

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- March 13, Sunday.—Passion Sunday.
 „ 14, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 15, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 16, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 17, Thursday.—St. Patrick, Bishop and Confessor. No fast or abstinence.
 „ 18, Friday.—Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 19, Saturday.—St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. Patrick, Bishop and Confessor.

The nationality of St. Patrick is much disputed, some naming France, others Scotland, as the place of his birth. When but 16 years of age he was carried captive into Ireland, where he remained for six years, thus by a remarkable dispensation of Divine Providence becoming acquainted with the language and customs of the people whom he was afterwards to evangelise. Having escaped from captivity, his one desire was to return to Ireland, bringing with him the blessings of the true Faith to its pagan inhabitants. The desired mission was confided to him by Pope St. Celestine about 432. His labors were crowned with complete success. By his exertions Ireland has ever since not only kept the faith pure at home, but has helped to propagate it in nearly every country in the world. St. Patrick died about 464, and was buried in Downpatrick.

GRAINS OF GOLD

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

St. Patrick, blest Apostle of our nation,
 To-day thy children scattered o'er the earth,
 Unite in thought and prayer, in heart and spirit.
 With those who in the dear land of our birth
 Now celebrate thy feast with deep affection
 And with devotion kneel before thy shrine
 To thank thee for the precious gift thou broughtest—
 The Faith that ever in our land doth shine.

Through smiles and tears, 'midst joys and tribulations,

Unto thy teachings we have faithful been,
 And as each year comes round, upon thy feast day
 We wear with pride the shamrock ever green—
 The little three-leaved plant that thou didst gather
 To teach the mystery of the Trinity,
 Which ever since that day we've fondly cherished,
 And ever will, with memory of thee.

Yet not alone in Ireland is it worn,
 For loving hands have sent it o'er the foam,
 And with "Cead Mile Failte" we receive it
 Who exiled are from our dear native home;
 For neither time nor space can separate us
 From that dear land—in spirit we are there:
 Oh, how we long to see her liberated—
 In all her woes, in all her joys we share.

But, though the way is long and hard the struggle,
 We'll not despair, for surely we can see
 The far-off dawn of that bright day long wished for
 When our dear little island shall be free.
 Oh! then, dear Saint, we'll come again to thank thee
 And seek thy blest protection as of old,
 While Ireland's flag will proudly flutter o'er us,
 Its folds alight in Faith's own rays of gold.

—AN IRISH EXILE, in the *Irish Catholic*.
 Somewhere in France, March, 1920.

A buoyant word—a brief smile—a nod of glad recognition—all these little things that do not interfere with attention to duty, are of large importance in making the lives of others more bright.

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"I—I hope you are not afraid of me," stammered Ken, feeling, if the truth must be told, stupid to distraction. He felt a guilty shock, in the presence of his love, to remember how little love had been in his thoughts of late. I tremble for the opinion young ladies of sixteen and thereabouts will hold of him; but the fact is, Lily's fairy form and blameless blue eyes had got a good deal jostled out of sight, like a baby in a crowd, by the burly figures of Captain Mike MacCarthy and Monsignor McGrudder. It is a way with those young Hotspurs. When they take to "dreams of iron wars" their bonny Kates have often enough to put up with the rude hint that "this is no world to tilt with lips in." Kate, however, has a knack of recovering her empire. Our Hotspur was at her feet already—I don't mean in the literal sense—thoroughly ashamed of himself for ever having forgotten the potency of his lady's fan. This is, perhaps, a high-flown way of putting his halting observation. "I hope you are not afraid of me, Lily."

"No, indeed, Ken. Why should I be?" she said, looking at him with those clear blue eyes, which shone with the simplicity of two violets on a dewy bank. To which his ungrateful response was a desperate stare, and an almost inaudible passionate cry: "You have eyes out of heaven!" He sat down beside her at the usual unnegotiable distance at which love's engineers open their parallels, and captured one little outpost hand with the most delicate blue tracery wandering over its soft snow. A pretty pair of creatures enough they looked amidst the picture-scenery to the music of the waterfalls—she with the mild lightnings in her large blue eyes, he flushed with the passion which would have made a much more ill-cut profile than his look luminous—as promising a pair of pretty ones as ever softened the Arcadian hills with their melodious sighing. Alas! how the prettiest of these pastoral reeds get out of tune, even in Arcadia!

She drew away her hand determinedly.

"Ken, you mustn't! It is wicked I must tell you. You won't be angry with me, will you. I am not to speak to you any more"—faltering just a little at the last.

Here was an heroic situation for a young gentleman who had just been reproaching himself—perhaps with some little *souçon* of vain-gloriousness, as men will—with having been neglectful of his goddess under the stress of weighty cares of state; and now the goddess tells him with the calmest celestial expression of countenance that, so far from her having languished for his devotion, he must please to give her shrine a wide berth for the future, if he does not want celestial bull-dogs set at him. Is Ken Rohan the only member of the base masculine fraternity whose fidelity is all the more ardent for a snubbing?

"You are joking," he said, in the trepidatory tone of one who had just heard that the Last Trumpet was about to sound, and, incredible though it seemed, had it on authority which he did not dare to doubt. "You don't usually tease a fellow, Lily."

"No, indeed, I am quite in earnest. Mamma says you have set yourself against the Church and connected yourself with low people, and that a curse follows such things, and I don't know what else."

Ken burst out laughing—not a gay laugh. "And is that all?" he asked, almost rudely.

"Well, papa and mamma say it is very terrible and will end badly."

"No doubt it will not end in the Commission of the Peace," cried Ken, stung and daunted in an intolerable way by her tranquillity. "But, good heavens! Lily, do you know what it is that we are going to fight for? Why, it will be a whole nation in arms! It will be battle, glory, freedom! I am nobody, yet,

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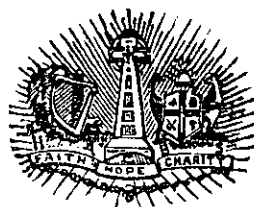
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but I am young and have my chance, and, when all is over, I will either have died as enviably as ever the heart of a soldier panted to die, or I will be one of the heroes of a war of independence, and the men who look askance at us and curse to-day will grovel at our feet and chant *Te Deums*!"

"I am sure I hope you will be great and happy, Ken—"

"Happy, and you beat me from you like a dog!"

"How can you say such a thing?" said Lily, a tear trembling now in the big blue eye. "I will miss you ever so much. But papa and mamma are positive that we mustn't meet any more, and, you know, I could not do what would be wrong."

"Say that you think of me as they do, and I am done. You always tell the truth, Lily. Tell me that there is somebody else that you are fonder of, and I will go and find Georgey for you."

She blushed violently. "Well, Ken, I must say mamma mentioned that she had other views for me—"

"Thank you, Lily; you are a brave girl. I hope you will be as happy as a queen," said Ken, not very bravely.

"But I don't think there is anybody that I will ever care for as much as I did for you, Ken," she said, artlessly. "I mean that we were always such sweet-hearts, you know, and you were always so brave and tender to me. I am sure I wish these dreadful things would not be always happening when nobody wants them."

Her last words were smothered with a kiss—this time an entirely successful one—and her fragile daintily-moulded waist was in the grasp of a violent man. "Lily," he said, in low, rapid tones, "if we like one another like that—if we love one another—who has the right to part us? Why should your father and mother make us two miserable for life? What are money and the wretched little rags of distinction that people scramble for in country villages? I am unknown and poor: but we can wait, Lily, and we have the wealth of the Indies, in the meantime, in one another's love. If we fail—well, any tears you ever drop on my grave will not be tears of shame. But we won't fail, darling—we will win—we will clothe this old land with sunshine from sea to sea—and we will have a nation of soldiers with their victorious banners to attend your wedding and to worship your blue eyes."

"Let me go, Ken—please, let me go," cried Lily, struggling, with an energy marvellous in so small a person, to release herself. "Somebody will come. I will hate myself if you do not go at once. It is unkind of you—it is wrong—it is a sin!"

"A sin to love you and ask you not to make both of us wretched for life, darling!"

"A sin for me—yes, certainly, to be here kissed by a young man whom my parents have forbidden me ever to speak to again." This she said with a decisiveness the most astonishing ever recorded of a young lady of her years and amiability, and then she burst into a flood of tears. "I did not think you would stay arguing with me," she cried, passionately. "Call Georgey to me—call Georgey, please, instantly, or I shall cry out!"

"And the horrible thing," remarked Georgey O'Meagher, confiding some vague guesses at what had happened, to her friend, Katie Rohan, that evening, in the seclusion of the latter's tiny blue-and-white papered bedroom, "the horrible thing is that it all comes of that wretched midget, Mr. Flibbert, fluttering about for old Dargan's money."

"You don't mean to say that it is *he* who has made this change in Lily?" asked Katie indignantly.

"I don't know that anything will ever make a change in Lily. She is a petrified lump of perfection," said Georgey, in a not very sisterly tone, "but I mean that that conceited little creature has been to tea with the Dargans more than once, and that Mrs. Dargan is mean enough to set her cap at him because he

is a sort of an officer and in the Club. Poor Ken! Poor boy!"

The two girls looked at one another, the color flying to and from their cheeks.

"Oh! dear Georgey, I wish—I do wish——" Katie flung her arms around her friend, and whatever she wished was buried between a pair of soft white necks where the girls hid their tell-tale faces.

It was anything but exhilarating to Ken Rohan, in his present mood, to hear the lark-like voice of Jack Harold as he mounted the heights chirping the gay carillon of some *café chantant* love ditty, with an airy dash of *zim v'lan, la's* through it. They had not been much together of late. The one was too busy with his Christy Minstrels and the other with his dreams. A Christy Minstrel is not the very gentlest physician for a wounded heart. Ken glanced around nervously for some way of escape; but it was too late. Jack's confounded bavarding *Closerie-de-Lilas* voice hailed him.

"Hillo, ho, ho, boy! I have searched the Glen, there are I don't know how many hours for you. I have seen the vision of your *ange aux grands yeux bleus*. Then I knew you could not be far. Ken, she looked divine—her hat alone was an apotheosis."

"I hate small talk on serious subjects," said the other impatiently. "Let's talk of something else, Jack."

"Nay, but by Saint Patrick, we will talk of nothing else, while there is a Philomel in all these woods to sigh with us—and, indeed, whether there is or not. That is what I have come to talk to you about. I can talk of nothing else. I can think of nothing else. Ken, on the subject of woman you will never hear my mocking voice again. I will listen to you by the hour pouring out the perfections of your loved one. I will give you verse for verse and rapture for rapture. Don't spare your poetry—pile it on heavens high. I will agree with you in every syllable of worship of our divinity except her name. There you will be mistaken; but that is a detail. Now, seriously—most seriously—I am in love!"

"I have no doubt about the love, and I am sure you are serious in thinking yourself serious."

"Listen, Ken—I have come to you as the fellow of all the world to bring a wildly-throbbing heart to. Do not revenge yourself for my infernal flippancy by making fun of me like that. I know my faults. I am only a poor devil who twangs a guitar. Nobody will ever believe I have a deeper note in me. I sometimes hardly believe it myself," he said, in a strangely downcast way.

"Why, old fellow, what could put such things into your head?" said Ken, his own haggard face lighting up with kindness. "I think you could do anything and win anybody."

"We shall see! *Quoi qu'il en soit*, this time it will be all deadly earnest. I have found at last that life may have a purpose which is no joke. I am tired of trifling. Polly Atkins, at the Drum, is a good girl, but I could not stand her small beer to-day. I had to come to find you. You are such a grand audience! I wish I could drop that cursed Christy concert. It's so idiotic—though she *did* so like that little slave-song. Oh! Ken, she is the most glorious creature that ever made a man feel as if he could climb to the stars to win her!"

"I am glad, Jack. Tell us all about it," said Ken Rohan, who, although not in the humor to respond to raptures about woman's love just then, was relieved to find that Cupid's new victim was entirely too much occupied with his own delightful pains to pay much attention to the bloodless cheek and lack-lustre eye of his companion. He had found "an audience," and that was a true, as well as a frank, statement of what he had come in search of.

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painting the willowy figure, the showery yellow hair, the sweet sincerity of his goddess; and he would not have been a vocalist if he had omitted her artless compliment to his singing, nor a lover if he had not constructed out of this and several other the like fairy filaments, quite a glistening fabric of hopes for his wooing.

"Yes, she is very lovely, and, I think, better even than she is beautiful," said Ken Rohan fervently.

"What! Do you know her?" asked the other, with a sudden pang.

"By Jove, old fellow, you *are* in love! There are a thousand jealous devils in that look of yours. You may disband your devils. I am the most harmless of mankind to you. I only met Miss Westropp accidentally with Harry, and I am not likely to meet her again. But I say, Jack," he continued, not exactly discerning in what direction he could suggest hopes that would feed his friend's daring ambition to Lord Drumshaughlin's daughter's hand, and quite alive to the folly of disheartening him, "how the deuce did you pick up with that fellow Harman?"

The other colored slightly. He had passed over this part of the narrative in a sketchy manner. With any other censor he would have sported his acquaintances at Stone Hall as a feather in his cap; but Ken's glum stoicism made him uncomfortable about his innocent little vanities. Still he made a gallant rally to carry it off impudently.

"Oh," he said, "Harman and I pound the piano together a little sometimes. You see we may have differences enough in Ireland without differing as to musical notation. A man may deserve to be shot as an agent and play a very passable thing from Bach *en attendant*."

"These are dangerous times," said the other, gravely. "Harman is a cunning fellow, and would not be half so dangerous only for his candor."

"I believe well! But I humbly pretend to the talent to *ménager* my acquaintance as well as choose them," replied Jack, a little nettled. "Besides," he proceeded more placably, "a footing in the enemy's camp is ever useful. Harman is up to everything that the police think is worth knowing. *Par exemple*, he dropped me a hint about that fellow Dawley—you would hardly believe it—of course, it was only a hint. But damn Harman and Dawley to the lowest cellar! What brings their infernal names into the same world with Mabel Westropp? Ken, she is the loveliest—the most adorable——"

"God prosper you, Jack!" said his friend, pressing his hand. "I envy you—your hope!" He had almost to choke himself to swallow down a moan that came from his own lacerated heart. "Come," said he, with a good-humored smile, "it is my turn to tell you it is growing late. You find something better than goat's milk and whisky on the Glengarriff Hills, after all?"

"Ah!" cried Jack Harold, with a happy laugh, "because those heather hills of yours now have the grace to blush and acknowledge their goddess."

(To be continued.)

SPLEEN AND IDEAL.

Facing the twelve steel rifle-barrels he
Stood smilingly; rose cheek, blue eye, gold hair
Warmed with their blossoms of gay purity
The sombre fitness of the barrack square.

He thought of radiant talks in one old wood
Where angels flower-strewed him to his goal;
He thought of all he read; and as he stood
A smile tripped down the violin of his soul.

When in the pallor of the guns he saw
A taut-strung virgin Ireland, aye, he smiled
At that wide Empire where there was no flaw.
But when he saw the worn shoes of a child

A sob untuned the violin of his heart.
Then roared the rifles: *what thou art thou art*.
—PETER O'BRIEN, in *Studies*.....

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER LXXI.—(Continued.)

The staff crowded around the fallen commander in sad dismay. The brigade itself, ignorant at first of the true nature of what happened, but conscious that some serious disaster had occurred, halted in confusion. Indecision and confusion in the face of the enemy, and under fire of his batteries, has ever but one result. The brigade broke, and rode to the right. No one knew on whom the command devolved. Sarsfield was next in rank; but every one knew him to be posted at a distant part of the field, and it was unhappily notorious that he had not been made acquainted with any of the lost general's plan. This indecision and confusion was not long spreading from the cavalry brigade which St. Ruth had been leading to other bodies of the troops. The Williamites plainly perceived that something fatal had happened on the Irish side, which, if taken advantage of promptly, might give them victory in the very moment of defeat. They halted, rallied, and returned. A general attack in full force on all points was ordered. "Still the Irish centre and right wing maintained their ground obstinately, and the fight was renewed with as much vigor as ever. The Irish infantry were so hotly engaged, that they were not aware either of the death of St. Ruth, or of the flight of the cavalry, until they themselves were almost surrounded. A panic and confused flight were the result. The cavalry of the right wing, who were the first in action that day, were the last to quit their ground. Sarsfield, with the reserve horse of the centre, had to retire with the rest without striking one blow, 'although,' says the Williamite Captain Parker, 'he had the greatest and best part of the cavalry with him.' St. Ruth fell about sunset; and about nine, after three hours' hard fighting, the last of the Irish army had left the field. The cavalry retreated along the high road to Loughrea, and the infantry, who mostly flung away their arms, fled to a large red bog on their left, where great numbers of them were massacred unarmed and in cold blood; but a thick misty rain coming on, and the night setting in, the pursuit was soon relinquished."

The peasantry to this day point out a small gorge on the hill-side, still called "Gleann-na-Fola ('the Glen of Slaughter—the Bloody Glen'), where two of the Irish regiments, deeming flight vain, or scorning to fly, halted, and throughout the night waited their doom in sullen determination. There they were found in the morning, and *were slaughtered to a man*. The slogan of the conqueror was: "No quarter!" *

About 500 prisoners, with 32 pairs of colors, 11 standards, and a large quantity of small arms, fell into the hands of the victors. The English loss in killed and wounded was about 3000; the Irish lost over 4000, chiefly in the flight, as the Williamites gave

*-Moore, who seems to have been powerfully affected by the whole story of Aughrim—"the Culloden of Ireland"—is said to have found in this mournful tragedy the subject of his exquisite song, "After the Battle":—

Night closed around the conqueror's way,
And lightning showed the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day
Stood few and faint—but fearless still.
The soldier's hope—the patriot's zeal.
For ever dimmed, for ever crossed!
Oh! who can say what heroes feel
When all but life and honor's lost!

The last sad hour of freedom's dream
And valor's task moved slowly by;
And mute they watched till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die!
There's yet a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright op'ning be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

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no quarter, and the wounded, if they were not, in comparative mercy, shot as they lay on the field, were allowed to perish unfriended where they fell.

To the music of one of the most plaintive of our Irish melodies—"The Lamentation of Aughrim"—Moore (a second time touched by this sad theme) has wedded the well-known verses here quoted:—

Forget not the field where they perished—
The truest, the last of the brave;
All gone—and the bright hopes we cherished
Gone with them, and quenched in the grave.

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high Heaven to fight over
The combat for freedom once more;

Could the chain for a moment be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then—
No!—'tis not in Man, nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past; and though blazoned in story
The name of our victor may be;
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free!

Far dearer the grave or the prison
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame!

We cannot take leave of the field of Aughrim and pass unnoticed an episode connected with that scene which may well claim a place in history; a true story, which, if it rested on any other authority than that of the hostile and unsympathising Williamite chaplain, might be deemed either the creation of poetic fancy or the warmly tinged picture of exaggerated fact.

The bodies of the fallen Irish, as already mentioned, were for the most part left unburied on the ground, "a prey to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field." "There is," says the Williamite chronicler, "a true and remarkable story of a grayhound, belonging to an Irish officer. The gentleman was killed and stripped in the battle,† whose body the dog remained by night and day; and though he fed upon other corpses with the rest of the dogs, yet he would not allow them or anything else to touch that of his master. When all the corpses were consumed, the other dogs departed; but this one used to go in the night to the adjacent villages for food, and presently return to the place where his master's bones only were then left. And thus he continued (from July when the battle was fought) till January following, when one of Colonel Foulkes's soldiers, being quartered nigh hand, and going that way by chance, the dog *fearing he came to disturb his master's bones*, flew upon the soldier, who, being surprised at the suddenness of the thing, unslung his piece then upon his back, and shot the poor dog. "He expired," adds Mr. O'Callaghan, "with the same fidelity to the remains of his unfortunate master, as that master had shown devotion to the cause of his unhappy country. In the history of nations there are few spectacles more entitled to the admiration of the noble mind and the sympathy of the generous and feeling heart, than the fate of the gallant men and the faithful dog of Aughrim.

† Meaning to say, killed in the battle and stripped after it by the Williamite camp-followers, with whom stripping and robbing the slain was a common practice. They did not spare even the corpse of their own lieutenant-colonel, the Right Rev. Dr. Walker, Protestant Bishop of Derry, which they stripped naked at the Boyne.

(To be continued.)

FARMER READERS.—Where do you get your Butter Wrappers printed? Why not patronise the printing department of the *N.Z. Tablet*, Dunedin? Every order, no matter how small, is welcome. Prices on application to the Manager for 1lb or ½lb wrappers.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE TRANSPLANTER

The *Catholic Bulletin* (Dublin) for November 20 comments editorially thus:—

"It would be a very good thing to have a national Lent. The Catholic religion is, I think, based on the most complete study of human nature that has ever been presented to the world, and, when it declares its Lent, there is a good deal in it. It is not merely good morally, but it is good physically."

So spoke Mr. Lloyd George when in the critical stages of the war, the national food supply gave England serious concern.

"When the devil was ill the devil a monk would be,
When the devil is well, the devil a monk is he."

Now that the war has gone against Germany, neither England's food supply nor the inviolability of her shores remains any longer a cause of anxiety to English statesmen, and the political grasshopper is once more free to gratify his bigotry. Since last we went to press All Hallows College, the De la Salle Hostel connected with University College, Dublin, the historic abbey of Mount Melleray, and other Catholic institutions have been raided. Father O'Reilly, of Feakle, Co. Clare, has been thrashed by men in the uniform of Britain, and his house bombed; Father Harrington, of Kerry, intimidated; Father Burbage, of Geashil, fired on. Three other patriotic Western priests—Father Meehan, of Castlebar; Father O'Flanagan, of Roscommon; and Father Morley, of Headford, have been arrested, some of them with attendant circumstances of insult, indignity, and misrepresentation. While Dean Macken, of Dunmore, celebrated Mass at a station in his parish, military entered, interrupted the service, and would have expelled the worshippers were it not for the courage of their fearless pastor. A Catholic church in Cork city was the scene of a more infamous outrage still. While the remains of Michael Fitzgerald, Ireland's first martyr to the sacred fast for national liberty, lay in the church, four armed British soldiers unexpectedly entered and interrupted the devotions, to convey a warning to the officiating priest in a tone which left little doubt that England's instruments to-day seem ready to emulate the four Norman knights who just seven centuries and a-half ago murdered the "upstart priest," Thomas à Becket, in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, in the Cathedral of Canterbury, at the instigation of King Henry II. on the eve of his coming to Ireland, armed with a Papal Bull, to bring the Irish people more truly under the jurisdiction of Rome, *mar dheadh*. So solicitous has England always been for the well-being of small nations.

"God has chosen little nations as the vessels by which He carried His choicest wines to the lips of humanity, to rejoice their hearts, to exalt their vision, to stimulate and strengthen their faith," said Mr. George in the course of one of his war-time speeches; "and if we had stood by when two little nations were being crushed and broken by the brutal hands of barbarism, our shame would have rung down the everlasting ages."

"This speech," said "An Independent Liberal" who edited the Premier's addresses, "was translated into more than a dozen languages, and has been read by millions of people. It was more than a speech; it was an event." Elsewhere in the volume from which we quote, *Lloyd George and the War*, he is reported to have said:

"Belgium must be a people, not a protectorate. We must not have a Belgian scabbard for the Prussian sword. The sceptre must be Belgian, the sword must be Belgian, the scabbard must be Belgian, the soul must be Belgian."

And of Russia he is reported, in the same volume, to have said in Bristol in September, 1915—before the rise of the Bolshevik:

"The emancipation of Russia means more for humanity than we can describe. The Russian is not merely a man of brain, but a man of heart; and when you get heart and brain together, *woe to the oppressor in all lands*." Speaking in Welsh at Bangor about the same time, he further proclaimed his undimmed faith

J. M. J.

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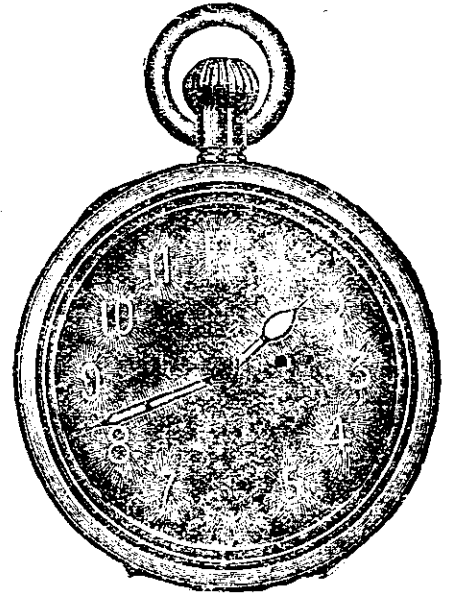
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in Russia: "The enemy in their victorious march know not what they are doing. Let them beware, for they are unshackling Russia. With their monster artillery they are shattering the rusty bars that fettered the strength of the people of Russia. . . . They are hammering a sword that will destroy them, and are freeing a great nation to wield it with a more potent stroke and a mightier sweep than it ever yet commanded." This prophetic utterance (says the editor) drew a remonstrance from the ex-Tsar.

So much for Russia, while it served England's interests, and for Belgium when it was no longer politic to parade "Belgian Atrocities in the Congo." Speaking about the same period of "German militarism," Mr George said:

"If militarism were not crushed throughout the whole of Europe, the whole of the British blood would have been shed in vain. It must be put an end to, and he certainly would be no party to anything which would end in having a military system here." Again: "I hate war, I abominate war. I sometimes think, am I dreaming? Is it a nightmare?"

In the light of these professions regarding militarism and the rights of small nations, let us examine his recent "coarse, cowardly, and cruel" tirade against Ireland before a packed meeting of sycophantic Welshmen—in the words of the *London Times*, "a handful of estimable Aldermen and Councillors of the County of Carnarvon"; in the estimation of Mr. Harold Spender, who went there to paint the lily: "a small audience, not more than 400 in all," who applauded most rapturously, for they know that though the world may claim him, he still belongs to Wales." To do the Grasshopper full justice we quote from his own organ, the *Daily Chronicle*, which prepares its readers for the diatribe by means of an absolute fable in double-column heavy type, "Army Lorry Blown Up in Ireland. Eight Soldiers Believed to have been Killed" to open its front page; on the far column "The Gang of Assassins Denounced, Dominion Home Rule Impossible"; and embellishing the centre, a picture of the Prince of Wales, whom even the *London Times*, which so often urges us to forget the past, could not permit to return home from Australasia without recalling in most offensive terms one of the bitterest chapters of Ireland's history.

"The Prince of Wales," said the *Times* weekly edition of October 8, "yesterday landed at Montserrat, where he was received by the Commissioner and other leading inhabitants of that pleasant island, which is at present prospering with the good prices offered for its famous sea island cotton. The Prince was shown the boiling sulphur springs, and was cheered by crowds of colored folk, who still retain in their broken English a distinct brogue inherited from one side of their ancestry, which dates back to the Irish immigrants who accompanied Sir Thomas Warner in 1632."

"Wherever you go in Wales," said the Grasshopper at Carnarvon, "you have the feeling of a well-governed country and a happy, contented people." We submit he had not long to wait for the refutation of his flattery. But, he continued, with his accustomed disregard of truth:

"Go up the hill there at the end of this county and look across the water, and you can see another country, part of the same kingdom, the same realm, under the same crown, associated for hundreds of years with us in a common partnership, and none of those adjectives or epithets which I have applied to Carnarvonshire would in the least apply to that country." Although, mark you, "during the past 30 or 40 years more has been done to redress the evils of the past in Ireland than in any other country in the world."

We pause to observe that Ireland repudiates the redress here alleged, unless it be regarded as redress of an evil to have the revenue contributed to England raised from less than ten millions sterling—which was held to be Ireland's highest conceivable yield during the Home Rule discussions before the war—to little less than 50 millions as at present contributed. Perhaps, indeed, the Wizard suggests that the Irish people should regard it as equivalent to the redress of an evil to reflect that between the years 1849—memorable for

the Black Famine which England created and Turkey helped to relieve—and 1915, Irish evictions aggregated about 130,000, an average of about 2000 a year for two generations, with corresponding reduction of the land under cultivation. It may be, on the other hand, that he would have the world regard as a special bounty the Irish Convention by which in 1917 it was designed to keep the Irish talking the while their right of public meeting was proclaimed and their organs of opinion rigorously censored. Or it may, rather, be that he would have his audience interpret as "the redress of an evil" the success with which in 1918 he rendered the camouflaged Convention abortive; proclaimed 40 and suppressed 80 public meetings; suppressed almost a dozen newspapers, and with the instinct of the savage proclaimed all fairs and markets in the areas that unequivocally declared for national liberty. Doubtless it was to redress an evil—the evil that manifested itself when at the close of 1918 the remnant of the Republican leaders who escaped deportation swept the country at the General Election—that 335 meetings were suppressed or proclaimed in 1919: all national organisations declared illegal: participation in the proceedings of the elected Government decreed a criminal offence: fairs and markets suppressed in Tipperary, Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Clare, Galway, and Mayo. And it was, unmistakably, to redress the other evil that became patent when at the municipal elections in the beginning of 1920 the Republican policy was everywhere endorsed by the people, that last spring was marked in Ireland by hundreds of arrests and deportations; thousands of houses raided, many wrecked and looted; towns sacked, people murdered; transport paralysed as far as feasible; a blockade attempted; the systematic destruction of creameries initiated, in April, to be followed by the wrecking of mills and factories. Finally, it was, of course, to redress the crowning evil of June, when the rural elections showed over 80 per cent. of the people in favor of the Republican policy, that the terrorism was intensified by the instruments of Mr. George. In the interval of 14 weeks between the June elections and the end of September, according to returns industriously compiled for the world's press, 74 towns and villages were sacked as against 16 in the previous 14 weeks, and 43 innocent Irishmen murdered as compared with 13 in the previous corresponding period. Flogging of men, attacks on women and children and torture of prisoners have also become more marked since, to avenge the elections, the servants of Mr. George, in the words of his Eminence Cardinal Logue, began "to run wild through the country, making night hideous by their raids." But what cares the tyrant?

"You know me," he said airily at Carnarvon. "I have been a Home Ruler all my life. . . . But there are people now who want something far beyond anything which would have been regarded as possible within the category of Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone went to what he considered the safe limit in his concessions to Ireland. . . . The same applied to Mr. Asquith in 1912. But there are men, and responsible men, who would go far beyond anything Mr. Gladstone ever thought safe, far beyond what Mr. Asquith himself thought safe in 1912. . . . Why are we asked to go further? I protest against the doctrine that you should go further and give more, not because Ireland needs it, not because it is fair to the United Kingdom, but because crime has been more successful."

"There are men who would say, 'Give Ireland Dominion Home Rule.' I have asked repeatedly in the House of Commons, on the platform, of deputations of Labor, of deputations from Ireland, I have asked them to name a single Irishman who has got the authority to speak for his countrymen who would say he would accept Dominion Home Rule. There is one, Sir Horace Plunkett, and he cannot even speak for his creameries. He does not represent anybody. . . . You ask Mr. Arthur Griffith, Mr. de Valera, Mr. John MacNeill, the men who for the moment can speak on behalf of the majority of Irish nationalists. There is not one of them who will tell you they will accept Dominion Home Rule. So if satisfying the present

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opinion of Ireland is an essential condition of settlement, there is only one thing you can do: cut Ireland adrift; cut the painter; let them set up an independent Republic, an absolutely independent nation. And even that will not satisfy them. They will want Ulster. But Ulster will have something to say to that."

And then in an ignorant effort to make an impossible parallel with the Southern States of America, he demolished the Ulster case by adding: "There is a limit, as Abraham Lincoln discovered, to the disruptive rights of a minority." Not content with that, in one devastating passage he insulted the whole manhood of England—if such there still be—and exposed for the most obtuse the utter futility, so far as he is concerned, of further discussing Dominion Home Rule:

"Well, just see what that means," he suggested. "We have done without conscription here; but if there is Dominion Home Rule in Ireland there will be conscription here too. You cannot have an army of 500,000 or 600,000 in Ireland, commanded by Mr. Arthur Griffith and Mr. Michael Collins, who vowed the destruction of this country, and only an army of about 100,000 here. It certainly means conscription here."

The man who does not hesitate to insult the whole English race by trying to frighten it with the bogey of a phantom Irish army of half a million or more, and a phantom Irish fleet of submarines to girdle the Irish coast with British wrecks as the Germans did, could hardly be expected to credit the Welsh pawns that cheered him at Carnarvon with the intelligence to see through the contradictions that made up his whole speech. Before holding Sir Horace Plunkett and his dupes up to ridicule he had said in reference to Ireland:

"You cannot permit the country to be debased into a condition of complete anarchy where a small body of assassins, a real murder gang, are dominating the country and terrorising it, and making it impossible for responsible men to come together to consider the best way of governing their country. They are intimidating not Unionists only, not Protestants, but men of their own race, men of their own faith, who would be only too anxious to discuss the sanest and best method of restoring order to their country if they were left alone."

In other words, because the Irish people can no longer be kept talking about the phantom of Dominion Home Rule, or the farce that now gives Westminster the sleeping sickness, the Welsh Grasshopper and the Welsh Transplanter, who serves him as Chief Secretary for Ireland, seek to brand the young men of this country as a "murder gang" whose sole diversion is stabbing police in the back. And hence he asks:

"What is the case here? A harmless-looking civilian passes a policeman in the street. There is nothing to indicate that he has any murderous weapon upon him, nothing to arouse any suspicion in the mind of the policeman that he has any murderous intent. He passes the policeman and when he has done so pulls out a revolver and shoots the policeman in the back. Five scores of policemen have been killed in this way."

Are the police in Ireland to stand to be shot down like dogs in the streets without any attempt at defending themselves? If a policeman were shot down here in the streets of Carnarvon every decent citizen who witnessed the outrage would deem it his duty at once to give evidence. That is not the case in Ireland. It is not the case, in my judgment, because Ireland would not like to see these assassins caught. It is because they dare not. There have been many murders there of people suspected of giving information. When men are suspected of murder and they escape, it is often impossible afterwards to arrest them, because of this conspiracy in a population organised and enforced by intimidation and terror.

"Now when men attempt to escape and refuse to stop, then undoubtedly the police fire upon them. Can you complain of it? Why should that be characterised as murder? It is the only way in which these men can defend themselves. I will give you one case. Five policemen were driving along a road in Ireland. They were suddenly fired on by civilians. If a policeman

had seen the assassins ten minutes before, he would have thought they were harmless farmers looking after their flocks or crops. They used soft-nosed explosive bullets. A second car with police came up in two minutes. It is what the assassins did not reckon with. Finding these not merely killed, but mutilated almost beyond description, torn—I could not give you the horrible details of what happened. The men saw their comrades not merely murdered but mutilated. They found the men who undoubtedly were the assassins, and they shot them. Are you surprised? That is called reprisals, and that is called murder when the police do it."

Let us see how far these allegations square with the facts—though refuting the Grasshopper, in the universal estimation, is scarce less unprofitable than throwing water on a drowned rat—how far the outrages committed in Ireland by men in uniform can be shown to be reprisals for police shot in the back?

In 1917 no police were killed in Ireland save an Inspector fatally injured in leading a baton charge in Dublin. Nevertheless, the houses of prominent Irishmen were forcibly entered and searched. 349 Irish men and women were arrested for alleged political offences, and 34 leaders of opinion deported without trial to England. Two innocent civilians were murdered by the armed forces of the Crown; five died of maltreatment in prison; upwards of a hundred were wounded in baton and bayonet charges. So far as the public are aware, none of the armed forces guilty of these offences was brought to justice, on the contrary, at least two of the offending police were promoted by their authorities.

In 1918 no police were killed in Ireland. Yet private residences to the number of 260 were raided at night by the armed agents of the English Government. 1107 Irish men and women were arrested for alleged political offences, and 77 leaders of the national movement deported, in May, without charge or trial. Later many others for whom warrants had been issued were deported as seized. One of the prisoners died as the result of his maltreatment. In addition, five civilians were killed by England's armed forces, and the culprits, so far as the world knows, suffered neither punishment nor reproach.

In the January of 1919 it was that the first policeman was shot, and instantly the cry was raised in England's press that the Republican movement, which had just swept the country at the General Election, was led by murderers and terrorists and should be sternly suppressed. During the year some 14,000 residences were raided at night by the armed forces of the Crown; 476 armed attacks were made upon peaceful meetings of citizens; 260 Irish men, women, and children were wounded by bayonet thrusts, rifle fire, or the blows of rifle butts; 959 arrests were made for alleged political offences; and 20 leaders were deported; eight civilians met their death at the hands of military and police, and again, so far as the public have been able to ascertain, no effort was made to bring the guilty to justice. In the course of the year, it is true, 16 policemen were killed in conflicts between armed bodies of men endeavoring to secure arms and police altogether better armed.

Returns for 1920, issued as we prepare for press October 14, show that in attacks on barracks, with the object of securing arms eight police were killed, 33 wounded, while seven attackers were killed and 47 wounded. In attacks on patrols and other conflicts, 70 police were killed, 93 wounded; 11 military killed, and 95 wounded, while 34 attackers were killed and 160 wounded; 99 police and military were captured in the barracks attacked; 92 police and military in conflicts with police and military patrols; 250 police and military in other ways. Not one of the 441 police and military thus captured has been harmed; whereas 63 alleged attackers captured by the police and military in connection with these enterprises have all been sent to prison as criminals. Apart from these, 78 Irish men and women, none of whom was killed in armed conflict with English military and police, have been done to

(Concluded on page 32.)

Current Topics

What are we Going to Do About It?

It seems that Winston Churchill, newly appointed Minister for the Colonies, wants to hear what the Colonies think about England's dealings with Ireland. What are we going to do about it? Are we going to permit a Past-Master of an Orange Lodge to speak for us? Are we going to allow the tool of the bigots to misrepresent us at Home as he misrepresents us as Prime Minister of New Zealand. The people of New Zealand never elected him. He crawled into power by the path of sectarian strife, engineered by those who pay the salary of a horsewhipped calumniator of a dead nun, and he has already proved that he will do no justice to us if it would cost him the support of his P.P.Ass friends. We heard him stand up in the House and tell the people that the Kaiser's friend, Carson, who was rewarded for his treason by a seat in the British Government, was a true patriot, while he denounced the man who is leading the movement for the freedom of a small nation. Is he going to speak in the name of the Irish people, in the name of the decent people who hate the crimes of the Brithuns in Ireland, in the name of the men and women who gave their sons and brothers during the War for the cause of small nations? He certainly will speak for us if we do not do something to make it very obvious to Mr. Churchill that no Orangeman has any right to represent self-respecting people in New Zealand. We note with great satisfaction that the *Catholic Press* in Sydney is also taking up this important matter, urging the people there to make their opinions clear on the Irish Question, and not to allow Hughes or anybody of his class to misrepresent them. Australia, Canada, South Africa, will all see to it that the Government will know that they are not going to support the murders of priests, women, children, and old men by the thugs of Lloyd George and his Orange and Jewish masters. What are we going to do about it? Remember the seventeenth of March is at hand, and it will be a splendid opportunity for an united protest from Auckland to the Bluff. Make your protest strong and unmistakable, and cable it Home to Churchill from every single district in New Zealand.

Help for Ireland

The Brithuns have destroyed Irish industries and they are trying to make the people who suffered pay for the damage done. Shops, houses, creameries have been burned down by the "Black-and-Tans." At first the Brithun Ministers and their Colonial press-liars denied that they had done such things, but now the evidence is so strong that they are unable to hide behind a lie and they frankly try to defend the conduct on account of which they denounced every man who would not give his life for the destruction of Germany. The British Government is waging an economic and a religious war upon Ireland. While industries have been destroyed in the South, Orange savages have driven women and children from their burning homes in the North. Our Dunedin, Wellington, Auckland, and Christchurch day-lies have not a word of blame for the Orange thugs, but they are ready to spread every foul lie that the Government asks them to spread about the men who are fighting for a small nation. There are thousands of women and children starving in Ireland as the result of Brithunnism. Pay no attention to Prime Minister or pressman who tells you that this is not the case. The Irish Bishops—who are not British liars—have told us the truth. The American Cardinals and Bishops have appealed to their people to come to the aid of the people of Ireland, of whose sufferings they are aware. Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal O'Connell, and Archbishop Hayes are on the American Relief Committee and already they have sent a ship laden with supplies to Ireland. Read what the American Bishops say:

"To meet this appalling situation, and to cope

with it before it reaches a point where it may menace the very existence of the Irish people, the American Committee for Relief in Ireland has been formed. This Committee is a non-political and non-sectarian body, solely humanitarian in aim, which seeks the co-operation of all those in whom human suffering evokes sympathy. This American Committee purposes to supply relief to the women and children in Ireland, without regard to political or religious distinctions, through trained relief workers, distributing foodstuffs, clothing, building materials, and medical stores. The suffering and the helpless in Ireland seek aid from the American people who have never yet refused an appeal from the suffering and helpless. To relieve the bitter need of the Irish people, the undersigned therefore confidently appeal for aid to the humanity of America. . . . Ireland is virtually the only place in the world where the destruction of resources has been continuous. To-day industry is paralysed in Ireland and the greater part of the able-bodied of the male population is leading a hunted and fugitive existence. If present conditions continue unrelieved, the Irish race in Ireland faces virtual annihilation. We are confident that Americans of every class and creed will respond promptly to avert the terrible fate menacing a people to whom they are so closely bound by ties of kinship and of a common heritage."

The Nonsense of Chautauqua

A coterie of spouters under the name of Chautauqua have been touring the Dominion for some time past. What they are and what they are driving at one can hardly tell. We have heard various theories proposed to explain their activities. They pose as enlighteners of the public, and if we judge from the report of one of their lectures in Palmerston North last month that is the very last thing they are doing. In fact one might well conclude from that report that there is a foundation in the rumor that they are a clique going round in order to do their bit towards binding together the fragments of the tottering British Empire. At any rate there is no question as to their total and profound ignorance of the subject taken in Palmerston North. A person called Captain Norman Allan Imrie dealt, we are told, with the Irish problem; and if what he said is a fair sample of the knowledge and intelligence of Chautauqua, we are not surprised that poor benighted New Zealand was selected as a proper field for the activities of the Chautauqua chatterers. Seldom have we found in so small a space so many gross and glaring misrepresentations, and such brazen misstatements concerning Ireland. Even the editor of a New Zealand day-lie would do far better than this Chautauqua gentleman. He boosts the Ulster Province in true Orange fashion, and he trots out the old and out-of-date assertions about Ulster wealth and prosperity, unmindful of the recent howl raised by Ulster and the protest that the Orangemen are not the wealthy people they pretended to be. Everybody except a Chautauqua lecturer knows well that Ulster is not the richest province in Ireland, and that if it has an advantage over the rest of Ireland that advantage is in the direction of bastardy, ignorance, and brutality. Even the British returns inform us that the province of Ulster is valued at a twenty-two per cent. lower valuation per head than the province of Leinster. The valuation of Ulster is given in the Census returns of 1911 as £3 9s 9d per head of the population. The *per capita* valuation of Leinster is given at £4 9s 1d. Since then the Sinn Fein boycott has been so telling that Ulster Orangemen are actually crying in public over their poverty. The chatterer also speaks of a Nationalist Party in Ireland, as if the British atrocities have not driven almost every Nationalist into the Sinn Fein camp; and as if even Southern Unionists are not coming in large numbers as time goes on and they see what union with England means for their country. But it is when the lecturer comes to deal with the Convention that he hits the roof for sheer misstatement. According to him the object of that Convention was to give the Irish people a chance to settle their own affairs. Does he not know that before

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the Convention ever sat Lloyd George said that the only chance they had was to settle Irish affairs, not on Irish lines but according to his wishes? Does he not know that Lloyd George refused to allow Irishmen to select their own representatives for that packed gathering? Does he not know that even Lord Arran admitted that the whole object of the fraud was to fool the Americans and get them into the war which was going against England? Sinn Fein, he tells us, means "ourselves alone." It means neither that nor Chautauqua, and it means the one as much as the other. He parades the old, bogus, pro-German plot which an Irish Lord-Lieutenant killed with ridicule. He glorifies the Kaiser's friend Carson and tells us that the man who organised the movement to burst up the Empire and to hang Cabinet Ministers on London lamp-posts was a supporter of the Empire. Since 1916 British statesmen have, according to the Chautauqua gentleman, done their best to bring peace and prosperity to Ireland. Probably doing their best is what he understands by doing their best to drive the people to rebellion by methods that the savagest Junkers of Prussia would condemn as barbarous and inhuman. He quotes some prominent fool as saying that the Irish do not know what they want and won't be satisfied till they get it. Has he never heard that by a sweeping majority the Irish people have not only made plain what they want but got it too? New Zealand must have a bad reputation abroad when ignoramuses like the long-named captain have the cheek to speak in it.

Lloyd George's Murderers

The cold words of the printed page are eloquent enough, God knows, of the crimes of England in Ireland at the present day. But it has been our lot to meet recently one who has returned from Ireland, and who describes horrors seen there with the passion and indignation of an outraged Christian under whose eyes the champions of small nations did their devils' work on innocent people. It was not a Sinn Feiner, it was not an Irishman at all but a New Zealander who saw the following: One morning the Catholic men, women, and children of Cork were assembled in the Cathedral for a Requiem Mass for a dead patriot. During the solemn moments of worship a gang of "Black-and-Tans" burst into the church. They did not remove their hats; they did not remove their cigarettes; they showed no reverence and no respect for a place of Catholic worship. An officer, determined to outdo his savages in brutality, disdained to walk up the nave and climbed on a pew and strode from the top of one pew to the top of another until he reached the altar, brandishing his Brithun proclamation in his hands.

No British liar had imagination enough to invent a crime like that about the Prussians in Belgium. That crime was left for the champion of small nations under the Marconi schemer who told the Irish people that the war was for Ireland's rights as well as Belgium's.

The next atrocity our friend witnessed was in Dublin. One evening on coming out of St. Saviour's Church a cry of "Halt" was heard. The New Zealand visitor stood still. Then a boy about sixteen years old came along. There was a second cry of "Halt!" Then a brave British officer caught the poor boy and putting his back to a wall shot him dead. Our New Zealand friend picked up the body, and said to the Brithun: "You have shot him." The Hun replied: "I have, and I will shoot you too unless you get away quickly."

We expect our New Zealand day-lies will store up this statement of a fact and tell us later on that it describes a Sinn Fein murder.

A third British crime was this. It was again in Dublin. Our friend was passing along a street, when a lorry laden with the beastly "Black-and-Tans" appeared. Some boys seeing the brutes ran away. The champions of small nations began to fire wildly. They killed a girl eight years old. Our New Zealand friend lifted up the body and told the "Black-and-Tan" officer that they had killed the little child. "Oh, it was only an accident," said the Hun. Hamar Greenwood, Freemason and liar, refused to permit that child's

mother to be legally represented at the so-called inquiry into the murder of her child.

These are but three incidents that were forced upon the notice of a New Zealand visitor to Ireland. That visitor is well known in Dunedin. And we do not hesitate to say that no man or woman who knows our friend would take sworn testimony of any person in the British Cabinet before this honest, God-fearing New Zealander's simple word. These three incidents give you a faint idea of what the Irish Catholics are suffering. They also give a faint idea of what lies are being told you by the editors of the daily papers throughout New Zealand. These debased journalists who cloak murders and calumniate the Irish people are morally as guilty as the savages who have stained their hands in the blood of the women and the little children, nay, of the unborn children, of Ireland. Go, after reading this testimony, and read your daily paper with its mutilated speeches that a dishonest editor twists to suit himself, and its mutilated letters, cut and hacked in the defence of a forger. Go and read the calumnies of an ex-editor of a blasphemous Australian weekly who is invoked for the purpose of calumniating a brave people by an editor whose articles on Ireland have made a laughing-stock of him before he has had time to warm the editorial chair. Is it any wonder that a certain daily paper recently turned down the application of a qualified man because it was alleged that he was married to a Catholic? Where such dirty work is wanted, Catholics or their friends need not apply. Thank God for that!

A British General on Sinn Feiners

We have published the splendid testimony of the English Quakers to the peaceful conditions obtaining under Sinn Fein and to the fact that crime in Ireland is due to Lloyd George and Greenwood. We have also quoted the verdict of the Labor Commission, stating that the crimes of England in Ireland are making the name of England stink in the nostrils of the whole civilised world. Hear now what an English General has to say in favor of the brave men whom our disreputable day-lie editors calumniate, day after day, as zealously as they once decried the alleged brutalities in Belgium. Greenwood denied the reprisals until his lies became too obvious to everybody. Here is what General Sir Henry Lawson says of the reprisals which the Canadian boulder denied:

There is no doubt in my mind as to the general accuracy of the reports of the reprisals which have reached this country through the press, and there can be no question whatever that this form of remedy was extensively and generally carried out.

This honest man, who made investigations on the spot, bears witness that the evidence goes to show that the reprisals were more than tacitly approved by the Government. He compares the conduct of the English soldiers to that of the Germans in France in 1870 and in Belgium in 1914. Does he think that England is crushing the brave Irish people? Here is his opinion:

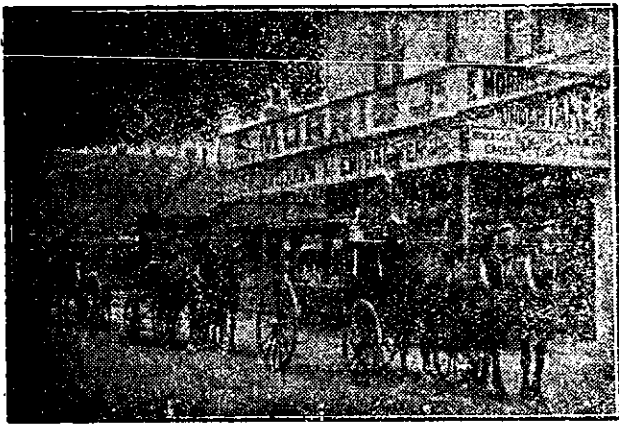
They have done more than has happened for centuries to increase the numbers who dislike England's rule. In this way—a little-dreamt-of way—they have served the cause of self-government in Ireland!

Does he blacken the character of the soldiers of the Irish Republic, as the arm-chair warrior who defends the forger, or that other who borrows from the ex-editor of a smutty Australian paper material wherewith to insult the Irish people of Dunedin tries to do? He does nothing of the kind. He denies that there is any truth in the sort of lies we read in our daily papers about murder gangs in Ireland. He gives thus the lie to Greenwood and to his satellites in Dunedin and elsewhere throughout the Empire. Here are his words:

The Sinn Fein organisation and the Irish Republican Army seem to be free, particularly free from ruffians of the professional type, and the killings of police and others were almost certainly done by members of the I.R.A. acting under military orders, young men imbued with no personal feelings against the victims, with no crimes to their record, and probably then shedding blood for the first time of their lives.

Mrs. J. Aramburu

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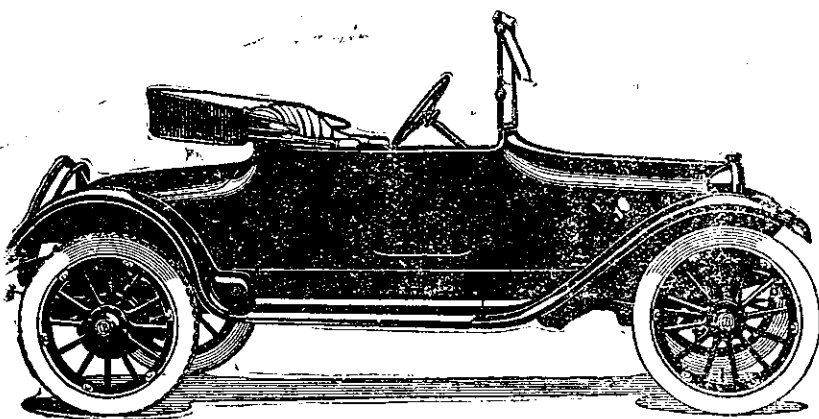
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In accordance with Lloyd George's war-aims the Irish people elected their own Government and they stand by it and recognise its right to function. They kill spies if they are ordered, just as the soldiers of any Government would. But they leave the assassination of aged priests and of unborn babies to the soldiers of England. There was peace in Ireland until the Lloyd George Government began its system of lies and oppression, kidnapping children and throwing into gaol innocent men and women, often for singing an Irish song, oftener for no cause whatever but to exasperate the people and provoke a rebellion in which armed English soldiers might prove their bravery and chivalry by shooting down unarmed Irish people. That scheme did not work out according to plan. Here is the General's testimony to the splendid character of Sinn Fein soldiers:

The captains of the volunteers appear to be always quite young men, farmers' sons for the most part, some of them schoolmasters, as a class most of them with a good deal of education, ignorant of the world perhaps but **TRANSPARENTLY SINCERE AND SINGLE-MINDED IDEALISTS, HIGHLY RELIGIOUS FOR THE MOST PART, WITH AN ALMOST MYSTICAL SENSE OF THEIR DUTY TO THEIR COUNTRY.** These men gave to the task of organising the volunteers their best in mind and spirit. They fought against drunkenness and self-indulgence [which they leave to the English], and it is no exaggeration to say that as a class they represented all that was best in the countryside.

Thank God for another honest Englishman to shame our N.Z. press-liars.

Ahaura

(From our Travelling Correspondent)

On the eve of his departure from Ahaura to enter upon the duties of Administrator of the Christchurch Cathedral parish, Rev. Father T. Hanrahan was met by the parishioners in the different portions of the parochial district—Ahaura, Blackball, Ngahere, Nelson Creek, and Totara Flat—among whom he has labored during the past three years. Appreciation of his devotion to duty and regret at his departure was expressed on all sides, and tangible proof was given at all the places mentioned of the esteem and affection in which he is held by the people. At Nelson Creek he was tendered a social evening, and was presented by the ladies who organised it with an appropriate gift suitably engraved. In acknowledging the kindly sentiments expressed towards him and appreciation of the generous parting gifts presented, Father Hanrahan feelingly referred to his severance from the fine type of people who had been under his spiritual charge. He felt the parting very keenly, and would be ever mindful of them all in his prayers. It would be a pleasure to him (he said) to revisit the Ahaura and renew acquaintance with the people when the opportunity occurred, and meanwhile any among them who chanced to visit Christchurch could rest assured of a cordial welcome on his part.

AN APPEAL TO IRISH FAITH AND LOVE OF ST. PATRICK RAETIHI

In the raging bush fire that swept this district in 1918 our little church (St. Patrick's) at Raetihi was burnt to the ground. We are now making an attempt to raise funds to replace that little church in a permanent material which will withstand the brunt of future fires as the Irish Faith has withstood the brunt of the fires of persecution. To us, who have the Faith from Ireland, the name of Patrick is sweet music to our ears. Here is a practical way to show our gratitude for our Irish Faith and our love for St. Patrick, by helping to raise a church worthy of our Faith and of our glorious Saint at Raetihi.

Send a brick (5/-) to-day for St. Patrick's Church, Raetihi. All donations acknowledged in the *Tablet*.
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ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Once more from our valleys and purple-robed mountains

Uprises the hymn of the nation to God;
By our broad-flowing rivers, our tree-shaded fountains,
We pluck the fair shamrock from Erin's green sod.
Though trampled and crushed by the tempests of years,
We have kept it still fresh by our fast-flowing tears.

Long ages have passed since the saint's lips beseeching
Brought down by this emblem the truth from above,
And still we may learn from the triune leaf's teaching
Of the strength that is founded on faith, truth, and love.

Place it high on each brow—never monarch could wear
Nobler crown than that emerald symbol we bear.

See, earth dawns in beauty, the strong Spring is breaking

The bondage of Winter that held her in thrall—
Shall the spirit of man not awake with that waking,
And fling off its fetters at liberty's call?
Shall the lip faintly falter to utter the vow
When the symbol of nationhood rests on the brow?

It has memories—the shamrock; now brightly, now sadly,

Fair women have wreathed it entwined in their hair,
And heroes have gone to meet death, pressing madly
Their lips to its leaves in the kiss of despair;
While the sad-hearted exiles have pined, though in vain,
To behold it once more on their loved native plain.

But to-day they will pledge us, our brothers, still bearing

From ocean to ocean the one sacred sign;
And millions will join with our millions in swearing
Round the great tree of freedom the shamrock shall twine.
We have given of our life-blood to nourish the root—
Shall we fear now, or tremble, to gather the fruit?

Too long we have mourned, supplicated, and waited
In robes of the victim or shroud of the dead;
And the shamrock that grew 'neath the scaffold was fated

To bear the red stain of each sad heart that bled.
But a new strength has come, and with pride as a queen
Shall our Ireland be crowned with her chaplet of green!

We have uttered the word; oh! the nation is shaken,
While from forests and deserts of far-distant lands
Freedom's voice goeth forth, and the millions awaken
With the shamrock-wreathed banner upraised in their hands:

For man's right in God's sight we plead not in vain;
Behold! Ireland was dead—but she liveth again!

—LADY WILDE.

CONVENT OF MERCY, RICCARTON.

The following is a list of successes gained at the Convent of Mercy, "Villa Maria," Riccarton, in recent examinations:—

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ENGLISH OPINIONS OF FRIGHTFULNESS IN IRELAND

(By HENRY W. NEVINSON in the *London Nation* for December 18.)

Within the last five weeks I have been for some days off and on in Dublin, and have also visited the following scenes of recent devastation or murder, or both:—Templemore, Thurles, Mallow, Castleisland, Tralee, Ardfer, Foynes, Limerick, Killaloe, Scarriff, Raheen, Gort, Ardahan, Galway, Tuam, Swineford, Belfast, and Cork, in that order. On my way I have also seen the ruins of the partially or utterly destroyed creameries at Loughmore, Ballymacelligott, Abbeydorney, and Lixnaw, and the co-operative stores at Foynes. In all those places, with the possible exception of Killaloe and Swineford, private houses, people's halls, or public buildings had been burnt out, and in many of them murders had recently been committed by groups of men whom everyone in the place or district believed to be members of British armed forces, either military or police.

No Legal Reprisals.

If reprisals upon innocent and untried people could ever be justified, excuse might be pleaded in a few of those cases, where members of British armed forces had been kidnapped, ambushed, shot at, or killed by unknown people who probably maintained they were at war with the British Government. Such reprisals, as I remember well, were exercised during the Boer War upon whole towns, villages, and districts, where De Wet or other Boer leaders had raided our troops or stores. The justice of such action was much disputed at the time; but I witnessed it carried out remorselessly, and I suppose it is taken as a precedent for the behaviour of our forces in Ireland now. In any case the conditions in Ireland are becoming very similar to the conditions in South Africa then. On that precedent, I suppose, a case might be made for reprisals during war time. That, at all events, was the plea of the German commandants when they ordered the destruction at Louvain and Dinant, and other Belgian towns. But, as Mr. Justice Pim said in his charge to the Grand Jury in Belfast on the first of this month. "There can be no legal reprisals. If reprisals were carried out, or if there were an excuse for that kind of thing, it would lead directly and absolutely to anarchy, and to nothing else."

Plunging Ireland Into Anarchy.

In Ireland it is leading to anarchy and nothing else. The worst of it is that the anarchy of reprisals is being produced by the representatives of "Law and Order." In Belfast and other towns of the north-east corner, reprisals have been perpetrated by Protestant and Orange mobs. But I suppose that there is not

one human soul living in Ireland who even pretends to believe that the reprisals in the rest of the country are not the work of the British reinforcements to the armed police, whether "Auxiliaries" or "Black-and-Tans" proper, or, in far fewer cases, the work of the regular British army. In Ireland I have never heard or read even a suggestion of any other agency. Such suggestions are kept for the gullible majority in the House of Commons. The evidence of uncounted eye-witnesses is absolutely conclusive. I doubt if the Auxiliaries and "Black-and-Tans" themselves would question it. They would rather glory in their actions. They would defend them as human nature reacting to extreme provocation, or simply as the way of war in dealing with a hostile and rebellious populace, for whom they also felt special hatred and contempt as being unsatisfied with the British Government. Besides, the question always recurs: if the agents of the "reprisals" are not in the service of the Government, how do they procure the motor lorries in which they rush through the streets of cities and through the country, and the rifles with which one sees them firing at random? How do they secure the immunity to prowl in cities at night and burn out buildings such as the *Freeman's Journal* office or the Sinn Fein Bank in Dublin, or the great shops and Sinn Fein Clubs in Cork, where the earlier burnings were all done after curfew hours? Or how is it that a party of five or six in the Auxiliary uniform could with impunity rush into the shops and homes of Catholic Irish people and smash all the goods, glass, furniture, and other possessions, as I saw had been done in Cork last week, while they kept crying, "We'll teach you to mock at us!"

Gangs of Bandits Let Loose Upon the Irish People.

I do not know who imagines himself in control of these Auxiliaries on such occasions. The men are supposed to be all ex-officers. General Tudor, in a letter calling for more recruits, has called them a *corps d'elite*, and said their object was to relieve the Irish people from terror of the pistol. With this object they swagger about the streets brandishing revolvers, threatening men with death for a mere word or for having their hands in their pockets, robbing tills, and taking whips from car-drivers to lash the passers-by. If this is a *corps d'elite* formed from ex-officers, God help our army! In thirty years' fairly intimate acquaintance with the British army, I have never seen officers like these. General Tudor tells us they get a guinea a day. What more they acquire I cannot say, but many of them behave more like a gang of bandits let loose upon a poor and distracted country than like the British officers to whom I have hitherto been accustomed.

Cardinal Logue's Striking Testimony.

Cardinal Logue is an old man—a man of known moderation and studied discretion. Let me, then, recall a passage from his Pastoral Letter of three weeks ago. After saying that men had been taken from their homes and shot because they were suspected of sym-

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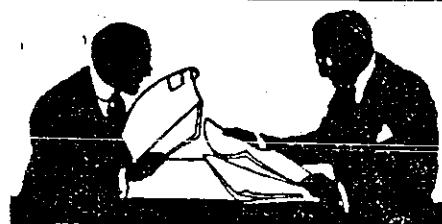
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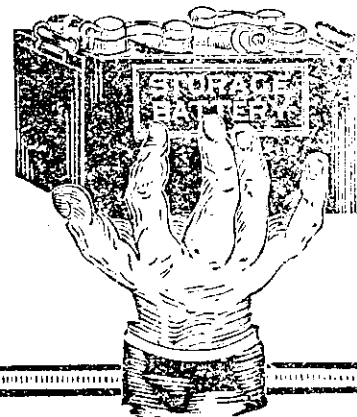
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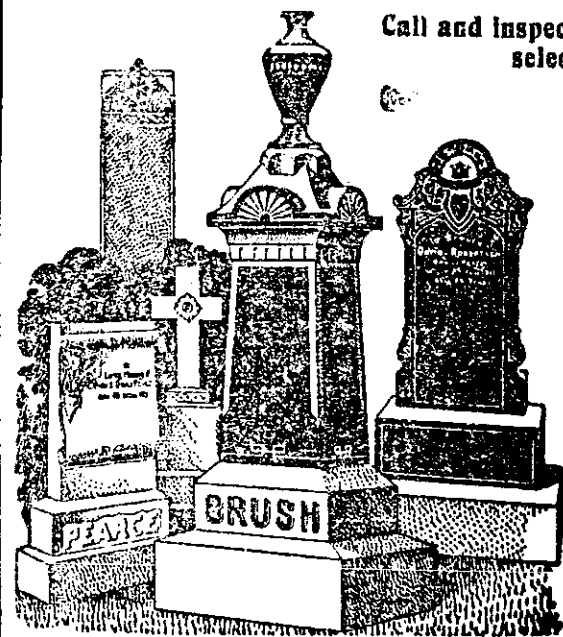
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THE PHARMACY, TIMARU

pathy with Sinn Fein, their captors acting promptly as judges, juries, and executioners, he continued:

"Lorries laden with armed men career through the country day by day, and when the unhappy people seek cover or fly, as one naturally would when a cry is raised of a mad dog at large, or a savage beast escaped from a menagerie, that flight is taken as sufficient proof of guilt, and they are pitilessly shot down at sight. No false pretences, no misrepresentations, no pall of lies, even though they were as dark as Erebus, can screen or conceal the guilt of such proceedings from anyone who knows and can weigh the facts.

The Fate of Anti-"Black-and-Tan" Witnesses.

It is difficult to give names or direct evidence, except where the victim has been actually killed and so is free from harm. The other day I heard a man give a quiet and obviously true account of his brutal ill-treatment by Crown forces, and it was supported by the certificate of the doctor who had attended him for atrocious injuries; but I dare not give any clue to his identity, as probably he would have his house burnt down or his life taken. When the manager of the Abbeydorney creamery near Tralee gave an affidavit as to the destruction of the creamery, his house was immediately burnt, and so was his engineer's. When Mr. Edward Lysaght gave evidence about the character of his assistant, Connor Clune, who was slaughtered in a chamber of Dublin Castle "for attempting to escape," just as the brother of Mr. Lysaght's chief manager had been slaughtered on Killaloe bridge a few days before "for attempting to escape," the store of his Co-operative Workers' Society at Raheen was promptly looted. All groceries, jam, bacon, boots, etc., were taken off. Next day three bicycles and a typewriter were also stolen. From his private residence 12 of his father's shooting and other suits were taken, four overcoats, socks, and stockings besides the contents of two large presses of underclothes, a valuable Japanese bowl, his wife's wrist-watch, and quantities of his mother's underclothing and other dress, not to speak of portmanteaux and suit-cases, in which the brigands carried the plunder away. And they were Auxiliaries, members of that *corps d'élite*, all ex-officers and ex-gentlemen. Mr. Lysaght is known to all Ireland as one of the greatest benefactors of his country, owing to his experiments in co-operative farming, and the encouragement of Irish culture and art among the people. What new disaster may happen to him owing to this account (for which I have his leave) one can only fear.

To Blockade and Devastate All Ireland.

What may be the Government's intentions with regard to the Irish nation, I cannot tell. Officers have told me that it is the intention to blockade and devastate the whole country, collecting the women and children into concentration camps, as was done in the Transvaal and Orange Free State during the Boer War. I cannot say. But I do know something about the present condition of the people under our Government's methods. Martial law and open war could hardly make it more pitiable. Cardinal Logue's comparison is exact. The people live as though a mad dog might spring upon them at any minute and from any corner. It is a life of perpetual fear and strain. No man who has any sympathy with the national cause (one of the causes for which we were told the Great War was fought) can regard his property or his life as secure from evening to morning. No woman can regard her home as safe. It is safer to take the children for refuge to the bogs and mountains. The children cannot sleep at night. Doctors tell me that St. Vitus's Dance and other nervous affections are terribly on the increase among the young. Men, women, and children, against whom there is no proof or charge or even suspicion of guilt of any kind, are insulted, humiliated, and brutally treated.

An Acme of Outrages.

To my mind the insolence and scorn which will prompt armed men to thrash passers-by with whips as a joke, or to compel them to kneel in the mud and take the oath of allegiance at the revolver's point, or to sing "God Save the King" under compulsion in a cinema,

reveal a lower depth of degradation in our Government's agents than the more violent "reprisals" of pillage, arson, and murder. I am convinced that such outrages will sink more deeply into the hearts and memories of a people who assuredly will never abandon their hope of deliverance from a Government that thus afflicts them. To put it from our own English side, what pleasure can the King have in oaths of allegiance thus extracted, or in anthems thus sung for his salvation? Of one thing at least I am certain: whatever martial law may accomplish, or discussions on truce suggest, there can be no possible hope of peace or of truce until, as the first step, the Auxiliaries and "Black-and-Tans" are withdrawn or disarmed.

Apologies to the Unspeakable Turk.

Henry W. Nevinson, English journalist: "I apologise to the shades of Abdul Hamid and Czar Nicholas, whose rule I so often criticised. The conduct of our own British Government in Ireland has proved to me that no Englishman ever had the right to denounce or condemn any crime you or your Ministers may have perpetrated. And to continue and increase these methods of treachery, violence, and injustice the Prime Minister of England now openly encourages his agents."

"England Shamed Before the Whole World."

Sir Herbert Samuel:—"Ireland is now being governed under military law. If what is now going on in Ireland was going on in the Austrian Empire all England would be ringing with denunciation of the Hapsburgs and of denying people the right to rule themselves. England is to-day shamed before the whole world on account of Ireland."

"Rabies Teutonica."

Robert Lynd, Literary Editor of the *Daily News*, London:—"One hears on very excellent authority that what has happened in Dublin Castle is that a whole kennel of bulldogs has gone mad. The dangerous feature of the situation is that these creatures, instead of being put under restraint, are employed and valued as watchdogs and even as bloodhounds. A general anti-barking order prevails throughout Ireland, but the mad dogs of Dublin Castle are given free run of the country. They are suffering, it is said, from a special form of rabies known as Rabies Teutonica, and apparently it is hoped that if they are allowed to bite enough people the Irish will sink into a general stupor marked by loss of appetite for liberty and loss of memory of nationhood."

Making of Assassins.

Manchester Guardian:—"Fleeing in terror from their homes, the young men (in Ireland) have been recruited and where formerly they moved in small groups they are now battalions. Wherever the rule of the "Black-and-Tan" has been most lawless the counter-viciousness has asserted itself like the hatching of serpents' eggs. The stupidity of Irish policy is well revealed in the arrest of Mrs. Annan Bryce and the shutting up of the Duke of Leinster's house. Innocent lives, in uniform and out of it, are sacrificed; rebels are made. Ireland is ruined and the hope of peace with honor receded."

Tied to Sir Edward Carson.

Lord Bentinck, M.P.:—"His (Lloyd George's) incapacity to govern Ireland become more manifest every day. The land is filled with violence and upon his failure, lawlessness and crime flourish apace. His incapacity arises from the fact that he persists in ignoring the simplest rules of democratic government. Who can crush the spirit of a nation? Who can successfully deny either the fundamental unity of the Irish people or their right to be ruled by the majority of their own people? From the moment that the Prime Minister recognises that the only method by which Ireland can be governed is by the consent of its people. From the moment that the Government cease their futile efforts to kill Republicanism by force, will the Irish sky brighten. But what hope is there that the Prime Minister will embrace the cause of liberty and justice while he is tied to his alliance with Sir Edward Carson? That is the governing factor in this tragic situa-

tion. Surely the happiness and welfare of millions of people are more important than the personal position of one man."

"Like a City Within the War Zone."

John H. Barlow (former Chairman, London Society of Friends).—"I went to Ireland as a member of a deputation of three. We were commissioned to go by the Executive Committee of the Society of Friends in order to investigate the condition of the country. In Dublin we learned something of the destruction of the Co-operative Creameries. At that time 17 had been wrecked. A considerable portion of this destruction must be laid at the door of the so-called forces of law and order. We visited Lisburn, where the fury of a mob found expression in the burning out of the houses of Catholics and the expelling of all Catholics from the town. The place was like a city within the war zone. After Belfast we went to Limerick, and there obtained an insight into the meaning of reprisals."

Lord Monteagle.—"One of the most common forms of reprisals is the burning of creameries. These began no less than six months ago and now number 26 cases. In spite of the repeated remonstrances of the Irish Agricultural Organisation, nothing has been done to stop them, one case having occurred the very night before Lloyd George made his famous Carnarvon address (condoning reprisals). On July 23, 1920, at Newport, Co. Tipperary, a girl had her hair cropped by some young men for keeping company with a soldier—doubtless a mean, unmanly act, but involving no bodily injury to any person and in nowise connected with the creamery. That evening about sunset, some 20 or 30 soldiers, without any provocation, burned the creamery and cheese house, having first carefully abstracted two barrowfuls of cheese, broken into the safe and carried off £160 in cash. They subsequently burned and looted several shops in town. This case was heard at Quarter Sessions on October 1 on a claim of malicious injury. The evidence was not challenged by the military, who put in no appearance. Several cases were heard at Quarter Sessions at Limerick. None of them were disputed. These took place about midnight and were perpetrated by parties of uniformed men, apparently "Black-and-Tans," not military, who came from a distance in motor lorries bringing tins of petrol with them. I give one instance of what took place in the village of Shanagolden and which I investigated personally. On the night of August 25 some Sinn Féin Volunteers discovered the creamery on fire, but, giving the alarm, succeeded in extinguishing it. They suspected the local police from Foynes, three miles away, and retaliated on two of these next morning by marching them barefooted up and down the village street. One of the latter, a Black-and-Tan, returned that afternoon with six others and retaliated by bombing the Carnegie Library and marching several men barefooted up the street and firing shots, one of which was deliberately aimed at and killed an old-age pensioner. The villagers, fearing further reprisals, mostly fled to the fields that night, and not without cause, for at about one o'clock two lorryfuls of police appeared and raided shops bearing the same names as those of leading volunteers, but not belonging to them, one of which they burned to the ground and set fire to the other. Finally they bombed and burned the creamery and carried off four young men from eight miles away, whom they dragged out of the shops they raided. Why are reprisals tolerated if not designed by the Government? Is it not because the Government knows that all but frightfulness has broken down?"

England's Own Fault.

Manchester Guardian.—"The natural history of Irish discontent is all perfectly obvious. We (England) sowed it, watered it, cultivated it by every imaginable act of folly and greed from the destruction of Ireland's old industries in the 18th century and earlier centuries to the War Office's refusal of Ireland's offer to help in the war of 1914. Now we have got the ripe fruit. We have to deal solely by our own fairness, courage, and

good sense with a mess of our own making, and deal with it at once, and it is no good sitting down and wailing that a wicked world has come up against us."

Government Started Crime.

Arthur Henderson, M.P., Labor Leader.—"Up until the beginning of 1919 all the outrages had been on one side—that of the Government—and during 1919 there were 14,000 armed raids, three towns were sacked and ten civilians were killed by its servants. Before 1919 there was only one policeman killed in Ireland."

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

March 5.

The financial result of the Catholic Women's Hostel garden fair is a profit of £200. This is considered very satisfactory, and the energetic committee deserve every praise for the handsome outcome of their efforts.

The Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Rugby senior and junior football teams are now busy training, under the direction of Mr. W. J. White, for the next season's contests. The Old Boys are indebted to the Rector of St. Patrick's College for the use of the college gymnasium for training purposes.

Arrangements are well in hand for the successful celebration of St. Patrick's Day. A feature is being made of the procession, which will contain 15 decorated lorries and tableaux. At the Newtown Park over 1000 children from our Catholic schools will give a spectacular drill display, and also form the figure of a harp. The concert will be well up to the standard attained in the past.

An enthusiastic meeting to promote a bazaar for the Sisters of Mercy, Newtown, was held last Wednesday evening at the convent. Very Rev. Dean McKenna was among those present. Messrs. Martin Moloney and Fred Burton were appointed director and secretary, respectively, of the men's produce stall committee. It was decided to hold euchre parties every Saturday evening, in the High School class-room, for the purpose of raising funds for the produce stall.

The members of St. Joseph's Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society tendered a private farewell on February 28 to one of their colleagues, Bro. C. Crocker, who is leaving Wellington shortly to study for the priesthood at Meeanee. Bro. Crocker, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Crocker, of Christchurch, has for the past three years been employed in the Native Division of the Public Trust Office at Wellington, and during this period has always taken an active part in everything connected with the St. Vincent de Paul Society. The president of the conference paid tribute to the fine qualities of the departing brother, and congratulated him on his great vocation. Rev. Fathers H. F. Cullen, Adm., O'Donnell, and McDermott, and about 16 members, were present.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

March 7.

His Lordship Bishop Brodie leaves this week for the West Coast.

Very Rev. Dean Bowers has entered upon his duties as diocesan secretary at the Cathedral, and Rev. Father Hanrahan, those of Administrator.

Rev. Fathers Herring and Eccleton, Marist Missioners, will open missions on Sunday next at New Brighton and Papanui.

The missions being conducted by the Marist Fathers at St. Mary's and Addington are being attended by crowded congregations, and the number approaching the Holy Table each morning is exceedingly large.

The new school buildings at St. Mary's is progressing favorably, the builders being now engaged

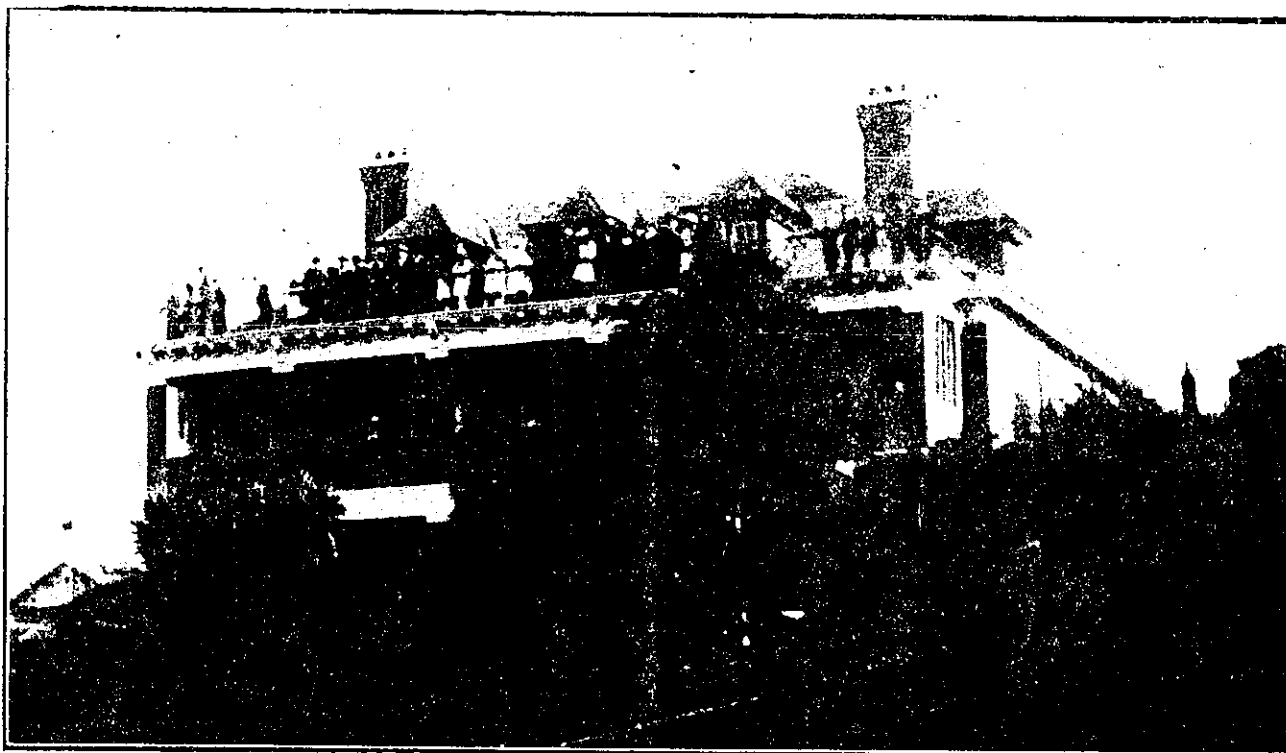
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The fine new Residence of the Christian Brothers, Dunedin, which was Blessed and formally Opened on Sunday afternoon, February 27.

on the second storey. It is expected to be completed and ready for use after the mid-winter vacations.

The Irish national concert, in aid of Nazareth House, will be given in the King Edward Barracks on Saturday evening, March 19, this being the only date near that of St. Patrick's Day available for a hall. The programme is of a high standard, and included in the artists are Messrs. McGrath (Dunedin) and Waters (Invercargill).

With the object of forming a sodality of the Children of Mary in the Sacred Heart parish, Addington, a meeting was held in the church on Sunday afternoon under the direction of Fathers McCarthy and South-eimer, Marist Missioners. Forty aspirants were enrolled. The consecration ceremony will take place on Sunday evening next.

An advance step in connection with the Addington district is the formation of a branch of the Hibernian Society. Since his advent to the parish, Rev. Father O'Connor has been anxious for what was realised on last Sunday afternoon. Members from St. Patrick's and St. Mary's branches attended in regalia to assist at the ceremony, which was conducted by the District Deputy (Bro. M. Grimes), assisted by Bro. L. J. Courtney (president of St. Patrick's branch) and Bro. H. Johnston (secretary St. Mary's). It was pleasing to see Bro. T. Hynes, one of the founders of Hibernianism in Christchurch in 1863, amongst the visitors. Rev. Fathers O'Connor and Finnerty were present, and took an active interest in the proceedings. Bro. Grimes, in opening the meeting, explained the aims and objects of the society. After reading the official opening address, and the constitutional dispensation, he initiated 17 members into the new Sacred Heart branch. The following office-bearers were then elected:—President, Bro. W. Maloney; vice-president, Bro. Hugh McDonald; secretary, Bro. T. Lagan; treasurer, Bro. A. O'Donoghue; warden, Bro. R. J. Grose; guardian, Bro. S. J. Puller; sick visitors, Bros. E. F. Duggan and E. D. Clark; trustees, Bros. H. McDonald, W. Maloney, and E. F. Duggan; medical attendant, Dr. Ardagh. Bro. Grimes, on behalf of the New Zealand District, tendered thanks to Father O'Connor and congratulations to the newly-formed branch of the Hibernian Society, and expressed the hope that in the progressive parish of Addington its numerical strength would increase and its usefulness be early noted by parishioners. Bros. H. Johnston, L. J. Courtney, T. P. O'Rourke, and Past-District Deputy Bro. R. P. O'Shaughnessy also addressed the meeting in encouraging terms, Rev. Father O'Connor and Bro. Maloney responding.



His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, Bishop of Dunedin, delivering the occasional address.

Oamaru

(From our own correspondent.)

March 7.

During the month there will be Mass at the following stations:—Duntroon, Kurow, and Pukeuri on the 13th; Windsor Park and Ngapara on the 20th; and Kurow, Duntroon, and Georgetown on the 27th.

His Grace Archbishop Redwood honored Oamaru with a visit on his return journey from the jubilee celebrations in Dunedin, and charmed all by his very fine discourse at the Sunday evening devotions.

The annual national concert commemorating St. Patrick's Day will be given in the Opera House on Monday night, March 14. A choice and varied programme by select Dunedin artists will be presented. The proceeds will be devoted to the funds of our local Catholic schools, thus affording an opportunity to our Catholic people of showing their appreciation of the noble work of the Dominican Nuns. The management desires the co-operation of all in order to assure an outstanding financial success.

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Our Lord's Last Discourses (Abbe Nouvelle)—7/6.

St. Joseph, Jesus and Mary (M. Russell, S.J.)—4/6.

St. Leonard of Port Maurice (Devas)—6/6.

Life and Times of John Ogilvie, S.J. (Forbes and Cahill)—6/6.

The Message of Francis Thompson (Sister Notre Dame) 3/-.

Jock, Jack, and the Corporal (C. C. Martindale)—4/6.

Watches of the Passion (Gallwey); 2 vols.—16/-.

Clock of the Passion (Alphonsus Ligouri)—2/-.

Treasure of the Sanctuary—3/-.

Child of Mary Abandoned Before Tabernacle—1/-.

In Mallow (Mrs. William O'Brien)—4/6.

The Fringe of the Eternal (Rev. Gonne)—7/6: Tales of West of Ireland.

Moy O'Brien (E. Skeffington Thompson)—7/6.

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WHITAKER.—On February 2, 1921, to Mr. and Mrs. Bernard A. Whitaker, of Eltham Road, Opunake—a daughter.

MARRIAGES

MITCHELL—SULLIVAN.—On January 26, 1921, at Ahaura, Moutter John Mitchell, of Ahaura, West Coast, to Eileen Maud Sullivan, of Ahaura.

MILLEA—DAMBLY.—On October 7, 1920, at St. Mary's Church, Hamilton, by the Rev. Father Bleakley, Francis Patrick, youngest son of the late Thomas and Mary Millea, of Dunedin, to Marie Louise, eldest daughter of Jean and Sophie Dambly, of Belgium.

DEATHS

HICKEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Maurice Hickey, beloved husband of Mary Ann Hickey, who died at Palmerston North on February 8, 1921. Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

HUGHES.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Margaret, relict of Daniel Hughes, who died at Manaia on January 6, 1921 (fortified by all the rites of Holy Church).—R.I.P.

McCORMICK.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Margaret, relict of H. C. McCormick, formerly of Dunedin, who died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. John Poppelwell, Hastings, in her 92nd year.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

CORCORAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Corcoran, who died at Oamaru, March 11, 1917.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy. Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for her.

SENIOR.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Joseph Edmond, dearly beloved eldest son of Joseph and Ann Senior, 13 Earn Street, Invercargill, who died in France on March 12, 1918.—R.I.P.—Inserted by his parents and brother, Rory.

WANTED

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THE MANAGER.

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader.—A Reminder of Original Sin, p. 25. Notes.—Dunsany's Stories, pp. 26-27. Topics.—What Are We Going to do About it? Help for Ireland; The Nonsense of Chautauqua; A British General on Sinn Feiners, pp. 14-15. The Grasshopper and the Transplanter, p. 9. English Opinions on Frightfulness in Ireland, p. 19. A Nation Once Again, p. 18.

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

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiæ causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

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.



THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1921.

A REMINDER OF ORIGINAL SIN



THE world is in a bad way. The recent War which was, according to the pledges of truthful persons like Mr. George and his political press liars, to regenerate society and to inaugurate a new era, has done the contrary. It has plunged the world into a moral chaos, and left humanity wallowing in the mire of passion. Murder, burglary, peculation, divorce, corruption in public life, brazen lying among statesmen, deliberate fomentation of sectarian strife for selfish ends, are the fine fruits of that War for world-regeneration for which so many men were driven to death. We have sunk low indeed. Apparently it is the opinion of many people that we can find no lower level, and that humanity is as bad as it is possible for it to become. Only by presupposing that such is the opinion of the pressmen

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and the propagandists of to-day, can we explain why it is that they have left the fact of the Fall out of all their calculations, and set up the pedagogue and the policeman in the place of the grace of God and the conscience of man. At any rate, the view of human nature taken by the average journalist is hopelessly debased; and we must conclude that either despair or denial of Christianity is at the bottom of all the nonsense that is written in these days about reforming children through the schoolmaster and the policeman, apart altogether from any consideration of the eternal sanction of the Ten Commandments.

The other day with characteristic vamping and verbosity, the *Otago Daily Times* babbled about teaching children to know themselves through sex-instruction imparted by means of printed leaflets or pamphlets. It had not a word to say concerning the power of conscience as a means of restraint; not a word about the fact that Original Sin is at the root of the impulse to evil; not a word about the need of religion, and through religion, of God's grace, for the moral uplifting of the young. God is ignored, religion is ignored, and one might as well try to stay the incoming tide with a pitchfork as to prevent the moral ruin of the people by any means apart from those which the Creator ordained. Do they who know all that is to be known about sexual matters lead perfect lives? Does knowledge of that sort save the majority of those who possess it from immorality? Is the knowledge assimilated from a printed leaflet able to carry any boy or girl safely through the maelstrom of passion? What printed leaflets had the purest people in the world for their guidance? If England had been able to drag down to her own level the Irish peasants, and had given them handbooks instead of their prayer-books, who is foolish enough to say that they would be any better than the demoralised John Bulls of our time? Handbooks and leaflets that proceed from the supposition that there is no such thing as Original Sin are as futile and as foolish as the schools from which God has been expelled by our State-atheists; and as moral platitudes uttered by schoolmasters will never make children good no scheme of sex-instruction that forgets God will ever make them clean. We have forgotten where we ought to begin: we theorise about an ideal man who never existed and never can exist; instead of the man, prone to evil from his youth and needing God's Grace to keep him right; we have invented a creature whom God never made and we have taught the young people to live as if God did not matter. The result of it all is that we are in the mire and that we shall stay there. Devils of lust, devils of pride, devils of hatred, devils of avarice, have seized us, and instead of setting ourselves to drive them out by prayer and fasting we are beating the air and fighting shadows. Magistrates have declared from the bench that religion alone can save this country: one well-known magistrate told us recently that every day he sat on the bench he was more and more convinced that the only hope lay in the establishment of schools like the Catholic schools, which put God first and teach children that the most important thing in life is to keep the Ten Commandments.

Before there can be any sort of reasonable discussion concerning sex-instruction we must begin with God and religion. Common sense tells us that there is no use informing children of the evil results that flow from certain actions unless we are able to inspire them with a desire to do what is right and to avoid what is wrong, not because of consequences painted in terrible colors by leaflets, but because of God's Eternal Law, and because of Christ who died to redeem us all. Instruction of that sort without a religious foundation is useless, and worse than useless, for it often leads to the very results which its well-meaning but stupid advocates wish to avoid. Here, as in true education of every sort, it is principles that count. A child must be taught to live by principles and only by principles. Religion alone can teach that; sex-instruction without

religion is based on the damnable British doctrine of expediency and selfishness which is responsible for the present ruin of the Empire. Unless morality is instilled into children, unless they are taught the difference between doing a thing because to do it is right and doing it because evil will come from not doing it, such children will be no more moral than a criminal whose wickedness is only suppressed by the presence of a policeman. Such children will be unmoral however good their exterior conduct may be: their rectitude will spring from the base motive of cowardice. On the whole, it is not astonishing to find that journalists who defend the crimes of Lloyd George and who conceal the truth about his infamous war on women and children in Ireland reveal their total ignorance of the principles of Christianity when they come to write about such elementary things as true education of children.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY RESOLUTION

We suggest the following formula for the resolution to be adopted at all St. Patrick's Day meetings this year:

Whereas,

not only the Irish Bishops but independent American and English Commissions of Inquiry have proved that brutal atrocities are being systematically perpetrated by the British forces on the men, women, and children of Ireland;

and whereas,

American and English Commissions have urged the British Government to grant to the Irish people the right of self-determination, in accordance with the War Aims of the Allies; it is Resolved,

That this mass-meeting of the people of Dunedin condemn the frightfulness of the army of occupation in Ireland, and demand that the British Government withdraw its armed forces, and honor its own pledges to the soldiers who died for the freedom of small nations, by allowing the Irish people to govern themselves according to their own wishes without outside interference.

NOTES

Dunsany

When somebody asked him how he acquired his style, Lord Dunsany replied that his mother forbade him to read the newspapers and made him read the Bible. And as nothing could be more removed from the abomination of "journalese" than Dunsany's prose, so, too, there is nothing in English that is so saturated with the poetry and the beauty of the Old Testament. From the Bible he got his limpid clearness and his wonderful rhythm: prose like his is the only suitable medium for the expression of the rich fantasies of his Celtic imagination; and even readers who find no great delight in his fancies are carried away by the melody of his words. W. B. Yeats said of him that he "has imagined colors, ceremonies, and incredible processions that never passed before the eyes of Edgar Allan Poe or of De Quincey, and remembered as much fabulous beauty as Sir John Mandeville." Whether he tells us of strange cities and peoples, or of fabulous worlds and deities, or of spiders larger than a ram, or of the dragon-crocodile whose cry was like the sound of a church bell that had become possessed of an evil soul, or of nameless horrors and of birds that shudder with fright, he clothes his tales in language in which the stately power of the Bible is illuminated by the true Celtic spirit. Of his visions, Ernest Boyd says: "Lord Dunsany's visions appear far away from the life of our time because of his inventiveness, which has allowed him to dispense with even those roots in the past to which his contemporaries cling. The marvels he describes for us are often but the simplest

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phenomena seen through the eyes of a poet, the rustling of the sands on the seashore, the weird noises of the night, the dancing of butterflies in the sun. At his touch these things take on the wonder and mystery which the Celtic imagination has described everywhere in nature. That Lord Dunsany should have opened up a new region of fantasy does not constitute him an alien in the old mythological and legendary world of Ireland. His people are of the same stock as their ancestors, children of romance and beauty."

The Sea

He loves the sea like every Irishman, and he has a predilection for old sailors that Irishmen will understand. In *The Coming of the Sea* we have his fancy at its highest flight. Imagining an attempt made by Slid and his host of waves to capture the green earth, he tells us how Slid by his waves overcame the four winds, and after sending them limping back to their masters, said: "We have met this new thing that has come upon earth and have striven against its armies but could not drive them forth; and the new thing is beautiful but is very angry and is creeping towards the gods." The gods sent "a great army of white cliffs" to defend them, but the rocks were shattered until the dowlunds were called upon to halt the army of Slid, who not being able to advance "crooned a song such as long ago troubled the stars"; and the song went on moaning, awaking pent desires till the rivers heard it and crept down to find the sea: "they came behind the white cliffs, splitting them here and there, thus making an opening for the army of the waves." Then the gods were angry and called upon their eldest-born, the Mountain Tintaggon, which was made of black marble, and Tintaggon stood firm and beat back the attacks of Slid and of the five oceans he had summoned to his aid. The sea was beaten but the fight may one day be resumed:

"Sometimes in their dreams, the war-scarred warriors of Slid still lift their heads and cry their battle-cry; then do dark clouds gather about Tintaggon's swarthy brow and he stands out menacing. . . . The gods know well that while Tintaggon stands they are safe . . . whether Slid shall one day smite Tintaggon is hidden among the secrets of the sea."

Babbulkund

Here is a description of one of his dream-cities:

"I will arise now and see Babbulkund, city of marvel. She is of one age with the earth; the stars are her sisters. Pharos of the old time coming conquering from Araby first saw her, a solitary mountain in the desert, and cut the mountain into towers and terraces. . . . She is carved, not built; her palaces are one with her terraces; there is neither joint nor cleft. Here is the beauty of the youth of the world. She deemeth herself to be the middle of the earth, and hath four gates facing outward to the nations."

But the end of Babbulkund came. A day dawned when winged lions no longer flitted like bats about the city, when the alcove of opal wherein the King sat was gone, and the gorgeous streets were no more. The plot was carefully prepared. A traveller in the desert heard a whisper of it at night. "All that night the desert said many things softly and in a whisper, but I knew not what he said. Only the sand knew and arose and was troubled and lay down again, and the wind knew." And when all was ready a wind came out of the South, and "the sand lifted and went by in great shapes, all whispering; and there were little cries among them and the sounds of passing away." Perondaris, Babbulkund's beautiful rival, was overcome in the same way.

"The Tents of the Arabs"

The lure of the desert called Dunsany from his youth and its voice is heard in many of his stories. In *The Tents of the Arabs* a King lingers a year in the desert and allows a camel-driver to usurp his throne

rather than declare his identity. The King loves a gypsy girl, named Eznarza, and Mr. Boyd points out that the love-passages between the two are reminiscent of Synge. There is the rhythm of poetry in the lines they speak. Eznarza says: "We shall hear the sand again whispering low to the dawn wind," and the King replies: "We shall hear the nomads stirring in their camps far off because it is dawn." In Eznarza's last words there is an echo of the wonderful prose of *Deirdre*:

"I will raise up my head of a night time against the sky, and the old, old unbought stars shall twinkle through my hair and we shall not envy any of the diademed queens of the world."

"Yeats, Synge, 'A.E.' and James Stephens see Ireland illumined by the beauty of old legends and traditions," says Mr. Boyd. "Dunsany is carried by this re-awakening of the spirit into a world beyond the 'Rim.' All have the same dream of beauty, which enables them to transfigure reality."

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

At St. Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin, on Thursday next, Feast of the Apostle of Ireland, Solemn Pontifical Mass will be celebrated, commencing at nine o'clock. A panegyric of St. Patrick will be preached by Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm.

In honor of the approaching festival of the Apostle of Ireland, the members of St. Joseph's and St. Patrick's branches of the Hibernian Society are to assemble in regalia at St. Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin, on next Sunday, and, in a body, approach the Holy Table at the nine o'clock Mass.

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament at St. Joseph's Cathedral from the eleven o'clock Mass on Sunday. His Lordship the Bishop officiated at Compline in the evening, and after the usual procession Pontifical Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. An appropriate sermon was preached by Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., in the presence of a large congregation.

At the conclusion of the business at last week's meeting of the members of St. Joseph's Cathedral Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, a welcome-home social was tendered to Mrs. M. A. Jackson, president over many years, who had recently returned from an extended tour of Great Britain and various Continental countries. Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., chaplain of the society, presided, and expressed the pleasure of all at the return, in renewed health, of Mrs. Jackson. He made grateful reference to the president's devoted services over a lengthy period in the interests of the poor and distressed, and trusted she would again soon undertake the exacting, though essentially charitable duties, in the discharge of which she had proved herself so adaptable. Mrs. Jackson, in a brief reply, expressed deep appreciation of the kind welcome extended, and for the prayers and good wishes she knew accompanied her during her journeyings abroad. The experience and information gained would, she hoped, be of great benefit to the society's work in this city. A pleasing musical programme was contributed.

The annual national concert in commemoration of St. Patrick's Day will be given on Thursday evening, March 17, in His Majesty's Theatre. On this occasion the concert will be given under the auspices of the Irish Social, Musical, and Literary Society, and a large and energetic committee, under the direction of Father Ardagh, have arranged a programme of an essentially national character, and perfected details generally for a successful social observance of the great festival of the Apostle of Ireland. The concert will be under the patronage of his Lordship the Bishop, and the object towards which the proceeds are to be devoted—the provision of scholarships for the pupils of our Catholic schools who win them in open competition with all schools in the Dominion but withheld by the Government from being taken out in our own

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—should appeal to all lovers of justice. Artists from various parts of the Dominion have been engaged, including an accomplished player of the Irish pipes—Miss Glavin, of Wellington. Particulars regarding admission, booking of seats, etc., are given in the advertising columns of this week's issue of the *Tablet*.

A very successful euchre party and concert were held under the auspices of St. Joseph's Glee Club a few evenings ago in St. Joseph's Hall. The first half of the programme consisted of euchre, and was followed by a much-enjoyed entertainment of musical and elocutionary items. The hall was nicely decorated for the occasion by members of the club. Rev. Father Ardagh presided, and the arduous duties of accompanist were very capably carried out by Miss Bridge Meade.

Rangiora

(From our own correspondent.)

March 5.

Mrs. J. Catherwood, who has been unwell for some time past, is now convalescent. We hope to see her in her usual good cheer very soon.

Miss Gerty Kennedy, who has been spending an enjoyable holiday in the sunny south, is back with us again, and feeling very well after her trip.

Rev. Father Fogarty joined Fathers Long, Shore, O'Regan, and Bonetto at Christchurch. They left for the Coast on last Tuesday morning. Many friends were on the station to wish them a kind farewell.

Rev. Father M. J. Fogarty, who has been in charge of our parish during the absence of Very Rev. Dean Hyland, and lately appointed parish priest of Ahaura, on the West Coast, left to take charge of his new parish last Monday. He was farewelled by the Rangiora people after last Mass on Sunday, and presented with a well-filled wallet, Messrs. J. Catherwood and J. Fitzgibbon making the presentation on behalf of the devoted parishioners. Father Fogarty was also the recipient of a beautiful silver-mounted walking-stick from the sodality of the Children of Mary, and a splendid motor-ing rug from the pupils of the Convent School. He was also presented with wallets by the good people of Oxford, Loburn, and Kaiapoi. During his short stay at Rangiora Father Fogarty endeared himself to every soul, and by his kind and genial disposition won the affection of his parishioners, and his departure from our midst is much regretted. That every blessing may accompany him in his new sphere of labor over the hills is the sincere wish of all.

Paeroa

(From our own correspondent.)

A fortnight's mission, conducted by the Redeemptorist Missioners Rev. Fathers Hannigan and Joyce, was brought to a close on a recent Sunday. The whole of the exercises of the mission were exceptionally well attended by both young and old, and the success achieved by the devoted missioners was certainly a record for this district. In addition to the large number approaching the Holy Table at the early Mass each morning of the mission, practically the whole congregation received Holy Communion on the closing Sunday morning.

At the conclusion of the mission at Paeroa, Rev. Father Joyce, C.S.S.R., commenced a seven-days' mission at Karangahake. He will also visit Waikino, Netherton, and probably other centres before leaving the goldfields district.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

The annual Irish national concert will be given at the Theatre Royal on March 14, and the promoters expect the concert will excel any previously held here. As the proceeds are to be devoted towards the support of our schools, it is fervently hoped there will be a record attendance on this occasion.

The ladies' branch of the Sacred Heart Society

has now a large membership. At the devotions on every first Friday evening the spiritual director (Rev. Father Barra, S.M.) is giving a series of discourses on the Sacraments, which prove very instructive to members.

Last Sunday the usual monthly procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament was held, when the members of various societies, wearing their regalia, took part. Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., gave an eloquent discourse on the life of St. Joseph, and the choir rendered appropriate music.

Rev. Father N. B. Moloney, S.M., who has been stationed here for two years, has been transferred to Thorndon. Rev. Father O'Ferrell, S.M., from Mount St. Mary's, Greenmeadows, is to replace Father Moloney in Timaru.

THE LATE DEAN CAREW, S.M.: ANNIVERSARY CEREMONIES IN GREYMOOUTH.

(From our own correspondent.)

The third anniversary of the death of Dean Carew, who was for 34 years pastor of Greymouth, was fittingly celebrated in Greymouth. Added solemnity was given to the event on account of the approaching departure of the Marist Fathers. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Aubry, S.M., with Fathers Hanrahan, O'Sullivan, S.M., and McGrath, S.M., assisting. The music of the Mass was feelingly rendered by the choir, under Mr. J. McSherry, Rev. Father La Croix, S.M., assisting. An exceptionally large congregation testified to the reverent regard in which the Dean's memory is held. In the evening the St. Columba Hall was crowded at the invitation of the Hibernian Society, to witness the unveiling of a life-size photograph of the Dean, which had been secured by the members. Mr. T. Beirne (president), in a few appropriate words, performed the unveiling ceremony, the audience being deeply impressed. Mr. H. F. Doogan gave a fine account of the Dean's life, work, and character. It was his desire to impress upon the minds of the children what manner of man their late pastor was, what work he had done for them, and how they could best honor his memory. Education was a work very dear to the heart of the Dean, and he had placed it on a very sound footing in Greymouth. He was the most lovable and sincere of men, who spent himself cheerfully in the performance of every work which made for their well-being. Mr. Doogan, in a fine peroration, appealed to the people to complete the educational equipment of the parish, by pushing on the new convent and Brothers' school.

Rev. Father Aubry followed, giving a detailed account of Dean Carew's activities, which were everywhere evident in churches and schools. He paid a tribute to the parishioners, who had always co-operated so loyally, and mentioned especially the valuable help of the Hibernians. Rev. Father La Croix, with the aid of anecdote, gave a description of the inner life of Dean Carew. He spoke from intimate knowledge. The best the Dean could say of anyone was that he was "a fine man," and he himself was that. As a man and as a priest their late pastor commanded the respect of everybody. He was irresistible in an appeal, and Greymouth, because of his zeal and charity, practically belonged to him. It was his prayer that he would never leave Greymouth. Neither would he. His holy remains were close by, and his grave would always remind them of how he loved and worked and built for them. Rev. Father Ainsworth, S.M., who was enthusiastically received, made a neat and moving speech which was crowded with incident. It was always Greymouth with the Dean—Greymouth people, Greymouth nuns, Brothers, churches, schools. He loved the people and he loved the place. Even St. Peter's in Rome the Dean described in terms of St. Patrick's, Greymouth.

Musical items were given by Misses Griffin, Daly, and O'Reilly, and Messrs. Strapp and Clark.

The celebrations were a pronounced success, and a tribute to the love of a grateful people for their good shepherd.

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DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

March 4.

The Right Rev. Dr. Cleary paid an official visit to Onewhero (Tuakau parish) on Sunday last, where he was accorded a hearty reception by Rev. Father O'Brien and the people from all parts of the parish.

The mission at the Cathedral opened after Solemn High Mass on last Sunday. Right Rev. Dr. Liston presided, and introduced the Redemptorist Fathers. Very Rev. Father Whelan (Superior) preached the opening sermon.

Arrangements are well in hand for the Irish national concert on Thursday night, March 17, in the Town Hall; and on the Saturday following (March 19) the procession, sports meeting, and displays in the Domain will be held.

The Coadjutor-Bishop (Right Rev. Dr. Liston) left on Thursday last for Te Aroha, where he will open a bazaar to-night, and will remain over Sunday to administer Confirmation. His Lordship will also visit Morrinsville and Matamata.

The Auckland Catholic Teachers' Institute is holding a conference during Easter week—on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. At past conferences much valuable assistance has been given by teachers from other dioceses, and the institute cordially invites members of the teaching communities outside Auckland to attend. This year's programme presents quite new features of school work, and great and lasting benefits must result.

An old boy of the Brothers' School has presented several fine books to the boys' library. If more old boys who have suitable books would do likewise, what a splendid library the school would have. Wake up! you old boys who say you're proud of the achievements of your school, and help the lads who now occupy the places you once held. Don't let your interest end in talk and cheers. Do something. You'll find real pleasure in it.

Their many friends will learn with regret the sad news of the death of Mrs. Marnell, Rev. Mother Liguori and Sister Clare's mother. Cabled news also came of the death of Mr. T. Halpin, of Drogheda, Ireland (Sister Borromeo's brother), who was shot while in the street, evidently by the military. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Cathedral on Monday last for the repose of the souls of the deceased. Right Rev. Dr. Liston was celebrant, Very Rev. Dean Cahill assistant priest, Fathers Buckley and Bradley deacon and subdeacon respectively, and Father Forde master of ceremonies. Fathers Holbrook, O'Doherty, Colgan, Carran, Skinner, Taylor, Mansfield, and O'Byrne, and the Redemptorist Missioners (Fathers Whelan, Hannigan, and Duffy) were in the choir. A large concourse of religious and laity was also present.—R.I.P.

The contest for the Nicholson Shield—the swimming event of the year—brought out 13 keen teams at the Mt. Eden Baths. Vermont Street School succeeded in retaining the Shield, held by them since 1920. The team was R. Callaghan, R. Darby, R. Bradley, and

R. Watson. E. Bradley won the 440yds. (inter-club) in fine style.

The Little Sisters of the Poor and their devoted old folk are especially grateful to Mrs. Keily and her band of workers, who have just provided a new piano for the Home.

A very fine cup the "Massey Bicycle Cup" was presented to the Akarana Athletic Club last year for competition against the Primary Schools in flat events. On December 18, the 100yds., 440yds., half-mile, and 880yds. relay were run at Onewhero. The Marist Brothers' boys from Vermont Street scored 15 points the nearest to them getting 5. The cup and 5 gold medals were handed to the School last week. The winners of medals were R. Darby, J. Dalton (2), A. McMahon and P. O'Neill.

An excellent example to the laity has been shown by Mr. M. J. Sheahan, whose interest in all Catholic activities in Auckland is so well known. He has donated a £10 Scholarship each year, for 3 years, tenable at Sacred Heart College. It has been awarded to Frank Callaghan, son of Mr. J. Callaghan of Waihi. Master Callaghan put up quite a meritorious performance last year. Though he was absent from May to September through a severe operation for peritonitis, he had no trouble in getting his proficiency certificate. He attended the Vermont Street School. It is to be hoped that the lead given by Mr. Sheahan will be followed by scores throughout the Dominion, and thus help the great cause of Catholic Secondary Education—the crying need of the present day. Each of the four big centres in New Zealand now has an up-to-date Secondary School, and Catholics, who wish to do good, real good, with the money they must leave behind them, cannot do better than support these institutions. Mr. Sheahan deserves congratulations on the truly Catholic spirit he has shown.

AT THE END OF THE ROAD.

'Tis the end of the road of the Martyr's fast.
His proud heart's still: it has pulsed its last,
And the withered body is laid at rest
Of one who died for a race oppressed—
His life a pawn for Freedom's dawn,
Erin has lost her best.

At the end of the road of the Martyr's trail
The high soul speeds from its Brixton gaol,
To join the ranks of the noble host
Who reckoned least, but who gave the most;
And forever more, the love he bore
Shall be his country's boast.

At the end of the road of the Martyr's pain,
MacSweeney's cross shall be Ireland's gain;
And the torch he proffered with dying plea
Shall be held aloft for all to see,
When Ireland shall be free.

—WILLARD J. ROBINSON, in the *Irish World*.

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COMMONWEALTH NOTES

NEW SOUTH WALES.

The Right Rev. Mgr. O'Haran, who met with such a serious accident last July that his life was despaired of, will soon be thoroughly restored to health. Over a month ago he left St. Vincent's Hospital, where he was under the care of Dr. Moran, and went to Katoomba. In the bracing mountain air he is rapidly recovering his strength. He visits Sydney every week to supervise the work of his extensive parish—Darlinghurst—and to transact other ecclesiastical business, and his friends are delighted to notice that he is regaining his health daily.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Ormond, who has been secretary to the Apostolic Delegation in Sydney for something like six years, coming here originally to serve under the first Papal Delegate, the Most Rev. Archbishop Cerretti, and remaining on with the present Papal Delegate, the Most Rev. Archbishop Cattaneo, has relinquished the position in order to enter upon parochial work in his own Auckland diocese. As he may be sailing any day, a number of his friends, clerical and lay, decided to entertain him at a valedictory harbor excursion, and the Rev. Father P. J. Murphy (Adm., St. Mary's Cathedral) and Mr. L. Cotter, L.C., acted as secretaries to the movement and made the necessary arrangements. As a result, on Monday afternoon last (says the *Freeman's Journal* for February 17) a large number of prominent priests and representative Catholic citizens gathered at Fort Macquarie and embarked on a special steamer for a run round the harbor. The popularity of Monsignor Ormond was evidenced by the warmth and enthusiasm displayed at an impromptu ceremony at "Killarney," Middle Harbor, when his health was honored and he was presented with a handsome testimonial, as a practical evidence of the general kindness in his very trying and responsible position.

The Sydney *Worker* comments thus in a recent issue:—Father Jerger, the priest who was deported from Australia by Hughes and Co. for reasons that may have satisfied people who are easily satisfied, is temporarily residing in Holland after being in England, where, he states, he was much better treated than he was in the "land of the free" under the Southern Cross. The news is not surprising. During the most strenuous and critical days of the war John Bull was broader-minded and more tolerant than the Australian jingoes typified by Hughes. The ex-Dominion Dossier may be proud of his distinction, but Australia isn't—or oughtn't to be.

His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Barry, Coadjutor-Archbishop of Hobart, and his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Hayden, Bishop of Wilcannia-Forbes, returned to Sydney by the Sonoma on Tuesday, February 15, after their *ad limina* visit to the Holy Father, and several months spent on the Continent. There was a large gathering of friends, clerical and lay, to meet them at the wharf, and warm greetings were extended to both dignitaries.

The annual report of the Catholic schools of Lismore diocese, which was read in Lismore lately by the Diocesan Inspector, Very Rev. Father George Barry, B.A., created a profound impression on the vast assemblage of parents and parishioners in St. Carthage's schoolroom. It disclosed the fact that there are 33 Catholic schools in the diocese with 3,780 pupils attending them. The splendid progress of each school was ably and lucidly defined by the inspector, who, together with the teachers, was publicly thanked by his Lordship the Bishop.

Speaking at the distribution of prizes in connection with the diocesan primary schools examinations the other day, his Grace the Archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, said that none of them remembered Archbishop Polding, who was in Sydney as Archbishop in '57, and who, in connection with St. John's College, said "that since the reign of Henry VIII. the popular idea of the public was that instruction and progressive education

were unwelcome to Catholics, and the policy of Governments ever since had been to deprive them of a fair chance in attaining the very first place in educational progress." Here, in New South Wales, things were not so bad: they had liberty. The Fort Street School and kindred schools were subsidised to some extent, but, as Mr. Cleary had shown them some time ago, the numbers of prizes that went to them were not one-tenth what they should be, compared with the success of the Catholic schools. In this good work they all recognised the influence of the teachers. One of St. Mary's scholars had come third in the Public Service competitive examinations for all Australia: out of a possible 900 she got nearly 800. They were proud of the Sydney girl who was able to win with such remarkable distinction.

VICTORIA.

St. Augustine's Band played selections at the cricket match between the English players and a Geelong team, and the Englishmen were delighted with the playing of the boys, and said it was the best band they had heard during the tour. A party of the Englishmen visited St. Augustine's Orphanage (conducted by the Christian Brothers), with which they were greatly impressed.

Very Rev. W. J. O'Dwyer, S.J., formerly acting rector of Newman College, and later on the staff of St. Aloysius' College, North Sydney, has been appointed to take charge of the preparatory school for boys, to be conducted in conjunction with Xavier College at Studley Hall, Melbourne, the gift of Mr. T. M. Burke to the Jesuit Order.

QUEENSLAND.

Do State enterprises pay? In a report by the Auditor-General on Queensland State enterprises, the indebtedness to the Treasury in respect of money advanced for the establishment of the concerns was shown as follows: State stations, £1,335,614; State sawmills, £50,248; State hotel, £25,466; State produce agency, £32,034; State fishery, £58,067; State cannery, £63,782; State coal mine, £2485. For the year ended June 30 last the stations showed a net profit of £25,661; butcher shops, £36,652; railway refreshment rooms, £12,750; produce agency, £2566; sawmills, £10,677; hotel, £1175. The fish supply showed a loss of £8458. The accumulated net profits on the various enterprises amounted to £165,439, and the loss to £15,973, leaving a credit balance of £149,466. It looks as if a much-abused Cabinet is a much better financier than most of its critics.

Dr. Shiel, who has returned to Rockhampton, in an interview with a *Catholic Advocate* representative, said:—"There were no signs, as had been suggested by a certain section, that the great Irish leader was losing his popularity or was not fully trusted by his colleagues. He was as great as ever. Dr. Shiel stayed for the most part in Dublin, but motored through the whole of Ireland, which generally presented a picturesque and prosperous appearance—that is, apart from places where the houses and some of the principal buildings had been burned down. In reply to a query concerning the state of the popular mind, Bishop Shiel said the Sinn Féin leaders desired a Republic, and most of the people were behind them, but none knew what would happen next. "Yes," said Dr. Shiel to a question about Archbishop Mannix, "I met him in London and Portsmouth, and he looks remarkably well and cheerful." From Southampton his Lordship travelled to New York and spent six weeks in America. He visited Washington, Baltimore, Cleveland, Chicago, and St. Paul. He met and dined with Cardinal Gibbons, considered by many to be the greatest living man in America to-day, and that grand old Prince of the Church was remarkably active and alert considering the great burden of his 86 years. He also met Archbishop Hayes, of New York. After a short stay in Vancouver, the capital of British Columbia, Dr. Shiel left for Sydney on December 17, calling on the way at Honolulu, Suva, and Auckland. At Auckland he met Dr. Liston, recently consecrated Coadjutor-Bishop of that city, who extended every kindness to him and Dr. McCarthy, who accompanied him.

Bertram M. Kessell

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TRY—and be convinced.

IRISH NEWS

THE NATION ON IRELAND.

The Government have slightly changed the method, though not the purpose, of their Irish policy by emphasising the part of their "regular" soldiers and slightly cold-shouldering the irregular ones. At least, this is the case if it be true that General Tudor, the head of the auxiliaries, has gone on an "indefinite holiday," while General Macready has reminded members of his *corps d'élite* and other ornaments of the Crown forces that if they are caught murdering and robbing any more Irish civilians, they may be shot. We shall now see what happens to the estimable Mr. Harte, who has just killed Canon Magner and an Irish boy on a public road. Mr. Harte was first declared to be mad, and then to be on the verge of delirium tremens. As the latter complaint is not a mental one, Mr. Harte is, apparently, to stand his trial before his brother soldiers, though not before a jury of the outraged Irish. Meanwhile, there is every sign that the second phase of the Government's military action will be fully as barbarous as the first. Two district commanders have notified that Sinn Féin leaders will be carried on military lorries and shot in the case of attack. Two men have actually suffered this fate, though no suggestion is made that their captors had been fired on. This policy of putting hostages in the line of fire was fiercely attacked by Mr. George when we adopted it in the South African War, and by the whole nation when the Germans put it in force in the valley of the Lys and elsewhere. Furthermore, the Arran Islands, one of the loveliest spots on God's earth, inhabited by a simple and charming fisher-folk, who speak no English, have been invaded, and two of the islanders killed while "trying to escape." It is not stated whether this deed of blood was done in the Valley of the Seven Churches.

As for negotiations, such outrages as these (hundreds are unchronicled) put it out of the question, and the retort of the rebels is as fierce as ever. A policeman has been shot in Dublin in his sweetheart's company, and there have been small battles between the Volunteers in Tipperary and Kilkenny, with heavy losses on both sides. The thin line of communication which Mr. George set up with Sinn Féin has also been broken. Father O'Flanagan has repudiated such peace-making, and the Bishop of Cork, while denouncing the murders and threatening their doers with excommunication, fiercely charges the arson at Cork on the Government, and has flung back the condolences of Dublin Castle on the death of Canon Magner. Thus Mr. George's plan to divide the two sections of the Republicans, and to cut off support for Sinn Féin from the Church, has failed from the violence of its military agents. They are not only violent but in open revolt against peace, for Sir Hamar Greenwood's organ, the *Weekly Summary*, denounces a truce, and declares for a renewal of the war *à outrance*. That has never been interrupted: but in this maze of treacherous dealing there seems to have been a point at which the Prime Minister raised at least the suspicion that he had changed his mind.

THE HOME RULE BILL.

The Home Rule Bill, as it emerges from the combined or conflicting efforts of the two Houses, is more emphatically than ever a Bill for the aggrandisement of the Ulster Unionists (says the *London Nation* of December 24). In its original form the Bill put six counties in Ulster on the same footing as the rest of Ireland. If Ireland ever has a single Irish Council, these six counties are to have representation on that Council equal to that of the remaining 26. This is a grotesque injustice. But as amended the Bill is worse. The House of Lords has inserted an amendment providing a Senate for Southern Ireland to consist of 61 members. Of these, 17 are to be nominated by the Lord-Lieutenant, 16 are to be peers, eight members of his Majesty's Privy Council, four Catholic bishops, two Protestant bishops, 14 representatives of the County

Councils. It is obvious that this arrangement gives representation on an extravagant scale to the peers and official classes. Turn to the plan for the Senate in the six counties. There are two ex-officio Senators, the Lord Mayor of Belfast, and the Mayor of Londonderry. The remaining Senators are to be elected by the members of the House of Commons "in such manner as that House may determine." It is no wonder that Mr. Devlin made a passionate protest against this arrangement. Protection is given in this extravagant form to the 300,000 Protestants in South Ireland, and no protection is given at all to the 400,000 Catholics in the Northern Parliament. Cardinal Logue pointed out in the *Times* a short time ago that this large Catholic minority is left without any security. What makes the discrepancy more glaring is that whereas there is no tradition of persecution of Protestants in the South, 10,000 Catholics were driven from their employment and their homes in Belfast only last September. A thousand soldiers who had fought in the War were among their victims. The Government did nothing for them, evidently holding that a man did not obtain any moral claim by fighting for self-determination unless he was prepared also to fight against it. Parliament now proposes to let the Ulster House of Commons choose its Second Chamber, just as it invited the Orange leaders to choose the special constables that were to keep order in Ulster.

A CARSON REVELATION.

The London correspondent of the *Irish Independent* writes:—I am in a position to-day, when the Partition Bill comes before the House of Lords for second reading, to announce a sensational development of the disclosures made lately as to Sir Edward Carson's revolutionary activities in resisting the Home Rule Bill, now an Act, awaiting repeal by the measure before the peers. Col. Repington was written to twice by a correspondent regarding the revelations in his recently published book of reminiscences concerning Sir Edward Carson's successful intervention in the Palace of the King to prevent the arrest of himself and his fellow-conspirators. It would be interesting to know what sort of pressure was brought to bear on Col. Repington to induce him to cancel the passage about Sir E. Carson's visit to the King and its prompt result. The deleted story explains a great deal. Col. Repington has written to the correspondent as follows:

"In reply to your letter of November 8, I have no recollection of having received a previous letter from you about a conversation between Sir E. Carson and myself recorded in *The First World War*. If the conversation which you mention is that given on page 69, vol. I., I beg to inform you that instructions have already been given to the printers to delete the passage from future editions of my book."

The conversation with Sir Edward Carson, which is to be cut out of Col. Repington's book, appears under the date of Friday, November 19, 1915, as follows:

"Dined with Lady Charles Beresford, Lady Johnstone, Lady Kitty Somerset, Miss Bertha Capel, Sir Ed. and Lady Carson, Mr. Bonar Law, Arthur Stanley, Col. Stuart, and a few more. Had a talk with Carson about the Ulster business. He was very amusing and outspoken. He told me how near we were to an explosion, that the Government had determined to arrest the chief leaders, and that he had arranged to send one word, HX, over the wire to Belfast, and that this was to be a signal for the seizure of the Customs throughout Ulster. He called to see the King, and told Stamfordham exactly what was going to happen, and the arrest of the leaders was promptly stopped."

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(Concluded from page 13.)

death. Will Sir Hamar Greenwood say whether more than one of the police and military here involved has been dismissed the service of the English Military Government in Ireland. This is the answer to Mr. George's callous allegation that five scores of policemen have been shot in the back in rural Ireland; none know better than the military and police how far his statement is applicable elsewhere. In the interest of truth the pages of the *Catholic Bulletin* will be available, within reasonable limits, for the substantiation of the Premier's charge.

There remains this further reckless passage from his speech:—

"In 1914 we entered the war with the unanimous approval of every Irish representative. In 1916 they were shooting down in the streets of Dublin British soldiers. In 1917 and 1918 they were conspiring with German submarines, and we discovered documents in the pockets of men who were arrested in 1918 showing they were prepared, within two months of a German offensive that they knew of, to raise a huge force in Ireland to stab Britain in the back."

The Irish Parliamentary representatives' approval of England's entry into the war, as all the world now knows, was absolutely unauthorised. The alleged Irish conspiracy with German submarines in 1917 was a characteristic English invention. When the men then deported challenged their accusers to bring them to trial the virtuous accusers shielded themselves behind the coward plea that a trial would disclose information certain to prove of use to the enemy. The "German Plot" by which it was sought to give semblance of reality to the alleged conspiracy of 1918 was branded by Lord Wimborne and others as bogus; and the evidence at the trial of Dowling, the mystery man taken on the Clare coast, proved Premier George to have publicly uttered a conscious falsehood in reference to Eamon de Valera.

Mr. George's sneer at the idea of a navy under the influence of Arthur Griffith will only recall to men's minds the insane adventures of Napoleon Churchill, whose "challenge to the rats to come out of their holes" and exaggerated daily returns of arrivals at and sailings from British ports during the submarine campaign were mainly responsible for "the sunken British shipping that girdled the Irish coast." His whole speech—even to the hypocritical claim that England "has done more for human freedom than any other country"—would have been better unuttered. He insulted the entire people of Britain by suggesting that its vast population had need to feel in hourly dread of the few unequipped soldiers an unshackled Ireland could muster. He brought the contempt of a watching world on the British race by setting the headline for their parliamentary representatives to mock the unprecedented fast for national liberty which is destined to place the Lord Mayor of Cork and his peerless comrades among the outstanding martyrs of the world's history. "Woe and pain, pain and woe" to the unspeakable Executive that forcibly ejects the sorrowing sister of the martyr from his death ward. Mr. George has not only treated the Irish people with ghoulis brutality, he has implied that national honor is not to be looked for in Ireland, and otherwise insulted and maligned her in his every breath. But Ireland and her people will survive his venom, as well as the bottled bile of which his colleague Bonar Law may be regarded as the incarnation, the flood of falsehood in the direction of which our Review pages show Lord Northcliffe to be such an adept, and the litanies of lies which constitute the repertoire of the adventurer dubbed "buffoon" by the *Daily News*. Slanderers of their type would do well to reflect on "the man who was in favor with the princes and magnates and even with the king himself, because he was a flatterer and garrulous and mighty in tongue." But a day came when "the evil-smelling tongue swelled and became putrid and worms swarmed from it. He vomitted them forth incessantly for well nigh seven days, and at length with them spued out his wretched soul."

BOOK NOTICES

Manly, 1920. Edited by Rev. F. A. Merner, Victoria.

This fine college magazine is worthy of the great Catholic Seminary on Manly Heads. Letterpress and illustrations are admirable. Among many interesting articles we note particularly those on "John O'Brien," on Sinn Féin, and on the Coadjutor-Bishop of Auckland. But is it quite accurate to describe Manly as the alma mater of the latter?

North-West Australia and Java, by Rev. E. J. O'Donnell, D.D. (Melbourne, *Advocate Press*; price 6d net.)

These travel notes of Father O'Donnell's journey in the almost unknown North-West of Australia in company with the Apostolic Delegate were first published as articles in the *Advocate*. The interest they aroused in a wide circle of readers was more than sufficient to warrant the publication in permanent form of the brilliant young Goulburn priest's "Notes."

Europe and the Faith, by Hilaire Belloc. (From the Australasian Publishing Company, Ltd., 218 Clarence Street, Sydney.)

One does not judge a book by the cover, but one is as a rule safe in judging by the author's name on the cover. It does not require a very extensive acquaintance with modern thought and culture to enable one to realise that the name of Hilaire Belloc on a book is a guarantee of its worth. His merits as a writer of clear, vigorous prose, and as a poet of a high order are well known to all of us. A more studious class of readers will recall what valuable contributions he has made to history and political philosophy during the past decade. It is doubtful if he has ever written a more intensely interesting and instructive book than *Europe and the Faith*. It is a work that every Catholic reader of history ought to secure for his library; for it is in fact the key to a proper understanding of Catholic philosophy of history. The striking note of an average historical work is its inaccuracy and its blind following of wrong traditions. Mr. Belloc essays with no small success to undo much of the harm that has been done in this way. He dissipates the notion that infallibility is to be found even among the most famous Protestant historians, and he shows that textbooks that speak of the early ages of Christian Europe without a single mention of the great religious forces that inspired civilisation are fundamentally wrong. He makes it plain that Roman civilisation was not destroyed by the coming of "numerous and vigorous barbarians possessing all manner of splendid pagan qualities—which usually turn out to be nineteenth-century Protestant qualities." He contends that Roman power collapsed through internal conditions and that its ancient civilisation was saved for future generations by the Catholic Church. We refer our readers especially to the chapters on The Dark Ages, The Middle Ages, and The Reformation. We cannot refrain from quoting a beautiful passage with reference to Ireland's fidelity to the Faith:

"Against the loss of Britain, which had been a Roman Province, the Faith, when the smoke of battle cleared away, could discover the astonishing loyalty of Ireland. And over against this exceptional province—Britain—now lost to the Faith, lay an equally exceptional and unique outer part which had never been a Roman province, yet which now remained true to the tradition of Roman men; it balanced the map like a counter-weight. The efforts to destroy the Faith in Ireland have exceeded in violence, persistence, and cruelty any persecution in any part of the world. They have failed. As I cannot explain why they have failed, so I shall not attempt to explain how and why the Faith in Ireland was saved when the Faith in Britain went under. I do not believe it capable of an historic explanation. It seems to me a phenomenon essentially miraculous in character, not generally attached (as are all historical phenomena) to the general and divine purpose that governs our large political events, but directly and specially attached. It is of great significance; how great, men will be able to see many years hence or to-morrow."

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

[A WEEKLY INSTRUCTION FOR YOUNG AND OLD.]

Third Article: Facts and Proofs.

57. The existence of the Christian religion and its wonderful history is a fact obvious to the whole world. Springing from the Jewish religion, like a flower from its stem, this religion took its rise in Judea in the reign of the Emperor Tiberius. It quickly spread over the whole pagan world, established its centre in Rome, overthrew idolatry, and changed the face of the earth by creating a new society, a new civilisation, which was that of Christianity.

After upwards of 18 centuries, in spite of numberless persecutions and trials, we see this wonderful religion still existing, ever the same, ever youthful, ever vigorous, ever fruitful.

This is the first uncontested and incontestable fact. The second follows: This same Christian religion is divine: that is, established by God as the true religion, by which humanity must honor its Creator.

The second fact is as incontestable as the first, but it is not unassailable. Unbelievers and the impious contest it relentlessly: therefore we must prove it by some signs which cannot be gainsayed. These signs, or proofs, are very numerous: but we will reduce them to three:

(1) Proof drawn from the preëminence of Christianity over all other religions.

(2) Proof drawn from the prophecies.

(3) Proof drawn from miracles.

I.—Proof drawn from the Preëminence of Christianity.

58. When we contemplate all the different religions which exist on the earth, it becomes evident that they may be reduced to four heads: Paganism with its offshoots, rationalism, and incredulity; Mahometanism, Judaism, and Christianity. Two amongst these religions hear a divine character, and rise above the others, namely, the Judaic and the Christian religions: but the latter, proceeding originally from the Mosaic synagogue, has become elevated far above its origin, and has so eclipsed it by its splendor, that for 18 centuries it has shone alone to the eyes of the universe like a luminous city built on the summit of a mountain.

It indeed suffices to compare the Christian faith and worship with (1) the superannuated ceremonies of Judaism as it now exists, (2) the manifest errors and the abominations of Mohametanism and Paganism, to recognise at once the preëminence of the religion of Jesus Christ.

Christianity alone is worthy both of God and man. It alone embraces the whole of humanity, and, as a distinguished writer has remarked, with truth, it overrides all time and all ages. It starts from eternity to return thither: it springs from God only to seek Him again, and to repose in Him eternally. Everything in it is truth and holiness. Those who study it and scrutinise its dogmas find therein a marvellous and ever-increasing harmony, beauty, grandeur, and evidence of truthfulness. In fine, all the world may recognise that the purity of its morals, the sublimity of its mysteries, the dignity of its priesthood, the majesty of its worship and of its ceremonies, elevate it so high that, in the eyes of reason, if there exist a true religion on earth, it can only be that of Christianity.

This conclusion is drawn from the following argument: The Christian religion is evidently superior to all others. Now such a religion could not be false: hence the Christian religion could not be other than true.

We will explain the minor of this syllogism, and show that, by reason of the divine perfection, a religion which is superior to all others could not be false.

If such were the case, man would be the victim of error, and he would be so by the fault of God Himself must have delivered this reasonable creature to the invincible spirit of falsehood, which it is absurd to suppose. Here is the proof: In matters of religion man, by his reasoning nature—that is to say, by God

Himself, who is the Author of this nature—is obliged to embrace the truth, or, in case of doubt, to accept the most probable doctrine; because, in a matter of such supreme moment, reason demands imperiously that he should take that which is most sure, or at least most probable. The Christian religion, being superior to all the others, is therefore the most probable. Hence man is obliged by God, and even by his own reason, to embrace the Christian religion. From this it is clear that this religion could not be false: for in case of such an hypothesis man would be accepting a false religion by God's own order, which is impossible, seeing that He who is by essence truth and holiness could not lead mankind into error and falsehood.

II.—Proof drawn from the Prophecies.

59. The Christian religion is sanctioned by the prophecies. It is marked therefore with the seal of truth. Let us prove the antecedent of this enthymeme:

Christ Jesus and the religion which He founded were announced by prophecies from the very cradle of humanity—that is to say, more than 4000 years before their appearance. On the day when the sin of our first parents delivered the human race over to the slavery of the devil, God promised a Redeemer who would crush the head of the infernal serpent—in other words, who would break the bonds of sin and the devil. God successively announced later that this Redeemer or Messiah would be born of the seed of Abraham and Jacob, called also Israel, the father of the Twelve Tribes; then that He would be born of the tribe of Juda, of the royal blood of David, of a Virgin who should give Him birth at Bethlehem, when Judea should be subject to the sway of a stranger, which would happen about five centuries after the reign of Cyrus, King of Persia. All these and many other predictions are found in the books of Genesis, Kings, Psalms, Isaiah, and Daniel.

It may be said in general that the whole of the Old Testament is one great prophecy, which has Christianity for its object. The future law of Christ and His kingdom, meaning His Church, appear therein as the new religion by which Judaism was to be superseded, and as the perfect and universal religion by which God would be honored by all His people.

We may add that Christ Himself predicted His Crucifixion, His Resurrection on the third day, His Ascension into heaven, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost upon His Apostles: also that these latter would establish over all the earth His spiritual kingdom, by which He meant His Church, founded on the primacy of St. Peter: and that the gates of hell, the wickedness of man, and all the powers of darkness would rise up, but could not prevail against it; but, on the contrary, that Jerusalem would be ruined, and her temple razed to the ground. These predictions are all to be found in the Gospels.

The events corresponded to the prophecies; we know from history that they have been verified to the letter, and we ourselves still in part witness their accomplishment.

The Christian religion is, then, stamped with the divine seal of the prophecies: it is, then, the holy and divine religion to which all men must submit.

I desire, O Lord, to live here always conformed to your Passion, and to find pain and suffering my repose and delight.—St. Catherine of Siena.

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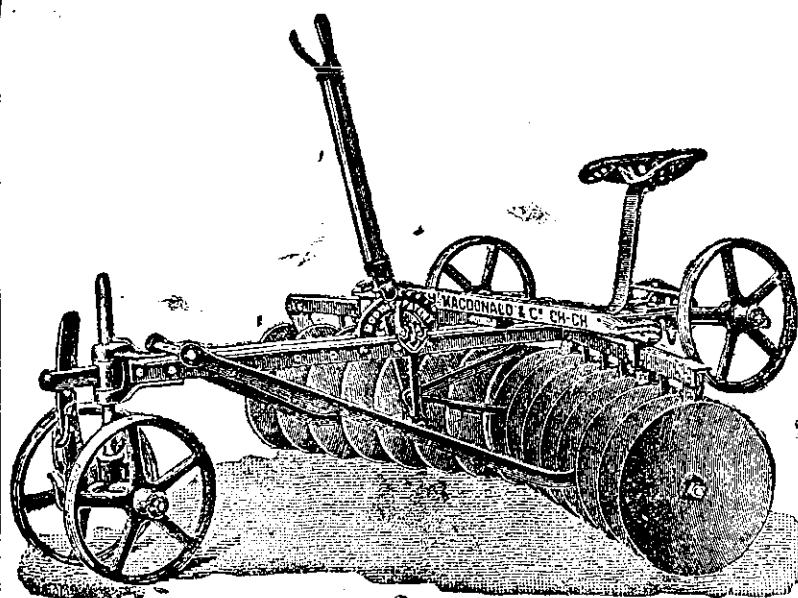
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OBITUARY

MRS. MARGARET HUGHES, MANAIA.

There passed away on Thursday, January 6, Mrs. Margaret Hughes, relict of Daniel Hughes, one of the early settlers of the Taranaki district. The deceased was a daughter of Sergeant Ward, a Crimean and Maori War veteran, and experienced all the dangers and hardships of pioneer life in New Zealand. She was an example of the fine type of early settlers whose help in case of necessity could be relied on, and many can testify, with gratitude, to help rendered them in time of trouble.—R.I.P.

MR. LOUIS O'BRIEN, WELLINGTON.

The death is recorded, with regret, of Mr. Louis P. O'Brien, licensee of the Masonic Hotel, Wellington, who passed away after a brief illness. Prior to the funeral, Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Mahony, S.M., at St. Mary of the Angels' Church, Boulcott Street. There was a very numerous assemblage of mourners at the interment in Karori cemetery, Father Murphy, S.M. officiating at the graveside. A widow and four children are left to mourn their loss. The deceased was a brother of Mrs. A. Dalton and Messrs. Vernon and W. O'Brien.—R.I.P.

MRS. CECILIA HAYDEN, WELLINGTON.

I very much regret to record the death of a prominent Island Bay parishioner in the person of Mrs. Cecelia Hayden, wife of Mr. E. F. Hayden, which occurred on Sunday last, after a brief but painful illness (writes our Wellington correspondent under date February 26). The deceased was a devoted Catholic, and a staunch member of the Sacred Heart Sodality. She was attended in her last illness by the Rev. Fathers Sweeney and M. Devoy, S.M. The interment took place on Tuesday after Requiem Mass celebrated at St. Francis's Church, Island Bay.—R.I.P.

MRS. BRIDGET O'BRIEN, WELLINGTON.

By the death of Mrs. Bridget O'Brien, for many years past the licensee of the Victoria Hotel, Abel Smith Street, Wellington, which occurred recently, another has been added to the fast diminishing band of New Zealand's pioneers. The late Mrs. O'Brien was born at Ennis, Co. Clare, Ireland, and came at a very early age with her parents to Victoria. With her husband she came in the year 1867 to the West Coast and continued to live there until 1906. Mrs. O'Brien saw the many changes which the years brought to the Coast and to the end was a fine example of the early Irish settlers of Westland. The deceased is survived by a family of five daughters and four sons. She was attended in her last illness by the Rev. Fathers Bowe and Doherty, and leaves a wide circle of friends to mourn their loss.—R.I.P.

MRS. MARGARET McCORMICK, HASTINGS.

There passed away on February 18, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. John Poppelwell, Sylvan Road, Hastings, Margaret, relict of Henry Carr McCormick, formerly of Cargill Street, Dunedin. The deceased had reached the great age of 92 years, 62 years of her life being spent in New Zealand. She was born at Carrickfergus, of Scottish parents, and arrived from Scotland, accompanied by her husband and three children, in 1859. Before leaving for Hastings the deceased was resident in Dunedin for many years. During the last two years of her life she was confined to her bed. She was attended during her last illness by Rev. Father Fraher, S.M., and passed away fortified by the last rites of Holy Church. The late Mrs. McCormick is survived by three sons and two daughters.—R.I.P.

MR. MAURICE HICKEY, PALMERSTON NORTH.

Palmerston North has suffered a great loss by the decease of Mr. Maurice Hickey, as the result of an accident, he being knocked down and run over by a taxi while engaged in his usual duties. For over 30

years the late Mr. Hickey held a responsible position on the staff of the local Borough Council, which position he occupied with credit to himself and to the absolute satisfaction of the municipal authorities. The Town Clerk in his report stated "that at no period had there been any disagreements on any matter in connection with Mr. Hickey's department. As a member of the congregation of St. Patrick's the late Maurice Hickey was at all times during the past 40 years ready and willing to do everything in his power to advance the interests of the Church, and his familiar figure will be much missed from his accustomed place and duties. At the Requiem Mass the solemn incidental music was sung by the local Sisters of Mercy, to whom he rendered many highly valued services. The obsequies were conducted by Rev. Father McManus, assisted by Fathers Kennedy, Bergen, and Doherty, in the presence of a large assemblage of relatives and friends. Representatives of the Borough Council and staff (office and works) were pall-bearers, together with prominent members of the congregation. To his bereaved ones the sincerest sympathy of a wide circle of friends is extended.—R.I.P.

MR. MAURICE O'CONNOR, WELLINGTON.

One of Wellington's oldest and most respected citizens, Mr. Maurice O'Connor, passed away on Thursday (writes our Wellington correspondent, under date February 26). The deceased, who was born in Tipperary, Ireland, nearly 81 years ago, went to Melbourne in 1859, and in 1861 came to New Zealand at the time of the Gabriel's Gully gold rush. Thence he went to the West Coast of the South Island, where he took a prominent part in the development of that part of the Colony as a contractor for a considerable period. In 1892 he came to the North Island, where, until seven or eight years ago, when he retired into private life, he occupied a prominent position in the building and contracting world. The late Mr. O'Connor had for many years been a generous benefactor to the Church and its institutions. He contributed liberally to Catholic education, founding scholarships at St. Patrick's College. Recently he donated £500 to the Wellington Catholic Education Board for primary education. He was for many years treasurer of the Particular Council of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, as well as occupying the same position in the St. Mary's Conference. Both positions were retained until his death. He was a true son of Erin and ever ready to liberally aid Ireland's cause. Always a staunch and devoted Catholic, his life was an exemplary one. The late Mr. O'Connor leaves a widow and family consisting of Messrs. P. F. O'Connor, of Palmerston North, jeweller; J. O'Connor, farmer, Levin; Mrs. M. Bourke, Napier; Mrs. G. McEvedy, Wellington; Mrs. Cyril Collins, Wellington; and Sister Mary Baptiste, of the Sisters of Mercy, Christchurch. The interment took place this morning, Requiem Mass being celebrated at St. Mary of the Angels', Boulcott Street, by the Rev. Father Mahony, S.M. Present in the sanctuary were Archbishop O'Shea, Very Rev. Dean Holly, S.M. (Provincial), Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M., Very Rev. Father Gilbert, S.M., M.A. (Rector), and professors of St. Patrick's College, Very Rev. Dean McKenna, Rev. Fathers P. J. Smyth, S.M., Adm., Murphy, S.M., Connolly, O'Donnell, Griffin, F. Cullen, Quealy, M. Devoy, S.M., and Sweeney. The St. Patrick's College choir sang the incidental music of the Mass. Rev. Father Mahony officiated at the graveside. There was a large cortege, including many of Wellington's most influential citizens, and representatives of commercial houses. Messrs. J. J. L. Burke and Martin Moloney (who were fellow members with Mr. O'Connor in the Greymouth branch of the Hibernian Society), together with Messrs. E. J. Healy and J. Hyland (representing the St. Vincent de Paul Society), were pall-bearers.—R.I.P.

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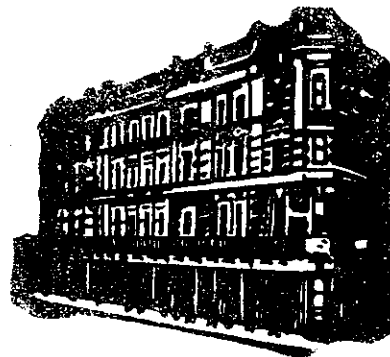
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GARDENING NOTES

(By MR. J. JOYCE, Landscape Gardener, Christchurch.)
WORK FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH.

The Vegetable Garden.—The cool days of autumn, when most kinds of vegetables will be coming to maturity, will render garden work more pleasurable than during the heat of the summer season. The gardener's duties now will mainly consist of hoeing the soil to keep it porous, and eradicating weeds, a process which will help backward vegetables to mature before the severe weather of winter sets in. Keep sowing and planting—a little at a time to keep up a supply for the coming months—cauliflower, brocoli, and savoy cabbage. It would be well also to make a sowing of winter turnips, lettuce, and spinach. Mould up celery, taking care that the soil does not get into the hearts of the plants; this may be effected by tying up the plants with some soft material before moulding. Clear away all superfluous growth from tomatoes to give the fruit a chance to ripen; it is not necessary to remove all the leaves, as is often done. Pull and harvest the onion crop as it ripens, and sow the autumn crop in well-prepared soil. Onions should be left on the ground for a few days before storing; exposure to the weather firms and ripens them, and adds to their keeping qualities.

The Flower Garden.—Everything in the flower garden should now be looking at its best, and the lawn, provided it has been well tended during the summer, will be showing at its best. Most of the tall-growing plants will now require to be tied up and staked. Cut away all dead blooms and thus prolong the flowering season. A start should now be made to plant geranium cuttings, using hardy mature shoots; the soil need not be rich, but plenty of sand will be found beneficial, together with a limited amount of watering. Potted plants should be cut back and the cuttings used. Bulbs, such as narcissi, hyacinths, and tulips, may now be started. The soil will need to be well dug, and if it is poor apply a little well-rotted manure. As a rule, manure must be kept away from the bulbs, and when used at all it must not be fresh or heavy but about the consistency of earth. Cuttings of pink picotees and carnations may be planted in shady corners, using plenty of sand and a gentle watering, and seeing that they are firmly inserted in the soil. Plant rose cuttings thoroughly firm about 6 in in the ground. To grow good dahlias an occasional application of liquid manure is essential. Hoe frequently among the beds and borders, and mow and roll the lawn regularly. Hedge-clipping must now be attended to.

The Fruit Garden.—Continue picking apples and pears as they ripen, and store away in a cool room, taking care to reject any bruised ones. Pears should be picked before they are really ripe, or they will not keep any length of time, and thus should be disposed of as soon as possible. Prune away all the young growth from apple and pear trees to allow the air and sunlight to mature the fruit. Gooseberry and currant trees may now be pruned, and all undergrowth of raspberries cleared away, leaving about six good strong canes for next season's bearing.

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Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

March 4.

We are all tremendously sorry that Father Menard and Father O'Connor are both leaving us for pastures new, the former going to Okato, and the latter to Geraldine. Father Menard's removal has been in the air for some time, but we didn't think anything would come of it, and had no idea that Father O'Connor was going. Bad news travels quickly, and in spite of very short notice, Father O'Connor's send-off on Sunday night after devotions, was the biggest gathering of Catholics we have had for ever so long. Rev. Father O'Connell spoke his own regret and good wishes, Mr. T. Lloyd read a short address on our behalf, Mr. Luxford spoke and also made presentation of our small souvenir, and Sergt. Bourke said a few words. Came Father O'Connor thanks and good-bye, some hearty handshakes, and all was over. St. Mary's has not been Father O'Connor's territory proper, he having attended to St. John's Hill and Aramoho, and acting as Chaplain to the Convent. Father O'Connor left on Monday for the south.

Father Menard goes off to Okato, Taranaki, this week also, is going to help Father Soulas on the Maori Missions. The date of Father Menard's farewell has not been arranged yet, but it is inevitable.

After week's of illness, and, later convalescence and a holiday, Miss Curran, although not quite strong yet, has resumed her music teaching and is back at her place at St. Mary's organ. Everyone is pleased that she has recovered from her dreadful illness and hopes she will soon get quite well. During the long interval, Mrs. T. Lloyd, one-time organist and our never-failing standby, filled the breach. The shortest of notice, and Mrs. Lloyd always makes it possible to play the organ, quite regardless of personal convenience and oftentimes, weariness.

Miss Jenny McNair, well-known in our congregation, leaves soon for Hawke's Bay. Before handing over her responsibilities as accountant at the *Chronicle* office, Miss McNair was farewelled by the firm and the staff. A substantial cheque, a Doulton tea service and jardiniere, are some of the gifts received with everyone's good wishes.

Was shown a picture recently in an American magazine, of Miss Eli Benneche, news of whom is likely to be of interest to old friends of the family. The young artist is a granddaughter of Mrs. A. Sullivan, now of Mangamahu, but originally of Canterbury, "Kennedy's Bush," well-known to old residents of Christchurch, was the property of and named after Mrs. Sullivan's father. Some years ago one of Mrs. Sullivan's daughters married Capt. Benneche, and it is a daughter of hers, Eli, who has achieved more than usual distinction in the world of commercial art. After going through her college course, Miss Benneche graduated from a school of art and is engaged now in scenic work at the Los Angeles motion picture studios. Good wishes to her from her friends across the sea.

Those fruits which run up very much into leaves and stalks sometimes die at the root; so some men's religion runs up all into talk and profession.

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ST. BRIGID

In carrying out His wise Providence in the world, God chooses fit instruments for His work. Hence, in order to plant the faith of St. Patrick deep in the hearts of the woman of Ireland, and in order through them to make it live with perennial bloom and sweet fruitfulness within our Irish homes, God raised up a saint whose special natural and supernatural characteristics gave her a special power to charm the Celtic mind and to fascinate the Celtic soul. We may pause for some short moments to contemplate what these characteristics were.

First of all, she was a great saint, and, therefore, her holy soul was in immediate, intense, and constant union with God. But this union had special personal aspects of its own. The Four Masters write of her: "Brigid was she who never turned her mind or attention from the Lord for the space of one hour, but was constantly meditating and thinking of Him in her heart and mind."

On her long and frequent journeys, in all her work, whether in her convent home or in the fields or forests or amongst friends or strangers, amidst the many various and incessant occupations which seemed to absorb all her hours by day and often even by night, the conscious sense of the Great Presence never left her. God was ever and always visible to her soul. God spoke to her not only through the mysterious splendour and spiritual loveliness of Revelation, but, as to the great St. Francis of Assisi, so also through the sights and sounds of Nature, through its melodious messages and speaking images, through its meaning and its music, did the Divine Spirit, in a simple, yet mysterious way, appeal to the soul of St. Bridh.

The mountains, the meadows, the forests, the fields, the song of the rippling river, or the chorus of the foaming cataract—the hymns of the birds or the prayerfulness of the pine woods, the rising or the setting sun, the moon, the stars—all Nature taught her lessons, and lifted up her love to God. To her music was in a strange, true, real sense a Divine language. Thus, one day, when many friends and strangers, chiefs and nobles, men and women, priests and nuns were gathered together in the great hall of a king, wishing to express in a language understood by all the holy thoughts and sacred emotions which she would impart to all, she bade some young men in the company to take the harps that hung around the walls and play. Whereat the young men answered that they were quite ignorant of the art. Thereupon St. Bridh with her finger-tips touched their fingers, and again bade them play. As their hands, miraculously guided, swept across the strings such rapturous strains woke the enchanted air that all were hushed in awe and in delight, for it seemed to all that the gates of Paradise had been flung open to let flood forth the Divine music of the angels. She said herself that she could follow the Masses celebrated in far-off lands, and that the song and music of distant churches was often wafted by Divine power to vibrate within her ear and elevate her soul to loving rapture.

Another characteristic of St. Bridh was her bright and radiant joyfulness. The joy of the Holy Spirit which dwelt within her soul lighted up her countenance with holy attractiveness and gave to her every word of charm that won persuasion and a power that infused its own clearness and its own vigor into the listener's mind. In her very presence there was a simple yet queen-like winningness which charmed while it commanded reverence, and the calm, sweet dignity of her manner brought a smile to the face, conviction to the mind, and devotedness to the heart. Thus was she well fitted to secure the loyalty of a race which has always been fiercely impatient of force or frown, but which, by reason of natural gladness, wit, and humor sparkling within its natural temperament may easily be controlled by a frank smile, disarmed by a kind word, and conquered by the proffered hand of true friendship.

To this last characteristic we must add another. It is her homeliness. She is no stern ascetic, before

whom we bow indeed in wondering worship, but from whom we instinctively feel that we are all the more far apart. Nor is she like some great lady, who may be herself a great saint, prayerful, mortified, zealous, detached, but who is always so great as to seem to have but little human sympathy, and with whom we could never really feel at home. No! no! St. Bridh is our own sweet Bridh. In all her ways and works she was home-loving and home-like. She was a saint who is still all the more a saint because ever and always she is one of ourselves.

She loved the poor, the sad, and the suffering. While she did great work, her greatest work was in the homes of the people. Let me give one instance. A farmer came to her in great distress. His wife, his sons and daughters were all sick unto death. He was himself barely able to speak. His farm was quite neglected, and he could find no help. At once our own Bridh called some of her nuns and went straight to the man's home. They nursed the sick, who were soon miraculously restored to robust health. They tidied the house and looked after the housekeeping. They tended the flocks in the pasture land. They toiled in the tillage field: and they milked the cows. "Who shall find a valiant woman? She hath looked well to the paths of her house." St. Bridh is the type, ideal, and model of Irish maidens and of Irish mothers. She is the queen of the Irish home. Can any woman have a nobler part in life to aim at or to accomplish than to be like St. Bridh, "the Mary of the Gael"?

WEDDING BELLS

MITCHELL—O'SULLIVAN.

The wedding was solemnised at St. Mary's Church, Ahaura, on January 27, of M. J. Mitchell, only son of Mr. John Mitchell, and Eileen Maud, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O'Sullivan, of Ahaura. Rev. Father T. Hanrahan officiated and celebrated a Nuptial Mass. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a frock of white crepe-de-Chine, with the usual veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet of white flowers. The bride's sister (Nora), as bridesmaid, wore a frock of white voile with lace overdress and vieux-rose picture hat. Mr. Sarsfield O'Brien, of Nelson Creek (nephew of the bridegroom) was best man. As the party left the church the "Wedding March" was played by Mrs. Clayton. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a gold wristlet watch, and to the bridesmaid, a diamond and pearl pendant. The bride's present to the bridegroom was a solid leather suit case. After the ceremony the guests were entertained to wedding breakfast at the residence of the bride's parents. Subsequently Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell left by car for Greymouth and Nelson, where the honeymoon was spent, the bride travelling in a light grey costume and a vieux-rose hat.

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DOMESTIC

(BY MAUREEN.)

Grape Catsup.

Wash, drain, and put into a preserving kettle. Mash well, place on the fire and cook until tender, then strain. To every 10lb of pulp allow 6lb of sugar, one tablespoon each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice, and pepper, and a teaspoon of salt.

Oriental Chutney.

Mix 3lb of apples (pared and cored) with 1lb of stoned tamarinds, 1lb of seeded raisins, a head of garlic, two red pepper pods, and 1oz of grated ginger root. Pound all together until reduced to a pulp, then add one pint of brown sugar, a tablespoon each of currant or cherry jelly and tomato catsup. Mix well together and seal up in small jars.

Muffins.

One pint of water, one pint of milk, two eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, a piece of lard the size of an egg, one teaspoonful of sugar, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, salt to taste, and enough flour to make as stiff as cake batter. Beat the eggs light, then add the milk and water, then the salt, flour, and sugar, then the butter and lard melted. After this is finished, add the baking powder. Bake 15 minutes in well-greased pans in a hot oven.

To Make Chutney.

Chop 4lb of firm, ripe tomatoes, and put in a porcelain-lined saucepan with 1lb of sliced apples, half a dozen small white onions, finely minced, and a pint and a half of best vinegar. When it begins to boil add 1lb of brown sugar, 1oz of crushed mustard seed, 1oz of grated ginger root, 4oz of salt, half a small teaspoon of cayenne. Let the mixture boil until soft, rub through a sieve and set aside to cool, stir daily for three or four days, then cork tightly in small jars.

Apple Chutney.

Pare and core 5lb of apples, and cook them in a porcelain-lined kettle with 2lb of brown sugar, and two quarts of best vinegar. When quite smooth and thick turn into an earthenware dish, and add 2lb of finely-chopped seedless raisins, a minced clove of garlic, 1oz each of ground mustard seed and ginger root, 4oz of salt, and three pods of chopped red pepper. Mix all well together and let stand for eight hours. Then stir until perfectly blended, put in small jars, and cork tightly. Keep in a cool, dry place. This will keep for years.

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A Frosting Hint.

To increase the amount of frosting for custards, tapioca, puddings, rice puddings, and the like, without increasing the amount of material used, take the whites of three eggs beaten as usual, and adding three teaspoon of sugar, drop the mixture into a saucepan of boiling water. It will instantly rise to the top, and will make a large amount of very light white frosting. This may be lifted out and put into a bowl or spread on the pudding and served at once while frothy.

To Make Catsup.

In making catsup, use a granite or porcelain saucepan; vinegar boiled in copper forms, acetate of copper, which is a greenish poison. Always stir catsup with a glass or silver spoon. The vegetables and fruits should be fully ripe, solid, and free from decay. Put the ingredients through a colander, then through a sieve to make the pulp fine. Simmer rather than boil, and stir often to prevent burning. Mix and sift all the condiments before adding them to the pulp.

Seal catsup in bottles, which should be perfectly clean and free from cracks. If they are stained inside put some finely chopped raw potato in them, add a little water and shake vigorously. Soak the corks in boiling water; while hot drive them into the bottles as far as possible, then cover with sealing wax; over this tie two thicknesses of cloth saturated with the wax. Seal the catsup while hot. When cold, put away in a dry, cool place, resting the bottles on their sides.

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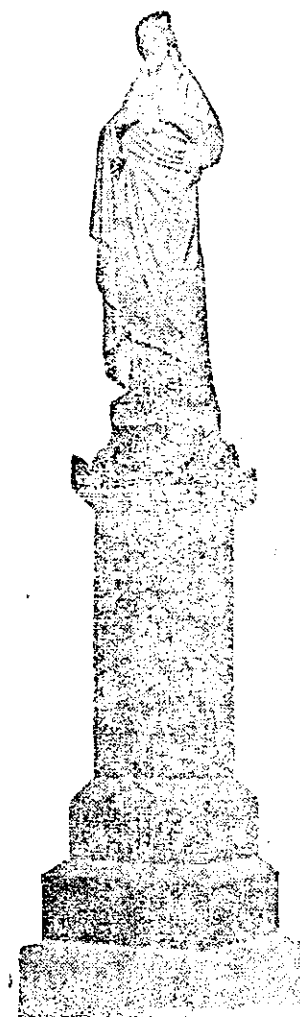
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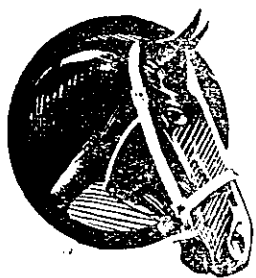
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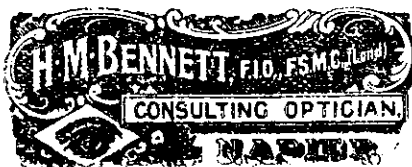


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ON THE LAND

MARKET REPORTS.

There were very large yardings of fat cattle, sheep and lambs at Burnside last week. As export buyers were operating on very much reduced limits, a very decided drop in all the above classes took place, and the sale prices were in the region, for ox beef, according to quality, of 30s to 35s per 100lb, cows and heifers 20s to 25s, while wether mutton brought 3½d to 3¾d per lb, ewe mutton 2½d to 2¾d, and lamb from 5¾d to 7¾d, according to weight and quality.

Fat Cattle.—A big yarding, totalling 291 head, composed principally of well-finished steers and heifers. Export buyers were operating to a limited extent, which helped to keep prices fairly steady, but nevertheless a fall in prices took place to the extent of 35s to 50s a head as compared with the previous week's rates. Prime bullocks brought from £14 to £16; medium, £11 to £13; light and unfinished, £8 to £10 10s; prime cows and heifers, £10 to £14; medium, £7 10s to £8 15s; light and aged, £4 15s to £7 5s. **Fat Lambs.**—Another large entry, 2021 coming under the hammer. Export buyers secured all well-finished sorts at a reduction on the preceding week's rates of about 3s, while unfinished sorts were very hard to dispose of at 6s a head drop on late rates:—Prime lambs brought from 22s 6d to 28s 6d; medium, 17s to 20s; light, 12s 6d to 15s; unfinished, 8s to 12s. **Fat Sheep.**—3707 were offered, the quality being good. Prices receded from 6s to 10s per head for heavy-weight ewes and wethers, and for light-weights a drop took place of from 4s to 6s per head. Extra prime heavy-weight wethers brought to 31s 9d; prime wethers, 20s to 24s; medium wethers, 16s to 18s 9d; light wethers, 12s 6d to 15s; extra prime ewes, to 24s 9d; prime ewes, 16s to 20s; medium ewes, 12s 6d to 14s 9d; light ewes, 8s to 10s 6d. **Pigs.**—A large yarding of both fats and stores. Prices for fats showed a drop of 10s per head on the previous week's values. Stores also met a very dragging sale, prices being 7s 6d to 10s lower than on the preceding week.

At Addington market the yarding was a particularly large one, and there was a substantial all-round drop in values, which reached lower points for mutton than for years. **Fat Lambs.**—Values were easier, and averaged 7½d to 7¾d per lb. Freezing buyers operated keenly at these figures. Extra prime, 28s 2d to 30s 3d; prime, 25s to 28s; medium, 21s 9d to 24s 9d; light and unfinished, 14s to 22s 9d. **Fat Sheep.**—Wether mutton sold at about 4½d to 4¾d per lb; ewe mutton, 3d to 3½d; and towards the end of the sale at less. Extra prime wethers, 28s 6d to 32s 8d; prime wethers, 24s 9d to 27s 9d; medium wethers, 21s to 24s; light and unfinished wethers, 12s 6d to 18s 9d; extra prime ewes, up to 26s 10d; prime ewes, 19s 6d to 23s 9d; medium ewes, 14s 3d to 19s; light and unfinished ewes, 8s 9d to 13s 9d. **Fat Cattle.**—A yarding of 370. Prime beef dropped about 30s per head, and secondary about 50s. A fair proportion of the entry was passed, the good feed prevailing saving graziers from accepting the low rates. Extra prime steers, £22 to £25; prime, £17 10s to £19 12s 6d; medium, £13 10s to £17 5s; light and unfinished, £6 5s to £12 10s; prime heifers, £10 to £12 12s 6d; ordinary, £6 to £9 10s; prime cows, £7 10s to £11 7s 6d; medium and inferior cows, £5 12s 6d to £7 5s. **Vealers.**—A big entry, with lower values in sympathy with other prices. Runners, £6 10s; good vealers, £3 to £4 5s; medium calves, £1 17s 6d to £2 15s; small calves, 10s to £1 10s. **Fat Pigs.**—A weak demand, except for porkers, which sold well. Choppers, £5 to £8; light baconers, £4 15s to £5 5s; heavy, £5 10s to £6; extra heavy, up to £6 (average price per lb, 7½d); heavy porkers, £4 to £4 7s; light, £3 5s to £3 15s (average price per lb, 10½d to 11½d).

PULVERISATION OF THE SOIL.

In these days many cultivators are apt to pay too much attention to the chemical treatment as distinct from the mechanical treatment of the soil (says a writer in *Farm, Field, and Fireside*). The experienced farmer believes in harrowing and rolling, or such mechanical operations as will help to bring the soil into a fine division as regards its particles, so long as they do not form a wet plastic mass of the consistency of clay or putty. Thus quite half the labor on the majority of arable farms is devoted to the pulverisation of the soil.

The fertility of very many soils is solely due to the fineness of its particles, and those who have studied plant growth to any extent know that the fine roots of the plants live, as it were, on these minute particles, and that repeated or almost constant tillage operations, especially that of hoeing, play a very important part in securing a heavy yield.

Farmyard manure has a value quite distinct from that of imparting manure to the soil, namely in its mechanical effect as divider or disintegrator of the soil, which when kept properly pulverised will usually supply most of the requirements of plant growth. When strawy manure is applied in the autumn, the under-layer of soil becomes well aerated, a process which cannot possibly be performed where manure of this character is not employed.

Artificial manures are useful for supplying certain ingredients in which the soil is deficient, such as phosphoric acid, potash, and nitrogen, but their presence produces very little effect on the character and texture of the soil.

A heavy clay soil will hold more moisture than a loamy or sandy soil, yet the clay will be the first to suffer from drought, because in ordinary practice it is never kept in so fine a condition. If the soil is well pulverised to a good depth the crops will not suffer from drought to any appreciable extent, yet with ordinary culture the product of almost every crop is much lessened in every season owing to the lack of moisture.

Where sub-soiling is practised, as in the case of many of our large market gardens, it will be noticed that the crops are considerably stronger and more prolific than where the plough pan, or hard strata of sub-soil, remains unbroken.

Where the particles of soil are fine, water constantly rises to the surface by capillary action during the day, only an inch or so of the surface becoming dry, but this is effectively moistened by dews at night. If we examine a fine soil, even in the heat of the day, it will be found moist and warm, thus supplying all the requisites for the rapid growth of plants, while a hard, lumpy, half-pulverised soil will be found dry, and will often open to the depth of a foot or so on the surface.

All practical farmers realise the necessity of securing a fine friable seed-bed, especially in the spring, a condition which cannot possibly be obtained without repeated ploughings, and especially cultivating and harrowing, just in the same way as a gardener must work down the large clods of soil by rolling and raking until the particles are reduced in size.

Having obtained an ideal seed-bed the seeds can then be sown fairly shallow, and, further, they are always certain of receiving a constant supply of air and moisture, which are so essential to germination.

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STAND BY AND BE READY.

When your heart is all gay, and all bright is your day,
And rose-strewn the pathway before you;
When your life is all spring, and the glad songbirds sing,

When ne'er one dark cloud settles o'er you;
Then find some poor soul who is far from its goal,
Though its strivings have been long and steady,
And reach forth a hand, as you hear the command—
Stand by at once and be ready.

When you never have need to be mournful indeed
Over troubles and trials and sorrows;
When you rise from your bed and feel never a dread
That the days will mean darksome to-morrows:
Then find some sad heart who has never a part
In the smile of Good Fortune, so steady:
And do kind acts of cheer as the order you hear—
Stand by at once and be ready.

When good health is your own, and you ne'er make a moan
Over pains that make life all hard labor;
When your work is sheer joy, as your time you employ
With happy Content as your neighbor;
Just look once again for a sufferer in pain,
Whose ill-luck has been long and steady:
Help with heart, mind, and hand, as you hear the command—
Stand by at once and be ready.

THE JOY OF GIVING.

The word "Charity" can cover a multitude of givings (says the *Manchester Guardian*). It may be one of those ceremonial affairs illustrated in Free Art Plates, where a lady trips through the snow of the village street carrying a basket with the neck of a port-wine bottle peeping out, and a groom follows behind laden with bundles whose decorous brown paper presumably covers flannel petticoats and shirts. Or it may be a case of just slipping twopence into the mittened hand of some old gentleman who dangles bootlaces over the gutter. In either way it is charity, done at a small cost to the giver and bringing him an immense reward of satisfaction and content. The groom probably hated carrying parcels in his off time and with chilblains on his fingers; the donor of the twopence may have been hurrying for a train. But for both of them there would be a comfortable feeling of having passed on a little kindness to a thin and meagre life.

It is this comfortable feeling which proves over and over again that the blessing of giving is much more to the giver than to the recipient. No sum of money can buy nor the most feather-stitched flannel petticoat create the pleasant glow that follows any act of charity. It is, perhaps, the most satisfactory joy in life, this double-hearted joy of happiness that multiplies itself with every fragment given away. The widow who fed Elijah found that neither he nor her big hungry son could ever exhaust the little stock of food that was miraculously restored, and in the same way those who give in charity find that the sheer joy of it wells up each time afresh.

Part of the joy of giving comes from the neediness of the cause to which one gives. The groom would feel ill-rewarded for his cold and uncomfortable pilgrimage if he had to leave his bundles with people who had no use for them. One wants to feel sure that one's help has gone to those who want it and who want just that kind of assistance that has been given. It is indiscriminate gifts of money to thirsty ne'er-de-wells and bonnets to bedridden old ladies which have given a cynical twist to the pretty name of charity.

ORIGIN OF FAMILY NAMES.

"Before the year one thousand there were no family names, such as Smith, Johnson, and the like," says Clifford Howard in *Boys' Life*. "In those olden times persons had only first names, and used only one name apiece. We did this, for instance, in the Bible characters—Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Samuel, David, John, Peter, Paul, and all the other familiar ones. And the same thing is true of all the famous men of ancient history—Alexander, Cyrus, Hannibal, Socrates, Homer, Nero, etc. Some of them had two names, and sometimes three, as Mark Antony, Julius Caesar, Pontius Pilate; and there were others who had titles attached to their names, as William the Conqueror, Richard the Lion-Hearted, Alfred the Great, etc., in order to distinguish them from others of the same names; but these were not family names.

"In time, however, there were so many Johns and Richards and Henrys that there was no way of telling them apart, except to say John the son of John, Richard the son of William, and so on; and by and by these were shortened to 'John, John's son,' and 'Richard, William's son,' which afterwards became shortened to the still simpler forms of John Johnson and Richard Williamson, and thereafter all the descendants of those particular families were known as Johnson and Williamson. And in the same way we got our family names of Jackson, Richardson, Jacobson, Allison (Allenson), Jackson, Robson, and a good many others of that kind.

"We see, therefore, that certain of our family names come really from first names by simply adding the word 'son'; and there are others which have come by merely adding the letter 's,' as, for instance, Richards, Matthews, Edwards, Daniels, and the like. And our old familiar friend Jones belongs to this class, for it really is intended to be Johns, but long ago somebody spelt it wrong, and ever since it has been Jones."

O ERIN MINE!

O Erin Mine! dear Land of Song and Story,
Though far from thee, yet ever do I sigh
To see again the sun in golden glory
Shine down from heav'n to dry thy tear-dim'd eye.
But though the waiting hour be sad and weary,
And those around thee mock in accents vile,
Yet there will rise a star to guide and cheer thee,
O my beloved! My own dear Em'rald Isle!
Through each long day I hear from o'er the ocean
Thy voice like fairy music sounding near,
And with an exile's tenderest devotion
A prayer I breathe while falls the silent tear.
God speed the day when Freedom's air a-blowing,
Thy sweet face radiant with a happy smile,
I'll glad return to see the sunburst glowing
O'er my beloved! My own dear Em'rald Isle!

—J. F. CORLESS.

CONCERNED ABOUT IT.

A woman bargained with a cabman at a station to take her into the town with her parrots and cats, a dog, the boxes, and the baskets.

Cabman: "Beggin' your pardon, ma'am, but you ain't expecting a flood, I 'ope?"

"Dear me, no; whatever made you ask that?"

"I thought I'd ask," said Jehu, "'cos I ain't certain as 'ow my horse can swim, and I fancied that you were a-takin' my keb for a Noah's Ark!"

GOOD STUFF.

"Yes, madam," said the cement-seller, holding up a plate whose fragments had been glued together, "you will observe that Stickum's Patent Family Comfort Cement holds anything firmly and everlastingly. To this plate, for instance, I now suspend by a wire a 25lb weight, and the cement holds firm. I increase the weight to 30lb, and—"

Here the plate broke along the cracked line.

"And you will observe, madam, that the plate breaks with ease, thus giving an opportunity to cement

S. F. ABURN

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the edges more firmly, whenever it is desirable to do so."

CATCHING THE COLONEL.

The officer commanding a Territorial regiment met one of his lieutenants on the rifle range.

The lieutenant was shooting, and he "called" each shot as he fired, without waiting for the markers to signal the result.

"You're a pretty good guesser," said the colonel. "Why don't you admit you're guessing where those shots land?"

"I'll bet you a box of cigars," said the junior officer, "that I can call 20 shots correctly in succession."

"Taken," said the older warrior.

The lieutenant fired.

"Miss," he announced, and a red flag from the target told that this was correct.

Another shot.

"Miss," he declared.

A third shot.

"Miss again," he said.

Fourth shot.

"Fourth miss," announced the young officer.

Another shot.

"Miss," again sang out the lieutenant.

"Hold on, there," put in the colonel; "what are you trying to do? I thought you were going to fire at the target."

"I am trying to win my box of cigars," said the lieutenant.

"Don't fire any more," said the colonel, "they're yours."

SMILE RAISERS.

Borleigh: "Some men, you know, are born great, some achieve greatness—"

Miss Keen: "Exactly! And some just grate upon you."

"What good deed did you perform to-day?" asked a lady of a smart little Boy Scout. The young hero replied, "Mother had only enough castor-oil for one dose, so I let my sister take it."

"Now look pleasant and natural," urged the photographer.

"Can't be done," murmured the sitter's wife, who accompanied him. "If he looked pleasant he wouldn't be natural."

"Then you don't think I practise what I preach, eh?" queried the minister.

"No, sir, I don't," replied the deacon. "You've been preachin' on the subject of resignation for two years, an' ye haven't resigned yet."

Major (to man who has not saluted): "Now then, my man, what do you generally do when you see an officer?"

Private: "Well, I generally hop it quick. But I didn't see you a-comin'!"

"My husband is such a handy man, you know. He can bang nails into wood like lightning."

"How splendid!"

"Yes, lightning seldom strikes in the same place twice."

"Take it away! Take it away!" said the editor, handing the amateur poet's poem back to him.

"What's the matter? Why are you so disturbed?"

"Take it away! Your metre is so leaky that I'm afraid to tackle it without a gas mask."

PILES

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

(By "VOLT.")

Nuts as Food.

Most people eat nuts as an addition to a meal rather than as part of it. We are occasionally adjured to live wholly on nuts and other uncooked food, after the manner of our arboreal ancestors, but few of us have taken this advice seriously. Nuts, however, are real foods and deserve a place in the diet, not as a sort of frill superadded to it. They are indigestible as often eaten, but apparently not because the stomach can not deal with their substance. Finely chewed, or made into flour or pastes, they cause no trouble. An editorial writer in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago), reporting the results of experimental work at Yale University, asserts that not only is nut protein of superior quality, but that nuts contain elements valuable to animal growth. They are also the only vegetable product that is as efficient as animal food for the elaboration of human milk. We read in the medical journal named above:—

"The food chemist has long given to the various nuts a prominent place among concentrated foods. From his analytic standpoint they may even surpass such recognizedly valuable foods as meats, eggs, and cereals in their concentration of nutrients. Although nuts and products made from them have been used by man the world over as adjuvants to his usual diet, they have only lately obtained a larger recognition. The failure to eat nuts more extensively is doubtless due in part to their reputation for indigestibility and to the discomfort that may occur after eating them at the close of a heavy meal.

"Scientific studies have not justified the reputation for the indigestibility of nuts. Experiments conducted by Cajori at Yale emphasized anew that nuts are valuable foods. If nuts are eaten properly and used in the diet as eggs, meat, and other foods rich in protein are eaten, they behave quite as well in the body as do the ordinary staple articles of food. Particularly when nuts are finely chewed or are consumed in the finely divided form of nut pastes or nut 'butters,' there can be no complaint about the proper utilization of the product.

"But the nuts have something more than mere digestibility to recommend them. Their protein is, in general, of a superior quality. The production of good growth is a test for biologic 'completeness' of a protein. In experiments just conducted at Yale University, Cajori has secured very satisfactory growth over long periods in animals on diets in which the almond, English walnut, filbert, and pine nut, respectively, furnished the essential source of protein in the ration. From a study of the relations of diet to milk production in women, Hoobler pointed out, not long ago, that as a rule animal proteins are more efficient than vegetable proteins for the elaboration of human milk. However, nut proteins were an exception to this generalisation in that diets containing almonds, English walnuts, pecans, and peanut-butter as a source of protein proved to be as suitable for milk production as diets that furnished protein from animal sources. The latest information as to the nutritive virtues of commonly used nuts can only be welcomed, particularly by those who, like diabetics, rely on these food products, most of which are poor in digestible carbohydrates but rich in proteins and fats, to enlarge the variety of a limited regimen."

Love as understood and taught by Christ is neither sentimental nor selfish. It is the love of God for His own sake, and of others for God's sake.

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