself in the midst of my people while the Pope blessed them, recalling our past, praising our present and wishing us a still better future. For this future, the blessing of the Vicar of Christ is certainly the most beautiful assurance."

Pilgrimage Unique.

The Irish national pilgrimage was unique among the pilgrimages which have come to Rome thus far during the present Holy Year, because of the number of bishops and pilgrims, because of the participation of all classes of the nation, and because of the presence of the head of the State as an humble pilgrim. In addition to the usual Jubilee visits to the basilicas the Irish pilgrimage assisted at other interesting religious ceremonies. A Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Bishop Hackett of Waterford in the Church of St. Isidore, the church of the Irish Franciscans, in commemoration of the third centenary of the foundation of that monastery by the noted Irish Franciscan, Father Luke Wadding.

The complete text of the Pope's discourse to the Irish National pilgrimage, led by President Cosgrave, reads as follows:—

"You are not the first representatives of the Irish race nor the only ones whom we have received during this magnificent and blessed year. Many others of our cherished children have come already from dear Ireland which we always call the Island of Saints, the Emerald Isle, island as verdant as the standard of your pilgrimage, holy as the vast host of your saints. Many of these most beloved among our beloved children we have seen already, to the consolation of our heart. We may say, indeed, that Ireland is always near us, is always with us in a

representative of its own, the venerable Irish College which we are so glad to have near us, as were our predecessors who vied in demonstrating their benevolence toward your beloved college, this cherished representative of a people, of an island, of so dear a part of the great Catholic family. All know how dear this college is to us. It shall always be so and we shall be glad when able to do something for its greater prosperity in order that its numbers may become even greater, ever a more imposing representative of the dear sons of our Ireland.

Happy to Greet President.

"But a pilgrimage such as this, so imposing in its numbers and so remarkable on account of its composition, is worthy of special note, a pilgrimage amongst whose leaders we see the head of the State, His Excellency Mr. Cosgrave. We are happy to greet him here in the house of the Common Father—so worthy a representative and so worthy a ruler of a people so pious and Catholic. A devout Catholic himself, he fittingly represents the faith and piety of his people and gives them an example, the more cogent and more beautiful because it comes from his high position. It is a pilgrimage conducted by so many bishops that it suggests, as it were, the happy illusion of a council; a pilgrimage in which we see such conspicuous representatives of the clergy of Ireland, both secular and regular, of those grown old in loyal service as well as those maturing under our eyes and near our heart in the beloved Irish College—the hope of the Church in Ireland and the whole Church, the desire of your people, your episcopate, and our own cherished hope."

All Classes Represented.

"A pilgrimage such as this in which we see in review before us representatives of all classes; this pilgrimage more than any other gives the impression that all Ireland has come to us, that all Ireland so fully and completely represented, is before us, near our heart. No words can express the sentiments of joy which the sight inspires, since, beloved children, we cannot but think that you represent Ireland; the Island of Saints, according to its ancient glorious title, Ireland that may also be called the Island of Martyrs, the Island of Apostles, the Island of Missionaries. All this is, indeed, true—the list of your saints is so wonderfully rich, so numerous are the martyrs that adorn your martyrology, so many are the apostles whom you gave to Europe, including Italy which itself has sent apostles through all Europe, Italy, the home of the apostolic see. The labors of St. Patrick in your dear Ireland were duplicated by St. Columbanus in Italy, St. Gall in Switzerland, and many others in different regions—and this in the darkest ages when to be apostles meant also being pioneers of civilisation for countries and peoples, guardians of the last flickers of literature which the barbarian invasion had so nearly extinguished. And even to-day Ireland gives many missionaries to the Propagation of the Faith as demonstrated by a visit to the Missionary Exhibition.

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(Signed) HUGH McDONNELL,
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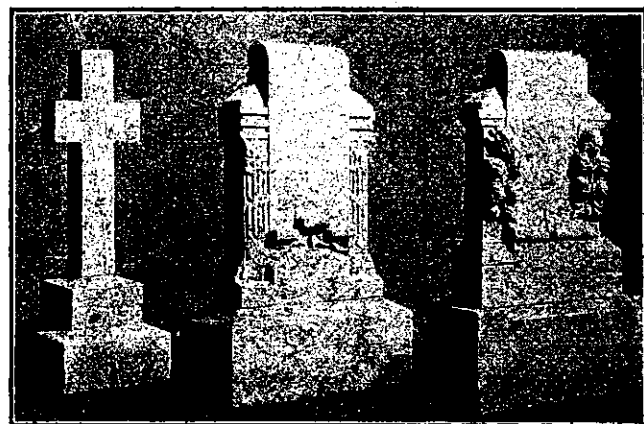
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Piety of Irish People.

"Your presence here to-day clearly expresses and calls to mind all these glorious records, these splendid pages of history past and present; and this is why our joy at your visit is so deep, so tender, and so particularly paternal.

"We congratulate you, not only on these past glories of which you are so justly proud, but also on those which you yourselves have added to them, for we know from what we have heard and read, from what your bishops have told us, from a thousand different sources, what an ardent faith glows in your dear country and what deep piety, what sincere practices of Christian life sanctify your homes. We know how intense is your devotion in the churches to the Most Holy Sacrament and how frequent your reception of Holy Communion and how loyal your attachment to the Apostolic See, to our Holy Mother the Church, how filial, deep, and characteristic is your attachment to the Holy Father, the Vicar of Christ, the successor of St. Peter.

"Moreover your presence here manifests all this and in a most beautiful and most impressive manner, for we cannot help calling to mind the long journey undertaken with its inevitable pain, sacrifices, and inconveniences. You have faced all with serene and generous hearts and your behaviour, the filial devotion with which you have responded to the invitation to come to Rome, bears eloquent testimony to the sentiments by which you are animated, as likewise does the lively, heartfelt, intense devotion which you have manifested in the visits to the basilicas. You have thus contributed largely and effectively to that rivalry of fervor which the Catholic world has brought and still brings and shall continue to bring to Rome during this year of benediction.

Imparts His Blessing.

"Therefore, most dearly beloved, we earnestly desire that your pilgrimage to Rome and your stay in the Holy City may be replete with consolation, grace, and heavenly favors so that the real meaning of the Holy Year—the year of sanctification—may be realised in each of your souls.

"Let each and every one of you, then, coming here to the heart of the Holy Mother Church, to the home of the Common Father of Christendom, already so inspired with faith and piety and Catholic spirit, return to your dear island, to your cities and to your homes, still more holy, still more pious, still more fervent and devout so that the Divine Heart already so pleased with you may be still more pleased and may more richly bless you as we now bless you.

"And so, beloved children, it is with all our heart we grant you the apostolic benediction, which you have come to seek from the heart of your loving father, as the crowning grace of your holy Jubilee. And as such we wish to grant it to you, as the crowning grace of sanctification and salvation for your souls.

"We wish to bless all near and dear to you; your families, your homes, your relatives, your children, and particularly the

aged, the sick and infirm, left behind in their sufferings. You shall take them our blessing, telling them of our heartfelt sympathy and encouragement.

Praises Priests, Bishops.

"We feel an earnest desire to bless these priests, splendid representatives of the regular and secular clergy. We know that in blessing each one of these good priests, we bless our great family of those who go to them to seek spiritual food, and all the holy works in which each of them exercises his priestly mission. But in a more special and in a more privileged way, as we are accustomed to say, we bless these seminarians, these beloved aspirants to the sanctuary, the priests of to-morrow, your hope O beloved children of Ireland, the hope of your episcopacy and of the whole Church. May this blessing aid them to respond ever more gene-

rously to the very special grace which already draws upon them the veneration of their people.

"In a more particular manner we wish to bless the bishops here present to-day and with them the whole episcopate of Ireland whom they worthily represent, because we feel that in blessing their sacred persons we bless their churches, their dioceses, their priests, and their people.

"We wish, in fine, to bless all Ireland, with its past as full of glory as of martyrdom, with its present so peaceful and happy, Ireland with its great future which cannot fail where faith and piety—those true fountains of Christian life—are such strong and lively evidences of the blessing of the God of nations and peoples. All Ireland, all dear beloved Ireland and its government, we wish to bless in blessing now its head and President here before us."

Mgr. Lepicier on Catholic Education

His Excellency the Visitor Apostolic made an important pronouncement on Catholic Education at St. Joseph's College, Naini Tal, on October 1 (says the *Bombay Examiner*). St. Joseph's College held their annual sports that day. The running, jumping, putting the shot, and the other items were very keenly contested. Joseph Watts won the best man's cup in the senior division and Narry Lubeck in the second. The drill displays were wonderful. The whole College took part in the club swinging, maze drill, physical drill, and gymnastics and it was truly a great pageant. His Excellency very kindly gave away the prizes. Addressing his Lordship, Dr. Poli, Bishop of Allahabad, and the great crowd present, he said:—

"My Lord Bishop, Reverend Fathers, dear Brothers, my dear friends. It has given me great pleasure to be present at your annual celebration on the day which marks the anniversary of my landing in India. I have been most interested both in the dramatic performance you gave last evening and in the athletic sports and drill displays, which you have so successfully gone through to-day. And my pleasure has been enhanced by the fact that I have been privileged to distribute to you, my dear young friends, the prizes due to your athletic skill, a skill which does credit both to yourselves and your teachers. It is not every year, my dear boys, that the Bishop of the diocese and a Visitor Apostolic from Rome are present at your great celebration, and so, I am sure, you will long remember the words I am about to say to you.

My dear young friends, you have truly done justice to your motto: "*Certa Bonum Certamen*" fight the good fight. But I find that this motto on your College crest encircles an emblem, a sacred emblem, the sign and instrument of our Redemption, the Cross, which as it is meant to qualify the nature of your fight (which is the fight of faith "*Certamen fidei*" as St. Paul says) so it is destined to be for you a continual reminder of that other truly athletic fight, the fight of Holy Faith, the reward for which is not a gold or silver cup, but an endless bliss in the bosom of God. And in this saving combat I know you are well trained by your teachers in St. Joseph's College.

It is a well known fact, that the Irish Christian Brothers, true to the Faith preached by St. Patrick, consider it a sacred duty to train their pupils in the principles of Catholic Faith by giving them a sound religious instruction.

What I wish to emphasise is this, that the secret of your academical success, my dearest boys, is due to the intelligent, loving, and unceasing care of the Christian Brothers, whose devoted zeal is personified by the kind-heartedness and spirit of sacrifice of the Superior, Brother Connolly. This is what has in my estimation secured to St. Joseph's College one of the foremost places amongst our Catholic Educational establishments in this country.

But if I may point to the motive power of the Brothers' success I firmly believe it to lie in the fact that they place religious instruction at the basis of all their endeavors. They are rightly convinced that if the knowledge of Christian faith and morals is considered as the most important factor in a Catholic College, the students, passing through its halls, will turn out not only clever young men, but also loyal citizens and good fathers of families, who will do honor to themselves and society. It is the Christian Brothers' cherished conviction and tradition, that the most important factor in the formation of a man's character is a full religious instruction imparted to him in his youth, when the memory is vivid and retentive, the intellect not yet encompassed by the cares of life, and the heart still pure, buoyant, and generous.

The theory that a boy, when freedom and mature age with increased mental and bodily faculties are his, will be better able to grasp the truths of our holy religion is a grievous mistake in the field of pedagogy. Youthful years are truly called the disciplinary and formative period when the influence of a teacher is readily caught and often felt for life. That period once elapsed, and our young men, thrown into the turmoil of life, exposed to influences mostly baneful, haunted by the anxiety of providing for the future, the passions of the heart developed—oh then, the thought of inquiring into the saving truths of religion will if anything



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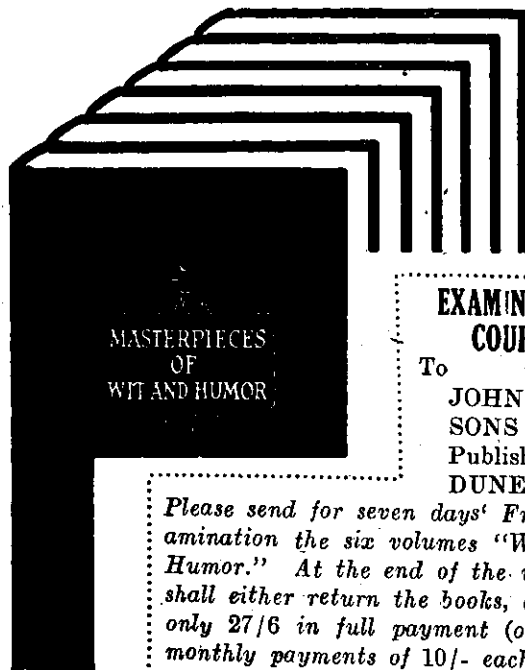
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be relegated to the second place and fail to rouse interest.

You deserve high praise then, dear Brothers, for having understood that religious instruction is, for youth, that which really matters. As Our Lord promised that to those who seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice, all other things would be added, so we now rejoice in the success of this College, a reward, due, as I believe, to your earnestness in teaching Catholic doctrine to the youth entrusted to your care.

There is yet another point in your method which calls for a special encomium, and that is that you adapt your instruction to the mental capacities of your boys. It is evident that a deeper and more scientific knowledge of our holy Faith should be imparted to the grown students I see around me. They need to be taught something of apologetics, in order that, as St. Peter recommends, they may be able to account for the Faith that is in them. They need to be put on their guard against the fallacies of unbelievers and the baneful moral teaching of self-constituted masters.

Indeed the law of morality, as proclaimed by the Church should never be considered as independent of the dogmas of our holy Faith. Faith and morals are not two separate provinces. They are but two distinct aspects of one and the same eternal truth, proclaimed by our Divine Lord. Hence the teaching of morals, to be really efficient, should be joined in our schools to the teaching of the dogmas of our holy Faith. Morals, if not based upon Faith are calculated to mislead mankind. That is why moral teaching, based on reason and nature alone, is incapable not only of leading a man safe through the pitfalls of life, but often leads him into many errors.

I have said the teaching of Faith and morals should be adapted to the capacity and age of the learner. Just as the young man, whose mind has been developed by a well-regulated and carefully graded course of studies, is prepared to grasp the higher truths of our Faith such as the motives of credibility of revelation, the infallibility of the Catholic Church, its historical development, so also has he the right to be taught what Catholic morals are concerning the important duties awaiting him in life, and the dangers which await him in his earthly journey.

The times in which we live are truly perilous. Some persons heedless of all laws human and divine teach pernicious doctrines which are repugnant and even repulsive to all who are endowed with an ordinary sense of what is decent and pure. Our grown Catholic children should be guardedly warned against these doctrines.

I can only encourage you, dear Brothers, to continue in your efforts to bring up true Christians and worthy citizens. We all know and admire your spirit of self-sacrifice. For my part I pray God that He may ever bless and prosper your efforts. And you, my dear boys of St. Joseph's College, I again congratulate you, while I choose to address you in the words of the beloved apostle, "I write unto you, young men, because you are strong, and the word of God abideth in you."

BOOK NOTICES

The Song Book of the Gael. Collected by Elinor Hull. Tablet Office. Price, 6/6.

This is the best anthology of translations from the Irish we have seen. The selection covers a vast range, from the early dawn of Celtic literature down to modern times. Reading the poems one is amazed at the tender love of nature revealed by the Irish poets in the distant centuries. There are poems that sing the wars and the feats of the heroes, while others echo the sorrows of women weeping for their dead. There are love songs, the enchanting airs of which have drifted down to us through the ages. There are lyrics of haunting loveliness which once heard can never be forgotten. Here are the great old songs on the wings of which the spirit of patriotism was supported during dark days. Here, too, are tender prayers, breathing a fervor of devotion rare in our time. There are prayers before meals and after meals, prayers for going to bed and prayers for rising, invocations of Mary of the graces, of the Child Jesus, of the Blessed Trinity, of Bride, the "Mary of the Gael," and of Michael whose powerful aid our fathers sought, just as the whole Church does to-day in the prayer said after every Mass.

Poems of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. Paper, 3/6; cloth, 5/-. Burns, Oates, Washbourne.

St. Teresa, who founded the Carmelite monastery long ago, was a writer of prose and verse. In the Order there has been preserved a traditional love of song, and so it was that when the St. Teresa of our day showed that she had the gift as well as her great patroness, she was encouraged to make the most of it. It will surprise many to learn that she was no mean poet. Her verses were primarily meant to be sung by the nuns, and thus they depend a good deal on music. But nobody who reads them can fail to be impressed by the delicacy of her taste and by the elevation of her thoughts. The songs sing of themselves, and the stanzas have the freshness and the beauty of showers of roses. They combine a deep spiritual sense with charming simplicity, and, of course, the pervading note of them all is love:

My heaven lies within the small white host,
Where Jesus veils for very love His light;
The Source Divine of life I love the most,
Where my sweet Saviour hears by day and night.
O sacred moment, when in tenderness
Thou comest that I live transformed in Thee!
Union of love, wine from celestial press,
O that is heaven for me!

St. Joan of Arc: A Study of the Supernatural in Her Life and Mission, by Chanoine Roussel. Burns, Oates, Washbourne. Price, 6/-.

Not only the ecclesiastical authorities but great French generals and leading men of letters in France, have congratulated the author of this interesting study of the heroine of France. It reads better than any romance, and it is a worthy tribute to the most romantic of all the saints. Not only does the author give us a faithful and brilliant biography, but he also deals effectively

with the misrepresentations of St. Joan for which atheistic criticism has been responsible. It is all done in a masterly manner by a man who is master of his subject. Hence, it is not surprising that the book has been welcomed by writers like Rene Bazin, Maurice Bertrand, etc.

Flights and Adventures of Parer and McIntosh, by Lieutenant Raymond J. P. Parer. (Stevens, Melbourne).

This book tells the true story of the adventures of two youths who performed the most daring feat of modern times—the flight from England to Australia in a single-engine machine. It has been done by sheer pluck and determination but it is not likely that it will be done again. The account of the experiences of the two young heroes reads better than any novel. It is indeed the chronicle of a great adventure.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

ANXIOUS.—(1) In the circumstances you mention it is not a mortal sin. This is a subject on which it is better to consult a confessor. (2) The origin of Masonry is wrapt in obscurity. Organised as it is to-day, it may be said to have begun with the foundation of the Grand Lodge in England, in June, 1717.

CURIOS.—(1) There are all sorts of stories about O'Connell's youthful extravagances. Most of them cannot be substantiated, so we had better reject them and remember that he lived and died a devout Catholic. (2) It is said that he was a Mason as a young man. The first sovereign to join this society was the Catholic German Emperor, Francis I, the founder of the Austrian line that reigned up to the War. The first active steps against it were taken by Protestant Governments. (3) The Papal pronouncements against it were by Clement XII, in 1738; Benedict XIV, in 1751; Pius VII, in 1821; Leo XII, in 1825; Pius VIII, in 1829; Gregory XVI, in 1832; Pius IX, several times during his reign; Leo XIII, several times. (4) Napoleon became Consul in 1799. He ill-treated Pius VII, but by his Concordat he restored to the Church the buildings seized by the Directory, and religion flourished remarkably during his Consulship. The clergy had reasonable liberty and numerous new Congregations of men and women grew up. (5) Much of the hatred for the Church was due to its clinging to the old regime. Read Belloc's *French Revolution* for a really sound insight into the conditions. There is no authority for Carlyle's statement about such a law, but no doubt the feudal lords did things just as bad.

DUNEDIN READER.—Yes, there was a Roman emperor named Gallien. His full title was Publius Licinius Egnatius Gallienus. He was the son of Valerian. He was born about the year 219 A.D., and died at Milan, March 4, 268. He was indolent and fond of sport, especially fishing. He granted full liberty to the Christians who had suffered under his father. The other man of the same name (in past centuries) was Galien, a Dominican monk, who professed philosophy in the University of Avignon. He died at Le Puy in the year 1762. He wrote a book on aerial naviga-

tion. His scheme was to construct a large cube-shaped vessel of strong canvas coated with wax and tar. It never came off in his day. But it was the germ of modern balloons.

INQUIRER.—The feast of fools used to be held, in many parts of England and France, about January 1. It was known by various names, such as *Festum fatuorum*, *Festum stultorum*, *Festum hypochondriacorum*, and in English, the Feast of Asses. Its almost blasphemous extravagance brought on it the condemnation of the medieval Church. Possibly the Morris Dancers, or the Mummers, have some connection with its ritual. The Mummers were common enough in Ireland as lately as twenty-five years ago.

Diocesan News

Archdiocese of Wellington

(From our own Correspondent.)

December 24.

Ven. Archdeacon Devoy returned from Lewisham Hospital very much improved in health. All his friends are rejoicing that the Grand Old Man of the local clergy is himself again.

The recent garden party at the Lower Hutt, in aid of church funds, was a great success. Four hundred pounds odd was cleared. The parish priest, Rev. Father Daly, and his efficient helpers are to be congratulated on the result.

The Retreat for the Sisters of Mercy, Hill Street, has just concluded. It was preached by the Rector of St. Gerard's, Rev. Father Collins, C.S.S.R.

Rev. Father Johnson, S.J., arrived by the Sydney boat this week, in time to keep his appointments for the various Retreats. Father Johnson is to preach the Retreat at the Sacred Heart Convent, Island Bay.

The Retreat for the Sisters of Mercy, Seaton, was preached by the Provincial of the Redemptorists, Very Rev. Father Walsh, C.S.S.R.

Last week his Grace Archbishop O'Shea unveiled a monument to the memory of Dean Lane in the Petone cemetery. His Grace stressed the qualities of the departed soggarth, who was indeed a soggarth aroon to his people. A number of his faithful friends were present for the ceremony.

Rev. Father Gilbert, S.M., M.A., rector of St. Patrick's College, is going to cross the Tasman for a well deserved holiday.

Wanganui

(From our own Correspondent.)

December 24.

All the schools finished up nicely, some with a picnic and some with distribution of prizes, but all with great joy! The Sacred Heart Girls had a picnic up-River, making a day of it at Hipango Park. That was followed in a few days, by their prize-giving. There was no concert or exhibition of work this year.

St. Joseph's and St. Mary's pupils had a mixture of functions—an afternoon, with a

playlet and concert, for the Far East; a picnic for the little ones, and a prize-giving for everyone. No concert here either.

Aramoho School had a grand concert, in which the full strength of the school took part. The first part of the programme was given over to singing and recitations, and the second part all went in an operetta. All the items were very well done, some specially so, and the school was so packed out with audience that quite a number of fathers had to stand. Next day these pupils had a picnic at Victoria Park on St. John's Hill.

Gonville and Castlecliff Schools had their prize-giving and concert both these days going off well.

The Brothers and their senior boys had a day out at Kai Iwi, making a picnic of it. They had races, swims, and a good all round sun-burning.

Christmas will be our next excitement, and we are to have the great privilege of mid-night Mass once more. As I write this we are in the throes of Christmas shopping and bustle. Trade, very quiet for long enough, decided at last to brighten up, and the week before Christmas was brisk enough to mean that Christmas week would be even better. So far so good.

Everything is ready for the Retreat for laymen to be held at the Villa Maria in January, 1926. It will commence on the evening of Thursday 21 at 7.30 p.m. and will end on Monday morning, January 25—3 days. The Villa is admirably suited for this purpose. On the ground floor is a large dining-room lounge, and a reading room, also a well-appointed kitchen where the meals are prepared. This department will be in charge of a lady who is noted for this kind of work. Retreatants will be served with meals equal to a first-class hotel. On the second floor is the chapel, where all the exercises of the Retreat will be held. There is a vestry room and a separate room for hearing confessions, etc. St. Joseph's Hall, on the same section, is fitted up as a dormitory which has accommodation for 50 retreatants. Many people are under the impression that the making of a Retreat is a difficult undertaking, quite beyond the capacity of ordinary mortals. This idea, which is false, keeps some men from attending. The preacher will be Rev. Father T. G. McCarthy, Marist Missioner. Intending retreatants should forward their application at an early date.

The youngest son of Mrs. Greener, of St. Mary's parish, Brother Philip, is home just now spending a few days with his mother, and renewing old friends. This is Brother Philip's first return to Wanganui since he went away to join the Marist Brothers, and we are all delighted to see him looking so well. He was stationed at Timaru this year and is on his way to Auckland for the Retreat and holidays. Our Brothers will be going there too during this week.

Shifting is not a pleasant experience, but it's doubly barrassing when unskilled men do the carrying. If you want your furniture carefully, safely, and cheaply removed, we will assist you. The New Zealand Express Company Limited. Offices in all chief towns.

Diocese of Auckland

(From our own Correspondent.)

December 23.

The Rev. Father Bradley, Adm. of St. Patrick's Cathedral, was farewelled by his parishioners the other evening prior to his departure to take up his duties at Remuera. The Rev. Dr. Buxton presided over a large attendance of parishioners and spoke in eloquent terms of the work done by Father Bradley whilst stationed at St. Patrick's, and, on behalf of the parishioners, presented him with a cheque for £50 as a mark of esteem and good wishes for success in his new sphere of duty. Father Bradley feelingly responded. Excellent vocal items were rendered by the school children and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The function provided fitting testimony to the popularity enjoyed by Father Bradley.

With deep regret the death is recorded of Mrs. Flynn, of Ponsonby. The deceased was a devout Catholic, and by her charitable and kindly disposition endeared herself to all with whom she came in contact. She was the wife of Mr. Dan Flynn, one of Auckland's widely esteemed Catholic citizens. Mrs. Flynn was indisposed for sometime, and despite the most careful nursing gradually sank, and passed quietly away surrounded by her family. A Requiem Mass, attended by a large circle of friends, was offered for the repose of the soul of the deceased at St. Patrick's Cathedral, where she had been a member of the congregation for many years. Mrs. Flynn leaves a husband and six children to mourn their loss.—R.I.P.

Miss Outhwaite, who died recently at Auckland, left many bequests, among them were included £1500 for the Mater Misericordiae Hospital; £500 for the Poor of her mother's native town, Boscanon, France; £500 for discharged female prisoners, and an area of valuable land in Khyber Pass Road for Catholic educational purposes—a very central and suitable site for a Catholic school. This lady throughout her long life was noted for her philanthropy.

Midnight Mass will be celebrated in most of the parishes in Auckland on Christmas Eve. This observance is growing in popularity in Auckland, and it is anticipated that the attendance of the faithful will be more than gratifying.

Diocese of Christchurch

(From our own Correspondent.)

December 24.

Rev. Father Hanigan, C.S.S.R., is conducting a Retreat for the Sisters of Mercy, Lyttelton.

Rev. Brother Justin, formerly director of the local Marist Brothers, has been appointed Provincial of the Order in New Zealand.

Sister Domitilla, of the Mother House and Novitiate of the Order of Notre Dame des Missions, Christchurch, has returned from the General Chapter of the Order held in England. Mother Anthony, formerly attached to the convent here as prioress is now Mother Provincial.

Rev. Dr. O'Neill, of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, has been the guest of his Lordship

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Timaru

Dr. Brodie, and preached at the Cathedral on Sunday evening last.

The Cathedral altar boys were treated to an outing at Brighton on Tuesday last, by Rev. Father Lordan, Adm. Sports and pastimes were heartily enjoyed. It is sufficient to know that the good things that go to make such a day a success were under the control of the good natured Father Lordan to understand that the boys had a good time.

On Monday evening, members of the Board of Management of the U.F.S. Dispensary paid a visit to the Hibernian Hall with the object of unfolding the workings and the various schemes in hand for the advancement of the institution. B.P. Bro. S. Doherty extended a cordial welcome, and was supported by Bro. Grimes (District Deputy). The visiting brethren were: Bro. Brown, Manchester Unity of Oddfellows; Bro. Burgess, U.A.O.D. district secretary to the Board; Bro. Garters, N.Z. Order of Oddfellows, and Bro. Johnston, St. Mary's branch of the Hibernian society. Bro. Brown explained the history of the movement and the constitution of the board which at present has affiliated with it 7200 members with an average of four dependents each. He also brought before members the hospital bed scheme in all its phases, emphasising the fact that the Canterbury scheme was the cheapest and most effective in the Dominion. Bro. Burgess referred to the amelioration of suffering carried on by the Dispensary Board and dealt ably with the financial position of the established dispensaries in New Zealand. In pointing out the tremendous amount of work being done he proved conclusively that the success attendant upon the board's efforts could never have been achieved were it not for the Unity of affiliated lodges and branches. Bro. Garters confined his remarks to the duties of members in the matter of supporting their own institution for cash purchases, and the personal interest each should have in building up his own society. Bro. Johnston, in endorsing the remarks of the previous speakers, made a point of the amicable spirit existing amongst the members of the board, and promised, with the extensive alterations to be made in shop accommodation in the near future, handsome returns to all concerned. Mr. Crotty, the new manager, has the highest possible credentials as an optician, and his qualifications in this respect should prove a source of big revenue. Questions were put to the visitors and clearly and concisely answered. Altogether the information derived was most useful and interesting, and the visitors were accorded a hearty vote of thanks.

The annual donations made by the St. Patrick's branch (No. 82) of the H.A.C.B. Society, of two guineas to each of the following institutions were, at a recent meeting, passed for payment: Marist Brothers, Nazareth House, Mt. Magdala.

St. Patrick's Sports Association is getting busy, and Thursday evening last saw a fine meeting, presided over by Mr. T. P. O'Rourke. The programme committee submitted a programme consisting of six amateur events, a relay race for footballers, five cash cycling and six foot races, events for secondary and primary schools, and a number of

attractive special field items. The St. Patrick's Sheffield and wheel race are each for £25. Three donations of £5 each were received, and it was decided to accept the offer of the English Park authorities for the afternoon and evening of March 13. Entries will close at 8 p.m. on February 24. Mr. R. McAleer was appointed secretary, and a vote of thanks accorded to Mr. A. J. Fraser for his past services. Mr. R. Musson donated a prize of £5 for an axemen's event, and arrangements will be made to include this in the programme.

Catholic Cathedral Tennis Club, Christchurch

The above club, with a membership of over sixty, has three very fine courts situated at the rear of the Cathedral. However, with three courts, the club could accommodate many more players, and the committee, with this end in view, are desirous of bringing under notice of the Catholic young men and women who participate in the very fine game of tennis the advantages of joining. The club has two teams entered in the city and suburban competition conducted by the Canterbury Lawn Tennis Association. Both of which are doing themselves credit—the A team in particular. This team has not yet met defeat and is not likely to. The B team, though not so successful, has done well—when the fact that it is solely comprised of young players with only one or two season's experience is taken into consideration. Regarding this team the Christchurch *Star* says:—"With twenty-four teams in the B grade competition it is risky at this early stage to try to pick the winner, but it can be safely said that the team that beats Cathedral's first B team will win. Cathedral are much stronger this year and while they have not many 'star' players, yet the club has now sixty-five members, all young ones and keen to play in the matches." Mr. J. J. Flood is club captain and an ideal man for the position. Mr. J. Mahoney is vice-captain and Mr. F. Pender now secretary. Brittenden is first player, and has not been defeated this year. He is brilliant at the net and plays a fine all-round game, and Mahoney (second man) has nearly as good a record, only losing to Kelly, Spreydon's second man. Mahoney is quite an outstanding player with a great command of his racquet and a good variety of strokes. Flood, however, the third man, plays a sounder if less spectacular game. Flood is a good base line player and drives very consistently but has yet to learn the art of net play; this player has not been defeated this year. Evans, the fourth man, who has won all his matches this year, is a newcomer into the club from St. Mary's. Evans uses his head as well as the racquet and is very strong on the forehand. Miss Olga Steinmetz is first lady player. Her sister, Doris, is not playing this year. Miss Steinmetz has not yet been defeated and it is unlikely that she will be beaten in this grade. Miss Steinmetz plays a very fine game and serves exceptionally well. Miss Callaghan, the second lady, is from Timaru and has only met defeat once this year. Miss Callaghan is not afraid of any hot shots and drives with

precision. Miss Flood is third lady, plays a sound game and is never beaten until the last point is registered; she is a good deep court player. Miss Maloney, the fourth player, is very consistent and commands a good variety of strokes; she has only been beaten once this year. The second team have had two wins and two defeats, but they are improving and with a little experience will develop into a fine team and are sure to acquit themselves with credit. The men are Hickey, Pender, Corbut, and Cameron, and the ladies, Miss E. Smith, Miss G. Smith, Miss McKendry, and Miss Flood.

St. Bede's College, Christchurch SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION RESULTS.

St. Bede's College Scholarship (open to boys from any part of N.Z.): Alonzo Craig (St. Canice's School, Westport).

The Bishop's Scholarship (open to boys of the diocese of Christchurch): Bernard Cook, (Convent School, Runanga).

St. Bede's College Day Boy Scholarship: John Townsend (St. Mary's Convent School).

St. Bede's College Old Boys' Association Scholarship: James Mannix (Marist Brothers' School).

The following secured credit passes in the examination: Hugh Butler (2nd in N.Z.), Albert Saunders, John Whiteford, Raymond Phillips (of the M.B.S., Tasman Street, Wellington), Frank Owens, Olaf Hemmingsen (Convent School, Leeston), Redmond Phillips (3rd in N.Z., Convent School, Reefton), William Maher (Convent School, Westport), George Murphy (M.B.S., Timaru), John Ryan, William Spencer (Convent School, Morven), Martin Leonard (Convent School, Waimate), Bernard McShane, John Foohey, (Gerakline).

Marist Brothers' School

What will be the last prize-giving in the Marist Brothers' old school in Barbadoes Street was held last week. At the beginning of the next school year the pupils will be housed in an up-to-date new building. The Rev. Brother Phelan said that he was well pleased with the year's work, but he hoped to do even better when the school is housed in new buildings. At the recent proficiency examination 48 boys gained certificates.

The three years' scholarship given by the St. Bede's Old Boys' Association, open for competition to all Catholic boys of Canterbury primary schools, and tenable for three years, was won by James Mannix, of the Marist Brothers' School.

The prize-list was:—

Dux (medal presented by H.A.C.B.S.): James Mannix. Good conduct (medal presented by Dr. Morkane): James Mannix. Christian doctrine (medal presented by Bishop Brodie and shield by Sir G. Glifford): Maurice Noonan. Athletics (Hugh Cahill Memorial Medal and Cup): Richard Poff. Christian doctrine—Std. V (prize presented by Mrs. McConnell, Olivier's Road): E. Kean.

Prizes won in the relay race and two or three other events at the Queen Carnival sports, 18 medals for six-a-side Soccer, and two Soccer representative awards were handed out.



Selected Poetry

SONG OF PRAISE.

(For the N.Z. Tablet.)

Cold mountain tops that gaze up at the moon,
The galloping storm that with Thy wrath
is shod,
The desert vast, and the brazen sun at noon,
What mighty things are these Thy works,
O God!

A snow-white seagull afloat on a turquoise
sea,
Pale moon-dust sheen on a flowered wood-
land place,
The hillside where the scented gorse flames
free,
O God, how beautiful must be Thy Face!

Cool crystal dew, and the jewelled sky that
gleams,
Rose sunset glow on a slender swaying
tree,
The tender eyes of one who holds my dreams,
Dear God, how very kind Thou art to me!
—NELLIE A. BROPHY.

RECIPROCITY.

At last life comes to fit me
Like a well worn shoe
With the outer heel run over
And the sole half through.

It was difficult in breaking.
It pinched. It cracked. It squeaked.
And there never was a shower
But the poor thing leaked.

I wore it . . . well, I had to . . .
There was no exchange you see.
But at last I shape into it
And it shapes over me.
—CHARLES T. LANHAM, in America.

TWILIGHT AND THE MAKOMAKO.

Night on the forest is falling,
Slowly the day leaves the hill,
Birds from the converts are calling,
Calling in tinkle and trill:

Medley of harmony ringing,
Musical, mellow and chiming;
Night-airs a-quiver with singing,—
Jangle of sweetness and riming!

Twilight is gone from the hill,
Dark are the woods to the moon;
All the sweet voices are still,
Darkness has come too soon.

One lone bird forgets
That the white moon is climbing;
While over a hill a star sets,
It is chiming and chiming:—

Bell-birds, softer than bells,
Bell-bird ever in tune,
What god in your bosom dwells?—
What passion your bosom swells
As you chime to the climbing moon?

—JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN.

THE ANSWER OF THE DAYS.

I sometimes turn from these dark days that
be
Backward unto the fair days once I knew—
The far, fair days when all the world seemed
true,
Ere yet I learned that joy had wings to flee.
"O Days," I cry, "so wonderful and blue,
Come back again; come back and bring to
me
The silent laughter and the vanished glee;
Come back, dear days, I swear to cherish
you!"

Then back on me with sad, reproachful eye
Each old Day looks, and voices without
sound

Come from them: "Mortal, cease that boot-
less cry;
We came to you bliss-laden, and we crowned
Your soul with joys; and after all we found
You blest us not, but smiled to see us die."
—C. J. O'REGAN.

IMMORTALITY.

At twenty-five I cast my horoscope,
And saw a future with all good things
rife—
A firm assurance of eternal life
In worlds beyond, and in this world the hope
Of deathless fame. But now my sun doth
slope
To setting, and the toil of sordid strife,
The care of food and raiment, child and
wife,
Have dimmed and narrowed all my spirit's
scope.

Eternal life—a river gulfed in sands!
Undying fame—a rainbow lost in clouds!
What hope of immortality remains
But this: "Some soul that loves and under-
stands
Shall save thee from the darkness that en-
shrouds;"
And this: "Thy blood shall course in
others' veins?"
—JOHN LIDDELL KELLY.

A RANN FOR THE ANTRIM HILLS.

Och! sorra take the wanderlust,
That made me leave behind
The misty hills of Antrim
That rise in my troubled mind.
Och! weary on the mighty ship
That bore me o'er the sea,
For the misty hills of Antrim
Lie between my love an' me.

Och! to see the sunset fallin'
An' the nine glens wrapped in shade,
As the twilight silvers "Slemish"
Where "Patrick" wept and prayed.
Or to hear "Glenarriff's" water,
Tumble down with muffled roar,
Or the soft rain splashin' gently
On the rocks around "Parkmore."

Just to wander in the moonlight,
In the dark vale of "Glendun,"
Or to "pad" the road to grey Glenshesk
In shadow or in sun.
To view again the heather spray,
To hear the laughin' streams:
But och; the hills of Antrim
Stretch away beyond my dreams.
—SEAMUS O'DOHERTY, in the Irish World.

MAORILAND.

Child of Old Empire! Best beloved, alone!
The wizard moon and all her starry fays
Have made their mirror in thy waterways,
Beneath the shadow of the red sun's throne:
When the sea-hero burst into thy zone
Of Dreaming Silence, through the purple
haze,
What lucid visions lit his raptured gaze,
What heart-hopes sang to ocean's monotone!

And he, perchance, hath joy of thee to-day,
Who won thee from the unrelenting gale,
The hopeless calm and the inconstant
breeze;
Where, out beyond Death's sea-track, worlds
away,
The winds are wooed by his triumphant
sail
To mad airs and sonorous symphonies.
—D. M. ROSS.

THE HOUSE WE BUILD AT LAST.

How small the house we build at last!
How strangely altered is our pride;
One darkened room is all we ask,
No garish light on any side;
One narrow bed for perfect rest,
One bed—there is no other guest!

We build it safe, for use, not show
(All our vain fancies are outworn),
The roof is very plain and low,
We have no care for praise or scorn;
We learn such perfect taste at last,
When all our vulgar pride is past!

We have no care of those who come
No fear that they will smile or jest
At our small solitary home,
Or say that this, or that, were best;
For in our city, each and all
Build very quietly and small.

We have no restless love for change,
No wish to climb, no fear to fall;
No craving for the new or strange,
No rude, unseemly haste at all;
We've learned the perfect grace of rest,
We've learned that silence is the best!

The storm may rave, the storm may cease,
Or kingdoms sink, or kingdoms rise;
It never breaks our perfect peace,
Whate'er befalls beneath the skies;
Our lowly house, and narrow land
Are safe from envy's cruel hand.

Ah, yes! the home we build at last,
Is better far than all the rest,
What, though the vanity is past!
What, though we have no pleasant guest!
We have forgotten quite to weep,
And learned to be content with sleep.

—FRANCIS SINCLAIR.

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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Romancers on Religion, p. 33. Notes—Anglo-Irish Poetry; Some Examples, p. 34. Topics—pp. 22-23. Complete Story, p. 9. How the Faith was Kept, p. 13. Presentation of Mr. P. D. Hoskins, p. 15. Holy Year Privileges Extended, p. 19. The Church in N.Z., p. 21. Glory of Catholic Ireland, p. 25. Mgr. Lepicier on Catholic Education, p. 27. Faith of Our Fathers (by Mgr. Power), p. 51.

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

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confor-tati, Religionis et Justitiae causam promo-vere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.

LEO XIII, P.M.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

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

April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII, Pope.

The New Zealand Tablet

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1925.

ROMANCERS ON RELIGION

A SHORT time ago the *London Daily Express*, as a device to interest people during the "silly season," invited several prominent novelists to express their opinions on religion in a series of articles. Among those who wrote were Arnold Bennett, author of the hardly decent *Pretty Lady*, Sir Conan Doyle, the senile Spiritist, Rebecca West, whom we do not read, Phillips Oppenheim, whom we rate very low, Hugh Walpole, who is said to be one of our best in a period of poor authors, and Compton Mackenzie, who is a convert to the Catholic Church. Hilaire Belloc was invited to contribute, but refused because, as he has since explained, "The popular press to-day will not print the Catholic Truth save as an occasional stunt, and the 'stunt press' is an evil which men who boast the high Catholic culture should avoid like a bad smell." Let us pause here to ponder on the twofold fact that the daily press (and the weekly press) of the day is practically all part and parcel of "the stunt press," and that this cultured and able writer finds nothing milder with which to compare it than "a bad smell." Plain talk like this appeals to people who retain their common sense.

Mr. Mackenzie did not refuse, and his article was a noble confession of the Faith which he found. In contrast to the nonsense contributed by many of his colleagues, he has something definite to say. "Fortunately the Catholic Church is not at the mercy of an individual apologist. Her dogmas rest on something firmer than the shifty sands of scientific theories. In no Galilean cave will

any enthusiastic young palaeontologist find the skull of Jesus Christ, and thereby make it advisable for theologians to change the date of the Incarnation by a trifle of 2000 years." Of the confessional he wrote: "I am prepared to maintain that abuses of psycho-analysis already exceed by far the sum total of the abuses of the confessional for which it is an inadequate and pretentious substitute." And of Spiritualism: "Did I possess the required credulity I might seek consolation and assurance in Spiritualism, but my reason revolts less from a belief in the resurrection of the body than from a belief in ectoplasm; and if I had to fancy for myself a postman's eternity after death—an endless rat-tatting on easily manipulated tables—I should prefer to be granted a certain faith in my ultimate obliteration. . . . If I did not believe and disbelieve with a deep conviction that I was believing what was true and disbelieving what was false I should never have allowed my voice to be heard at this symposium of testimony." It is astonishing how many of these famous authors seem hazy about what they do or do not believe, and if any one thing emerges from the series it is the certainty that most of them are incapable of expressing concerning religion an opinion that is worth two straws. Yet, it is the opinions of such people that influence silly readers. The *Observer* published a final summing-up by Professor Jacks, editor of the *Hibbert Journal*. Commenting on the verdict the *Universe* says: "Except for the Catholic writer, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, and the zealous upholder of Spiritism, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, this Judge of Appeal cannot find that these writers know or care or believe anything as to the End or the Beginning, or about religion taken in any sense you like. Their brilliancy as popular novelists drops to blank boredom when asked to deal with such an unprofessional and unprofitable question as this stale old query, 'What is at the End?' Except for Rebecca West's intuitive woman's wit, Professor Jacks can find nothing worth writing or reading in all the arid waste of these useless exercises." What most of them have to say concerning the most important of all questions, is, therefore, not worth reading. Yet, how many fools are swayed by their words when they publish novels which contain explicit or implicit attacks on the fundamental principles of our Christian morals. They are more ignorant than a child of ten who knows his Catechism, but they pretend to teach thousands of readers who buy the "best sellers" of the present day. Hence, the people of the British Empire continue to be what Carlyle found them: "mostly fools."

Naturally such an exhibition of ignorance was not allowed to pass unnoticed by Mr. Chesterton. As he, at least, is a novelist who is worth hearing, we quote his criticism by way of conclusion:

"It is very desirable to know what some of our most brilliant contemporaries believe or disbelieve; always supposing that the brilliant contemporaries know. But most of them seem to be quite agnostic even about

their own agnosticism. Some of the most intelligent of them practically say so. Mr. Hugh Walpole says sadly: 'I know that all this is desperately vague.' Only Mr. Hugh Walpole also, we are sorry to say, clutches madly at the cliché of saying that he wants his religion 'stripped of dogmas'; presumably in order to make it still more desperately vague. Some of them explain why they cannot believe in what they call orthodox Christianity and give a rather wavering outline of a rather unorthodox Calvinism. Some of them merely give descriptions of their own childhood, in the manner of some of that modern fiction which naturally comes more natural to novelists; the sort of novel of which the first volume brings us to the child's first experience of having his hair cut. But as they were brought up in a religion that they do not believe in, and we do not believe in, these memories hardly help us to consider whether we agree with what they believe. Mr. de Vere Stacpoole described how very dull it was to sit in the pew of an Irish Protestant church, and how the only relief was to see Queen Victoria's yacht arriving in the bay. It is indeed a parable of many things; but hardly one revealing a new religion. We doubt whether it can really be true that Queen Victoria is the Female Messiah now promised us by the author of *Divine Fires*. Mr. Arnold Bennett began with a number of statements that were at least clear though entirely negative. He ended with statements that became less and less clear as they attempted to be positive. He said several sensible things in which he was dogmatic without knowing it, as in his doctrine of good works, and of course he also repudiated dogma. It never came into anybody's head to define a dogma. Mr. Arnold Bennett once said that nobody who accepted one of these mysterious pieces of furniture could have 'a first-class mental apparatus.' He is now kind enough to say that he does know one or two people of good intelligence who accept the orthodox dogmas of Christianity, 'though with mental reservations.' How in the world, unless his belief extends to witchcraft, he can know what mental reservations are made by these intelligent people he does not explain, any more than anybody in this symposium really explains anything. The symposium, however, is in one way really interesting and important. It marks something curiously lopsided about modern life. These men are some of the ablest and most acute artists we have. It is amazing that they should be able to imagine, to create, to sympathise, to describe, and not be able to think. They can tell us what is in the subconsciousness of a suicidal South American violinist, but they cannot tell us what is in their own heads. It is very strange."

The "Tablet" Library LANDED PER LAST MAIL

The anchoress's Window (by a Nun of Tyburn Convent)—4/6.
The Anchorhold (Enid Dinnis)—6/-.
God's Fairy Tales (Enid Dinnis)—4/6.
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NOTES



Anglo-Irish Poetry

There is this difference between English and Irish verse: the former is a rhythm of stressed and unstressed syllables with the unstressed under-emphasised and slurred; the latter allows for the clear pronunciation of the syllables between the stresses. The Irish stressed verses are not hammered out as in English, and this produces that lingering, wavering line which weds so sweetly with the music in our Irish lyrics. Irish songs are more musical when played to the words, but English airs are often dragged out of place and setting to fit the words. One has to understand this difference well before it is possible to read the best Anglo-Irish poetry correctly and with appreciation. Read in the English manner the rich music of the lines of Mangan, Callanan, Sigerson, Yeats, and Pearse is completely lost. There have been English poets, too, who caught the Gaelic mode, and because critics did not understand some of their loveliest lines were condemned. An instance of this is found in a poem by Emily Brontë:

Tell me, what is the present hour?

A green a feathery spray,
Where a young bird sits, gathering its
power,
To mount and fly away.

In the same way, that beautiful little poem, *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*, must be read like a chant, with due value for the lingering and wavering melody of the lines, in order to do it justice. To read it with English stresses would ruin it:

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and
wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for
the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace
comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of morning to where
the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a
purple glow,
And evening full of linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and
day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds
by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the
pavements gray,
I hear it in the heart's deep core.

Irish verse follows Irish music and forbids inversions and unnatural turns of speech. The true Anglo-Irish poet attains spontaneously the simplicity and directness which Wordsworth found it difficult to secure with much labor. The words sway with the music quite naturally; and, perhaps, to be able to read our true poets at all one must have

been familiar from youth with the old air that were almost sung by the breezes in Ireland in our youth. When these airs, the *Foggy Dew*, the *Coolin*, *S'Arourin Deelish*, etc., are in the brain and heart one will instinctively read correctly the English lines which try to translate the old songs. To read them otherwise is a mistake. All their melody and emotion are lost, and the effort to stress the feet in the English way makes a sorry thing of the verses that are really so lovely. Anybody can see this who tries to read that poem by Yeats according to English scansion. As we said before, critics who failed to understand how Emily Brontë was influenced by Irish airs failed also to appreciate the most beautiful poem she wrote. It ought not to be forgotten that in the case of the best Anglo-Irish verse, the air was there before the words: the words can only conform to it when the Irish music is put into the reading of them.

Some Examples

One of the best instances of the Gaelic mode in Anglo-Irish verse is found in the poem, "Cashel of Munster," by Sir Samuel Ferguson:

I'd wed you without herds, without money,
or rich array.
And I'd wed you on a dewy morning at day-
dawn gray;
My bitter woe it is, love, that we are not far
away
In Cashel town, though the bare deal board
were our marriage bed this day!

Another good example is the song "Have You Been at Carrick?" by Edward Walsh:

Have you been at Carrick, and saw my true
love there?
And saw you her features, all beautiful,
bright, and fair?
Saw you the most fragrant, flowering, sweet
apple-tree?
Oh, saw you my loved one, and pines she in
grief for me?

Callanan's "Outlaw of Loch Lene" has stanzas that illustrate beautifully the Gaelic mode:

'Tis down by the lake where the wild-tree
fringes its sides,
The maid of my heart, my fair one of Heaven
resides;—
I think as at eve she wanders its mazes
along,
The birds go to sleep by the sweet twist of
her song.

The translation of *Donall Oge* is faulty, but it gives some idea of the great poem that the original was. Many of the verses, even in the English, are real poetry:

My heart is a cluster of nuts with every ker-
nel dropped,
My heart is the ice on the pond above, where
the mill has stopped;
A mournful sadness is breaking over my
running laughter
Like the mirth of a maid at her marriage
and the heavy sorrow after.

You have taken the East from me, and you
have taken the West;
You have taken the path before me, and
the path that is behind;
The moon is gone from me by night and the
sun is gone by day,
Alas! I greatly dread you have stolen my
God away.

And Raftery's little poem on his own blind-
ness is, even in the rough rendering, a gem:

I am Raftery the Poet
Full of hope and love,
With eyes that have no light,
With gentleness that has no misery.

Going west upon my pilgrimage
By the light of my heart,
Feeble and tired
To the end of my road.

Behold me now,
And my face to the wall,
A-playing music
Unto empty pockets.

In conclusion here is a stanza of the loveliest of all the old airs:

Oh, had you seen the Coolin, walking down
by the cuckoo's street,
With the dew of the meadow shining on her
milk-white twinkling feet,
My love she is, and my *cailin og*, and she
dwells in Balnagar,
And she bears the palm of beauty bright,
from the fairest that in Erin are.

In Balnagar is the Coolin, like the berry on
the bough her cheek;
Bright beauty dwells forever on her fair
neck and ringlets sleek;
Oh, sweeter is her mouth's soft music than
the lark or thrush at dawn,
Or the blackbird in the greenwood singing
farewell to the setting sun.

RECTOR OF HOLY CROSS COLLEGE HONORED

Advice has just been received from Rome that the Doctorate of Divinity has been conferred on the Very Rev. Cecil Morkane, Rector of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel. We join with Dr. Morkane's numerous friends throughout the Dominion in offering congratulations to him on the dignity he has received.

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FOR WASHING CLOTHES

DIocese OF DUNEDIN

Rev. James Bell, S.M., recently ordained to the priesthood, is at present on a visit to his relatives in Dunedin.

Very Rev. Prior Doyle, O.P., of Adelaide, South Australia, preached an impressive sermon on the Nativity of Our Divine Lord, at St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday night.

The Very Rev. Prior Doyle, O.P., commenced a Retreat for the Dominican Nuns at St. Dominic's Priory, on Christmas evening. At its conclusion, Prior Doyle is to conduct a Retreat at Teschemakers.

Masses will be celebrated at St. Joseph's Cathedral on Friday (Feast of the Circumcision) at 6, 7, 8, and 11 o'clock; at the Church of the Sacred Heart, North-east Valley, at 7 and 9; Mornington at 7.30, and Kaikorai at 8.30.

The annual Retreat for the diocesan clergy, to be conducted by the Very Rev. Father Hanigan, C.S.S.R., is to commence at Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, on Monday, January 25. Commencing at 8 p.m. on Friday, January 29, at Holy Cross College, Father Hanigan will conduct a Retreat (concluding on the following Tuesday morning) for Catholic Laymen.

CHRISTMAS AT ST. JOSEPH'S CATHEDRAL.

Masses were celebrated from 6 till 9 o'clock on Christmas Day, each being largely attended and practically the entire congregations approaching the Holy Table. There was Pontifical High Mass at eleven o'clock. His Lordship Bishop Whyte was celebrant; Rev. Father Tylee, assistant priest; Rev. Fathers Rooney and McMahon, deacons at the throne; Rev. Father Hally and Rev. R. Marlow, deacon and subdeacon respectively of the Mass; and Rev. Father Monaghan, master of ceremonies. The music of the Mass was Gounod's "Messe Solennelle," finely rendered by the choir conducted by Mr. A. Vallis, with Mr. F. Stokes at the organ. Elgar's "Ecce Sacerdos" and Novello's arrangement of the "Adeste Fideles" were also sung. In concluding a brief discourse on the subject of the Incarnation, his Lordship the Bishop extended cordial good wishes to the congregation and parishioners generally for all the blessings of a holy and happy Christmas and a joyful and prosperous New Year. Christmas and New Year greetings were also extended to the congregations at the earlier Masses. The high altar was, as usual, very tastefully decorated and presented a fine appearance; similar attention, too, being bestowed on the Sacred Heart altar and shrine of Our Blessed Lady. A nicely arranged crib provided a centre of devotion that attracted many. Masses, which were attended by large congregations, were celebrated in the suburban churches of North-east Valley, Kaikorai, and Mornington.

Commencing at seven o'clock on Christmas evening a recital of sacred music was given by St. Joseph's Cathedral Choir. The congregation was again very large, and the following numbers, excellently rendered, were much appreciated:—Organ solo, "Offertoire," Mr. F. Stokes; chorus, "Nazareth," choir; solo, "Ave Maria" (Cooper), Mr. Ellis; solo, "Fear Not Ye, O Israel," Miss A. McCready; chorus, "Gloria" from Mo-

zart's 12th Mass, choir; solo, "Rejoice Greatly" ("Messiah"), Miss C. Dillon; Novello's arrangement of the "Adeste Fideles" (soloists: Misses McKenzie and Drumm, Messrs. H. Poppelwell and J. McGrath); solo, "Be Thou Faithful Unto Death" ("St. Paul"), Mr. Duffy; solo, "Nöel," Mrs. L. Woods; solo, "If With All Your Hearts" ("Elijah"), Mr. F. Rodgers; solo, "Ave Maria" (Stokes), Mrs. Sandys; male chorus, "Per Signum Crucis." Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, the music at which included—"O Salutaris" (H. Wolf), Mr. F. Woods; "Tantum Ergo" (Rossi), Messrs. H. Poppelwell and F. Heley. At the conclusion of the recital the "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah" was rendered with fine effect by the choir. Mr. A. Vallis was conductor, and Mr. Stokes presided at the organ.

After devotions at the Cathedral on Christmas evening, his Lordship the Bishop entertained the members of the choir and collectors in St. Joseph's Hall. His Lordship thanked all present for their devoted services during the year, and wished them all the joys and blessings of the incoming year. In referring to the choir's achievements he expressed the hope that success would continue to crown the efforts of their conductor and members, who were so well maintaining the traditions of St. Joseph's Cathedral Choir.

St. Patrick's Dominican Convent, Teschemakers

On Sunday, January 3, at 2.30 p.m., Right Rev. Dr. Whyte will bless the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes at St. Patrick's Dominican Convent, Teschemakers. Afterwards there will be a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the convent grounds, ending with Benediction at the grotto. Friends of the Dominican Nuns are invited to attend.

New Church at Ranfurly

The work of erecting the church at Ranfurly in honor of the Sacred Heart has commenced. The building, which is being constructed of red brick, promises to be a handsome edifice, and it will remain a monument to the energy and zeal of Rev. Father McMullan.

The ceremony of laying the foundation stone will be performed by his Lordship Bishop Whyte on Sunday, January 17, at 4 p.m.

Following the ceremony, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will be held in the present church.

The successful tenderers for the work are Messrs. D. O'Connell and Co.

Celtic Club, Rangiora

(From our own correspondent.)

The 1925 session of the Celtic Club, was successfully brought to a close by a banquet held on December 5. The president (Mr. P. V. McBrearty) presided, and the following toast list was honored:—The loyal toast: "Rangiora Celtic Club," proposed by Rev. Father O'Doherty, and responded to by Messrs. P. V. McBrearty and George Brady: "The Clergy," Mr. J. Catherwood, Rev. Father O'Doherty; "Sports' Clubs," Mr. L.

Hunt, Messrs. C. Devlin, J. McMullan, and C. F. Mayer; "Musical Societies," Mr. S. Devlin, Messrs. J. Ivory and Logan; "Our Lecturer and Competitors," Mr. L. P. Devlin, Messrs. Strachan and C. Tyler (Fire Brigade representative); "The Ladies," Mr. G. Hutchison, Mr. J. O'Donohue; "The Press," Miss Cassidy, Messrs. J. Ivory and Logan; "The President," Mr. C. M. Reidy, Mr. P. V. McBrearty. The speeches were interspersed with vocal and musical items contributed by Mrs. L. P. Devlin, Miss V. McGrath (pianoforte solo), Miss K. Cassidy, Miss C. Millar, Messrs. G. Hutchison, J. O'Donohue, C. F. Meyer, and J. McMullan. "God Save Ireland" and "Auld Lang Syne" were sung at the conclusion of a successful and enjoyable function.

WAGONER PRAISES "BAXTER'S"

Those who have to be out in all weathers are always in danger of catching serious colds. One driver, however, proudly boasts that he has never yet been laid aside by a cough or cold. Questioned regarding his remarkable immunity from such prevailing ailments, he attributed his continued good health to Baxter's Lung Preserver.

"For many years," he said, "I have been a firm believer in 'Baxter's,' and I always keep a bottle on my mantelpiece. Then, after each rough trip I take a dose, and that drives any suggestion of chill from my system."

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MANSE and PRINCES STREETS, OCTAGON, SOUTH DUNEDIN, and ANDERSON'S BAY.

"Tablet" Subscriptions.

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

PERIOD FROM DEC. 18 to 22, 1925.
OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.

H. H., George St., Dun., 30/12/26; P.T., Roslyn, 30/7/28; Miss N. H., 50 Hull St., Oamaru, 8/12/26; Mrs D., 104 Vic. St., St. Kilda, 30/3/26; Mrs R., Broughton Street, Gore, —; Mrs E. F., Dunback, 30/9/26; Mrs C., 198 Leith St., Dun., 15/5/26; Mrs M., Wharf Hotel, Dun., 30/6/26; Mr. C., Stationmaster, Mosgiel, 15/5/26; A. McC., South Hillend, 30/10/26; Mrs L. E. D., Sanatorium, Waipiata, 30/12/26; Miss C., Prospect House, Dun., 30/3/26; S.H. Convent, N.E. Valley, 23/2/27; J. D., 18 Earnslaw St., Inghill, 15/11/26; Mrs F., 8 Normanby St., Musselburgh, 30/4/26; Mrs O'D., New St., Oamaru, 23/10/26; Mrs F., Castle St., Dun., 8/6/26; Mrs M., Sawyers Bay, 15/4/26; Mrs. McC., King St., Mosgiel, 8/5/26; Miss H., Granville Ter., Roslyn, 30/9/26; Mr. J. C., Galloway, 15/11/26; Mrs. B. H., 140 Newcastle St., Invercargill, 30/12/26; Capt. D., Port Chalmers, 8/5/26; J. McG., Wyndham, 30/11/25; Miss K. A., Lawrence, 30/11/26.

CANTERBURY AND WEST COAST.

W. McC., Granity, 30/9/26; D. E., Cant. Hotel, Methven, 30/9/26; J. H. J., 55 Lindsay St., St. Albans, 15/4/26; F. R., Motueka, N.N., 30/10/26; W. A., Spring Grove Nelson, 15/12/26; Mrs J. McL., Kumara, 8/4/26; Mrs E. W., Box 39, Takaka, 30/12/25; T. C., Doncaster Hotel, Washdyke, 30/11/26; P. R., Makikihi, 15/10/26; J. McC., Wai-iti Rd., Gleniti, 30/10/26; J. McC., Tailor, Rakaia, 23/6/26; Mrs M. O'B., 225 Bealey Av., Chch., 30/12/26; C. O'N., 38a Grove St., Nelson, 23/10/26; P. C., Taylors Rd., Fendalton, 23/5/26; E. U. J. Esq., Box 428, Chch., 23/5/26; Convent, Rangiora, 15/11/26; M. G., High St., Motueka, 8/12/26; J. J. N., Langlee, 23/12/26; R. E. T., c/o T. Meagher, Morven, 30/5/26; M. G., Police Stn., Coalgate, 30/10/26; H. B., Box 3, Donoghues, Ross, 30/10/26; J. O'D., Spring Creek, B.M., 30/9/26; Mrs. O'L., St. Andrews, 30/9/26; Miss K. McG., Timaru, 8/11/26; J. G., Church St., Kumara, 23/1/26; A. D., Woodstock, via Hokitika, 30/9/26; D. E., Temuka, 15/2/27; D. O'S., Maytown, Waimate, 30/6/26; E. G., Halket Town, 23/12/26; Miss H. O'B., Nth. P.I., Waimate, 23/12/26; G. B., Willow Bank Temuka, 23/11/26; R. C., Pareora West, 15/11/26.

WELLINGTON AND TARANAKI

Mrs M., Masonic Hotel, Palm. North, 8/12/26; Mrs H. M., Shannon Htl., Wairoa, 8/5/27; T. M., 40 Cuba St., Palm. North, 30/9/25; T. H., 3 King St., Pahiatua, 8/10/26; T. O'N., Hotel, Inglewood, 15/4/26; Convent, Waitara, 30/9/25; J. B., Okato, 30/10/26; T. B., Motor Garage, Kilbirnie, 15/10/26; J. F., 428 Adelaide Rd., Wgton., 30/9/26; J. P., Rona Bay, Eastbourne, 30/10/26; E. W. K., Esq., 51 Bolton St., Wgton., 15/12/26; M. J. H., 65 Waterloo Rd., Lr. Hutt, 30/4/26; A. B., Box 71, Inglewood, 23/11/26; Sister M. C., Wickstead

St., Wang., 30/8/31; T. T., 19 Palm. Av., Kilbirnie, 8/11/26; T. L., Box 88, Wang., 30/9/25; Mrs J.C., P.O., Turakina, 30/12/26; Convent, Taihape, 8/2/27; R. C., Ohirae, Fordell, 30/10/26; J. J. N., 5 Yale Rd., Wgton., 8/12/26; W. L., 20 Chapman St., Wang., 30/11/26; Rev J. K., Newtown, Wgton., 23/11/26; Mrs E. A. M., 9 Nelson St., Wang., 15/4/26; Mrs B. K., 8 Coromandel St., Wgton. Sth., 15/12/26.

AUCKLAND, HAWKE'S BAY, AND FOREIGN.

Rev. Fr. G., Cath. Pres., Damevirke, 23/11/26; M. H. W., Kohimarama, —; M. K., Robert St., Ellerslie, 8/6/26; Redemptorist Fathers, Opou, Cebu, 15/5/27; Mrs R., Rose Cottage, Taradale, 23/4/26; Mrs E. K., Kihikihi, 30/9/25; Mrs T. S., 2 Priestly Rd., Napier, 15/12/26; T. B., Patutahi, 30/11/26; D. J. H., Waione, 30/9/25; Mrs St. C., Makararaka, 30/3/26; C. W., Paerata, Tangiteroria, 30/9/26; J. F., Athlone, 15/5/26; J. O'S., Box 84, Damevirke, 30/11/26; J. McK., Takapau, 23/12/26; Rev. Fr. F., Cashel, Co. Tipperary, 30/9/26.

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TESCHEMAKERS.

A SPIRITUAL RETREAT for Ladies, conducted by Very Rev. Prior Doyle, O.P., commencing January 2 and continuing to January 7, 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.

Sale of Work, Akaroa

The following is the list of prize-winners at Guessing Competitions (drawn December 17):—

Hand-painted Fruit Bowls, Miss Irene Daly, Lewisham, Christchurch; Miss Lucy O'Dell, Takamatua; Xmas Cake, Mr. S. Curry, Takamatua; Suit Case, Willie Hannan, Riverton; Accordeon, Velma Slaney, Rakaia; Sea Grass Chair, Mr. Dan McKendry, Lyndhurst; Xmas Dinner, Madge Barnham, Akaroa; Ham, Mrs. W. B. McKay, Pigeon Bay; Suede Cosy, Mrs. Baden Hammond, Akaroa; Bedroom Chair, Mr. P. Cassidy, Christchurch; Box of Chocolates, Miss Narbey, Akaroa; Embroidered Linen Supper Cloth, Mr. Joe Morris, Lyttelton; Antique Supper Cloth, Miss Anderson, Akaroa; Hand-painted Cushion (basket of roses), Mr. J. K. Mather, Lyttelton; Hand-painted Cushion (boat), Miss E. Brooks, c/o Lewisham, Christchurch; Upholstered Piano Stool, Master Eric Nee, St. Albans; Full Breakfast Set, Mr. T. O'Donnell, Lyttelton; 5lb Tin of Tea, Mrs. McDonald, Masterton; Baby's Cotspread, Miss Shirley McCaughan, Kingston. [Advt.]

St. Patrick's College WELLINGTON.

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The College re-opens on Monday, February 1, 1926.

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

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A Page for Little People

Conducted by
ANNE



My dear Little People,—

Did you all have a good and happy Christmas and are you all ready now to give old 1925 a cheerful send-off? I hope you're all feeling as fresh as paint and can spare the time to settle down to our last Business Letter of the year. We have quite a lot to finish up to-day, a real collection of comments. Suppose we get all these little things done now, right-a-way, then we'll see if there's room and time for a little extra fun.

First of all we must get the January Birthday List in case someone has a birthday before next week.

Indeed, what a good thing we didn't leave it for next week, quite a number would have had no Birthday wish till their big day was over. Here we have Doreen Haddock, Isobel Knowler, and Eileen Carney right on New Year's Day; Genevieve Barnes and Margaret Pettit, the day after; then Paddy Hussey; Clare Fitzgerald, Greg Mulvey, and Joan Emerson on the 6th; Feast of the Epiphany; Veronica Abbott, Connie Rodgers and Roger Hanrahan, next day; Vera Norling next; then Joan Cleary; then Aidan Healey; then Glory Hansby; Jack McVerry, Doris Sloane, Eileen Clark, Margaret Downing and Esther Hinsley, on the 13th; next is Mary Morris; next, Katherine Conrick; then Kathleen Callaghan; then Eily Butler; Eileen Whelan and Bernard Baillie on the 24th; Frances Paul and Ethel Smith, next day; Iris Threlkeld and Zita Traynor, next day; then Mary Stumbles; then Hilary O'Brien; Bertie and Lilian Robinson on the 30th; and Nancy Gamble on the last day of the month. Many Happy Returns to all of these, and if there are any among you who do not belong to our L.P.L.C., will you please send for Badges and join us? I would very much like to draft you into Age Sections during 1926, because I think your letters to each other will be more interesting if you are somewhere about each others' ages. Don't you think so yourselves? But, to do this I must get as many names as I can, also your ages, birthdays and, above all, your addresses, correctly. See now what you can do when the New Year comes in.

Also, I have some more names to give you, of New Members of the L.P.L.C. Are you all keeping your lists carefully? I am afraid not, because I'm getting enquiries for Addresses from time to time. Try to keep the Lists as I send them to you.

NEW MEMBERS.

Mulqueen, Pat, Balfour. Porter, Brian, Students' Buildings, 1 Union Street, Dunedin. McCartney, Winnie, Peddie's Road, Taradale. Ledingham, Nora Cecilia, Otatau. Pettit, Margaret, 110 Maryhall Terrace, Mornington, Dunedin. Cavanagh, Randolph, Fruitlands. Hart, Cassie, Victoria Street, Cambridge. Hansen, Peter, Studholme Junction. Cotterell, Oswald, Princes Street, Temuka. McIntosh, Mary, Methven. Burke, John, P.O. Waituna, Southland. Curran, Jack, Gladstone Road, Mosgiel. Harding, George, Motukaraka, Hokianga. Miller, Lorna, 41 Nairn Street, Kaikorai, Dunedin.

That finishes our Badges and Lists for the year. Any more requests that come in after this will be answered next year.

ORPHANS.

During the holidays I shall tell you how much we got together for the Orphans and will tell you also what we did with it. You will be delighted to hear that three of our dear Grown-ups wrote letters to "Anne" to tell her how much they like the Little People's Page. Just fancy those really Grown-ups reading our bits of letters and things, and liking them too. That makes us feel very happy, and it makes us want to do ever so much better in 1926.

MRS. EMILY BAIZEEN wrote saying that she is going to write a Story for us one of these days, if we would like it. Mind you this won't be any old sort of Story copied out of some other book, it will be a REAL STORY WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "ANNE'S" LITTLE PEOPLE. I think we should give Mrs. Baizeen a big cheer right now, even before we get the story. Hip, hip Hooray— Hip, hip, Hooray— Hip, hip, Hooray! (Thank you dear Mrs. Baizeen, we'll have that story as soon as you get time to make it up. You won't make it too long though, will you, because you know what a crowd of letters we get, and the poor *Tablet* can't give us another inch of room. We're glad your Little People like their Badges.—Anne.)

MISS LILY MULLIGAN, writes wishing us all a Happy Christmas and she sends 6/- for the Orphans, because she is sure you are all trying to help. (Thank you dear Miss Mulligan, that is just a lovely donation. Yes, we are trying a bit to get some pennies for the Orphans, but it takes such a lot of pennies to make even £1. Glad you liked your little picture.—Anne.)

MRS. MARY PORTER, writes for Brian thanking us for the Badge we sent. Brian's birthday is on the 24th April, and Jack's is on the same day. Paul's is on the 30th, so, they have one big Birthday Party for those three Little People. (We think that's just a lovely notion, to have one party for Brian, Jack, and Paul. Glad Brian likes his Badge and that he thinks his is specially pretty.—Anne.)

MARY MCINTOSH, Methven, writes sending 1/- for the Orphans and 6d for a Badge, also she sends a nice little snap of Jamie and herself, showing the Cup Jamie won for his violin solo. Mary dances, and has won medals and money prizes. (So glad to have you join us Mary, we would like to see you dance in your Kiltie frock with the nice medals sewn on the velvet jacket. Hope you like your Badge and will be glad to know there's a Birthday Mate waiting for you, exactly same age as you. Her name is Ella Abbott, Kincora, Pahautanni. Mind you become friends in time for Christmas.—Anne.)

JAMIE MCINTOSH, Methven, is an old Member, and he sends 1/- for the Orphans. Jamie tells us that Father Maguire sang his first Mass in Methven and that there was great rejoicing about his ordination. They had school sports, Father Maguire, Father

Gregory, and Father Timoney all ran, and they were worn out completely trying to keep up with the children. Then there was a social in the evening. Jamie says they won't forget that happy day and night for a long time. (What a brimful-of-fun letter Jamie, you sure did give the Fathers a good run for their money. That's a nice Cup you won at the Ashburton Competitions, is it one to keep or do you have to play for it again and again? Thanks for Riddles, you'll see them in the Bin.—Anne.)

PAUL and JACK PORTER, Dunedin, have both written a little note and sent 1/- each for the Orphans. Jack says he is going to try and make some Animals like the ones he saw at the Exhibition. (Good boys Jack and Paul, thank you for the 2/-. Hope you'll manage to make the Animals Jack; it's always so good to make a success of anything.—Anne. Love to Brian.—A.)

EUGENIE DOOHAN sent 6d for the Orphans and wanted her letter to be in the Competition. (Sorry Eugenie dear that you were too late, but I've put aside a little picture for you, same as I sent to the Little People who tried but did not win prizes. Yes, it is nice to live near the Exhibition, but you will be sorry to hear that I have not been able to visit it yet, and am afraid I shall not do so. Cannot explain why dear, but there it is. Thank you for stamps.—Anne.)

MAGGIE RYALL, Barrytown, writes a little Christmas letter, and says her mother has been ill. Maggie's brothers are milking 40 cows, by machine. She has two pet lambs and wants names for them. (Glad to hear from you Maggie, sorry that your dear mother has been ill. We hope she is better, please give her our love, that will help a bit. Call your lambs "Sambo" and "Bimbo," I should think that would keep them fit and happy. Yes, the weather has been nasty and unseasonable.—Anne.)

MARY KEARNEY, P.O. Box 93, Oamaru, has been going to write every Sunday, but has been kept busy with letters to and from her Letter Friends. Mary's friends are Eileen McCarthy and Mary Kinney. Mary is going to the Exhibition, and she tells me she won one of "Lunky Lee's" Prizes in *The Month*, it was a little medal. (Glad to hear from you Mary and even gladder that you and your Letter Friends are doing the thing properly. I think you must be my Record Family—Anthony, Nellie, Dan, Pat, and yourself all being Members of our L.P.L.C. Hope you all have real good holidays and go in for the Competition.—Anne.)

That finishes our Letters, now I'll tell you all about our Competition. I do hope all of you will go in for it, and I will make the time long enough for all the Overseas Members to have a chance. Don't you like Competitions or what's the matter with you 356 Members, that you make such a poor display? Let's make this Competition, the first we will have in 1926, a specially good one. As Father Christmas told you, there will be the choice of two subjects, and, if you really want to, you may write an Essay on each subject:—

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

DEATHS

BUTLER.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Ann Butler, who died at her residence, Nelson, on December 13, 1925; aged 81 years.—Sweet Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

MELLOR.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of George Patrick, beloved eldest son of John Mellor, who died at the Timaru Hospital, on December 18, 1925; aged 27 years. R.I.P.

WANTED

WANTED.—A young man who will be visiting Dunedin for ten days in February wishes to board with a Catholic family. Apply—"L. M.," c/o Tablet Office.

WANTED for South Island First-class **HOUSEKEEPER** for two gentlemen; also **MAN** to milk cow and tend garden, etc.; must be prepared to submit references; good home; would suit married couple or father and daughter; combined wages, £3 10s. Apply—"South Island," c/o Tablet Office.

WANTED.—**HOUSEKEEPER** for Catholic Presbytery, Riverton. Apply—Rev. Father Buckley, Riverton.

WANTED.—**FRUIT PICKING** for two girls (sisters) during holidays. With accommodation. Apply—16 Tennyson Street, Dunedin.

Irish History for Primary Schools

We are pleased to learn from the publishers, Messrs. Pellegrini and Co., that the complete edition of the Irish History for Primary Schools by Rev. P. Carey is now in Press and will be ready about the middle of January.

The new edition of the popular Irish History will now cover the period from the earliest times to the present day.

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.

A Summer School of Catholic Studies

Will open at the Convent, Timaru, on Thursday morning, January 7, and end on Saturday, January 9.

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

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

Applications should be made early, as only a limited number can be accommodated.

Apply to—

THE SUMMER SCHOOL COMMITTEE,
Convent of the Sacred Heart,
TIMARU.

Ranfurly Catholic Church

The Ceremony of laying the Foundation Stone of the new Church at Ranfurly will be performed by the Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, D.D., on Sunday, January 17, at 4 p.m.

The Committee extends a cordial invitation to all who wish to attend.

WM. SHEA,
Hon. Secretary.

A 1926 Resolution

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Here is food for thought that many people would do well to consider seriously.

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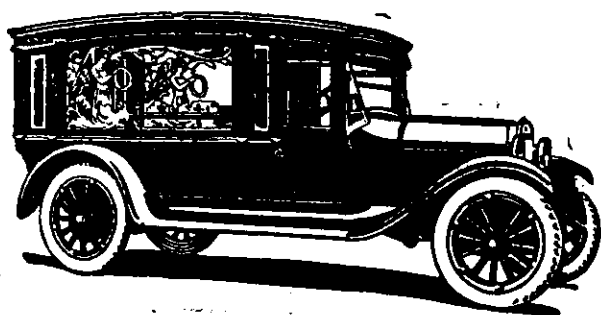
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1.—THE EXHIBITION AS I SAW IT. 2.—MY COTTAGE GARDEN AS I WOULD LIKE IT TO BE (Real or Make-Believe).

Now, as regards the first subject—"The Exhibition As I Saw It," this will have to be a true story, because you could hardly make up an EXHIBITION, could you? So, those of you who choose this one, please try to remember what you admire. You may take the Exhibition as a WHOLE, or, if you like, you may choose one particular COURT or SECTION. Please yourselves about this, but do it as well as you can.

Those who choose the second subject can use their imaginations as well as their Eyes. I mean by that, you can simply make up your Cottage Garden out of what you like best, and put all together into One Garden. Being a Cottage Garden, it will have to be just a trim little one, but at the same time, one in which there will be VEGETABLES as well as FLOWERS. I hope some of my Boys will have a go at this Garden, because it's while they're Boys they must learn to MAKE GARDENS. By and by when they're MEN, going to work every day, they will have to see to the Garden in the early mornings and after work in the evenings. Think what a great saving of time it will be to them if THEY HAVE LEARNED HOW while they're Boys. Why, if a MAN has to start LEARNING about Gardens when he is supposed to be MAKING them, he'll be sixty or seventy at least before he gets a good start! Enough to make you shudder, isn't it Boys. Get a good start now while you're "Anne" to practise on, and then you'll be able to make Gardens when you're asked to: I'll leave you all to make your Gardens just as you like, all I ask of you is TO MAKE THEM.

GENERAL REMARKS.

1. This Competition will not be a Letter, it will be an ESSAY or COMPOSITION. There's not much difference anyhow—in the Essay you will leave out "My dear Anne" and "From your Little Friend, Betty Fly Away." That's the biggest difference between a Letter and an Essay.

2. The Essay must be written in INK, on one side only of the paper, and must be clean and neat. This is a most important rule.

3. You can have the whole of JANUARY and FEBRUARY in which to do your Essays. The results will be announced during the month of March. That may seem a long time, but, really, January is such a broken month, that I don't think you could do anything worth while sooner. I would like to make FOUR Sections, but that will depend entirely on yourselves. If enough of you try, we will have a Section each for—

The Seniors Who Have Left School.

The Seniors Still at School.

The Juniors.

The Tiny Tots, but they must write by Themselves, and in Ink.

5. Everyone must state his or her age.

6. No pencil Writing Will be Taken This Time.

7. Only L.P.L.C. Members will be allowed to compete. Therefore, if anyone who is not a Member wants to try, all he or she has to do, is to send six penny stamps for a Badge, when sending in the Essay.

That's all plain and clear isn't it. I'm looking forward to something good this time. Specially would I like my Seniors to try in this, as many as like. It will make Competition keener and more interesting.

RIDDLE BIN.

Answers to Riddles:—

1. When is a sheep like a bottle of Ink?
—When it is in the pen.

2. When is a clock on the stairs dangerous?
—When it runs down and strikes one.

3. How can Book-keeping be taught in three words?—Never lend them.

4. Name the first lady of the land.—Eve.

5. Why is there never such a thing as one whole day?—Because every day begins by breaking.

New Riddles:—

1. Why are cockerels' feathers always smooth?

2. Why should you never tell secrets in a cornfield?

3. Why is a giraffe like a river?

STORY CORNER.

BLUE POTS (Continued).

Poor Pamela the pansy-elf was very upset about this, so she ran into the wood once more, and came to the little shop, and there was the Brownie shopman still fast asleep on the doorstep. Then Pamela the Pansy-elf crept a-tiptoe across the doorway, and went into the shop. It was very dark inside, but the blue pots were gleaming on the window-shelf.

"Oh, dear, which shall I have?" whispered Pamela. She took the pots down, one by one, and shook them, and put them to her ear and turned them about, and at last she came to a pot which had a golden lid.

"I will have this one," she said. So she quickly lifted the lid, and changed the voices and put the pots back on the shelf, all higgledy-piggledy, and tip-toed out, and ran away like the wind.

(But all the while the Brownie shopman had been peeping out of one eye.)

"Ah, you will like my voice now," cried Pamela, as she opened the door. But the elves jumped up, screaming, and the gnomes made a dash for the doorway. "What is the matter?" cried Pamela. Then a little green gnome who was braver than the others peeped out and said, "Oh Pamela, quick, run away and hide. A lion is coming. He has roared twice."

"I haven't heard him."

"There he goes again. Why Pamela, you must be bewitched, for the noise of the roaring lion is coming from you."

Then Pamela the Pansy-elf was most upset, and she said to herself, "Oh dear, I must run back to that little shop, as fast as ever I can, and get rid of this lion's voice." So she ran like the wind.

The Brownie shopman was still sleeping on the doorstep as Pamela the Pansy-elf tip-toed into the shop.

"I will get my own voice back," she thought. But, alas, the blue pots were all higgledy-piggledy, and she could not tell which was which, and just as she was going to cry, a customer came.

"Hi, wake up," shouted the customer, so the Brownie shopman opened his eyes (but one eye had been open all the time), and he said, "Oh, you want to change your voice,

do you? Well, you must wait while I light my lantern."

Pamela, the pansy-elf, darted into a dark corner, and sat there, crouched up like a mouse.

"Hi, someone has touched my jars. They are all higgledy-piggledy. I wonder who has done that," said the Brownie shopman. (But all the time he knew.) "I must put them straight. You must wait while I put them straight. Ah, this is a butterfly's voice, and this is a donkey's, and this is the voice of a little pansy-elf:

"Is that a nice one?" said the customer.

"Yes, it is a very nice one. A little bit grumblish sometimes, perhaps. A little bit squeakish sometimes. But it can sing three hundred songs."

"I will have that one," said the customer. "But the Brownie shopman said, 'You must wait a moment, because my lantern is burning low. I will put the pot here on the bench while I go for some oil for my lantern.'"

And he put the pot on the end of the bench, right against the corner where Pamela the pansy-elf was hiding.

Quickly she put out her little hand. Very softly she took the little pot, and changed voices, and took her own dear sweet one, and put the pot back on the bench (and all the while the Brownie shopman had been peeping through the doorway). Then she crept along by the wall, and jumped over the mat, and dashed through the doorway, and ran away like the wind.

"Whatever was that?" cried the customer.

"I cannot tell you. My lamp has gone out. I think I must close my shop for today," said the Brownie shopman, and even in the darkness you might have seen the twinkle in his eye.

The End.

Isn't that a nice story Little People, can't you just fancy how quickly poor little Pamela ran, when once she got her own sweet little voice back again?

AND SOME VERSES.

Shall we have some Poetry now? Someone has sent in a very beautiful verse:—

NATURE.

The Earth is but a splendid shrine
For worship of the One Divine,
And every plant its censer lifts,
And every tree its incense drifts,
Where stream and wood and hill and road,
Thrill to one chord, the Praise of God.

Good-night now, dear Little People, and may you have a Bright New Year. With to-morrow morning, we will start a bright, clean, untouched new year—something like writing the very first line on a fresh page in your exercise books. And you know how carefully you try to make that first line a good one. Well, do exactly the same to-morrow, make to-morrow a beautiful shining day. You know it was on New Year's Day—or the Feast of the Circumcision, as it is called by the Church—that the little Infant Jesus got His name. On that day He was taken to the Temple, just as we have all been brought to the Church, when we were tiny babies. Remember that now, and be sure you visit Him in the Crib. Don't forget poor old "Anne" when you make your visit.

ANNE.

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Our Colleges and Schools

Sacred Heart College, Auckland

ANOTHER BRILLIANT YEAR.

(From our own correspondent.)

The Sacred Heart College students held their annual prize-giving ceremony in the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall on Wednesday evening, the 16th inst. The hall was packed to the doors by parents and friends of the college. The report submitted by Rev. Brother Borgia, B.A., Director of the college, showed ample evidence that the college had achieved another brilliant year. The examination results for 1924 were:—Six passes gained for University Entrance Scholarships; eight Higher Leaving Certificates (University Bursaries); 21 passed Matriculation (9 M.S.P.'S); 32 intermediate and senior National Scholarships, and 9 Public Service Entrance Examinations were won by students.

The Director stated that he had been in charge of the college for four years, and had ample opportunities of studying the boy on which the Dominion's future depended. "I find nothing wrong," he said, "with the mental and physical endowments of the New Zealand boys, but I have gradually come to the conclusion that if we wish to maintain a virile race in this Dominion, we must attain a fuller realisation of the vital importance of the early training of our boys."

The Director stated that the parents and home influence should be the paramount factor in moulding the character, more particularly in the early years of childhood. If this were so, there would be little trouble when the period of self assertiveness arrived. Generally speaking the boys of to-day are sons of educated parents, who should realise the urgent need of parental care and vigilance. Yet I am very doubtful if, as educators, they compare favorably with their pioneer fathers, who, in their simple way, seemed to have a surer grasp of their fundamental duties to their children. There are, of course, many excellent homes where the educational functions of the parents are understood and practised conscientiously, but I am afraid the general tendency is in the direction of side-stepping parental responsibilities.

The college had achieved distinction, both as regards scholarship and sport. The record has been an excellent one, and very gratifying to the teachers and parents. For the first time in the history of the college, day pupils numbered over 100. The increase was principally due to the establishment of a system of day scholarships. Several permanent day scholarships had recently been awarded, tenable for three to four years.

A FINE ENTERTAINMENT.

Prior to the prize distribution, the students presented a very attractive and entertaining programme of items which helped materially and pleasurably to glide away the passing hours. The college orchestra was responsible for two bright and tuneful overtures which excellently opened up the pro-

gramme in each half. The college junior choir sang delightfully and tunefully "Sweet Vale of Avoca," "Ave Maria," "Hush 'Tis the Twilight," and "Ireland, Beautiful Ireland." The work of the chorus was well balanced and showed evidence of careful training under the able conductorship of Brother Dionysius. This indeed was one of the most pleasing performances on the programme, and Brother Dionysius must be congratulated on the excellence of his work. The pianoforte duet, "Galop Brilliant," by Terence O'Brien and John Prendergast was spiritedly and appropriately rendered. The scene from Dickens—"Nicholas Nickleby," was well cast and intelligently interpreted. M. Hawken as Mr. Squeers struck the spirit of the part, and the remainder of the characters acted well up to him. Mr. G. Lanigan played a very tasteful violin solo. The Forest Scene from Shakspeare's "As You Like It" was well spoken. Wallace as the banished Duke spoke the lines well, and "Touch stone" was in the capable hands of M. Hawken, who infused a good deal of life into the lines, and together with his comedy with "Audrey," created great amusement. The Lords were suitably depicted by Masters Brosnahan and G. Doherty, and the lines of "Jaques" were correctly delivered by Master D. Reilly. Perhaps the most delightful item of the evening was the vocal solos of Master Tom O'Brien, who has a soprano voice of true quality. But for a little too much tremolo, the solos would have been perfect. As it was the performance was a rare treat. Master Cuddon-Large did not quite grasp the true spirit of "An Incident in the French Camp." He, however, delivered the lines intelligently and made the recitation enjoyable. The "Burlesque" was a highly diverting piece of humor in which Maurice Hawken was the life and soul of the party. It was keenly enjoyed by the audience, who showed their appreciation by pronounced applause. Mr. Finer made an excellent accompanist, and the orchestra was in the capable hands of Mr. Dimery.

It was pleasing to see Dr. Liston present, who attended owing to the illness of Dr. Cleary. Mr. M. J. Sheahan, in a neat speech welcomed his Lordship, and the audience showed their appreciation by giving him three hearty cheers.

The following is the prize list:—

Form Va.—Special prizes: The Coolahan medal for good conduct (presented by Bishop Cleary): Richard Gilhooly. Religious knowledge (presented by Monsignor Cahill): Richard Gilhooly. The Arthur Foster memorial prize: Philip Soljak. Dux of the school (the director's prize): Philip Soljak. Latin and French in sixth form: Philip Soljak. Mathematics in sixth form: Harold Wallace. Aggregate merit in form V: James O'Farrell. Science in form V (the Val Blake memorial prize): George Foy. The McVeagh memorial prize essay: Basil Quin 1, Peter Burke 2. The old boys' prize essay: Rupert Keenan 1, Philip Soljak 2. The Barry Farley memorial prize for history in form V: Dec-

lan Reilly. Sports championship: Senior, Maurice Hawken; junior, Thomas McCarthy. Jumping event (gold medal presented by Mr. M. Flynn): E. Brill. Handball championship: Senior, Nicholas Bradanovich; junior, Angus Macdonald.

Form VIa.—Second in aggregate merit: R. Keenan. Science: F. Redman. Application: C. French.

Form VIb.—Aggregate merit: R. Gilhooly 1, D. Maher 2, N. Bradanovich 3. English essay: E. Murphy.

Form V.—Aggregate: G. Foy 2, J. Bradbury 3.

Form IVa.—Aggregate: R. Parker 1, J. Rodgers 2, R. Duggan 3. Religious knowledge: B. Mulhern.

Form IVb.—Aggregate: S. Rockel 1, J. Curran 2, T. Hickey 3. Religious knowledge: E. Doherty.

Form IIIa.—Aggregate: R. Cuddon-Large 1, M. Smith 2, B. Quin 3. Religious knowledge: I. Martinovich.

Form IIIb.—Aggregate: J. Jamieson 1, M. McQuaig 2, T. Toye 3.

St. Mary's College, Wellington

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

Happy in the thought of meeting one another once more, and ready to extend a welcome to new scholars, the students of St. Mary's College returned in April of this year to their *Alma Mater*.

Strenuous and generous efforts were needed if the college were to maintain its well-known standard of efficiency, for many weeks had been lost by reason of the unavoidably long vacation. Be it said then, to the credit of teachers and pupils, that lost time has been redeemed.

The usual examinations have been entered for, and results to date amply reward the untiring devotedness of the Sisters and the ready response of the students.

Portrait painting, still-life painting, pen painting, leather embossing and modelling are features of the school curriculum, and very many of the scholars excel in dress-making and in practical domestic economy.

The spirit of the college is one redolent of happiness and contentment and replete with perfect sympathy between the Sisters and the children.

The spiritual Retreat for the children was eloquently preached by Rev. Paul Kane of the Marist Missionary staff.

The prize-winners are as under:—

Good conduct, senior boarders (gold medal, gift of Mr. Denton): Mildred Sim; next in merit: Ima Schollum. Norma Vallance, E. Wilkinson, Elsie Boniface, Clarice McLeod.

Good conduct, day pupils, senior (gold medal, gift of Rev. P. J. Smythe): Eileen Mansfield; next in merit: Minnie Khouri, Madge McMahon, Nancy Sloane; hon mention: Flora Smith.

Christian doctrine (gold medal, gift of Mrs. Margaret O'Connor): Patricia Connor; prizes: Flora Smith, Eileen Mansfield, and Dorothy Dealy.

English composition (gold medal, gift of his Grace Archbishop Redwood), Edna Wilkinson.

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Elocution (gold medal), Minnie Khouri.

Mathematics (gold medal), gift of Mr. D. Burke, Flora Smith; hon mention, Mildred Sim.

Physical culture (gold medal): senior boarders, Peggy Bagby; do (gold medal, gift of Mr. E. W. Kane): Senior day pupils, D. Dealy; do (silver medal): junior boarders, Peggy Woodward.

Form V.—English, Edna Wilkinson; composition, Gwendoline Schmitt; French, Flora Smith; science, Mildred Sim; penmanship, Elsie Boniface; English history, Patricia Connor; Latin, Agnes Thurston; geography, Eileen Mansfield; oral French, Edna Wilkinson.

Form IVa.—Composition, Madge McMahon; English, Madge McMahon; history and civics, Norma O'Donnell; arithmetic, Nancy Sloane; algebra, Phyllis Stratford; geometry, Nancy Sloane; botany, Madge McMahon; French, Madge McMahon; highest marks, Madge McMahon; geography, Gwen Schmitt; bookkeeping, Minnie Khouri.

Form IVb.—Composition, Margaret Lander; English, Margaret Lander and Barbara Chorlton; history and civics, Barbara Chorlton; penmanship, Barbara Chorlton; arithmetic, Gladys Edwards; algebra and geometry, Gladys Edwards; botany, Nata Furlong and Phyllis Scanlon; French, P. Scanlon and Bernadette Scanlon; drawing, Margaret Lander; highest marks and diligence, Evelyn Thurston.

Form IIIa.—Diligence, Cecily Ellis, Dorothy Dealy; English, Cecily Ellis, Mary Moron, Joan McCormick; composition, Cecily Ellis, Eileen O'Connor, Maureen Wilson; reading, Peggy Killick, Maureen Wilson, M. McCarthy; penmanship, Francesca Moleta, Dorothy Dealy; history, Francesca Moleta, Eileen O'Connor, arithmetic, Amy Fouhy, N. Anderson; algebra, Peggy Killick, Alberta Fitzgerald; geometry, Nan Anderson, Alberta Fitzgerald; botany, Doris Sloane, Maureen Wilson; Latin, Cecily Ellis, Nan Anderson; French, Peggy Killick, Amy Fouhy; oral French, Helma Douglas, Eileen O'Connell; elocution, Eileen Burke, Shirley Milner, M. Moron; bookkeeping, Francesca Moleta; practical botany, Peggy Killick, Ethel Brownlie, Maureen Wilson; geography, E. O'Connell, Nan Anderson, Maureen Wilson; highly satisfactory progress, Fay Brownlie, Doris Godfrey; highest marks, Cecily Ellis.

Form IIIb.—Christian doctrine, Patricia Doherty, Zena Bright; shorthand speed, M. Hoskins; do grade 1, Betty Souter; do grade 2, Lola Bush, Kathleen Healey; bookkeeping: grade 1 Gwen Wilson, grade 2 Eileen Pierce, grade 3 Molly Day; typewriting speed, Freda Carter, grade 1 Gwen Wilson, grade 2 Linnea Nordell, grade 3 Kathleen Healey, Lola Oxspring; English, Z. Bright; composition, Georgina O'Connor; penmanship, Polly Carroll; highest marks, Margaret Hoskins.

Class VI.—Highest marks, Lalla Oben; Christian doctrine, Marjorie O'Connor; reading, Joyce Reed; recitation, Lalla Oben, M. Stephen; spelling, Margaret Casey, Marie Lane; writing, Manu Parata; composition, Lalla Oben, Agnes Bradey; arithmetic, L. Oben, Orviss Thomson; English, Peggy Bagby, Orviss Thomson; geography, Marjorie O'Connor, Eileen-Clarke; history and civics, Mary Ferris; drawing, Joyce Knight; science, Marjorie O'Connor, Nellie Burge; French, Mary Ferris.

Class V.—Highest marks, Molly Goodman; Christian doctrine, Bonnie Lulham; reading, Fjelda Croft; recitation, B. Smith; writing, Dolly Jones; composition, Barbara Smith; arithmetic, Kathleen Goodman, M. Goodman; English, Barbara Smith; spelling, Bonnie Lulham; geography, Molly Goodman; history, Kathleen Goodman; drawing, Dolly Jones; science, Tui Sewell; French, Moira Dorizac.

Class IV, Division 1.—Highest marks, A. Emerson; Christian doctrine, M. O'Shaughnessy; dictation and spelling, Olga Bardebos, Agnes Emerson; arithmetic, Ruth Crombie, Agnes Emerson; diligence, Ngaire Bright; English, Patricia Souter; reading, Patricia Souter; composition, Helen Waddy, Ruth Crombie; recitation, Olga Bardebos; history, Helen Waddy, Veronica Mann; geography, Agnes Emerson; French, Moya O'Shaughnessy, Agnes Emerson; writing, Molly Duffy; drawing, Nora McBirney, Helen Waddy; needlework, Helen Fay; handwork, Nora McBirney.

Class IV., Division 2.—Christian doctrine, Nora Burke; dictation and spelling, Mona Lane; arithmetic, Iris Lowe; English, Helen Hammond; reading, Beattie McColl, Sheila Fitzgerald; composition, Iris Lowe, Helen Fay; recitation, Elsie Mann; history, Eileen Gill; geography, Carol Brown; writing, C. Brown 1, Helen Fay 2; French, N. Burke; general improvement, Marie Boyd; needlework, Molly Duffy.

Class III.—Highest marks, Betty Cameron; Christian doctrine, Phyllis Holmes; dictation and spelling, Peggy Woodward, Marjory Greenop; arithmetic, Kathleen Brosnahan, Stephanie Flanagan; composition, Betty Cameron; geography, Kathleen Brosnahan 1, Peggy Woodward 2; English, Betty Cameron; history, Mary McBirney; reading, P. Holmes; French, Stephanie Flanagan, Ellen Moleta; needlework, Ellen Moleta; general improvement, Patsy Barker, Inez Staples; writing, Noeline Croft; drawing, M. McBirney; recitation, Monica Kelly; handwork, Ellen Moleta.

ST. MARY'S PREPARATORY COLLEGE.

Good conduct.—Boarders, D. Stouart, day pupils, E. Hardinge.

Class I, Division 1.—Christian doctrine, M. Walker, F. Quinlivan; diligence, Joan Howton 1, Mabel Walker 2; highest marks, Lorrie Wood 1, Doris Scanlon 2; arithmetic, Robert Smith and Mabel Walker (equal); writing, Florence Quinlivan, Betty McKeown; reading, Acila Patterson; recitation, Acila Patterson, Lorrie Wood; literature, Doreen Stouart; history, Gabrielle Loftus, Joan St. George; spelling, Joan St. George; geography, Betty McKeown; nature study, Gabrielle Loftus, Joan Newton, Joan St.

George; composition, Forence Quinlivan 1, Acila Patterson 2; drawing, Doris Scanlon; handwork, A. Patterson, E. Hardinge; French, J. Newton 1, Doreen Stouart 2; French recitation, G. Loftus; English, R. Smith, J. Newton; needlework, E. Hardinge; music, A. Patterson, J. Newton.

Class I, Division 2.—Christian doctrine, D. Scanlon; diligence, M. Moleta; arithmetic, M. Moleta; writing, M. McUllum, J. Meyer; reading, P. Welch; recitation, N. Johns; spelling, N. Johns, M. McUllum; history, N. Cannons; geography, N. Johns; nature study, L. Wood; composition, P. Welch; handwork, F. Darragh; drawing, N. Cannons; French, M. Moleta 1, L. Wood 2.

Class II, Division 1.—Christian doctrine, C. Mann; diligence, M. Goodman; arithmetic, C. Lonergan 1, M. Goodman 2; writing, C. Lonergan; reading, I. Walsh; recitation, C. Lonergan, J. Meyers; spelling, I. Walsh; history, J. Greenop; geography, C. Mann; nature study, D. Walker; composition, J. Greenop; handwork, D. Walker; drawing, J. Greenop; French, J. Meyers, D. Walker.

Class II, Division 2.—Christian doctrine, B. Brosnahan; arithmetic, J. Emerson; writing, S. Barnao; recitation, G. Burd; spelling, B. Brosnahan, J. Whittaker; geography, J. Emerson; nature study, G. Burd; composition, J. Whittaker; handwork, G. Burd; drawing, S. Barnao; French, S. Barnao. reading, Joan Emerson.

Primer V.—Christian doctrine, H. Vincent; arithmetic, P. Crombie; spelling, P. Crombie; handwork, K. Coltman; writing, L. Cameron; drawing, L. Cameron; reading, H. Vincent; recitation, K. Coltman; French, H. Vincent 1, K. Coltman 2.

Primer IV.—Christian doctrine, J. Oben; writing, J. Oben; reading, J. Oben; spelling, F. Crombie; tables, F. Crombie; arithmetic, D. Brownrigg; handwork, D. Brownrigg; French, F. Crombie; recitation, J. Oben.

Primer III.—Christian doctrine, M. Lonergan; reading, B. Steward; spelling, J. Stephens; writing, M. Lonergan; number work, M. Lonergan; handwork, D. St. George; French, M. Lonergan 1, J. St. Stephens 2; recitation, M. Lonergan.

Primer II.—Christian doctrine, K. Holst; reading, K. Holst; recitation, B. Coltman; spelling, B. Coltman.

Primer I.—Handwork, G. Thornton; drawing, L. Frew; French, B. Coltman; handwork, G. Hobson; reading, A. Parkinson; spelling, J. Jepson; drawing, B. Thornton.

The following pupils were successful in the public examinations:—

Teachers' D (partial)—Bernadette Gibbs. Matriculation—Bernadette Gibbs, Ita O'Shea, Mary Costello.

Public Service.—Edna Wilkinson, Peggy Read, Patricia Connor, Joyce Young, Margaret Fouhy.

Intermediate.—Madge McMahon, Nancy Sloane, Eileen McLelland, Flora Smith, Patricia Leydon.

The following pupils obtained their Proficiency certificates:—Norma Vallance, Peggy Bagby, Nellie Burge, Margaret Casey, Eileen Clarke, Mary Ferris, Joyce Knight, Marie Lane, Lalla Oben, Marjorie O'Connor, Manu Parata, Gladys Robinson, Joyce Reed, Marie Stephen, Orviss Thomson, Agnes Bradey, Barbara Brown, Arihi Ellison.

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School of Music.

Prize for singing, Ima Schollum; gold medal (gift of Mrs. Macarthy Reid), Dolly Carroll.

Pianoforte.—Gold medal (gift of Rev. N. Moloney), Winifred Secombe; (gold medal, gift of Mrs. Gibbes), Mildred Sim.

Intermediate Royal Academy Division, Z. Bright.

Senior Trinity Division, Eileen Clarke; junior, Nora Burke; intermediate, Lalla Oben; elementary, Iris Lowe; primary, Mary McBirney.

Diligence in Music.—Molly Rutter, Francesca Moleta, Doris Godfrey, Peggy Bagby, Kathleen Brosnahan, A. Paterson, J. Newton, Helen Waddy.

Violin playing.—Marjorie O'Connor..

Theory of Music.

Art of Teaching.—Winifred Secombe.

Harmony Class.—Mildred Sim.

Rudiments.—Peggy Killick.

Dressmaking.—Prize, Dorothy Dealy; special mention, Mary Godfrey, Molly Rutter, Fay Brownlie, Ima Schollum, Manu Parata, Lena Moleta, Nellie Burge, Gladys Robinson.

Trinity College Practical Examinations.

Diploma Examinations.—Licentiate.—M. Pigou (singing), Audrey Jamieson (singing).

Associate.—Dorothy Dudson (singing), M. Bolton (singing), Elvira Meban (singing), M. Sim, Winifrede Secombe.

Higher Local Honors.—Ima Schollum (singing), Dolly Carroll (singing); pass, K. Hennessy, Phillis Haswell, Molly Ellis (singing).

Senior Division Honors.—Nora Riddick, Eileen Clarke, Francesca Moleta; pass, K. McBrearty, Isabel Thompson.

Intermediate Division Honors.—Lalla Oben, Isabel O'Regan (singing), Gwen Spurgin; pass, Monica Lander, Betty Gronboch, Stephen Johns.

Junior Division Honors.—Nora Burke, M. Stephen; pass, Inez Staples.

First Steps Division.—Mabel Watts (violin).

Royal Academy Practical Examinations.**Local Centre.**

Intermediate.—Zena Bright, I. O'Brien, Evelyn Aplin.

School Examinations.

Lower Division.—Kitty Kirley, Joan Sidford, Joan Powell.

Elementary.—Iris Lowe, Molly Duffy, Olga Bardebess.

Primary.—Frances Holland, Mary McBirney, Kathleen Brosnahan, Helen Fay, J. Newton, N. Johns.

Trinity College Theoretical Examinations.

Diploma Certificates Art of Teaching and Rudiments.—Phyllis Blakeney, Lalla Vonandersloot, Agnes Wright, E. Tingey, M. Hamerton, W. Secombe, M. Doherty; rudiments only, M. O'Connell (art of teaching only).

Senior Division.—M. Chote.

Royal Academy.

Qualifying Paper for Licentiate.—Marie Hamerton.

Local Centre Rudiments.—M. Chote, P. Haswell, L. Nordell.

Intermediate Harmony.—A. Jamieson, A. Bright.

Lower Division.—D. Dealy.

The Sisters of Mercy wish to thank the following donors of prizes:—His Grace Archbishop Redwood, Rev. Fathers Smythe and Moloney, Lady Ward, Mesdames Rose, Macarthy-Reid, E. Clarke, Margaret O'Connor, Robinson, Gibbes, Messrs. Brookes, Dealy, E. W. Kane, D. Burke, Denton.

"Villa Maria," Riccarton, Christchurch REPORT FOR 1925.

Notwithstanding the short year, satisfactory progress has been made, and the Sisters and pupils have every reason to be pleased with the result.

This year a new science room has greatly facilitated the work of the secondary department. The inspector of Secondary Schools, who visited "Villa Maria" during the year, expressed his approval of the equipment of the science room, also of the schemes of work submitted. The electric range for cookery classes received special commendation from him. Henceforward all practical work required for the various examinations in science can be done at "Villa Maria."

The gymnasium, also built and equipped this year, has provided the girls with plenty of interesting work, particularly when weather conditions have obliged them to remain indoors.

All the Standard VI pupils presented for examinations obtained their Proficiency Certificates.

In practical music—pianoforte and singing—practically all the candidates obtained honors marks. In the examinations in elocution all the pupils presented acquitted themselves creditably.

The commercial department has also a good record, all candidates presented having passed their examinations.

Prize List.

Christian doctrine and Scripture History—Senior division: Molly Hannafin (gold medal donated by Mr. E. McCarthy). Junior division: Kathleen Ainger (medal donated by Miss McCarthy). Std. 5: Molly Finnerty. Std. 4: Patricia McNamara. Std. 3: Joyce Strahan and Doreen Finnerty—a tie.

Music.

Associate T.C.L. Piano: Mavis Walker (medal donated by Mr. Kelly).

Singing: Mavis Walker.

Higher Local Piano: Cassie Armiger; senior, Myrtle Collett; intermediate piano, Mary O'Keeffe.

Theory of Music: Thelma Bennett.

Arts: Sheila Earl, Katherine Thornton.

Cookery: Marie Tully.

Dressmaking: Molly Taylor.

Sports and Gymnastics: Lulu Robins.

Commercial Classes.

Excellence in Class: Laurel Collett.

Book-keeping: Mavis Walker.

Typing and Shorthand: Enis Burt.

General Progress: Thelma Bennett.

Form V: English literature and English

history, Marian Hayward; arithmetic, Marian Hayward; Latin and mathematics, Molly Hannafin.

Form IV: English Literature and history, Lulu Robins; French, Myrtle Collett and Lulu Robins—a tie; home science, Myrtle Collett; arithmetic, Molly Taylor.

Form III: History, Peggy Pearson; French, Iris Threlkeld.

Standard VI: Excellence in class, Joan Marquet; English, Kathleen Ainger; arithmetic, Betty Kent; history, Molly Pratt.

Standard V: Excellence in class, Molly Finnerty; English composition, Mary O'Keeffe; needlework, Sheila Earl; diligence, Joan Cutts; drawing, Marie Tully; geography, Margaret Preston.

Standard IV: English composition, Patricia McNamara.

Standard III: Excellence in class, Doreen Finnerty; English, Joyce Strahan; geography, Rua Tansey; arithmetic, Marjorie Eden; writing, Edie Clarkson; needlework, Olive Threlkeld.

St. Mary's Convent, Ponsonby, Auckland

ANNUAL PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

The annual breaking-up and prize-giving ceremony of St. Mary's Convent High School, Ponsonby, was held on Tuesday afternoon, the 10th inst.

His Lordship Bishop Cleary presided over a large gathering of parents and friends, and made a brief but appropriate speech for the occasion. A very interesting and enjoyable programme was submitted by the pupils for the entertainment of the visitors, including a morality play entitled "Via Vitae." The cast was a good one, and several of the pupils displayed capital histrionic ability.

A very pleasing announcement which is most commendable was that the girls had decided to forego their prizes this year, and apply the money towards the Maori Missions' Fund.

The following special prizes were awarded:

Conduct.—Awarded by Sisters: Nancy McKone, Cecily Doherty. Voted by companions: Grace Dyer. Dux of school: Rona Kelly. Dressmaking: Edna Parker 1, Mary Corbett 2, Vera Jude 3. Cookery: Mary Kell 1, Mavis Bowden 2. Elocution: Margaret Franklin 1, Joan Kiely 2, Donce O'Brien 3. Eurythmics: Seniors, Molly Hoban 1, Molly Aislable 2, Nora Broddie 3; junior, Marie Drysdale 1, Joy Davis 2, Marie McDonald 3. Gardening: Eileen Geary 1, Muriel Handley 2, Ada and Olga Sommerville 3.

Class Lists.

Form V.—Aggregate marks: Grace Butler 1, Thelma Parker 2, Eva Cassidy 3. Christian doctrine: Eva Cassidy. English: Eva Cassidy. French: Grace Butler. Mathematics: Joyce Parker. Science: Thelma Parker.

Form IV.—Aggregate marks: Katie Hackett 1, Rona Kelly 2, Carena Franetovic 3. Christian doctrine: Marie Devereaux. English: Katie Hackett. Mathematics: Noel McDonald and Imelda Murdock. French: Madeliene Edwards. Science: Katie Hac-

Geo. Hay

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kett. Special mention: Marie Conlan and Lorna Elson.

Form III.—Aggregate marks: Vera Drumm 1, Kathleen Mullen 2, Norma Madigan 3. Christian doctrine: Ada Sommerville. English: Kathleen Twohill. French: Veronica McDonald. Home Science: Molly Hoban. Essay: Kathleen McKone. Geography: Alice Edwards. History: Ada Somerville. Hygiene: Kathleen Hand. Mathematics: Jean Quinn.

Commercial Class.—Shorthand: Mary Corbett 1, Aileen Hare 2, Kathleen McLoughlin 3. Bookkeeping: Verral O'Brien 1, Jean Fitzwilliam 2, Muriel Porter 3. Typewriting: Muriel Porter 1, Mollie Sheffield 2, Verral O'Brien 3.

Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

The breaking-up ceremony and distribution of prizes at the Christian Brothers' School took place on Friday, the 18th inst. In the absence of Bishop Whyte the Rev. Father Monaghan distributed the prizes. Messrs. J. J. Marlow and Gillick represented the Hibernian Society. The senior cricket shield presented by the Boys' Cricket Association was presented to the winning team by Mr. O. Todd. The distribution of prizes was preceded by a short, but high-class concert given by the pupils under the direction of Mr. P. Hanley.

The principal of the school (Rev. Brother Murphy) expressed his thanks to the societies represented and also to Mr. Hanley for his help to the school during the year. He thanked the Hibernian Society for granting a scholarship again this year. These scholarships, he said, were much appreciated, as they provided a valuable stimulus to the boys in their work owing to the conditions under which they were procurable.

Mr. Marlow referred to the advantages to be gained by joining the Hibernian Society, which was a benefit society second to none and which helped the boys to maintain the traditions of the school. He said the State allowed boys from the Christian Brothers' School to compete for public scholarships, but if they won them they could reap the benefit of them only by becoming traitors to their school. It was with the object of remedying such an injustice that the Hibernian Society had granted these scholarships.

Mr. Todd and the Rev. Father Monaghan gave the boys some good advice in regard to the use of their time during the holidays. They stressed the importance of plenty of fresh air and healthy recreation, so that they would develop their physical and mental abilities to the best advantage.

Following is the prize list:—

Matriculation Class.—Dux of school: Bernard O'Connell. English and history: A. Lynskey. Christian doctrine: T. Cotter, J. Cummings. Intermediate: Duxes—Claude McDonnell, Cuthbert Mout. Christian doctrine: David Roche.

Form 3.—Christian doctrine and church history: John Hall. Dux of class: William Lowe. Class list: John Hall, Owen Miles, Stanley McKewen, Daniel Walls, Francis O'Regan. Commercial class.—Dux of class:

Nicholas Windle. Book-keeping: Patrick Byrne.

Standard VI.—Christian doctrine: E. Pledger; dux: P. Skinner (first in class and winner of the Hibernian scholarship), E. Beaumont 2, B. Mooney 3, E. Blacklock 4, M. Nichol 5, N. Hodge 6.

Standard V.—Christian doctrine: Harold Carter. Class work: Christen Duggan, Harold Malthus, Pierre Devereux, Leo McDonnell, Kevin Toomey, Claude Lee. Home exercise: Patrick Matthews.

Standard IV.—Christian doctrine: F. Murray. Dux: J. Meade. Class work: W. Cummings, J. O'Dea, S. Brown, J. Cull, L. Thompson, G. Walsh.

Standard III.—Class work: G. Kavanagh 1, O. Cummings 2, J. Farmer 3, B. Robinson 4, J. Phelan 5. Christian doctrine: N. Rodden.

Standard II.—Class work: T. Hogan 1, W. Beauchamp 2, J. Hogan and J. Grey (equal) 3, R. Hall 4, W. Coward 5. Christian doctrine: H. Wilkins.

Elocution, etc.—C. McDonnell, C. Lee, N. Rae, J. Hall, K. Toomey, W. Cummings. Gymnastics: L. Madigan.

HIBERNIAN SOCIAL CLUBS

BILLIARD MATCH:

ST. PATRICK'S v. ST. JOSEPH'S.

On Tuesday, December 15, the St. Patrick's Social Club of the Hibernian Society invited the St. Joseph's Club to play a billiard match at the club rooms of the former, Cargill's Corner.

Play was very keen and exciting: much progress being shown by the cueists since the previous match. The teams consisted of nine players, and at the conclusion of eight games St. Joseph's led by two points—both teams having won four games. Great excitement prevailed during the major portion of the deciding game, till the visiting man put on a good break, running out a winner by 25 points.

The match, which was decided by aggregate, resulted as follows (St. Patrick's team given first):—

E. Fay, 44	Culling, 100
L. Marlow, 100	Burns, 39
J. Quinn, 100	F. Brown, 99
W. Walker, 70	Fraser, 100
A. Quinn, 100	A. Sullivan, 52
P. Nash, 79	W. Brookes, 100
F. Mullin, 75	Corston, 100
J. McInerney, 100	McBride, 89
F. Behrens, 100	J. Harty, 84

St. Joseph's won by 27 points.

After the match the visitors were the guests of the St. Patrick's Club to supper. Bro. A. Gillick thanked the members of the St. Patrick's Club for their kind invitation and also for the splendid way St. Joseph's representatives had been entertained.

Bro. A. L. Marlow congratulated the visitors on their success, and expressed the hope that it would not be long before they were matched again. Cheers for the visitors was most lustily responded to and a most enjoyable evening concluded with the singing of "For They are Jolly Good Fellows."

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Mechanical Cribs, 3d to 10/- each.

Colored Placques (Sacred) Calendars—3/6.

Altar Charts (folding, etc.), Mass Missals, Cruets, Purificators, Best Sanctuary Oil, 10/6 gal. Wicks, 6/- doz. (round and square). Mass, Benediction, Votive, Paschal, Triple, Candles (Irish make). Medals of Sts. Christopher, Roche, Benedict, etc., etc., 1d and 6d each. St. Basil's Hymnal, 6/6. Latest in Catholic Literature.

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THE RIGHT HON. "T.P."

The Right Hon. Thomas Power O'Connor, M.P., P.C., reached his 77th birthday the other week and received myriads of congratulations from his innumerable friends, personal and political, in all parts of the world. Born in Athlone in 1848, "T.P." took his M.A. degree in Queen's College, Galway, before he was twenty years of age. After a short experience as reporter in Dublin he came to London in his twenty-first year, and eventually obtained an appointment on the *Daily Telegraph*. In 1880, when Mr. Parnell was recruiting the Irish Parliamentary Party, "T.P." became Member for Galway. At the Redistribution of Seats in 1885 the Scotland Division of Liverpool was formed, and as it contained a majority of Nationalist voters "T.P." became its Parliamentary representative and has remained so since uninterruptedly throughout the forty years that have elapsed. As a writer he first came into prominence through the publication of a Biography of Lord Beaconsfield which was printed at the zenith of the career of that famous Tory Premier. Early in life "T.P." contracted the habit of starting newspapers. He founded the *London Star* which still survives. He also founded *The Sun*, a London evening paper, and afterwards the *Weekly Sun*, to say nothing of *M.A.P.* and *T.P.'s Weekly*. He has been always, and remains a most industrious journalist with amazing productivity. To the Irishmen of Great Britain he was known as President of the various Irish leagues which organised the Irish vote in Britain during the past fifty years. The names of the organisation changed occasionally, but "T.P." was its perpetual president through all its activities—a genial tyrant whose ruling frequently savored more of Draco than of Demos. The Labor Party was credited with the intention of making him a Peer, but stopped short at making him a Privy Councillor which gives him the designation of Right Hon. One of the most prominent and popular figures in the political and literary life of modern England, at times fiercely (and not unwarrantably) criticised by his political compatriots, "T.P." remains one of the truest Irishmen of his time and one of the most disinterested devotees of Dark Rosaleen.

Mount St. Joseph's Boys' Home, Waverley

Favored with glorious weather the boys of Mount St. Joseph gave an outdoor entertainment to their benefactors and friends on Saturday afternoon week. An exceptionally meritorious programme arranged for the occasion was carried out without a hitch, and the forty-four performers who took part in it won the praise of the many friends, who came from Dunedin and from Mosgiel. A bevy of young ladies from the secondary department of St. Philomena's College presided over a sweets and ice-cream stall and did a brisk trade, the "Waverley boys" being liberally regaled at the expense of the visitors. Guessing competitions held during the afternoon proved very exciting. We noticed that quite a number of parents sent their children with presents for the orphans, thus putting into practice the advice given on

the recent Confirmation Sunday, in St. Patrick's Basilica, by his Lordship the Bishop, namely, to train the children to help the poor. The Sisters of Mercy and the orphan boys under their care at the Mount, are deeply grateful to all the good friends who so generously helped them, and earnestly pray that God's best blessing may be bestowed upon these dear friends and their families.

BETHLEHEM AND THE EUCHARIST.

("He came unto His own, and His own received Him not!")

At coldest, darkest hour of night our God came down

To this poor earth, and men received Him with a frown!

Dear God! And we? Can we afford to cast a stone

At coldness of the Bethle'mites? What of our own?

Had they but known that night of nights that God was nigh!

Perhaps they would not have Him thus on straw to lie!

While we! We know that in our midst the Saviour stands,

And calls to us, with plaintive voice, with outstretched hands:

"Prepare My way, make straight My paths! For lo! I come

I come to you, within your heart to make My home!"

Yet we, His chosen, cherished children, go our way,

Unheeding Him Who for our sakes dwells night and day

Within the narrow prison cell His love has sought—

A Prisoner, held fast with bonds His love has wrought!

At Bethlehem the angels sang their carols sweet,

The simple shepherds laid their offerings at His feet,

The hearts of Mary and of Joseph were aglow With love whose purity outshone that mid-night snow!

The sages, from the far-off East, adoring, knelt

Before the Babe—with faith sublime, God's presence felt!

The shepherds and the saintly kings have passed away,

But Jesus' love has chained Him here, and so to-day

We still may come, the heavy-laden and the poor,

The blind, the lame, the leper-white, and find a cure!

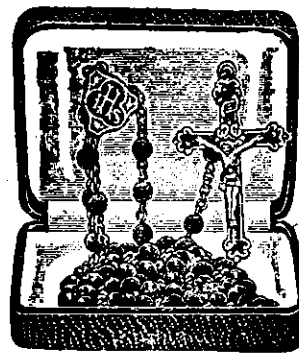
He longs to ease the racking pain, to soothe the brow,

Oh! foolish heart, why live in grief? He calls you now!

—E. de M.

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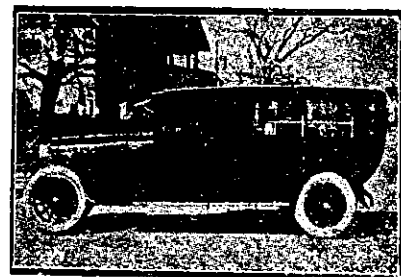
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BEATH'S, CHRISTCHURCH

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

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

(25) PROTESTANTISM HAS NOT THE MARKS OF THE TRUE CHURCH: IT LACKS UNITY OF FAITH AND GOVERNMENT.

The Protestant Church is not the true Church of Christ, since it has not all or even one of its essential marks. Unity of faith and government cannot be discovered in the sects taken collectively. It is notorious that the Lutheran will not have part with the Anglican, and that both gnash their teeth at the Calvinist. It is equally notorious that the members of each individual sect differ vitally amongst themselves in matters of faith, worship, and government. The smaller sects do not even pretend to unity; they worship private judgment, which inevitably spells disunion. The Established Church of England, based on a principle of disintegration, has already given birth to close on three hundred antagonising creeds, not one of which can speak with one voice upon any point of Christian Doctrine, even though it be the Divinity of Christ. Notice how even the secular press delights to circulate and scoff at the vagaries of the several Protestant bishops of England. The Archbishop of Canterbury, unhappy man, cannot keep peace within the Anglican Church though it numbers only three million souls, for he admits that he has no power either to decide points of belief, or to compose conflicting forms of worship. Fancy one of the pre-sixteenth century Archbishops of Canterbury making such an admission: The Anglican Church lacks the unifying power that would come from one supreme ruler, and so it must be content to witness the horrible spectacle of a divided Episcopal vote in the House of Lords on the question of divorce. Each following his own private judgment, they were bound to differ on the interpretation of the words: "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." One Bishop looks upon as entirely out of date the divine injunction that marriages should be fruitful, while a Dean advocates birth-control from the pulpit of London's Protestant Cathedral.

Hopeless of unity, they make boast of the comprehensiveness of their sect, and mightily comprehensive it is. It contains some who deny the Divinity of Christ, and others who accept the Divinity but deny the Resurrection; and yet others who are so "advanced" that they dress themselves as priests at their worship, and end by persuading themselves and their followers that they are priests in reality. A Protestant clergyman stated a little while ago that he could write on his finger nail all the points of Christian teaching on which they could all agree. The only time they are united is when they meet to oppose the Catholic Church, but here they succeed only in showing their own folly, while they leave the Church's unity still intact. What St. Hilary wrote in the fourth century is true to-day: "All, indeed, array themselves in hostility to the Church, but as all heretics fly at one another's throats, they derive no benefit from their victory. For by their victory the Church triumphs over

all, because one heresy contends against another for what the faith of the Church condemns." Tertullian also seemed to have them in view when he wrote: "What is allowable to Valentinus, is allowable also to his followers; and the Marcionites claim the same privilege."

A common hatred marshals them against the Bride of Christ; but unity of doctrine, of worship, of discipline, of government is as much beyond their grasp as are the stars of heaven. Mallock prophesied the disruption of their baseless creed thirty years ago, and the daily press witnesses that he was a true prophet. Contemplate once more the Church's marvellous unity amid the strife of tongues around it; one faith binding the whole world, and men of every race and color, while one small island called England, with every human aid to unity, is torn asunder by hundreds of conflicting creeds. One divine worship for the Catholic universe, while that island witnesses daily rioting round its altars. One supreme government binding Catholics of every nation to one another and to their divinely-appointed head, while in that same small island no man is found with right to quell the babel or compose the strife. The majesty of Catholic Unity proclaims the Holy Spirit that lives within the Church and binds her to Himself. Christ and His Church are not two beings, Christ and the Church are one—He the Head, they the members.

PROTESTANTISM IS NOT CATHOLIC.

Of course it is not catholic in time, since it began only in the sixteenth century. Nor is it catholic in space, for though it should be said that Protestantism is found everywhere, it must be also said that it is everywhere different. It is universal unity that is a mark of the Church of Christ, not universal disorder. If we link together the three hundred antagonistic sects that go to make up Protestantism, and concede that they have between them from one hundred million to one hundred and fifty million adherents, we shall see that this is too small a total to warrant the title universal. I have said if we concede, because we in New Zealand only too well know how unreliable the religious census is. If we compare the number of Anglicans in the census returns with the record of attendance at the Anglican churches, we shall know how to value the census.

Protestantism is not territorially catholic. It is practically confined to the English-speaking countries and to Prussia and Scandinavia; and even in these lands it has made no headway since its first outbreak. During the past fifty years it has lost to the Catholic Church in Germany practically two-fifths of its flock, while in England it is losing many to Catholicism, but many more to Scepticism and Infidelity. "The Reformed Churches," writes Macaulay, "were merely national

Churches. The Church of England existed for England alone. It was an institution as purely local as the Court of Common Pleas. The Church of Scotland existed for Scotland alone, while the operation of the Catholic Church took in the whole world." Had Macaulay had the opportunity of reading New Zealand History, he might have made his statement much stronger, for he would have seen that in England's colonies the so-called Church of England was a distinct Church from that in the motherland. The Protestant Bishops, the heads of the Church in New Zealand, are not appointed by the King.

Cardinal Newman has shown how the roots of Protestantism must die if transplanted from their local soil; and events have demonstrated that even in their national soil they lead but a dying life. Now that travel has become easy, Protestants find themselves frequently in the great world centres, but in every place they feel their isolation from the religious life of the people. They are merely insular. Protestantism, therefore, is not catholic either numerically, socially, or by vocation. It can never possess the heart of the people, for its principle of private judgment is a seed, not of vigorous conquest, but of inevitable dissolution.

PROTESTANTISM IS NOT APOSTOLIC.

Protestants do not claim this mark. Indeed they scoff at it. The Ritualists, however, do claim it; but their claim was rejected in the well-known letter of Leo XIII. He pointed out that their Orders were invalid, had never been recognised, and could never be recognised. As for Apostolic jurisdiction, they admit that they are without it. This small party in the Anglican Church put forth a peculiar theory of religious unity. They think that Catholics, Easterns, and Anglicans make up between them the one Church of Christ. They think that these are three living branches of one Church, each supreme in its own domain, but schismatic outside that domain. This is very foolish and fantastic, and is rejected by Catholics, Easterns, and Protestants, including ninety per cent. of Anglicans. How could Churches diametrically opposed be one and the same? How could contradictory doctrines come from one and the same Spirit of Truth. Institutions that teach contraries may take the place of a Pythian Priestess in a Delphin Oracle, but cannot be the ambassadors of God.

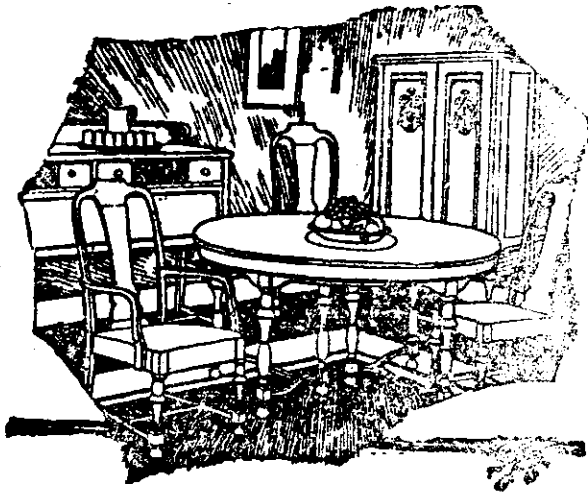
It would be easy to make fun of the Ritualists, and they do cause much mirth. Their sincerity and their personal sacrifices are, however, beyond question. They form religious Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods, they honor Our Lady, they say Mass, or rather mistakenly think they do; they march through the streets in what they believe to be processions of the Blessed Sacrament. The Erastian Bishops hamper them in every possible way, while they tolerate in their pulpits clergy who deny the Divinity of Christ. But the Ritualists carry on what they believe to be God's holy work. May God give them light to see their present folly, and lead them into their proper home within the bosom of the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church of Christ.

Maurice Coughlan

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OAMARU CATHOLIC MEN'S CLUB

(Contributed.)

A thoroughly successful evening was spent by members of the above club on Saturday, December 5, on the occasion of their first banquet. Originally it had been decided to hold a "mock banquet," but, though the function was more in the nature of a reunion, ample justice was meted upon the mock element of the evening. Arrangements were well in hand and a fair measure of success is due to the fact that the committee, practically speaking, "put their hearts into the job." Mr. Hogan presided over a company of 30 guests including Fathers Ardagh, Fenelon, and Finlay (some-time student in Paris). His Lordship Dr. Whyte regretted that duty prevented him from attending, but wished success to the entertainment.

The following toast list was honored: The loyal toast; "The Club," proposed by Mr. J. Griffen, replied to by the president and secretary; "The Patrons," proposed by Mr. I. Mackinnon, replied to by the clergy; "The Hibernians," Mr. G. Firth, replied to by the president, secretary, and treasurer of that body; "Catholic Teachers," Mr. W. Quinn, replied to by Mr. P. J. Duggan and Father Ardagh; "Parliament," Mr. A. G. Ny, replied to by Mr. A. E. Ahern; "Ireland," Mr. Cooney, replied to by Father Fenelon and Mr. P. J. Duggan; "City Fathers," Mr. E. J. O'Donnell, replied to by Messrs M. J. Hanley and W. Connors; "Ladies Club," Mr. A. Cahill, replied to by Mr. P. Flynn; "The Entertainers," Father Finlay, replied to by Mr. M. Kerr; "The Chairman," Mr. W. Simons, replied to by Mr. W. Hogan.

Replies to the various toasts brought to light information that has seldom been the lot of the men of the parish—especially the younger men to hear. Apart from matters relating principally to the club, members were treated to a fine history, briefly given of the H.A.C.B. Society from its origin down to the solid institution it is to-day. In Oamaru Monsignor Mackay established the society, and its first president was Mr. A. Direen. The fifty years' self-sacrifice of our Christian Brothers and Dominican Nuns in their efforts to imbue Christian men and women with principles of practical religion was brought forcibly home to us. We owe them our support and our gratitude. Mr. Duggan was in reminiscent mood, and those members who have not been actively associated with him and his teaching have every reason now to feel proud of the patriarch of the parish. Each one must appreciate the fact that Catholic youth must be taught by Catholic teachers.

It is not possible, here, to do justice to the treatment of the toast to Ireland, suffice to say that knowledge of the "Great Irish effort" may not again be so easily acquired.

During the evening interest was effectively maintained by items from Messrs. M. Kerr, A. Ahern, F. Shanahan, E. Dell, W. O'Leary, F. McBride, and W. Connors.

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

NAZARETH HOUSE, CHRISTCHURCH
SUCCESSFUL GARDEN FETE.

(From our own correspondent.)

On Sunday afternoon week the presentation of the balance sheet of the garden fete and art union held for the benefit of Nazareth House recently, was the occasion for a general assembling of the stallholders, their assistants, and others who worked in conjunction with the executive. The Sisters once more showed what they are capable of doing with their young charges in the way of entertainment, and a very choice and varied programme was thoroughly enjoyed by the large gathering of visitors, amongst whom were his Lordship the Bishop, Rev. Fathers Bartley, S.M., Joyce (Cathedral), and Bosance, of the Goulburn diocese, N.S.W. Action songs, chorus work, step and fancy dancing, and recitations were really well performed by the children, and items that call for special mention were the song "Dublin Bay" by Alma Chandler; sword dance by Alberta Collings, and a recitation "Help Yourself Do," by little Nellie O'Loughlin. Mr. T. Cahill (hon. secretary) read the balance sheet showing the stalls as follows:—Cathedral Stall—Per Mesdames Brittenden and Dobbs, £274 4s; Mesdames Brophy and Blackaby, £123 8s; Mrs. Greenlees, £44 6s 6d; Miss Malley, £39 4s 6d; Celtic Club, £6; total, £487 3s 3d. Cashmere Stall—Misses Hayward and Morkane, £383 13s 8d. St. Mary's Stall—Mesdames Clifford and Vincent, £206 3s; Miss Enright, £102 6s; total, £308 9s. Halswell Stall—Misses McCarthy and Walsh, £277 11s 1d. Addington Stall—Miss Sloane, £170 15s. Gate receipts, £50 1s. Entrance fees for competitions, £3 13s. Total, £1681 6s 0d. The expenses amounted to £96 4s 8d, leaving the handsome credit balance of £1585 1s 4d. The sale of tickets for the art union produced £859 12s, and the expenditure being £124 12s, a return of £735 was to hand. The net proceeds for the double function was £2320 1s 4d, and a cheque for this amount was handed by the Bishop to the Rev. Mother. In doing so his Lordship referred to the run of ill-luck that preceded the actual holding of the garden fete—it having to be postponed again and again. He complimented the stallholders and all the workers on the splendid result achieved, and paid a tribute to the supervision and excellent organisation due to the tactful ability of Mr. T. Cahill. Very feelingly the Bishop touched on the work of the Sisters and heartily thanked them for their excellent entertainment. Father Joyce returned thanks for the Sisters. Afternoon tea was dispensed to the visitors.

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I never see a child at play
Along some green, dusk-darkened street,
Chasing the flying fringe of day
With happy little running feet,

But that I pause and think upon
That other Child, Whose holy breath
Stirred all the fragrant flow'rs that shone
Along the slopes of Nazareth.

I think I see Him as He stood,
The sunset on His rosy hands,
Chasing the shadows in the wood,
Among the old grey olive-lands.

Did He within that whispering place,
His laughter on the twilight still,
Stop in His merry play and trace,
Outlined upon a lonely hill,

The shadow of a Cross? Did He,
With Eyes upon the sunset's rim,
Look with an awful dignity
Down the long years that loomed for Him?

I never see a child at play,
Along the evening pale and mild,
But that I take upon my way
The Sorrow of that other Child!

—MYRA MORRIS.



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St. Vincent de Paul Sunday School, Dunedin

On Sunday, December 13, the annual break-up and distribution of prizes in connection with the St. Vincent de Paul Sunday School, took place in St. Joseph's School-room, Dunedin. Punctually at 3 p.m. about 50 bright-faced children from the tiny tots of four or five to the older boys and girls of thirteen and fourteen who were attending their last break-up, assembled in happy anticipation of the coming treat. The place of honor was given to the statue of Our Lady, the patroness of the Sunday school, whose shrine was beautifully decked with roses and lilies. In the middle of the room stood a table laden with attractive prizes, the object of many a wistful glance, which the Rev. Father Tylee, in the unavoidable absence of his Lordship the Bishop, kindly consented to distribute. Rev. Mother Prior-ess, who has always taken a great interest in the work of the Sunday school, was present, and also several kind friends and a few of the children's mothers.

The following report was read:—

The year's work, which closes to-day, has been eminently satisfactory. The attendance of the children has been much better than in previous years; a number of pupils have been prepared for first confession and Holy Communion and are now preparing for confirmation. These gratifying results are due in no small measure to the zeal of the young teachers. It is inspiring to all interested in such work to see these young girls, who are still pursuing their higher studies at school, devoting themselves on Sunday afternoons to the so necessary and often arduous task of teaching these little ones their prayers and the principles of our holy Faith. The fact that in many cases the pupils do not appreciate the efforts made for them makes a heavy demand on the patience and energy of their young instructresses, whose very best qualities are thus developed.

The members of the guild owe much to the help of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and especially to many friends for help and encouragement. Miss O'Rourke continues her invaluable work in gathering a number of children for the Sunday school. To the Cathedral clergy the girls are at all times indebted for their readiness to assist in every possible way. Nor must a tribute be omitted to the memory of Mrs. Jackson (R.I.P.), who took a deep interest in the guild since its inception. The contemplation of a life such as hers, so utterly devoted to the service of "Our Lord's the Poor," will be ever an incentive to the girls who are taking up the work in their humble way, for "She, being dead, yet speaketh."

Immediately after the reading of the report the prizes—consisting mainly of religious objects, which were given with a view to introducing some symbol of our holy Faith into homes usually so sadly lacking in them—were distributed, and child after child returned happy to her place, clasping tightly the cribs, prayer-books, beads, etc., which will be treasured for some time, we hope, amongst their most precious possessions.

At the close of the prize-giving, the Rev. Father Tylee, in a brief address, thanked Miss O'Rourke for her valuable assistance, without which the work could not have been carried on, and asked her to accept a small token of the girls' esteem. He then expressed a hope that in a short time the Catholic children attending State schools would be induced to attend their own Catholic ones.

At this point the children could be kept silent no longer, and a happy confusion ensued, all being eager to display their prizes to their mothers and to their little companions. Father Tylee now spent some time amongst the children, speaking to them and blessing their beads, whilst farewells were exchanged between teachers and pupils, and many promises of a record attendance were secured for next year.

Then at last as the little ones began to grow tired, the proceedings terminated with the singing of "Hail, Queen of Heaven!" and, together with the sweet strains, there ascended to Heaven many a prayer that the seeds of faith sown in the hearts of these little ones would take root and that the efforts made on their behalf would not be in vain.

Marist Brothers' School, Timaru

ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT.

The entertainment given by the pupils of the Marist Brothers' School last evening (says the *Timaru Herald* for December 16) fully justified the confidence shown by those responsible for engaging the Theatre Royal for this annual fixture. Bright and interesting, with a diversity of items, each of which well merited the sustained applause that followed, the programme, from the overture until the spectacular drama of ancient Rome which concluded the concert, was decidedly entertaining.

Following the overture number "Rod Gnome," brightly played by a well-balanced orchestra, under the baton of Mr. Harry Moore, the pupils gave spirited renditions of the National Anthem and "God Defend New Zealand," to organ accompaniments supplied by the Rev. Brother Fidelis. In concerted numbers the children gave evidence of having received splendid instruction, their singing of "The Golden Vanity," and "The Old Brigade" being tuneful and pleasing. Individual talent was evidenced in a humorous recitation by Master Graham Murdoch, and a vocal solo, sung with pleasing effect by Master John Richardson. A humorous dialogue by Masters Patrick Sullivan and Leo O'Brien also proved diverting. Sung by the juniors, "The Little Hero" (Adams), proved a very tuneful offering. The same high standard was apparent in two choral numbers "Benediction" and "The Chapel," the former sung by the Catholic Glee Club, and the latter by the Glee Club and the school choir combined. In "The Chapel," by Kreutzer, the adult and juvenile voices blended with very fine effect, the work being conducted with artistic appreciation by the Rev. Brother Fidelis. A vocal solo by Master Leo Cosgrove, very well rendered, and the chorus "Come Back to Erin," delivered by the school to an orchestral accompaniment, added

variety. A delightful little interlude was provided by a diminutive pair, billed as "The Twins." Attired in Highland costume, the comedians proved to be the Master Durning. The turn was vigorously applauded. A clever arranged flag march was heightened by splendid lighting effects. The pupils received a warm ovation for the steadiness in which the march was carried out. A humorous recitation by Master Frank Durning concluded a very interesting portion of the programme.

The remainder of the bill was devoted to the presentation of the Roman drama "Tarcissius." The drama concluded with a splendid tableau proclaiming that "Christ not Caesar reigns in Rome." Careful attention had been devoted to historical detail, both in regard to customs and costuming, and a very interesting presentation resulted.

Miss M. Emery, L.A.B., and Miss Patricia Lynch, L.A.B., acted as accompanistes.

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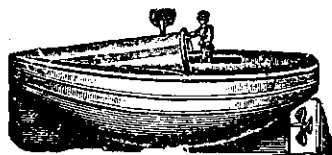
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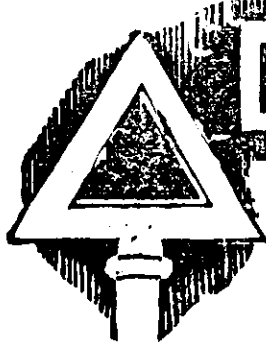
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The Missal

There is no special method of hearing Mass laid down as of obligation. Bodily presence, with even passive assistance, quite fulfils one's obligation.

To those who attend Mass at one time, in any special church, no doubt, the fruits and merits that accrue are different by many more degrees than the Scriptural "hundred-fold, sixty-fold, and fifty-fold." Those who pray do well.

Those who form the intention of offering with the priest and who use the ordinary of the Mass as found in most prayer books, do better, but "yet I show unto you, a more excellent way." This more excellent way is the devout use of the Missal.

The ordinary of the Mass cannot include the special Collects, Epistle and Gospel for each day; it cannot give the commemoration of the mystery, or the saint honored each day, and it is exact only with the parts of the Mass which do not vary.

The Missal introduces the devout Catholic to a very wonderland of the Church's treasure, "treasures new and old" from the inexhaustible store of the gracious generosity of our God, poured into the lap of Mother Church.

Missal Treasures.

The treasures of the Missal, learned for the first time, strike one with the charm and freshness of a revelation, and the devout Catholic learns how to color the day with holy, happy thoughts, of a martyr's constancy or a Confessor's intrepidity, a virgin's triumph, or some sweet mystery of Jesus or Mary which raises the day from being only a secular space of time, and invests it with some of the glory of heaven—indeed, with much of the glory of heaven.

Father Benson, in *By What Authority*, describes the Mass of Easter Sunday as heard by the two converts, Isabella and Anthony Norris.

It was their first Mass, and many who are not converts, and who have heard Mass for decades of years, would learn by reading the glowing chapter which so delightfully describes the Easter Mass that there were unsuspected beauties in their Easter Masses of the past, and their Easter Masses of the future should be heard much better because of this new knowledge.

By using the Missal, not only the

Mass of Easter day, but the Mass of every day, will yield up the glory of wealth in Scriptural significance and allusions which are a "sealed book" to those acquainted only with the broad features of the Mass, and the prayers and portions that do not vary.

Some impatient person may say, "It's good enough to read a prayer book and to strike your breast when the bell rings." But when it is so easy to improve on that, why not take notice of the "more excellent way?" Since you use a book, why should not the book be the real book, the Missal, so little used by laymen, as though they considered that for its use some special quality were needed as for the sealed book of the Apocalypse, of which is written, "Who is worthy to open the book, and who shall break the seals thereof?"

It is certain that our particular share in the fruits of the Mass depends upon the extent of our union with the priest who celebrates, and the closest union can be secured only by knowing what are the special prayers, what saints are commemorated, and what Epistle, what Gospel, what Collects are in the Mass of the day.

The Missal gives us all this knowledge; it is, of course, given in English. Once more, before saying another word in praise of this method of hearing Mass, let us remember that any prayers, any private devotions, with a special recollection at the Consecration, are quite good enough for a reverent, profitable assistance at the Holy Sacrifice, but, "thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift," these days of Eucharistic revival call, and not in vain, for much more than "good enough," and it is with great confidence that the "more excellent way" is here advocated and outlined for those who will be glad to secure by its adoption a closer union with the celebrating priest.

Learn, then, to follow by means of the Missal, step by step with the priest, all the evolutions of this Divine Drama, which lead up to, and down from, the great centre Act of Consecration and Consummation in Communion.

Call about you as Holy Church does, the goodly company of the burning Seraphim and Cherubim, the radiant martyrs—hands invoked during the Canon of the Mass, the holy Virgin Saints, and Martyrs, and Apos-

ties; and standing in spirit with Mary who stood by the foot of the Cross know that all your prayer and all your worship are the more acceptable to God, because offered in the company of His chosen friends who proved themselves on earth, even as we now strive to do.

Then when the blessing is given, and we are bidden to depart because "Mass is done," and the Gospel of John is read, which so magnificently proclaims the God-head and eternity of the Son, the Lamb of the Sacrifice, at which we have been assisting, let us go down from the Hill with the remembrance of His sweet, bitter Passion new and deep in our hearts, with kindled eyes of faith, to see what the Centurion saw so brightly, in the miracle darkness of Calvary, that "indeed, this Man was the Son of God."

With faith renewed, and love enkindled from each Mass at which we assist—"What then shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or famine, or nakedness, or danger, or persecution, or the sword? . . . In all these things we overcome because of Him Who hath loved us."—*The Pilot* (Boston).

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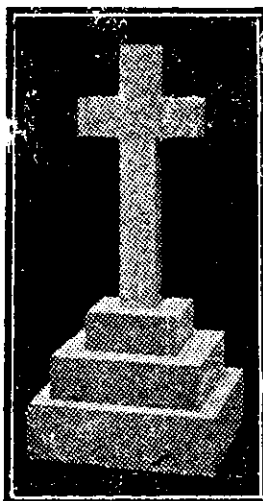
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To make such a statement in the face of the modern scientific world seems somewhat audacious, for it bespeaks the blending of two modes of being—the spiritual with the material, the humanly dependent with the absolutely divine. We have little inclination to discuss the serious subject as to how far the old civilisations confounded the phenomena of nature with the Being of nature's God. We are the believers in the mystery of the Incarnate birth of Jesus Christ, the Eternal God. It is much more to our purpose, since we are the children of the dawning hopes of humanity to venture an assertion that the Nativity was a new starting point in the sphere of human liberty and material progress. There is but one question for every individual: "Have I any distinct relationship with Him Who out of Everlasting Love for me clothed Himself with my erring flesh and assumed unto Himself the whole of the physical creation?"

CHRISTMAS DATES CENTURIES AGO

The custom of celebrating a special day in memory of Christ's nativity is one which dates from the earliest ages of Christianity. From primitive times the Eastern Church solemnised the birthday of Our Blessed Lord on January 6. Rome, however, with never-failing constancy, has always celebrated this event on the 25th day of December. Dom Swithber Baumer, O.S.B., is of the opinion that Christmas must have been instituted in Rome some time after the year 243.

Hippolytes may be cited as one of the earliest authorities in favor of the 25th day of December. He lived in Rome during the first half of the third century, and must have had the best opportunities of learning the primitive tradition of the "Mother and Mistress of all Churches." In a recently discovered commentary of his, on the Book of Daniel, quoted by Mgr. Duchesne, the date when Christ was born is set down as the 25th of December. A Roman calendar of the early part of the fourth century also inscribes the 25th of December as the birthday of Christ.

Pagan Rome also kept the festival on the 25th of December. It was the *Nativitas Invicti* (Solis), the birthday of the sun, and the suggestion has been made that this influenced the Church in fixing Christmas on

the same day. Be that as it may, one cannot fail to see a striking parallel between the day of the winter solstice, when the sun is, as it were, born anew, and the old *Sol Justitiae*, the sun of justice, who was believed by the Roman Christians to have risen for the first time upon the world on that day.

The feast of Christmas then must be regarded as essentially a feast of the Latin Church. Its institution dates from Rome about the end of the third century. From Rome it found its way into the East.

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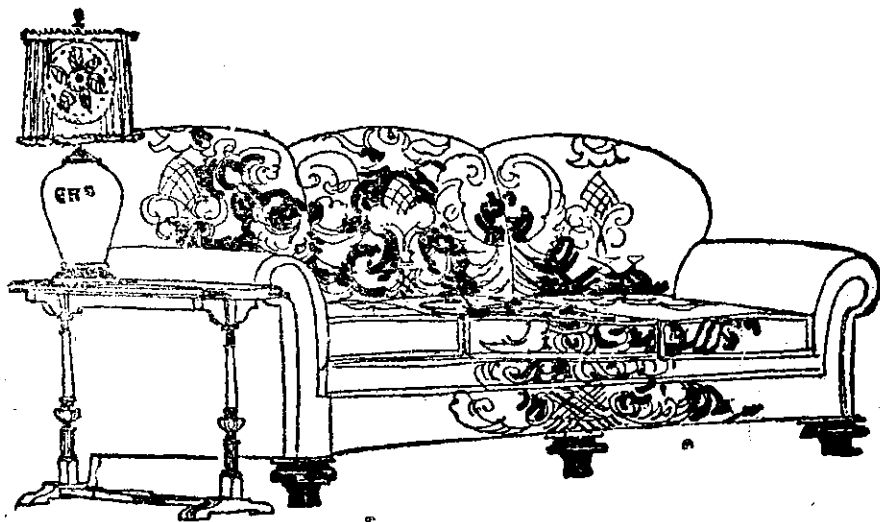
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DON'T MAKE THE WRINKLES DEEPER

Is father's eyesight growing dim,
His form a little lower?
Is mother's hair a little gray,
Her steps a little slower?
Is life's hill growing hard to climb?
Make not their pathway steeper;
Smooth out the furrows on their brows.
Oh, do not make them deeper.

There's nothing makes a face so young
As joy, youth's fairest token;
And nothing makes a face grow old
Like hearts that have been broken.
Take heed lest deeds thine own should make
Thy mother be a weeper;
Stamp peace upon a father's brow,
Don't make the wrinkles deeper.

In doubtful pathways do not go,
Be tempted not to wander;
Grieve not the hearts that love you so,
But make their love grow fonder.
Much have thy parents borne for thee,
Be now their tender keeper;
And let them lean upon thy love,
Don't make the wrinkles deeper.

Be lavish with the kindly deeds,
Be patient, true, and tender;
And make the path that ageward leads
Aglow with earthly splendor.
Some day, the dear ones, stricken low,
Must yield to death the reaper;
And you will then be glad to know
You made no wrinkles deeper.

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## LITTLE KINDNESSES.

Very small kindnesses help so much that it is a thousand pities that more of them are not shown in all our lives. Thousands of them are shown and they add a great deal to the sum total of human helpfulness. But being kind is one of the beautiful things of the world that everyone can cultivate. No rare gift of genius is needed to bring it to the highest degree of perfection.

Often it reaches its most beautiful form of expression among the poor, a look, a word, a touch, a little bit of human helpfulness that has a fixed abiding place in the heart. When we hear of a person who has "no heart" we are hearing of one who is not likely to be very kind to anyone or to anything. Being kind includes in its highest perfection kindness to all living things, and there are no class distinctions when it reaches out to people.

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RULES FOR THE BOOK-BUYER.

1. Do not buy a book simply because it appeals to you by its captious title, or because of the praise of it contained in the book-trader's announcement, or of the name of the notariety who writes the introduction or a commendatory letter. These are tokens often independent of the merit or value of a book.

2. Let not the price of a book be the determining factor in your purchase. A book worth having is worth ten books that are merely cheap.

3. Buy books only which serve you for study or repeated reading. Casual reading can be done by borrowing books.

4. Before buying valuable books consult a friend who knows you. Excellent books are often useless to a reader not prepared to assimilate their value.

5. Be slow in accumulating a library for your personal use. Examine a book before making it your own.

6. Do not buy on general recommendations. Be sure you want a book before purchasing it.

7. Serial works offered on subscription plan are most often mere business enterprises. They have of course a useful aim. Wait until you see the whole work; then consult your own need, utility, and purse.—*The Ecclesiastical Review*.

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## THE THREE WISE MEN.

Three wise men, of those ancient days, who knew something of the disposition of the heavens, watched by many nights for the star which was to herald the coming of Him Who was born King of the Jews. They scanned the skies in the secret silence of the night, while Herod, the priests and all the world slept. It is in watching and in stillness that we catch the primeval glimmer of interior light. The first impulses of grace may come to us without preparation on our part, but they cannot be perceived except we be on the alert and have composed ourselves by the habits of prayer and meditation. Moreover, the wise men went at once. This was necessary for as the star came into the system of a suddenness, so might it suddenly disappear. They therefore were not only watchers in the night but they were constant watchers. There are graces freely bestowed which must be jealously watched and used else they vanish as subtly as they appear.

Mark, too, the sacrifice which was provoked by the sincerity of their quest for Christ. The journey was circuitous and attended with all the fierce dangers which accompany the traveller in the Orient. Earnestness, therefore, was a quality characteristic of these three kingly philosophers. Imagination and sentiment may beguile us in the beginning of our conversion, but enduring sincerity and zeal are quite other gifts. Unforeseen dangers arise and the way towards the new-born King becomes not only monotonous, but hazardous. Special lights and directions are suddenly and mysteriously withdrawn and we travel by the sheer force of our abiding earnestness.

Faith follows, in patience and assiduity, the early flicker of light in the darkness of the journey of life. Christ is not merely the Life and the Light but He is the Way. We are the creatures of process. The possession of truth is seen at the end of the journey when the ruggedness of the road and the darkness of the night have vanished. Progress and ownership were inevitable: "And entering into the house they found the Child with Mary His Mother."

So, too, must it be a principle with all

seekers after truth—the habitual state of internal vigilance, constancy, thoroughness, and endurance. In these are found the first fruits of adoption, redemption, and sanctification: "But when the fullness of time was come, God sent His Son, made of a woman, made under the law that He might redeem them who were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons."

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## THE RICHER LIFE.

He who consecrates himself to higher ideals than those of the world may be called a visionary by those who have never heard the voice that calls him or never seen the light that leads him on. Things of the spirit are immeasurably greater and more desirable than things of matter and sense. He who cultivates the nobler things of mind and heart is rich. Only the wicked and the ignorant are poor.

If you only knew it, your fortune is made now. The scholar hangs the walls of memory with the riches of the world, and this palimpsest gives back its treasures without measure and without number. Whether a Greek slave like Epictetus, or on the throne of the Caesars like Marcus Aurelius, or in the cell of the recluse like the Angel of the Schools, the wise and holy alone are rich; and inalienably rich, because their riches are in themselves. Nor are they impoverished when they lavish all they have upon others. They give to others only to enrich themselves the more.

No artist ever put on canvas the wealth of imagery that flooded his own soul. No musician ever expressed all the enchanting harmony that ravished himself. The Bourdaloues and Massillons conceived a wealth of meaning and strength of conviction which even their matchless oratory failed to awaken in others.

So the wise and the holy who live for others conceive a joy and satisfaction which, with all their generosity, they cannot give away. Sacrifice is the fulness of life, and they who give most receive most. He who gives nothing till he dies, gives nothing at all.

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WISHING.

Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do.
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true;
Rid your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thoughts be clean and high
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?
Well, suppose you make a start
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrap-book of your heart.
Do not waste one page in folly,
Live to learn and learn to live;
If you want to give men knowledge,
You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember day by day,
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way.
For the pleasures of the many
May be often traced to one,
As the hand that plants the acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

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FATHER DINNY'S CHRISTMAS TREE

(By E. M. SWEETMAN, in the *Far East*.)

"What, all my pretty chickens?"

—Macbeth.

"See here, now," said Father Dinny to the row of pig-tails wriggling on the catechism-bench. "This is what you have to keep hold of in there, understand—comprong?" He tapped the smallest Chinese baby—a fat thing of four—on her little yellow forehead. Father Dinny was not yet proficient in Chinese, or his class in English; so they helped each other along by grins and gestures on the children's part, and odd expressions on Father Dinny's—expressions which he had picked up in the trenches during the great world-war.

Pray to Remain Always Good.

"Comprong?" repeated Father Dinny. "Tek-a and Ming, and Ching-wo, and Ouanyou, and little Ninki have all been made Christians through the mercy of God. Now they have got to live and die good Christians—to live and die," repeated the missionary with anxious emphasis. "Not just say their prayers as long as they are little boys and girls, to please Father Dinny when he comes once in a while, and gives them sweets; but persevere in those prayers, so that they may grow up real Christian men and women, and die in the Faith, and in the Grace of God."

A Prophecy: Will it Come True?

"The children in the village of Finchow, on the river, will not grow up," remarked Tek-a solemnly. He turned his impenetrable black eyes on the priest, and sucked his sugarstick appreciatively for a second or two before adding: "They are already napoo. They Christian, and when the ugly, angry people ran in, they choppee off all little boys' and girls' heads; and they die!"

"What?"

"They are napoo," repeated Tek-a. Napoo was another word which Father Dinny had found in the trenches, and it means "no more."

"No grow up," went on Tek-a, delighted at the sensation he was making, and shrugging his shoulders. "We too, perhaps, no grow -up—who knows! More shug-stick, please, Father."

The First Inklings.

Father Dinny broke the remaining stick into five pieces with hands that trembled a little. There had been riots all along the river two years before. A newly established Convent of Sisters of Charity narrowly escaped demolition at that time, because the good nuns made it their business to pick up, take in, and baptise any poor little girl-baby abandoned by its inhuman parents for being of the wrong sex. Excited by a wild report that the Sisters hid the children to sacrifice them to the God of the Christians, a savage mob had surrounded the building and murdered its occupants, not even sparing babes of their own race. But things were quieting down of late; and Father Dinny hoped that in case of another rising this particular village which enshrined his precious little flock, and which was somewhat off the beaten track, would escape detection and

persecution. Tek-a's news was therefore all the more disturbing.

Prepare.

"Well, children," he said, trying to smile, "the good Jesus died for you, as you know. So we must be ready to die for Him some time or other. Whenever He wants us, you see. But we'll have our Christmas-tree first, please God."

"Me no likee die," cried little Ninki, suddenly kicking out small fat legs and beginning to struggle. "No-ee, me no wantee die and be napoo."

Good-bye.

"O good-bye to you, you little Turk," said Father Dinny in a relieved voice. He took up his bag, and drifted out of the hut. Ten paces further on he turned for a last look. The boys had joined hands again and were running to mock execution. Owanyou had wound her pigtail like a crown round her little bald pate, and stood motionless; absorbed in blissful anticipation of splendor to come. Ninki-fu alone saw him and crept towards the door. "Ha-ee-lool," called the childish voice gleefully. He came back, picked her up, blessed her, and set her down. A Chinese woman from within ran out, saluted the priest respectfully, and caught the child by the arm. But the little creature swung away from her the length of its short arm to fling a final roguish glance at the missionary.

"No likee die," said Ninki-fu, and cackled with laughter.

Father Dinny plodded on through the shadows with an unusually grave face. These farewells to the Chinese babies brought his thoughts back with a pang to last good-byes in the old home in the West of Ireland. Almost he smelt the turf smoke, and saw again the ethereal wreaths rising between the thatch and the first star of a clear rain-washed sky; almost heard the hurried feet of little brothers and sisters gathering on the threshold around the central figure of the mother; even as her yellow brood had clustered round the Chinese woman just now. Only instead of the Oriental with her impassive face, and Tek-a, and Ouanyou and the rest, over there had stood the Irish woman—her wide, guileless eyes full of illimitable sorrow; and Michael and Bridget and Patrick and little Honor had all knelt for his blessing—little Honor who alone capered on the doorstep under the purple hills, not knowing that her brother was perhaps locking at these for the last time.

I am Never Alone.

As Father Dinny trudged along in the deep Chinese mud, he wondered why he had said good-bye to all that held his affections to become a lonely wanderer under unfriendly stars. But only for a moment.

"Yet I am not alone, for the Master is with me."

He braced himself, felt for his Rosary and made the sign of the Cross.

Two months later he sat in a villainous town-lodging with a heap of parcels before him; gleefully sorting out by the help of an evil-smelling lamp the toys destined for his promised festivity. For it was close on Christmas. Father Dinny was going his round again; and his whole mind was absorbed in small lanterns, spangles, play-

things, and the general paraphernalia of a Christmas tree.

A step sounded on the ladder stair outside, then a voice:

"Are you in, Father Dinny?"

"It's the Captain," cried Father Dinny, leaping up and flinging open the door. "Why, Denis, of all people! It's you that are welcome. Well, God is great. That you should have been sent in the nick of time before I trekked off again!"

Father Denis Desmond, a tall man with a worn face, was slowly unwinding the scarf that partly concealed his features. In the dim light he looked curiously pale. He gripped his friend's hand and hesitated in speech.

Away Down the River.

"I—well I was sent to you, Dinny," he said. "Father Mike heard you were here. Tell me now where are you bound for?"

"Oh, Lord, man! hundreds of miles down the river. See here!" He nodded delightedly towards his purchases. "Are not these lovely? I'm having a Christmas tree for some of the Chinese babies. Such jolly little kiddies, Captain, and grand little Christians, what's more. Want to be martyrs, no less!"

Father Desmond made an inarticulate exclamation, but the other was too joyously excited to heed.

"Look—here's a sword—a real executioner's sword, mind you!—that's for the boys. And here's a crown for Ouanyou, the vain puss, and—oh, I say, Denis, throw your eye on this, if you please! The littlest of all the babies wants a whip to beat the devil with." He broke off to roar with laughter. "So what's the matter—what are you doing?"

For Father Desmond with a very drawn face was sweeping the toys back into their wrappings.

"Oh, Dinny, my poor fellow—put them away."

"What's that?"

"Put them away," repeated Father Denis; "they—they won't be wanted. There's been trouble down the river at San-ho—a new rising against the Christians."

"The children," gasped Father Dinny, "are they safe?"

"Safe—yes—safe in Heaven, thank God! Glorious martyrs, every one. I wish you and I were where they are now, God bless them."

Brave Little Martyrs All.

"Those brutes tried to shake their fortitude in every possible way; even causing the fathers and mothers to be beheaded under the little children's eyes, on a fallen tree by the river—all the village looking on. They hoped this would scare the children—some of them were so small. But no—the boys and girls and all the little mites joined hands and ran together to the block when their turn came. Not a child made a sound, except one."

"Except one?" faltered poor Father Dinny.

"The tiniest little mite of all cried out at the end. Something in Chiense—Hi-loo, Hi-loo, or something like that."

"It isn't Chinese," said Father Dinny in a muffled voice. "I taught it her. She didn't know what it meant."

"She knows now, praise be to God!" said Father Dinny.

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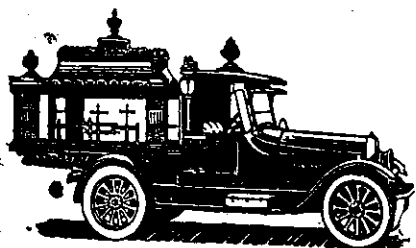
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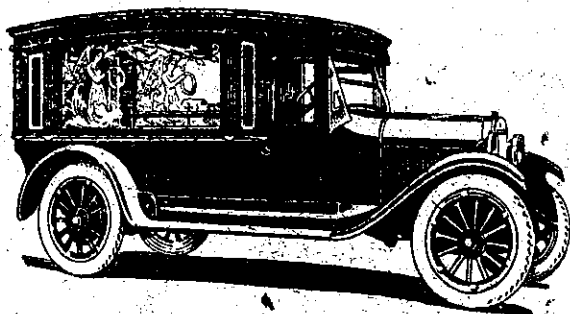
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