

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- August 7, Sunday.—Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 8, Monday.—SS. Cyriacus, Largus, and Smaragdus. Martyrs.
 „ 9, Tuesday.—Vigil of St. Laurence.
 „ 10, Wednesday.—St. Laurence, Martyr.
 „ 11, Thursday.—SS. Tiburtius and Susanna, Martyrs.
 „ 12, Friday.—St. Clare, Virgin.
 „ 13, Saturday.—Vigil of the Assumption. No fast.

St. Laurence, Martyr.

St. Laurence, Deacon and Martyr, was born near Huesca, Spain. He was the chief among the seven deacons of the Roman Church. In the year 258 Pope Sixtus, as one of the victims of the persecution of Valerian, was led out to die, and St. Laurence stood by, weeping that he could not share his fate. The holy Pope comforted him with the words: "Do not weep, my son; in three days you will follow me." This prophecy came true. Christ, Whom Laurence had served in His poor, gave him strength in the conflict which ensued. His remains were buried in the Catacombs of Campo Verano. Constantine built over his tomb a basilica, which is one of the five patriarchal churches, and one of the seven principal stations.

St. Clare, Virgin.

St. Clare of Assisi, who renounced wealth and rank to embrace the religious state, was remarkable for her love of poverty and her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. She became, under the direction of St. Francis of Assisi, the foundress of a very strict religious Order, the members of which practised the most religious austerities. She died in her sixtieth year, A.D. 1253.

GRAINS OF GOLD

BENEDICITE.

May every creature hymn Thy praise,
 O merciful and loving God,
 From brilliant sun that lights our days
 To humble-hearted goldenrod.

The stars that jewel heaven's vault,
 The torrents rushing through the land,
 The seas in calm and storm, exalt
 The greatness of Thy kingly hand.

The pale moon silvering our nights,
 The north lights flashing through the sky,
 The mornings laden with delights,
 The gorgeous rainbow arched on high;

Dumb beasts that on the land abide,
 And happy birds that cleave the air,
 The fish that through the waters glide,
 Thy wisdom and Thy power declare.

Let priests anointed praise Thy name,
 And cloistered nuns rejoice in Thee;
 Just souls on earth Thy might proclaim,
 Who livest from eternity.

May earth become a temple vast,
 And all Thy works their homage give;
 But call Thy children Home at last,
 Great God, in whom we move and live!
 —MAUREEN M'ARDLE, in *Are Maria*.

REFLECTIONS.

Abiding things, therefore, and divine must be our pursuits, and all be done after the will of God.—St. Cyprian.

Sins are forgiven in the Church in three ways: in Baptism, in Prayer, and in the greater humiliation of Penance.—St. Augustine.

Be not afraid, ye shall have peace; but bless God for ever.—St. Raphael.

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

Admiral Ffrench was a gentleman of ancient stock and of an ancient school. As a curly-headed boy, he volunteered from the British Navy to accompany Canaris in the almost incredible adventures of his fireships, and with his own hand tore down the ensign of the Turkish Vice-Admiral at Navarino. The last chapter of his youthful book of Greek romance was a marriage with a beautiful princess of the House of Ypsilanti, whom he brought home and worshipped with simple rapture for twenty years at Castle Ffrench, and at whose grave he continued to worship with a gentle resignation ever since. In the simple-hearted old gentleman who lived like an easy father among his tenants, presided over the bench of magistrates with the sweet stateliness of an Eastern Haroun, and warmed the community generally like an unobtrusive old sun beaming out of a silvery mist, it required some effort of imagination to remember the bright reckless curls and fiery eyes of the British boy who bounded up the rigging of the Turkish frigate "Amurath the Second" to the music of the guns at Navarino. It was indeed difficult to figure to oneself Admiral Ffrench being hard upon anybody. Nevertheless, there was some faint flush of Navarino under his brows this morning that rather discomposed the agent as he said: "I do think Lord Drumshaughlin might have spared us this. If he will not remain here himself to do his duty by his people, at least he might have some consideration for those who do not desert their post. Either that, or he might be a little more candid, and appoint his estate bailiff to the Commission of the Peace at once—"

"Well, well, my dear Admiral, you know what Lord Drumshaughlin is," began the agent, humbly.

"I knew what he was—a gentleman, and a not unworthy one," said the old Admiral, with something like a sigh.

"Of course, old Dargan is rather a trial to one in your position," pursued the agent, passing over the interruption; "but, you see, the old donkey kept pestering; he has got a good bit of land in one way or another—extensive ratepayer, and all to that—and there was such a row, you know, about the Roman Catholics not being represented on the Bench; and he has a ridiculous wife, who would sell herself to the devil to be called a Justice of the Peace's lady—absurd creatures! But I do assure you, my dear Admiral, old Dargan is quite harmless, and understands, you know—he will make no mistakes as between him and you, depend on it; and, after all, a local man like that may be useful. The Sub-Inspector has married that little girl of his—a very presentable little girl, and a tidy thing, you may be sure," rattled along the agent, who saw nothing better for it than to rattle along. "He's up for the Club—I do hope you won't say anything against it—your voice would be decisive, Admiral Ffrench; but you're too good-natured to do anything of the sort. He has promised a subscription of £50 a year to the Hunt, and, between ourselves, unless somebody like that comes to the rescue, I don't see how we're to avoid selling the dogs."

"Sell them, and be hanged, sir!—or, better still, shoot them, if our sport is to depend upon the alms or the bribes of a gombeen-man!" the old Admiral at last burst out, with a flash and shock as if every gun in Navarino's Bay was in action; but the smoke and thunder instantly died away. "I don't presume to understand how the world goes now," he proceeded, calmly. "In my day we used to think that a man wanted some better credentials than his bank-book to be called a gentleman. But I dare say, so many things are changing, we old fogeys may as well reconcile ourselves to Lord Drumshaughlin's latest appointment as well as to the rest."

"Just like your kind heart, my dear Admiral," cried the agent. "How lucky! here Dargan just comes. How do, Mr. Dargan? Wish you joy. Admiral, will you kindly let me introduce—"

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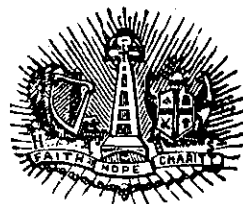
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Will you kindly let me tell a constable to call my coachman!" said the old Admiral, stately moving towards the door, hat in hand.

"The Petty Sessions' Book is all ready, sir. You are not going?" exclaimed the Petty Sessions Clerk, staring with all his eyes. For nearly twenty years there had not been a Drumshaughlin Petty Sessions without that kindly old magistrate beaming down from the chair like an Angel of Justice grown soft-hearted and ancient.

"Thanks, Sibwight, you may go on. I don't feel well to-day," said Admiral Ffrench, as his carriage came to the door. Sibwight never saw the Admiral's face again at that same door.

"The old Admiral's looking shaky—shouldn't be surprised if 'twas a fit, poor old boy," observed Mr. Hans Harman, turning undauntedly to the new magistrate, who was at the moment too much engaged in deliberating whether he should keep on his canary-colored gloves on the bench or no, to concern himself with minor troubles. "The old order changeth, Humphrey, my good friend: these old buffers would leave the business of the country in a pretty way without an infusion of vigorous new blood like yours and mine. The devil drown them black!" he added, in confidential soliloquy. Then he turned to Lord Dunmannus' agent—bald, bland, and comfortable-looking. "Pilkington, I move you take the chair. I know no man so worthy of being the poor old Admiral's successor. You don't know our new colleague, Mr. Dargan?" And Pilkington's smooth face, lighted with joy by his new distinction, graciously extended the illumination to Hans Harman's *protege* in the canary-colored gloves.

Alas! how the day-dreams cozen us the moment they cease to be dreams! Did ever new member, waiting for the Speaker's command to advance to the table, find the indifferent yawning House around him quite the glory he had paid for? Did ever world-enthralled orator await his turn to rise without thinking how much better it would be to go home and get to bed? Did ever even lover (for no novelist of discretion is likely to place a mere listening senate on a level with his incomparable audience of one)—did ever even lover (of twenty or upwards) languish over the roseate cheek of beauty at any great length without finding the language of the affections a little tedious? Humphrey Dargan, even in the first bliss of his arm-chair on the judicial heights to Mr. Pilkington's left, was reflecting that he had passed happier moments in his own little fly-blown parlor behind the pawnshop.

Women are sturdier idol-worshippers. Mrs. Dargan was all that day floating in a very heaven. All her heart could desire further would be that the president of the Ladies' St. Vincent de Paul Society and other ladies of her acquaintance should be admitted to a distant view of her beatitude. She learned with some indignation that it was only ladies with black eyes and in a more or less paulo-post state of intoxication that were wont to mingle with the audience in the Sessions' Court, even upon occasions of magnitude. She dressed Humphrey for the ceremony and combed his muddy grey locks, as she had combed Lionel's curls for his first children's tea party (how she now hugged herself, by the way, on her courage in calling him Lionel, instead of branding the boy for life with some odious nickname like Kennedy or Paddy!) The old fellow assured her, almost with tears in his eyes, that there was no special costume as a magistrate prescribed in his commission; but fire could not melt out of her the opinion that something on a super-Sunday scale of splendor was called for, and a light blue tie, the languishing yellow gloves, and a blazing diamond ring, specially selected from the jewel-box in the pawnoffice, were the least that would satisfy her stern conceptions of duty to society. She flattened her face against the window-pane to observe the impression made upon the public by the new justice on his way up the street, and pranced with indignation when a raw young policeman let him pass, like any civic varlet, without raising his hand to his helmet in salute. She rang the bell, and said to her husband's confidential man, who answered the summons: "I think, Sweeny, you might walk over and incidentally remind Sub-constable Doody who Himself is. The young man may not be able to read the paper, but I think you might hint to him that his officer is," said the

magistrate's wife, grandly casting her eyes upon a cabinet photo of Mr. Augustus George Flibbert, which illustrated the mantelpiece. Sweeny, hastening upon the heels of the ill-starred policeman, was properly indignant to find the passage between the pawn-office and the dwelling-house blocked by the ragged figure of our friend Meehul, from Cnoccaunacurragehooish, got up on a humble scale of Sunday magnificence of his own, with his best shirt trying to frown the tattered ends of the flannel waistcoat out of view, and his old locks ruthlessly debarred from their privilege of taking the air through the roof of his hat. "Is *he* within?" whispered Meehul the Magnificent, with a jerk of his thumb towards the back parlor.

"His wurdship is gone to the court," said Sweeny, with a gesture scarcely less grand than his mistress's apostrophe of Sub-constable Doody.

"*Ke ha shin?* (who's that?)" asked Meehul, scratching his poll, "'tisn't his wurdship I want, but ould Humphrey—about the little bill," he added, in a tremulous whisper.

"Misther Dargan is a *majest-rate*," quoth Sweeny. "Stand out of the way, and don't make so free with your betthers," flinging the old fellow rudely against the doorpost, and hieing after the policeman, while poor Meehul meekly pursued his old hat into the gutter, where his little contrivance for improving the appearance of his headgear by stuffing a red handkerchief between his hair and the open sky stood pitilessly exposed to the public.

Old Humphrey, in the meanwhile, not being composed of the undaunted mettle of his wife, did not find it too gay to feel the eyes of the world fixed upon him. Truly, he had solved the glove enigma by the expedient of pulling one glove off, and leaving the other on, but he was oppressed with a horrid suspicion that the eyes of the world were fixed on the one staring yellow glove that remained, and the finger of the world pointing with scorn and derision to his miserable compromise: and the feeling grew so intolerable that he nervously jerked the yellow hand off the desk and plunged it in his small-clothes, as if the limb, like that of Mutius Scaevola, had been roasting in a slow yellow flame, and he had just ducked it in a pool of water to ease the pain. His one judicial action was not of propitious omen. "Speck up to the gentlemen, men: give us your neem!" he said to a virago, who was endeavoring to defend the poker as an implement in neighborly controversy.

"Me name, is it?" cried the amazon, who thought she scented a foe in his worship. "It's an honest name than your own, you ould common extortioner! And if you haven't my name, you have many's the good pound of my value in your pop-shop, you hoary ould catamountain!—'Gintlemen,' av ye plaze! Troth, the gentlemine would want to have an eye to their watches while they're keeping *your* company, Humphrey, me honey." At which Mr. Pilkington's round face rippled with fat merriment, while he offered a decorous appeal for "silence" to the roar from the gallery.

Mr. Dargan could not help thinking that justice was much better vindicated by Head-Constable Muldudden, who shook the woman with the grip of a brown bear, and said: "How daar you talk like that—to his worship? Do you know you've just been guilt of a contempt punishable by seven days summarily under the 29th Section of the Petty Sessions Act? Do you know *that*?"—and his worship followed with much respect the legal opinions with which Head-Constable Muldudden (a potentate of might in Drumshaughlin) from time to time favored the magistrates during the sitting. He was not at all sorry when public justice was satisfied for the day, and Mr. Hans Harman and he strolled back to the Bank together.

"I see you're knocking away the shop from your own diggings. Quite right," said the agent, pleasantly, nodding to where Con Lehane was at work on the partition wall. "And, of course, you'll arrange to give up the retail licence?"

"Well, sir, the sperrits line brings in a pretty penny. Don't you think, now, it's rather a sheeme, now, speaking as a sensible man who knows what treede is, sir?" said Dargan, discontentedly.

"The Chancellor's got some nonsense in his head about it—he won't have whisky," said the agent. "Hullo, Meehul, so you're not out of Cnockaawn yet? you have more lives than a cat, you old slyboots!"—this to the old Cnoc-



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aunacurraghcooish mountainy-man, who was in waiting around the door, his hand raised to his hat in an enchanted attitude, as if waiting to have some spell taken off before it could be lowered, and his knees also cringing dutifully in a position of submissive discomfort.

"There's no use in your coming about this door, my good man," said the new magistrate, haughtily. "I'll seize, or give you twenty pounds to clear out. I never'll make my own of the land."

"Shure, 'twas only tin pound your honor lint me two years ago, when the owld cow got the red wather. I paid you back five an' twinty pounds honest one time with another since, and afther all that you bring out forty pound agin me. Begor, it's the quarest 'rithmetic ever I seen!" said the old peasant, growing bolder in his perplexity and desperation.

"You forget the account for the Indian meal, my man," said the new J.P.

"The account for the Injia male! That manes the two shillins' a bag more than I could get it in any house in the town for," said Meehul.

"And be the same token, Meehul," struck in the sinister factotum Sweeny, "your wife is daling in the shop over the bridge for tay an' yellow male, my fine fellow."

"I can't stop talking to you here," said Mr. Dargan. "You can take twenty pounds or the Sheriff," and he entered the hall with the agent.

"Twinty pound! 'Tis hardly 'twould bring the child-her as far as the workhouse!" groaned Meehul, his eyes following in a stupid despair.

"Don't go for a bit, Meehul, and I'll see what I can do for you—but he's a devilish hard nut, Meehul, between ourselves—a devilish hard nut," said Mr. Hans Harman, who had dropped behind for a moment to whisper this in the ear of the old peasant, with a knowing wink.

The old mountainy-man scratched his head, in a curious puzzle of gratitude, suspicion, and grinding misery. "Begor, they may all say what they like of him," he muttered to himself as the door closed, "but there are worse divels than Hans Harman going."

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER LXXXII.—(Continued).

But the Outlawed Patriot had not shaken the foe from his track that evening. He had been traced to the mountain hut with sleuth-bound patience and certainty; and now, while he slept in fancied security, the little sheeling was being stealthily surrounded by the soldiery!

Some stir on the outside, some chance rattle of a musket, or clank of sabre, awakened one of the sleepers within. A glance through a door-chink soon revealed all; and Dwyer, at the first whisper springing to his feet, found that after nearly five years of proud defiance and successful struggle, he was at length in the toils! Presently the officer in command outside knocked at the door "in the name of the king." Dwyer answered, demanding his business. The officer said he knew that Michael Dwyer the Outlaw was inside. "Yes," said Dwyer, "I am the man." "Then," rejoined the officer, "as I desire to avoid useless bloodshed, surrender. This house is surrounded; we must take you, alive or dead." If you are averse to unnecessary bloodshed," said Dwyer, "first let the poor man whose house this is, and his innocent wife and children, pass through. I came into this house unbidden, unexpectedly. They are guiltless. Let them go free, and then I shall consider your proposition as regards myself."

The officer assented. The poor cottager, his wife, and children were passed through.

"Now, then," cried the officer, "surrender in the name of the king."

"Never!" shouted Dwyer; "we defy you in the name of Ireland."

The hills echoed to the deafening peals that followed on this response. For nearly an hour Dwyer and his four companions defended the sheeling, keeping their foes at

bay. But by this time one of them lay mortally wounded. Soon a shout of savage joy from the soldiery outside was followed by a lurid glare all around. They had set the cabin on fire over the heads of the doomed outlaws!

Then spoke up Dwyer's wounded companion, Alexander MacAlister: "My death is near; my hour is come. Even if the way was clear, there is no hope for me. Promise to do as I direct, and I will save you all." Then the poor fellow desired them to prop him up, gun in hand, immediately inside the door. "Now," continued he, "they are expecting you to rush out, and they have their rifles levelled at the door. Fling it open. Seeing me, they will all fire at me. Do you then quickly dash out through the smoke, before they can load again!"

They did as the dying hero bade them. They flung the door aside. There was an instantaneous volley, and the brave MacAlister fell pierced by fifty bullets. Quick as lightning, Dwyer and his three companions dashed through the smoke. He alone succeeded in breaking through the encircling soldiers; and once outside in the darkness, on those trackless hills he was lost to all pursuit!

Nor was he ever captured. Long afterwards, every effort to that end having been tried for years in vain, he was offered honorable conditions of surrender. He accepted them; but, when was a treaty kept towards the Irish brave? Its specific terms were basely violated by the government, and he was banished to Australia.

The mountaineers of Wicklow to this day keep up the traditions of Michael Dwyer—of his heroism, his patriotism—of his daring feats, his marvellous escapes. But it is of the devoted MacAlister that they treasure the most tender memory; and around their firesides in the winter evenings the cottagers of Glenmalure, in rustic ballad or simple story, recount with tearful eyes and beating hearts how he died to save his chief in the sheeling of Imall.

The following ballad by Mr. T. D. Sullivan, follows literally the story of the hero-martyr MacAlister:

"At length, brave Michael Dwyer, you and your trusty men
Are hunted o'er the mountains and tracked into the glen.
Sleep not, but watch and listen; keep ready blade and ball;
The soldiers know you're hiding to-night in wild Imall."

The soldiers searched the valley, and towards the dawn of day

Discovered where the outlaws, the dauntless rebels, lay.
Around the little cottage they formed into a ring,
And called out, 'Michael Dwyer! surrender to the king!'

Thus answered Michael Dwyer: "Into this house we came,
Unasked by those who own it—they cannot be to blame.
Then let these peaceful people unquestioned pass you through,
And when they're placed in safety, I'll tell you what we'll do."

'T was done, "And now," said Dwyer, "your work you may begin:

You are a hundred outside—we're only four within.
We've heard your haughty summons, and this is our reply
We're true United Irishmen, we'll fight until we die."

Then burst the war's red lightning, then poured the leaden rain,

The hills around re-echo'd the thunder peals again.
The soldiers falling round him, brave Dwyer sees with pride
But, ah! one gallant comrade is wounded by his side.

Yet there are three remaining good battle still to do;
Their hands are strong and steady, their aim is quick and true—

But hark that furious shouting the savage soldiers raise!
The house is fired around them! the roof is in a blaze!

And brighter every moment the lurid flame arose,
And louder swelled the laughter and cheering of their foes.
Then spake the brave MacAlister, the weak and wounded man:

"You can escape, my comrades, and this shall be your plan:
'Place in my hands a musket, then lie upon the floor:
I'll stand before the soldiers, and open wide the door:
They'll pour into my bosom the fire of their array;
Then, whilst their guns are empty, dash through them and away."

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From out their levelled pieces the wished-for volley came;
Up sprang the three survivors for whom the hero died,
But only Michael Dwyer broke through the ranks outside.

He baffled his pursuers, who followed like the wind;
He swam the river Slaney, and left them far behind;
But many an English soldier he promised soon should fall,
For these, his gallant comrades, who died in wild Imall.

The surrender of Michael Dwyer was the last event of the insurrection of 1798—1803. But, for several years subsequently, the Habeas Corpus Act continued suspended and an insurrection act was in full force. Never up to the hour of Napoleon's abdication at Fontainebleau, did the spectre of a French invasion of Ireland cease to haunt the mind of England.

(To be continued.)

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS: IN MEMORIAM

(1834-1921)

(By THOMAS J. SHAHAN, Catholic University of America, in the American Ecclesiastical Review.)

James Gibbons, Cardinal-Priest of the Holy Roman Church, Archbishop of Baltimore, leader, patriot, and scholar, died March 24, 1921. The simple-hearted father in God to all those of his own faith in America and the beloved friend of all who saw in him a firm believer in the mighty destinies of the American Republic, has gone to his eternal reward, mourned by millions of his fellow-citizens. A man quiet in aspect, mild, and childlike in manner, modest and considerate in the exercise of his exalted office, has disappeared from our American life, and the whole nation grieves. When the bells of the public edifices and of the churches in his cherished city of Baltimore began his dirge that March morning, there arose a chant of sorrow which was caught up from city to city in the land; and across the ocean to every part of Christendom the sad message was sent, uniting rich and poor, young and old, Catholics and the new multitudes of no religion, in America's bereavement.

During a week he lay in state in the venerable Cathedral wherein he had been baptised, ordained to the sacred priesthood, consecrated a bishop of the Church, and over which as Cardinal Archbishop he had ruled for nearly a half-century. For three days there filed past his mortal remains a silent procession of friends and admirers; a host of school children, who knew him as their venerable and affectionate father, came to catch a last glimpse of his finely chiselled and delicate face; a veritable army of priests and of laity, officials of the city and of the State, with professional men of all creeds and representative leaders of non-Catholic churches, passed by his casket in token of their affection and their esteem.

Few Americans, and surely no American churchman before his day, received so national a recognition in death as Cardinal Gibbons. From all parts of the country, nay, from all parts of the world, messages of sympathy came to his household. It may be truly said that since the days of Columbus no funeral in the New World has called forth so vast a response in the common heart, mostly a tribute to the man as distinct from his office. In the intensely human visualisation of the man and his work which these expressions of condolence contained, it is not difficult to find the key to his character. Among the American tributes that of the President of the United States will ever be the most cherished. The Chief Executive of the nation wrote that the Cardinal's long and notable services to the country made every American his debtor. He was the very finest type of citizen and churchman, President Harding said: such a tribute is indeed the noblest epitaph for any citizen's last resting-place. A former President, still happily with us, wrote that the Cardinal represented the highest moral inspirations of the commonwealth. To both these eminent men American Catholicism is grateful for such memorable words. The Cardinal's last convert—a former prelate of the Episcopal Church—finds the secret of his greatness in

the simplicity and sincerity of his character. That Cardinal Gibbons was patriotic, both in times of peace and of war, to a degree seldom witnessed in any land, all have admitted; but as Dr. Kinsman says, the personal affection so many millions in this country felt for him was due to something more than his belief in America's greatness. "The attraction was in the man rather than in any set of his opinions."

From all classes in the community eloquent tributes came to be laid as wreaths upon his casket, and there is scarcely any aspect of his multifold activity unnoticed by these voices from the living, praising the dead Cardinal. His services to civilisation and to humanity; his unmixed devotion to all his fellow-men, regardless of creed or party; his broad philanthropy; his uniform kindness, courtesy, tact, and thoughtfulness; his wisdom in council and his prudence in action; the uncommon blending in his character of moral strength, sweetness and simplicity—these are some of the notes struck in the hour when his loss was first known. Only a short time has passed, and they are being verified one by one. Here we have no grouping of utterances made in the emotion of the moment, but the tributes of thoughtful men who only awaited his passing to utter their words of praise for his moral greatness. Those who were nearest to him, his own household, gave us more intimate touches of his attractive personality. "In the thousand little details of life," said a former secretary, "I could approach him with the freedom of a child, certain of a patient reception." The Cardinal was the light and life of the house; and, perhaps, one little glimpse into that last hour of his life will live after many others are forgotten—it is that of this same friend, younger by many years in the priesthood, his companion during his voyages abroad, standing with his arm around the dear old man's shoulder, comforting him and encouraging him in that hour of sorrow.

Others who guard their praise from exaggeration have called the Cardinal the accepted mentor of our American mankind, a figure of world-wide importance, an intense and earnest advocate of an uncompromising Americanism, and a providence for Church and America. He has been extolled as one who was brought up on the original happy traditions of American Catholicism, as the best-known member of his faith in America, as one whose capacity for friendliness outranked all his contemporaries, and as America's great reconstructionist in the two crises which settled upon the land after the Civil War and after the recent conflict. To others his prime characteristics were three—Churchman, Christian, American, inseparably united in a three-fold cord of strength. "He was always on the side of his church and of his country; and of the right"—wrote a leading American diplomat. Finally the Holy Father's solemn tribute proclaimed to the world that he was an excellent priest, a learned master, a vigilant pastor, and an exemplary citizen.

These expressions of appreciation and of admiration help us now, when it is hardest to define his exact place in American Catholic Church history, to reach the secret of his power and influence. There are those of his own faith, who feel that James Gibbons was the *enfant gâté* of Providence during the long half-century of his successful episcopate; and there are others who fail to realise a distinction between the endless opportunities in the Land of Opportunity and his use of these same opportunities. But all agree in acknowledging that he possessed in a high degree that quality which St. Thomas Aquinas considers the chief virtue of those who govern, the *discretio rationis*—the sense of reasonable proportion in all his judgments. Cardinal Gibbons was never perturbed. The swift change of events about him found him always calm, serene, and unafraid. He never wavered in his recognition of the basic principles by which all political and religious events should be estimated. Prudent to a fault, he possessed also that cautious daring which is the secret of the highest statesmanship. While he never refused his counsel or aid in the discussion of great secular questions that had a moral or religious bearing on our national life, and was often rewarded by popular adhesion to his views, he was not always successful, as in the matter of divorce, against which he reasoned and pleaded at all times, without stemming the disastrous tide. Other public issues also were eventually decided against his advice, but never without profound respect for his civic courage and his sincerity.

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His discretion in action was outshone only by his discretion in words. He has left behind him a series of volumes in which no useless word or phrase is employed in carrying his meaning to his readers. No secret—and how many there must have been locked away in that venerable heart—ever escaped his lips. No uncharitable word was ever uttered in his conversations or in the interviews he granted. He was by nature and training a naturally good and upright man. From his parents and teachers he inherited a simple piety and a profound faith in God and in His Holy Church. His wisdom was full grown early in his career, for, even as a young Bishop, it was evident that the queenly virtue affected his whole character and ordered all things sweetly in his life.

Wisdom he loved from his youth; her he sought and took for his spouse and became a lover of her beauty, for "it is she that teacheth the knowledge of the world, of men and of God, and is the chooser of all His works." Wisdom taught him temperance, and prudence, and justice, and fortitude. And in the words of Holy Writ, it was for Wisdom's sake that he had glory among the multitude, and honor among the ancients, even though in years he was ever younger than his contemporaries. "By the means of her," he might have said, "I shall have immortality, and shall leave behind me an everlasting memory to them that come after me." There is much that is reminiscent of St. Francis de Sales in his life; and it was precisely in his imitation of the saintly Bishop of Geneva—and who shall say that it was not a conscious following?—that James Gibbons came nearest to his fellow-countrymen. He realised and he preached, as St. Francis de Sales did, that the greatest evil in any nation is discouragement. He was an incorrigible optimist, both secular and religious, and his messages were always couched in living words of hope and courage. He never failed to say the consoling thing to a friend in trouble or in bereavement, or to the nation in time of crisis. Great nations have always lived on the verge of war, and his quieting influence with the highest and the lowliest at doubtful moments during the past 50 years is now the best recognised of all his civic virtues. As the years pass, his spiritual lineaments will become even more distinct and impressive. When the call came that separated him from the world of men and affairs and bade him enter his Father's house for eternal reward, a voice was heard saying: "Write—Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord. From henceforth now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow them—*opera enim illorum sequuntur illos*." He was the last of the 767 bishops who attended the Vatican Council in 1870, and of the 75 American bishops who sat in the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1884.

There is much of value in the original meaning of the old Roman word Pontiff, bridge-builder, when applied to James Gibbons and his works. Born 18 years after Archbishop John Carroll's death, and two years after that of Charles Carroll, he was the bridge between colonial and modern America. As a boy, both in Baltimore and in Ireland, he must have conversed with those who had known the protobishop of the Catholic Church in the United States, and with those also who had been familiar with the teachings of the early patriots—Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, and Charles Carroll. The very monuments and scenes of his native city were particularly eloquent of the purest American patriotism. He imbibed from Archbishop Carroll his sturdy allegiance to Rome as the spiritual head of the Church, also his determination that Catholic life in the new state should be kept free from foreign interference or dominance. He bridged over the century between the idealism of Washington and the idealism of the present, for he had lived in those robust times when the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States were more than merely historic documents in the nation's life, and he had imbibed the spirit of their creators and their first prophets. The Americanism of James Gibbons came from the purest sources, and he was ever the vindicator of the principles contained in those two immortal papers. The last pages from his pen were devoted to the defence of the Constitution. It is this early American spirit which speaks to us in his fine sermon *Will the American Republic Endure?* He never held with the pessimistic prophets who predicted that our Government would

soon come to an end and that it was already in the throes of dissolution. He had heard too often to be troubled by it the cry of those who said that disaster was coming unless their favorite candidate were elected. He had been listening to these dire prognostications for over half a century. Whenever occasion called for it, he stated strongly his belief in the stability and endurance of the Republic, basing it chiefly on our unique and original doctrine of religious liberty. In his last public utterance (February 19, 1921) he said:

"As the years go by I am more than ever convinced that the Constitution of the United States is the greatest instrument of government that ever issued from the hand of man. . . . For the first time in the history of mankind religious liberty was here secured to all men as a right. . . . No one knows better than myself what a line of demarcation and separation religion can cut in this country from ocean to ocean, and no one has been more eager and earnest in his effort to keep down and repress religious distinction. I fear no enemy from without. The enemy I fear is he who, forgetting human nature and the history of Europe, would raise the question of another's religious belief, and introduce strife and discord into the life of our country. . . . Fortunately our common law protects every American in his religious belief, as it protects him in his civil rights, so that whatever offences may be occasionally committed here in this respect are local and temporary, and are universally regarded as un-American and are for this reason short-lived. The great wrongs which men have suffered elsewhere in respect of religion are here unthinkable."

He often repeated in his public utterances the phrase: "A land where we have authority without despotism and liberty without license." His pure and original Americanism was above party and above partisanship. Born in an era which saw the full-flowering of Washington's ideal of our foreign relations—friendship with all; alliance with none—he died at the outset of a threatened lapse from this saving conviction. I would not say that he regretted the change he saw in a certain recent trend of American political thought, but he belonged to an older school of statesmen, and he died in the persuasion that so far the traditional policy of his country had been its strongest asset.

His later years saw the passing of the great leaders of American Catholicism. Archbishop Carroll was a memory though a potent one, when James Gibbons saw the light in Baltimore, on July 23, 1834. Archbishop Hughes and the two Kendricks, Martin John Spalding and Patrick John Ryan, John Joseph Williams and Patrick Riordan, John Ireland, John Lancaster Spalding, and John Joseph Keane—all these he watched pass into the shadows, while his own life went on, seemingly secure against every attack of the grim reaper. He witnessed a Catholic growth within the nation's borders, seldom granted to a patriarch of his people, except to great figures like Patrick of Ireland, Boniface of Germany, or Cyril and Methodius of the Slavs. And though his heart beat constantly with rejoicing for that growth, it was with no narrow or selfish satisfaction. "Our joy," he wrote in 1889, "rests on broader grounds. We rejoice for our country's sake, firmly believing that the progress of Christian faith will contribute to the stability and perpetuity of the government . . . to proclaim loyalty an a government like ours is, as it ought to be, a spontaneous act of love, as well as a duty to all who preach the Gospel." He saw the rise and explosion of domestic controversies, was meek and pacific amid the contestants, and lived to see such contentions forgotten and forgiven. His was the last voice of the older American Hierarchy, and he held aloft, fair and unblemished, in spite of all turmoils, the traditional light which guided the great prelates of the past in their relations with one another, with the national government, and with the Holy See. It was in no small measure his charity and gentleness, his firmness and foresight, which precluded disunion at every stage of our progress; and no one who knows the past 50 years will deny that there were serious dangers abroad in the land during that period. His reconstruction work after the Civil War is the least known of all his achievements, but it stands out as part of his best efforts toward the assimilation of Catholic doctrine to modern American conditions. Through him, during all these years, our Hierarchy spoke habitually and unanimously to the

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whole Catholic people and to the people of all religious denominations. Cardinal Gibbons always recognised in our country the existence of a certain dread of Catholicism; by uniting all around the standard of the Republic he succeeded in greatly lessening that dread and suspicion, if not in abolishing them altogether.

In the death of Cardinal Gibbons, the Church of the United States loses its foremost priest. His heart was with the plain people at all times, nor will his brave and successful intervention with the Holy See in favor of the Knights of Labor be easily forgotten. Cardinal Manning and Bishop Ketteler found in him a new and eloquent exponent of their teachings, but with the New World for his field of influence. Always the same kindly, appreciative, sympathetic priest to the laity, his later years were marked by a succession of jubilees and anniversaries in which the confidence and affection of the American people manifested themselves in ways that were unparalleled in our annals. As a minister of Jesus Christ, as an humble, unselfish, and zealous priest of God, his chief concern was with the souls of his own people. With a love that bespeaks the Good Shepherd, he went about, teaching and consoling, comforting and guiding all who needed his ministrations. An Israelite in whom there was no guile, Cardinal Gibbons taught the doctrines of his Master in all charity and forbearance, and at all times with an evident simplicity of purpose that attracted and won thousands not of his faith.

He has left us in a volume of *Discourses and Sermons* the most useful of his religious utterances, and in the *Faith of Our Fathers* a book which competent authority has declared the best *apologia* of the faith in the English language—the best when written 50 years ago, the best even now. The ripe fruits of his priestly career he bequeathed to the American Catholic clergy in a volume which takes its place beside the *Eternal Priesthood* of his great contemporary and dear friend, Cardinal Manning; for in the *Ambassador of Christ*, we have a philosophic and spiritual insight into the priesthood which reflects his own years of meditation and study of the sanctity and learning laid up in the Sacred Scriptures. These two, he proclaimed, are cornerstones of an efficient and worthy priesthood. His one model in all that goes to form the successful priest of God was Jesus Christ, the Master whom he loved until the end, and with whose Gospel he had so thoroughly identified himself that its blessed words of love and peace were ever in his mouth, adorned his discourses, conversation, and writings, and were even reflected in his calm serene features.

The most difficult of all tasks to priest and prelate, in a land where their fellow-citizens in vast majority are of other faiths, is to present the doctrines of the Church in a manner neither hostile nor polemical. What the *Faith of Our Fathers* accomplished on a vast scale and in its own popular way, Cardinal Gibbons's book on *Our Christian Heritage* secured in a more learned and argumentative way. Controversy he left severely alone. He said nothing in the pages of this admirable fundamental theology against any Christian denomination, and the book abounds in citations from the best Protestant authors. "It is pleasant," he says, "to be able to stand sometimes on the same platform with our old antagonists." The most striking chapter of the book, and the one widely quoted, is that on the dangers that threaten our American civilisation, and the remedies he believed adequate. Among these he emphasises strongly the necessity of religious education for our American youth. Time and the daily course of American life proclaim the accuracy of his judgment.

These volumes, indeed, will long perpetuate his memory, but his true religious memorial will ever be the Catholic University of America, which he opened in 1889, after securing its foundation by Leo XIII. and the entire American Catholic Hierarchy. He was its inspiration, its support, and its saviour. His great love for American Catholicism enabled him to grasp at an early date the necessity of a great central school for the higher education of the Catholic clergy and laity, obliged for a century to repair to Europe in search of advanced training for the higher intellectual duties and needs of their religious and ecclesiastical life. When 25 years of the University's life had passed, he was able to view in retrospect the trials

which attended the founding of America's foremost Catholic school; and he saw those years filled with progress, but also with great responsibility. The honor of the Church in the United States, he said at the silver jubilee of the University, in 1916, was bound up irrevocably with the Catholic University of America; for it was founded not to meet the needs of a single diocese nor of any particular section of the country, but to further the welfare of religion in every diocese, parish, and home. Committed by the Holy See with all due solemnity to the care of the American Hierarchy, and immediately to him as Chancellor, the University was a sacred trust, and as the head of the oldest Catholic see in the United States, Cardinal Gibbons regarded it as a special favor granted to him by Almighty God that he was permitted to devote so much of his time to this sacred cause. "From the beginning," he said, "the University has been for me an object of deepest personal concern. Through its growth and through all the vicissitudes which it has experienced, it has been very near to my heart. It has cost me, in anxiety and tension of spirit, far more than any other of the duties or cares which have fallen to my lot. But for this reason, I feel a greater satisfaction in its progress."

It seems proper to quote here the admirable words of Archbishop Glennon in his eulogy on the Cardinal. After describing his part in the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, he said:

"Turn we to his other great work, the Catholic University. While under papal charter, the Cardinal was in effect its head, its heart, and its inspiration. He gave to it his best thought, his warmest affection, and his unfailing support. He looked to it to carry out his life-work—to bring the mind of the Church to all the questions of the age, and stand as a light perennial to the nation and the world.

"Paralleling the dying request of a national hero of other days, the Cardinal, were he to speak, would, I believe, leave as a heritage his body to Baltimore, his heart to the University, and his soul to God. Most certainly he now bequeaths its care to us as a sacred trust; and I am convinced that I rightly interpret the will and wish of both clergy and laity of the American Church in declaring now beside his mortal remains that we will not break faith with him—that for his sake and for the sake of our ancient faith and for the sake of eternal truth this great school shall endure and prosper, supported by a united and a generous people."

The Cardinal Gibbons Memorial Hall at the University represents in some degree the gratitude of the Catholic people for his devotion to the higher education of Catholics, but his true memorial will be the completion of the great work to which he devoted his best thought, the best years of his life, and of whose resources he brought together personally about one million dollars. May I not fitly apply to him the spirit at least of the praise which Shakspeare puts in the mouth of Griffith as she recalls the princely generosity of Cardinal Wolsey in the building and endowment of Christ's College?

Ever witness for him

Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him
Unwilling to outlive the good man did it;
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.

As the shadows of age fell about him, it was natural that he should become reminiscent. In his *Retrospect of Fifty Years* (1917), affectionately dedicated to all who had assisted in the growth of the Catholic University, Cardinal Gibbons gives us some of the most valuable pages in American Church history.

"There are few Americans," he says, "now who can remember the things which I can. I followed Mr. Lincoln's dead body in procession when it was brought to Baltimore; I have seen every President since his death, and have known most of them personally; I was a grown man and a priest during the Civil War when it seemed as if our country were to be permanently divided. But I have lived, thank God, to see it in wonderful prosperity and to

(Concluded on page 17.)

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Current Topics

Anonymous Letters

We wish we could impress on all Catholics the folly of reading, and, still more, of replying to, anonymous attacks in the daily papers. The man who writes an offensive letter from behind the hedge of an anonymous name deserves no notice; we have no hesitation in adding that the editor who publishes anonymous attacks on creeds or races has no conception of what he owes to his office. In the old days of duelling a man of self-respect would feel disgraced if he crossed swords with a blackguard. He was ready to fight, but only with gentlemen. We might with advantage borrow somewhat of that code of honor, and, conscious that only a blackguard would write or publish such cowardly attacks, despise them as they deserve. We should not wonder that the day-lies find room for such. Consider how one of them protects a forger, protects even the hired calumniator of a dead nun, and publishes headlines that attribute to Sinn Fein the murders committed by Orangemen. Nowadays one can hardly touch the day-lies without being defiled. Wherefore, treat them and their anonymous weekly or casual correspondents with the contempt they merit.

Coals to Newcastle

Moreover, it is futile to waste time refuting or correcting the statements made by hired calumny-mongers. "Civis," for instance, has been exposed as a dishonest forger, and a rabid sectarian bigot. No decent man wants to know anything more of him; no intelligent man will pay the least attention to what he has to say; the brand of the liar is on him for ever and that is enough. He has had his reward: he has made for the *Otago Daily Times* a name that stinks in the nostrils of honest men. Leave him at that, and take no more notice of his ravings than you would of the barking of a whipped mongrel. As for the horsewhipped parson and his supporters, much the same is to be said. If there be any who will stand by such a person after the terrible exposure in Auckland and in Parliament, it is only because such persons have lost the use of reason or have no self-respect. He will say exactly the sort of things he is paid to say. No educated person could possibly attach the least importance to his falsehoods. He deserves exactly as much consideration as a man who makes his living by putting all the resources of a foul tongue and a corrupt heart at the disposal of certain people who, for their own ends, want dirty work done that only such a tool will do. Messrs. Fraser, Bishop, and Isitt told the public what sort that tool was, and no decent person has forgotten it. So, we advise all Catholics to leave the defamer of the dead, the hero of the war on women, the man who ran away from the Auckland Court, to the tender consideration of his friends the day-liars, to the forger, "Civis," and to the political mugwumps who find him useful at election times.

The Ulster Elections

Reports are now coming to hand to show how the Orangemen secured their seats in the so-called Ulster Parliament. Having begun by driving out Catholic voters and by burning down Catholic homes they were determined to leave nothing undone to secure a large majority. They sent men to the polls to vote for the dead, voting, we are told, for whole graveyards. In some instances one man voted as many as twenty times. Several Sinn Feiners who went to the polls found that Orangemen had voted in their names early in the day. In spite of terror and fraud such as would have rendered the elections void under any but the Lloyd George Government, the total number of votes recorded against Partition was almost a third of the entire poll for the six counties. The *Irish World*, June 4, says: "The unofficial count of the votes cast in Tuesday's elections in the six counties of Antrim, Armagh, Down, Fermanagh, Londonderry, and Tyrone shows that the

Unionists received 341,289 votes, the Sinn Feiners 103,516, the Nationalists 60,762, and Independent Labor 5000. According to these figures the Nationalist-Sinn Fein combination ought, in view of the proportion of their supporters, have about 20 members in the new Parliament to the Unionists' 32. . . . This is a remarkable showing for the anti-Partitionists considering the terror existing, and especially when we consider that the Partitionist strength in the other 26 counties is practically nil." Thus, British fair play, which boasts of its protection of minorities, attempts to put in the power of the people who burned down the homes of Catholics and sacked presbyteries and convents a whole third of the population of the six counties. No wonder the Labor Party said that the things done under the Union Jack in Ireland made the name of England stink in the nostrils of humanity.

Archbishop Mannix

Archbishop Mannix will land in Australia this week, and in a few days he will receive in his own city such a welcome as no Australian ever yet received. Lloyd George (acting, we are told, on the advice of "London Catholics," whose identity recent history enables us to guess at) sent a part of the British fleet to arrest a prelate whose offence was that he spoke the truth and loved justice—great crimes in the sight of the British Government. Lloyd George was not long before he learned the folly of this outrage. Englishmen and Scotsmen rallied round the Archbishop and proved to him that they were disgusted at the Prussian conduct of their Government. He was received with enthusiasm in many parts of Great Britain, and wherever he went he told the truth about Ireland and exposed the duplicity of the Government. His presence in England was worth a host of warriors for the cause of Sinn Fein, and when he came to leave it he was surrounded by English bishops and priests who came to testify their admiration for him and their reprobation of the insane Government that had put such an outrage upon him. More than that, in Rome he completely foiled the machinations of the British agents who had striven hard to prejudice the Vatican against Ireland. He told the Pope the truth about Ireland; told him that Ireland was winning, and that those who said she was losing lied; and the result of his visit was a papal pronouncement which recognised Ireland as a whole and undivided nation with which England must treat for peace—a pronouncement very different from that for which the Bournees and the Gasquets and the Howards had labored so long and so vainly. We speak with knowledge of the facts when we say that his visit to Rome completely foiled the foes of Ireland and made an adverse pronouncement impossible, and knowing that we do not wonder that the English "Black-and-Tan" cardinal gave the Archbishop a wide berth in England. Melbourne will rejoice to have its Archbishop home again, and every lover of truth and justice will unite in spirit in its welcome to the champion of democracy and liberty.

Secular Schools

Mr. Cutten, the Auckland magistrate, has more than once deplored the fact that a blind Government is ruining the country through schools that undermine the religion of the people. He recently returned to the charge and told his hearers that things had gone so far now that it was only whatever of tone was left in the teachers that had any moral influence on the youth of the Dominion. A period of half a century of secularism has destroyed religious principles in the parents of to-day. The old homes of other years, which might be relied upon to provide a religious atmosphere, are gone, and the moral tone of the young depends on the chance of finding decent teachers in whatever school they are sent to. That, in substance, was Mr. Cutten's indictment. Other magistrates have declared from the bench that the sole hope of saving the young people from ruin and degeneration is religion. However, the Parrs and the Bells and the Nosworthys and the Andersons and the Limavaddys hold their jobs and care

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little for the welfare of New Zealand. They are ruining the Dominion politically, morally, financially, but what do they care? When are the people going to take a hand in the game? If our State schools are hopeless from a true educational point of view, that is if they fail to form character, as every secular school must fail, we cannot console ourselves that they are making a success of purely secular instruction. The examiners who tested the candidates at the last national scholarship examinations report unfavorably. According to the United Press Association, one examiner says that *all the papers* in the public service and senior national scholarships were poor, showing bad spelling and grammatical ignorance. The reports on the pupil teachers' examination for Class D certificates show that the ignorance also extends to the teachers. Such are the schools which the egregious Hanan and his predecessors left us!

Our Legislators

What better can we expect from our legislators? We could name half a dozen of our M.P.'s whom no wise man would put in charge of a motor car. We are certain that seventy per cent. of them would display even more appalling ignorance of grammar, geography, and history than the pupils of the State schools have done. In the second volume of his recent work, *Modern Democracies*, Viscount Bryce tells the world what sort of muddlers we are content to elect for Parliament in this country:

"The House of Representatives is in one sense too representative, for its members are little above the average of their electors in knowledge or ability. . . . nearly all my New Zealand informants declared that the quality of the legislature, instead of rising with the growth of the country, had declined during the last thirty years, and that the debates were now on a lower level than in the days of Sir George Grey or Sir Harry Atkinson. . . . The country has no lack of capable men, thoughtful and well-educated,—none of the self-governing Dominions has a larger proportion,—but very few of those seem to find their way into the Legislature. . . . The standard not only of attainments, but of debates and of manners also, leaves something to be desired. Thinking bears a low ratio to talking."

That is the judgment of a great scholar and a distinguished statesman. Ignorant, incompetent, and ill-mannered he finds our elected representatives. One wonders if he is thinking of Lord Limavaddy when he talks of manners! But surely he does not know that as the present Government consists of P.P.A. hirelings it is impossible to find in it anything better than what he does find. Decent, educated, well-bred men do not do the sort of things these persons pledged themselves to do when they were put in power by a gang of bigots.

Ministerial Mugwumps

Dr. Dillon exposed the monumental ignorance of the tricksters who went to Versailles after the war to make the world safe for hypocrisy, and people were not astonished. We had long learned to regard Lloyd George and all of his class as being more learned in Marconi shares than in geography or grammar. And we do not forget that among the smaller sprats at that infamous gathering was our William. Would that we could have for one season his speeches unexpurgated! That picture of him making his now historic gesture from a balcony in Wellington will never be perfect until we have a string of his *ipsissima verba* under it. As for Australian political squibs, the *Catholic Press* (June 9) gives us some interesting flashlight snaps of them. George Reid never read a book, and was unable to speak the English of educated people. Premier McGowen also said he never read a book, and when asked whence he got his information replied: "From the newspapers and listening to blokes talking." When Pius X. was elected, Sir John See said to a friend: "This new Pope must be a learned man. . . . I read somewhere that he preaches in the vernacular language. That is a sort of Hebrew, isn't it?" It is recorded that

when a teacher complained to Education Minister Jacob Garrard about defects in the curriculum he said he would send a plumber to make it right. What fun we miss by not getting true reports of all that certain of our political luminaries say in the House! Some gems from that M.P. who bit an olive on the way to Samoa and complained that the plums were "— bitter" would be of general interest. We have seen Minister Parr's awful letter to the children, and surely there are others who could amuse us even more by their silly twaddle if they only got a chance. Considering how useless they are, it might be a good suggestion to get them to tour the country and give shows to the public in the various theatres. A select few from the Upper House might be included. MacGregor on history, for instance; Lee on broadmindedness; and Anderson on statesmanship would be a fine combination. But of course we shall have to wait until the *primo tenore robusto* comes back to enliven the stage with his gestures.

General Crozier's Revelations

It is significant of the honor and esteem in which British Ministers are held that Irish children have made the name Greenwood a synonym for a downright lie. We have heard it even here more than once. When somebody uttered a statement that was plainly beyond belief the remark was made: "That's a Greenwood." Like master like man! Greenwood, Lloyd George, and every British journalist from Dunedin to Dundee are tarred with the same brush. Lies get a long start, as, from Luther to the horsewhipped cad (whose calumnies the *Otago Daily* gave great prominence to recently) every bigot and No-Popery ranter knows well, but lies are eventually found out and liars usually find their level in the end. No decent man pays the least attention nowadays to the editorial ravings of a Colonial day-lie; no man in his senses would trust the word of a British Minister—even of our friend Sir Francis Bell. Constant exposure has shown us what British Ministers and British pressmen are, and we are not likely to forget it. Of all the shameful and incontrovertible exposures none could compare with that recently made by General Crozier who has proved to the hilt the charge that Lloyd George and Greenwood were aiders and abettors of the murders, sacrileges, and thefts of their Black-and-Tan agents in Ireland. There is no denying it now; General Crozier speaks with the authority of one who knows; he was actually in command of the criminals and he resigned because he was too decent to become accessory to their crimes as Greenwood and the English Premier did. He asserts publicly in the *Daily News* that during the six months of his command "murder, arson, looting, and other forms of terrorism were practised by the Crown forces, rendering his position impossible and making his resignation imperative." Greenwood and Lloyd George made the mistake of putting an honest man in command and he refused to stoop as low as their level. His first revelation throws a flood of light on the alleged Sinn Fein crimes. He says: "Disguised as members of the Irish Republican army a company of auxiliaries held up the Post Office at Kilkenny last September, gagged and bound the mail sorters and opened twenty bags of mail. Most of the money found was stolen and the letters thrown into the river."

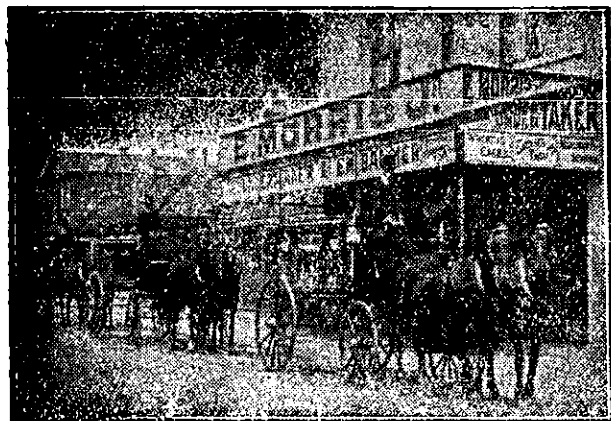
The day-liars told us that Father Griffin was killed by Sinn Feiners. The General says he is prepared to swear that he was informed by a certain cadet that he had murdered Father Griffin, and that a certain officer whose name was given stood by and later buried the priest's body in a bog. *The officer now holds an important position in Ireland.* General Crozier adds that a very high official in Dublin Castle and a police officer in the west were directly involved in the suppression of evidence bearing on the murder.

General Crozier holds important information concerning the murder of Michael O'Callaghan, former mayor of Limerick. He states that a former member of the auxiliaries, who threatened an exposure of the circumstances under which three men were killed at Kill-

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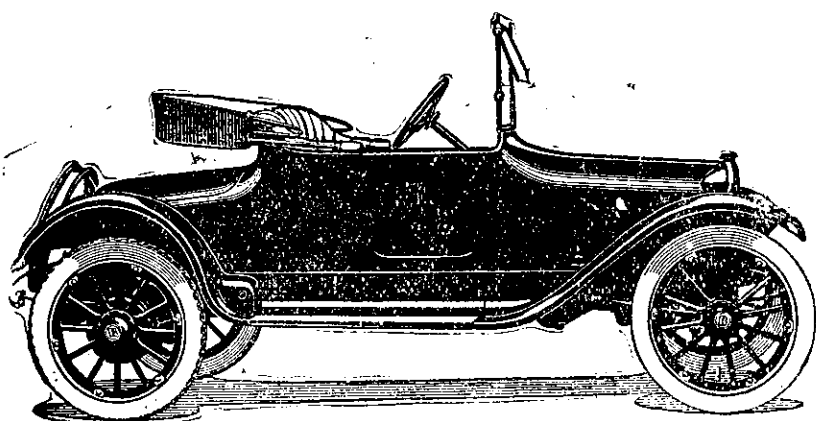
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also "while endeavoring to escape," was "squared" by the Government.

General Crozier testifies that after the slaughter at Croke Park one of his best officers came to him and said: "It was the most disgraceful show I have ever seen. 'Black-and-Tans' fired into the crowd without any provocation whatever."

General Crozier tells how a company of auxiliaries, whose colonel was dismissed from the service, mutined in Cork and were sent to Dublin to be disciplined. They threatened that unless their colonel was reinstated they would "tell who burned Cork, naming the officers implicated and those that pumped gasoline on the City Hall and fired incendiary rockets on to the roof." The colonel was reinstated through fear of the revelations. The General tells also of instances of common theft and plunder. He resigned because the men who did such things were protected by the British Government. That is what our Colonial day-liars stand for.

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS: IN MEMORIAM

(Concluded from page 13.)

behold it grown into one of the great powers of the earth. Younger men may tremble for the future of this country, but I can have nothing but hope when I think what we have already passed through. . . My countrymen and my fellow Catholics will forgive me if I seem to yearn over this Church and this people, but I do so because I believe both the American Church and the American people to be precious in the sight of God and designed, each one in its proper sphere, for a glorious future."

The late World War was in progress when he wrote these prophetic words, and through those two darksome years when the flower of American youth fought for the cause of humanity in Picardy and in Flanders, his great soul never felt a moment's hesitancy over the outcome. Throughout this world-struggle he was never cast down. He showed ever the fullest confidence in God, in God's providence over the world, and in particular over the future of our country. He died blessed among men, followed to his eternal resting place by the prayers of the thousands of children he had confirmed, the legions of workers he had stimulated with desires higher and nobler than the things of this world, the thousands of priests he had ordained, the many bishops he had consecrated, and especially by the poor of his city. These last he loved until the end, his final visit being to their Home.

In paradisum deducant te Angeli, sang the seminarians of his beloved Saint Mary's, as he was laid away in the crypt of Baltimore Cathedral, beside the mortal remains of his predecessors, whose virtues and works he had never failed to praise, and whose historic influence on our American Catholic life he had continued and notably strengthened. *Eternal rest grant to him, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon him!*

BOOK NOTICES

The Ecclesiastical Review (Linehan, Melbourne).

The April number of this important Catholic review contains interesting articles of great practical value to the clergy. Fra Arminio's paper on "The Priestly Dignity of St. Joseph," Father Henry Wood's article on Spiritism and Thomism deserve study.

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EX-SISTER LIGUORI

ACTION AT LAW AGAINST DR. DWYER.
THE JUDGE'S SUMMING UP.
VERDICT FOR THE BISHOP.

The law suit which Bridget Mary Partridge, formerly Sister M. Liguori, brought against Right Rev. Dr. J. W. Dwyer, Bishop of Wagga Wagga—heard before Mr. Justice Ferguson and a jury of four—has created much public interest.

GROUND'S OF PLAINTIFF'S ACTION.

The grounds of plaintiff's action as detailed in the pleas of her attorney are:—

That the defendant appeared before a Justice of the Peace and falsely and maliciously and without reasonable or probable cause informed the justice on oath that the plaintiff was a person deemed to be insane and was without sufficient means of support.

That the defendant falsely and maliciously, and without reasonable cause, caused the Justice of the Peace to issue a warrant for the apprehension of the plaintiff, and bring her before a stipendiary magistrate to be dealt with according to law.

That the defendant by virtue of the warrant so issued caused the plaintiff's arrest and imprisonment for a long time, and caused the stipendiary magistrate to remand her for medical observation, and he again brought before him in custody, when, no evidence being offered, the magistrate discharged the plaintiff.

That the plaintiff had been injured in her reputation, suffered great pain of body and of mind, was prevented from attending to her affairs, and incurred expense in releasing herself from imprisonment, and defending herself from the charges made against her and for medical and legal charges.

JUDGE'S SUMMING UP: A REMARKABLE LINE OF CROSS-EXAMINATION.

In summing up, his Honor gave the facts in the case. To arrest and charge a person with lunacy, if done without reasonable cause, was a great indignity, and called for damages. But if the defendant acted without malice and with reasonable cause, the defendant had no redress. Religion had nothing to do with the matter. The questions about the Bishop's speech at Wagga should not influence the jury, unless they reflected on his credit as a witness.

Unfortunately, his Honor went on, it was impossible to hide the fact that there had been sectarian feeling involved in the conduct of the case, and they had the remarkable spectacle of the plaintiff, a member of the Roman Catholic faith, being asked questions which were designed to suggest that people of her faith could not be believed on their oath. There were other questions asked, possibly intended to bring into question the propriety of the convent system. At any rate, that particular convent, Mount Erin, was undoubtedly put upon its defence to some extent.

As far as possible, he had kept the hearing within bounds. He had to remark several times that the Court was not making inquiry into the way in which the convent was conducted. But there was one chapter in its history which had been fully investigated. There was one matter, the manner in which the plaintiff had been treated during the years she had been in that convent. A good deal of the interest, perhaps morbid interest, that had arisen in the case, had arisen from statements or suggestions that the plaintiff, during those years, had been subjected to ill-treatment in the convent, and on that point they had heard evidence in the fullest detail.

Charge of Ill-Treatment.

She had complained of ill-treatment, but her own letters showed that she was not ill-treated.

Then she was asked to go into details of her treatment in the convent. She complained that she was over-worked, and that duties were given to her which properly belonged, she thought, to the lay Sisters. She had given details of that work, and it showed a very complete subdivision of the day; but apparently that was the ordinary routine of the convent. That was the discipline to which she volun-

tarily submitted with full knowledge when she entered the convent. She said that no doubt the work she was doing was better for her health than teaching work, except that in her opinion she got too much of it. She said she did not ask the Mother Superior to relieve her, or any one to take her place. Then she gave an example of a dispute about a broom.

Taken individually, each Sister at the convent was admitted by her to have treated her kindly. She complained that she had not been given a cell, but omitted to say that she was given one three months before she left. His Honor did not say she was untruthful. The instances of alleged unkindness were given in the evidence, and she admitted that she did not complain of them to the Bishop when he asked her if she had any complaints to make.

"Now, gentlemen," continued his Honor, "that is the whole evidence you have about unkindness shown to plaintiff during the years she was in the convent up to the day she left. Whatever your verdict may be, I am sure there is no fair-minded man in the community—no Protestant, however militant his Protestantism may be—who will not share with his Catholic fellow-citizens in a sense of gratification that these imputations, so far as plaintiff is concerned, have been refuted—not by the contradiction of people interested—not by a balance of conflicting testimony—but by her own deliberate oath."

Regrettable Charges.

His Honor regretted that he had to refer to charges that if the nuns had not been cruel to her they had been cruel to others. They had the facts of the case. His Honor said it is incredible that the plaintiff was not aware of the facts, because the nun, who became deranged had been back in the convent for years, and was one of the nuns with whom she was in daily association. Although the plaintiff was sitting behind her counsel, no question was asked by him in his cross-examination of the Mother-Superior to suggest that the Mother-Superior was not telling the full truth. What the Mother Superior says is that the unfortunate girl in question became mentally deranged; that she never asked to leave the convent. But the suggestion was that she was so ill-treated, and found it was impossible to escape from the ill-treatment that she was driven to try to end her life. It seems that after the girl was found, she was taken, not to her religious institution, but to a Government hospital for the insane, and when restored to health she was, at her own repeated request, taken back into the convent. She is there to this day, a happy and contented member of the community. Gentlemen, it seems impossible that the plaintiff herself could have been unaware of that fact. I can only hope that it was not she who suggested that the questions should be asked with their imputation. Had anybody else asked them, not knowing the facts, I could only say it was very unfortunate for anyone to take the responsibility of prompting counsel to make such imputations without first of all taking the trouble to learn the facts. So much I think it my duty to say before coming to the events out of which this action arose.

What Plaintiff Knew.

The plaintiff says she had been dissatisfied with convent life, and made up her mind to go. She knew that she could have applied, and be released and returned to her friends in Ireland. But she found it hard to approach the Mother Superior. She has told you she was getting run down. Probably her nerves were getting unstrung. Finally, when there was the trivial dispute about a broom, it seems to have been the last straw. She made up her mind suddenly to leave—and left. And I may point out here that she had no difficulty in leaving. She had no bars to break or walls to climb. The Sisters do not seem to have been locked up. What kept the nuns in the convent, no doubt, was the respect they had for their vows, which would be as strong an obligation as bolts and bars. His Honor explained how she went to Burgess's, and then returned voluntarily to the convent. Then the incidents of the evening were recounted. "The girl," said his Honor, "was in a condition of hysteria."

Lack of Common Sense.

"We have not seen the Thompsons," his Honor said,

"but I cannot help thinking that it is very unfortunate thing for the plaintiff that at that time she did not meet somebody who would have shown a little common horse-sense. Had she told any sensible person that an attempt had been made to poison her, what evidence there was would have been passed on, and it would then have been found that the girl had left the convent after having been on perfectly friendly terms with the other nuns, and the Mother Superior, for years before; and would have examined the grounds for this monstrous idea, and the basis of this monstrous charge.

A Question of Honest Belief.

If they believed that the girl was telling the truth—believed that the inference she had drawn was correct, that they had tried to poison her—then they had an obvious course to pursue. They had an experienced officer of police at hand, a man who would have known how to deal with this matter at once. "Can you imagine anyone honestly believing that a girl who had a design in her mind such as that refraining from doing two obvious things," added his Honor. "Don't you think that anybody really believing that this girl who says an attempt was made to poison her would at once have had her examined by a doctor to see whether she was really suffering from the effects of poison?" Mr. Shand says, in effect, that the only way that this girl could be protected from being taken back to the convent was by leaving her in charge of some such body as the Orange Lodge.

Mr. Shand: No, your Honor, I did not say that.

His Honor said he would be very sorry to think that anyone would have to go to the Orange Lodge or any other community in order to be protected from the crime which this girl says was attempted.

Mr. Shand: You misunderstand me.

His Honor: All I can say is, I do not agree with that. It would be a deplorable thing if the only protection people in this country had against the interference with one's personal liberty was an application to some body outside a duly constituted officer of the law.

Incapable People.

There was no necessity, his Honor said, to hurry this young woman away at midnight. The law was strong enough to deal with this girl, even if she was in a convent. If the girl had been taken back to the convent against her wish, anyone aware of the fact, and of the girl's feelings, could at once have applied for the issue of a writ of habeas corpus, calling upon the convent to bring her into court, thus giving everyone an opportunity of making explanations there. It was very unfortunate that, at the time the whole matter was still fresh, the girl was not put into the hands of people who were capable of telling what was the right thing to do.

The convent had been twitted with sending out search parties after the girl; but, his Honor said, people would have a poor opinion of them if they had failed to do so.

The Bishop's Letter.

Commenting on the Bishop's letter to Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, his Honor said he did not know whether he or the jury, if they had been in his position, would have written in kindlier terms than those in which the letter was written. To the letter no reply was received. With the question, as far as good manners were concerned, they had nothing to do. But what was more important was that the letter was not shown to the person most concerned. She was never told that her place at the convent was open to her if she wished to come back, and that if she did not wish to come back they were prepared to find funds for her support. It might have been that the people in whose charge she was thought they were doing better for her, but even so, why was she not given an opportunity of deciding it herself? What possible reason could there be for withholding from her, or refusing her an opportunity of knowing what proposals had been made, and what view the convent authorities took of her conduct?

Disappeared Into the Dark.

She was taken away that night, and disappeared into the dark. They knew now where she went, and where she was from that time onwards. But, in considering the conduct of the defendant, they had to put themselves in his

position, and remember what he knew—not what he knew now—when he took the step he did. He made inquiries, and swore an information in which he said she was a person deemed to be insane, and without sufficient means of support.

Questions for Jury.

His Honor proceeded to say that he was going to ask the jury these questions:

"Did the defendant take reasonable care to inform himself as to the true facts of the case?"

"Did he honestly believe the case which he laid before the magistrate?"

"And, unless the plaintiff has satisfied you that you should answer one or other of these questions in the negative, then the defendant is entitled to a verdict."

"I am also going to ask you a further question, which only becomes material if you find against him on one of the other questions: Was he actuated by malice?"

What the Defendant Could Not Do.

"The jury had to look at the matter from the point of view of the defendant at the time he laid the information. As far as possible, the jurymen should put themselves in the defendant's position, and then say how far he acted as a reasonable man, and how far he acted in good faith. It is for you to say whether, as a reasonable man, he should have rested content with Dr. Leahy's opinion and the facts he knew, or whether he should have taken further steps to ascertain additional facts. He could not see the plaintiff. He could not have her examined again by a doctor, and the object of his proceedings was to have her examined by a doctor in order that the authorities might have opinion on which they could act. If you come to the conclusion that he honestly believed she was insane, and took reasonable care to inform himself in connection with that part of the case, then what about her means?"

Her Means of Support.

"Defendant took it upon himself to state that she was without sufficient means of support. He knew she had no money. She came to the convent without any, and went away without any. He knew she went without clothes. He knew she had been to Thompson's house, and that the Thompsons said she had left there; but they did not know where she had gone, she having, according to them, 'come on her own and gone on her own.' Neither he nor the police, with all the inquiries they were prosecuting, could get any information about her. She simply disappeared. What further inquiries could he have made to satisfy himself that she was being well looked after? Who was there to give him information of that sort. Why should he go to Archdeacon Pike, who had already refused information to others?"

"Why was he to assume that the unknown people with whom she might be were prepared to do everything possible in her interest? The people acting against him had not shown him any great example of charity in their opinions of him and his associates, and I do not know that he was called upon to exhibit a monopoly of charity towards them concerning their motives and intentions. I have tried to put myself in the defendant's position—to get his ecclesiastical character—treating myself as an individual who had been put in a position in which I was morally responsible for the welfare of a woman who acted as the plaintiff."

If Her Mother Asked Him?

"Supposing the plaintiff's mother had arrived in New South Wales at that time, and had gone to the Bishop and questioned him, what would he have had to say, if she asked him 'where is my daughter?' He would have to say 'I do not know.' If she asked him whether her daughter had left the convent, he would say 'yes,' and asking the circumstances, would find that the girl had left in her nightdress and barefooted. 'Well, what became of her?' the mother would ask; and then he would say, she went to Thompson's. 'Is she there yet?' 'They say she is not, but has gone, they do not know where.' Would the mother not then say, 'why, for all you know she is in a water hole.' And what answer would the Bishop have had, on the information then in his possession? So that question I leave to you. I am assuming here, of course, that he would have told the mother the girl was out of her mind,

or that he believed she was insane. That is the case from the defendant's point of view.

What Were the Bishop's Motives?

"The case for the plaintiff is that the Bishop was not actuated by the motives he says actuated him—that is to say, the only motive that would justify a man in his position acting as he did, namely, a desire to have a person he believed to be insane and without support properly attended to and her case properly inquired into. If he acted from some other motive—some indirect motive—then that is what the law calls malice. That is another question, and I am going to ask you: Has the plaintiff satisfied you that the defendant was actuated by malice? It is put to you that he was very anxious to get her out of the custody of the people with whom she then was—suggested, apparently members of the Orange Lodge. I do not think there is anything in the evidence showing that at that time anyone connected with the Orange Lodge had her. We do not know whether the Thompsons were Protestants or not. Of course, if you come to the conclusion that the Bishop knew, or had reason to know, that she was being well and properly cared for, then you will draw the conclusion, probably, that he had some other motive than the motive he claims actuated him in taking the steps he did."

No Suggestion of Sending Her Back.

"Mr. Shand based a large part of his argument upon what took place at Wagga between the defendant, Dr. Leahy, and Sheehy in proceedings which were sought to be taken before the magistrate there, and upon the fact that the Bishop did not disclose to the magistrate who granted the order in Sydney that these proceedings had taken place at Wagga. These are matters for your very serious consideration. It occurs to me that no one can have supposed that the result of the proceedings would have been to restore the plaintiff to the convent. The effect of the information would not be to direct her return there, but to ascertain if she was sane or insane."

"The law required two things to be established, and no unnecessary obstacles were put in the way of people who honestly take steps to have inquiries made in these cases. But before a verdict could be given against defendant, plaintiff must show that defendant acted without reasonable care, and was actuated by malice."

His Honor concluded his direction to the jury at about 10 minutes to 3 p.m.

The jury then retired.

Verdict for Defendant.

On returning into Court at 9.45 p.m. his Honor asked the foreman of the jury whether they had agreed on a verdict, and the reply was "Yes."

His Honor: Are you unanimous, or is it by a majority?

The foreman: By a majority on the first two questions, and we are unanimous on the last question.

His Honor (reading from the paper containing the answers to the questions handed to him by the foreman): The gentlemen of the jury answer each question "No."

Mr. Flannery: On these answers I will ask your Honor to enter a verdict for the defendant.

Mr. Shand: I submit that you cannot enter that verdict. Your Honor should direct the jury that in answering "No" to the first and second questions malice follows in law. Your Honor should direct the jury now to return a verdict for the plaintiff and assess damages.

Mr. Flannery: I am not to be taken as assenting to that proposition in law.

His Honor (addressing the jury): Have you taken into consideration, gentlemen, the question whether, if the defendant did not honestly believe the case which he laid before the magistrate, he could have acted in good faith without malice?

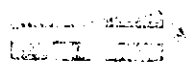
The foreman: I think so, your Honor.

His Honor: You have discussed that? Yes.

His Honor: I understand that by a majority you find that the defendant did not honestly believe the case which he laid before the magistrate?

The foreman: Yes.

His Honor: Have you considered whether, in that case, he could have acted in good faith—that he could have acted from a proper motive in laying the information?



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The foreman: Yes.

His Honor: And you adhere to your finding that he was not guilty of malice?

The foreman: Yes.

His Honor: In that case I direct you to find a verdict upon these answers for the defendant. It amounts to a verdict for the defendant. I take it that is what, on my direction, you mean, because I told you that unless you found that the plaintiff had proved both of these things there must be a verdict for the defendant. I take it you intend that to be a verdict for the defendant.

The jury then, by direction, returned a verdict for the defendant.

His Honor, in dismissing the jury, said: "I am sorry you have been kept so long over the case. I thank you for your assistance.

Mr. Shand: I ask for a stay of proceedings.

His Honor said that he would grant a stay.

After the Verdict.

There was a scene of excitement when the jury returned their verdict. An attempt at applause in the gallery was at first only a feeble effort; but, gathering courage, portion of the audience, particularly the women, began vigorously to clap their hands. His Honor held up his hand in remonstrance, and policemen and court orderlies quickly quelled the disturbance, and the audience filed out, meanwhile talking excitedly. Loud cheers were heard from the crowd waiting outside while Mr. Flannery, K.C., was receiving congratulations from friends in the court. The large assemblage outside seemed loth to disperse, and ringing cheers, mingled with a few boo-hoos, re-echoed in King Street until the strong force of police in attendance gradually persuaded the excited crowd to move on.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

July 29.

His Grace Archbishop Redwood left yesterday for Sydney to attend the Conference of Bishops. His Grace will be absent for about three months.

A very successful afternoon was given last Saturday at the convent school, Newtown, to raise funds for the bazaar which is to be held in September.

A queen competition caused considerable excitement and rivalry in the Newtown parish, and was the means of substantially augmenting the convent bazaar fund. Miss Gladys Smyth, representing St. Joseph's Convent, won the crown, the other candidate being Miss Joyce Kirk, representing St. Anne's Convent School. The coronation took place on Saturday evening at St. Anne's Hall, and was a brilliant affair.

The following Catholic schools and institutions participated in the annual distribution of interest allocated by the trustees of the T. G. MacCarthy estate:—Home for Incurables, Buckle Street, Wellington, £100; Home of Compassion, Island Bay, Wellington, £100; Convent of Mercy, Hill Street, Wellington, £50; St. Mary's College, Hill Street, Wellington, £250; Marist Brothers' School, Hawkestone Street, Wellington, £80; Marist Brothers' School, Newtown, Wellington, £75; Convent of Mercy, Newtown, Wellington, £50; St. Anne's School, Newtown, Wellington, £50; St. Patrick's Parochial School, Kilbirnie, £60; St. Catherine's Convent, Kilbirnie, £50; St. Francis's School, Island Bay, Wellington, £50; Preparatory College, Seatoun, Wellington, £75; St. Mary's Convent School, Carterton, £50; Brigidine Convent, Carterton, £50; St. Vincent's School, Castlecliff, £50; Convent School, Feilding, £80; the Convent, Feilding, £80; St. Mary's School, Foxton, £50; Brigidine Convent, Foxton, £50; St. Joseph's Convent, Jerusalem, £20; St. Joseph's Convent, Levin, £50; Parochial Convent School, Levin, £100; Sacred Heart Convent, Lower Hutt, £100; Convent Parochial School,

Lower Hutt, £75; St. Matthew's School, Marton, £50; Convent of Mercy, Marton, £50; St. Patrick's School, Masterton, £75; St. Bride's Convent, Masterton, £100; Boys' School, Nai Nai, £250; St. Patrick's Convent, Ohakune, £50; St. Joseph's School, Ohakune, £40; St. Joseph's Convent, Otaki, £50; Brigidine Convent, Pahiatua, £100; St. Anthony's School, Pahiatua, £40; St. Patrick's Parochial School, Palmerston North, £80; Convent of Mercy, Palmerston North, £100; Convent School, Petone, £90; Sacred Heart School, Ranana, £20; St. Joseph's Convent School, Taihape, £40; St. Joseph's Orphanage, Upper Hutt, £250; St. Mary's Convent, Wanganui, £50; St. Patrick's College, Wellington, £300.

Mr. Tom O'Brien recently gave an "evening" at his residence for the benefit of St. Mary of the Angels' Building Fund Bazaar, and as a result over £50 was realised.

The need for a hostel to accommodate Catholic boys is becoming more and more apparent. Numbers of boys are coming to this city to take up positions, and it is a most difficult task to find accommodation for them. They are forced to seek shelter in the establishments of non-Catholic denominations, thereby jeopardising their faith. The establishment of a hostel would prove a great boon for these Catholic boys, and the parents of the lads would feel more at ease were they safely housed in a good Catholic institution. The question of establishing a boys' hostel is now being discussed, but the greatest obstacle is that of finance. Wellington people consider that such an institution would not be for the benefit of Wellington boys but rather for the boys of parents who reside elsewhere, and thus maintain that the greater portion of the finance should come from outside. It is to be hoped that something tangible will be the result of the present movement. The Catholic women's hostel has proved a great success, and there is no reason why a Catholic boys' hostel should not be equally successful.

Members of St. Joseph's concert party visited the Upper Hutt recently, and gave an enjoyable entertainment to the children of St. Joseph's Orphanage. The concert hall was tastefully decorated by some of the children. Rev. Mother Ambrose expressed the community's appreciation of the thoughtful action of the performers in planning and carrying out the pleasing function.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

July 29.

Rev. Father Eccleton, S.M., has just concluded a Retreat at the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Ponsonby.

The social in aid of the funds of the Marist Brothers was held in St. Benedict's Hall on Tuesday, July 26, and proved a great success. The function was organised by St. Benedict's Club, assisted by many friends from the city and suburban parishes. The Brothers heartily thank all who contributed towards its success.

The rebuilding scheme of the convent, Grey Lynn, has been deferred for some months until the cost of building eases somewhat. In addition to the collections which still continue, various schemes for raising funds are under consideration by the committee. The first is an art union in which valuable prizes are being offered, and tickets for same will be on the market very shortly. The second is the screening of the famous picture "Fabiola" in the Town Hall, Auckland, in the near future. The management of "Fabiola" has kindly granted same gratis for the convent funds. In connection with the exhibition of the picture a select choir will render the incidental music. Following shortly after "Fabiola," a concert will be arranged by the children of the combined schools of the city and suburbs, assisted by leading artists. It is to be hoped that the public generally will accord their generous patronage to the art union and the functions, which will be held in the Town Hall, and thus considerably augment the convent funds.

His Lordship Dr. Liston, Coadjutor-Bishop, visited Otahuhu and Papakura on Sunday, July 24, and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation.

A most enjoyable concert, arranged by the Misses Beresford, was given in the Concert Chamber of the Town

Hall on Wednesday, July 27, in aid of the Takapuna Orphanage. The entertainment was a clever blending of singing, elocutionary items, and dancing, suitable costumes enhancing the effect of the performers' efforts, and good music by Miss Beresford's orchestra was greatly appreciated. Various national dances were interpreted in artistic style by Miss Beresford's pupils, solo parts being taken by Vivian Watson, Irene Kelly, Connie Barrie, and Avonia Craig. In a Continental scena, wonderfully pretty dances were introduced, the principal performers being Fay Brookling, Mavis Morgan, and Isola St. Clair. An Indian scene, which concluded the programme, was a striking performance, the soloists being Monte Newton, Nellie Dawson, and Mavis Morgan. Songs were rendered by Mrs. Hanson, Misses Connie Barry and Dora Jenkins, and Mr. McLean. Duos were given by Misses Mollie Burke and Ava Brookling, and Misses Irene Kelly and Vivian Watson, and Misses Thelma Hunter and Rhoda Jenkins. Mr. Les. Watson-rendered monologues, and Mr. Walter Beresford gave an eccentric dance. What became a "star" item occurred during a sung appeal for assistance for the orphanage. Two small girls, one dressed in male evening dress and another in sailor uniform, commenced to gather the coins, which were showered on the stage. These were joined by several other children, one being a tiny tot dressed for a subsequent dance, in the old-fashioned lady's attire of the "wig and powder" age, and the manner in which she chased coins about the stage convulsed the audience.

SELF-DETERMINATION FOR IRELAND LEAGUE, AUCKLAND.

A magnificent demonstration in sympathy with Ireland's just demand for the recognition of her rights and liberties, was held in the Town Hall on Wednesday night, July 13. The hall was crowded in every part, well over 3000 people being in attendance. A splendid reception was accorded the speaker, Mr. Hall-Skelton, who is an Anglican, a New Zealander of Irish parents, and a barrister, a fluent speaker, and the president of the Self-Determination League in the Auckland province. Rapturous applause greeted the speaker as he drove home every point in his soul-stirring and memorable address. The manifesto and other literature of the Self-Determination League were distributed freely to the vast audience. At the conclusion of the address cables were despatched to Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Eamon de Valera advocating Ireland's right to self-determination.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

August 1.

Mr. Harry Anthony, of the Prisons Department, who has been in charge of the boot manufacturing section of Lyttelton and Paparua prisons during the past seventeen and a half years—14½ years at the former and 3 years at the latter—has just received intimation of his transfer to Invercargill. Mr. Anthony, apart from being very popular among the members of the prison staff, has taken a very active interest in social, national, and religious matters, and will be greatly missed from Canterbury. His numerous friends will wish him every success and prosperity in his new sphere and in the discharge of the onerous duties for the undertaking of which he is being transferred.

The members of the New Headford branch of the H.A.C.B.S. were entertained by St. Patrick's branch in the Hibernian Hall on Tuesday evening at a card match. The visitors added another win to its card records, being the victors by 56 games to 48. Supper was served, speeches were made—that by Bro. Lloyd, founder of the New Headford branch, being especially appreciated—and a musical and elocutionary programme carried out, terminating with the singing of "God Save Ireland."

A sale of work will be opened on Saturday evening next in the old St. Joseph's School, Lower High Street, in aid of

the school funds. Rev. Father Hanrahan, Adm., has exerted an amount of energy in the interests of the venture, and is being ably supported by a strong working committee. The various stalls will be found well stocked with useful articles, and a programme of entertaining items will be given each evening. In the matter of side shows there will be plenty of amusement. It is intended to keep the sale open for a fortnight.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

August 2.

Rev. Father O'Leary, Marist Missioner, is at present conducting a Retreat for the pupils at the Sacred Heart Convent.

A social was held in the girls' school hall last Thursday, under the auspices of the Celtic Club, the proceeds of which are intended to augment the fund to meet the cost of additions to the hall in Brown Street. The social was well attended, and all present spent a very pleasant time.

The concluding portion of the lecture on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was given by the Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., in the girls' school hall last Monday night, when there was a large and appreciative audience. Mr. Cuthbert Knight was specially thanked for the capable manner in which he worked the lantern. The parishioners are looking forward to the next lecture from Father Hurley in the near future.

The total amount collected by the Self-Determination for Ireland League committee here in aid of the distressed families in Belfast was £80. The parishioners at St. Andrews subscribed the sum of £20 last Sunday towards the same worthy object.

DEATH OF HON. T. J. RYAN

A cable message under date August 1 announces the death of the Hon. T. J. Ryan, formerly Premier of Queensland, and Deputy-Leader of the Federal Opposition, who died as the result of a sudden attack of pneumonia, while assisting in the Maranoa by-election campaign.

A Sydney message says:—

Widespread regret is expressed by all political parties in all the States at Mr. Ryan's death. He is referred to as the strong man of the Labor Party. He will be given a State funeral at Brisbane.

The Hon. Thomas Joseph Ryan was born at Port Fairy, Victoria, on July 1, 1876. He graduated B.A. at Melbourne University in 1897, LL.B. in 1899, and was admitted to the Queensland Bar in 1900. Nine years later he was elected Labor member for Barcoo in the Queensland Legislative Assembly, and in 1913 he became Leader of the Opposition.

The advent of the Queensland Labor Party to power in 1915 naturally gave Mr. Ryan the chance of forming a Ministry, which he did on June 1. He became Prime Minister, Chief Secretary, and Attorney-General, with the Hon. E. G. Theodore as Treasurer and Minister of Public Works. His much-criticised Ministry, which was "Labor" to a degree, continued till October 16, 1919, when Mr. Ryan resigned his seat in Parliament preparatory to contesting a Federal constituency. He was succeeded as Premier by the Hon. E. G. Theodore.

At the general election in December, 1919, after a strenuous and somewhat bitter campaign against the leadership of Mr. Hughes, Mr. Ryan was returned by a large majority as member for West Sydney in the Federal House of Representatives. Owing to the illness of Mr. F. G. Tudor, nominal head of the Labor Party in the House, Mr. Ryan had for some time past been the virtual leader of the party, and an unsparing critic and opponent of Mr. Hughes.

Mr. Ryan, who was married in 1910, leaves a widow and one son and one daughter.

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AN AMERICAN BISHOP ON IRELAND

[The Right Rev. William Turner, D.D., Bishop of Buffalo, is chairman of the Board of Directors of the *Catholic Union and Times*, Buffalo, N.Y. That paper, in its issue of March 17, comments editorially on the stand taken by the Right Rev. Michael J. Gallagher, Bishop of Detroit, and National President of the Friends of Irish Freedom, with reference to the pronouncements of Cardinal Bourne, Bishops Cohalan, Gilmartin, and other Irish bishops condemning the activities of the Irish Republican Army. It affords us much pleasure to reproduce the editorial in full.—*Old Ireland*.]

"Among the speeches delivered at the banquet of the 'Committee of One Hundred for the Irish Republic' in Chicago on February 22, that by Bishop Gallagher, of Detroit, was by far the most notable and impressive. We wish that this splendid discourse could be brought to the attention of many in this and other lands who have followed with sympathetic interest the Irish struggle for independence, but who have some misgivings as to the moral rectitude of some of the methods employed by the Republican forces in their efforts to achieve it. The pronouncement of the Bishop on this point could not be more explicit and fearless. In face of the recent fatuous edict launched by Cardinal Bourne and of the excommunication fulminated by Bishops Cohalan and Gilmartin, the words of Bishop Gallagher acquire an added importance. We shall let him speak for himself, which he does in the following telling manner:

"The papers here tell us that Cardinal Bourne has come out and put under the ban in his diocese those who are friends of Irish freedom, and also that a few bishops in Ireland have put under excommunication the members of the Irish Republic in Ireland for carrying on a guerilla warfare against the forces of the Crown. Now, I am a Catholic Bishop also, as well as Cardinal Bourne, and Dr. Gilmartin and Dr. Cohalan, and I am President of 'The Friends of Irish Freedom.' Now, I suppose that if I were over there I would be struck by excommunication. But, nevertheless, on the basis of American principles, these churchmen have no right whatever to put the ban on the Republican soldiers in Ireland for endeavouring to drive the invaders from their native land.

"If you go to the very highest English authorities on international law you will find that their definition of sovereignty resides in the people, and that the Government is merely the agency which exercises that sovereignty; but originally the authority to govern rests with the people themselves. Therefore it follows with absolute necessity that only that Government possesses any authority that has received it from the people who are governed. The Government of England has received from the people of England the right to govern England, and therefore it is the legitimate authority there, because originally the authority rests in the people of England. But there is no authority in the people of England to govern the people of Ireland. According to all definitions, according to natural right, that authority rests in the people of Ireland, and in December, 1918, by a vote of 80 per cent. of the people, which was again ratified in the Urban and County elections by a vote of 90 per cent., they handed over that authority to the Dail Eireann, and therefore, according to the principles of international law, that is the only legitimate Government in Ireland. Therefore, when these bishops condemn the action of the Republican Army as sedition, as rebellion, as sinful, they are making a grave mistake.

Government Not Legitimate.

"If the so-called rebels were Englishmen fighting against the British Parliament, if we here in America were fighting against our own legitimate Government, then would we be guilty of sin and rebellion; but in Ireland the Foreign Government, the Alien Government, is not the legitimate Government, and therefore the people have a right to throw it out of Ireland, the same as Washington threw it out of these shores of America. The only basis for excommunication would be that it was rebellion against

lawful, against legitimate Government, but the legitimate Government of Ireland, according to all principles of international law, is that Government that received authority from the people, and that is Dail Eireann.'

"Thus does the fearless Bishop of Detroit elucidate a point which has disturbed many a delicate conscience. Let his authoritative decision in the matter now allay all fears.

"We have but to appeal to the clear evidence of history to sustain the contention that the British Government has no just claim to sovereignty over Ireland. Britain has maintained her usurped authority there by force, and force alone, not by the will of the Irish people, who for more than seven centuries have contended, to the extent of their power, against the invader.

Source of Authority.

"The principle upon which our great republic was founded, a principle clearly enunciated by Suarez and now commonly granted by moralists, is that civil authority in a nation depends upon the will of the people. All authority is indirectly from God, directly from the choice of the people. Applying this principle to Ireland we cannot fail to see that even if the British authority there had been in the beginning a legitimate one it has long since been invalidated by the expressed will of the Irish Nation. The circumstances attending the British rule in Ireland have been so calamitous to the Irish people that, even if it were legitimate, the rebellion against it is fully justified. The primary purposes of all government, the maintenance of good order, and the common good of the people have constantly been defeated there by tyrannous oppression and merciless persecution.

"The several conditions which are required by moralists to justify rebellion against legitimate authority are clearly exemplified in the case of Ireland. Dr. Murray in his *Essays, Chiefly Theological* enumerates them as follows:—

1. The tyranny must be excessive—intolerable.
2. The tyranny must be manifest, manifest to men of good sense and right feeling.
3. The evils inflicted by the tyrant must be greater than those that would ensue from resisting and deposing him.
4. There must be no other available way of getting rid of the tyrant except by recurring to the extreme course.
5. There must be a moral certainty of success.
6. The revolution must be conducted or approved by the community at large . . . the refusal of a small party in the State to join with the overwhelming mass of their countrymen would not render the resistance of the latter unlawful.

"The only one of these conditions about which there can possibly be any doubt in Ireland's case is the fifth. But in the minds of those who are best informed concerning the progress of the struggle in Ireland there is no doubt of its ultimate success. In the minds of the Irish people themselves there is no doubt, for their very determination to succeed precludes all doubt. Hence we contend that even if the British rule in Ireland were based on legitimate grounds the Irish people would be fully justified by the manifold and protracted iniquities of that rule in rebelling against it.

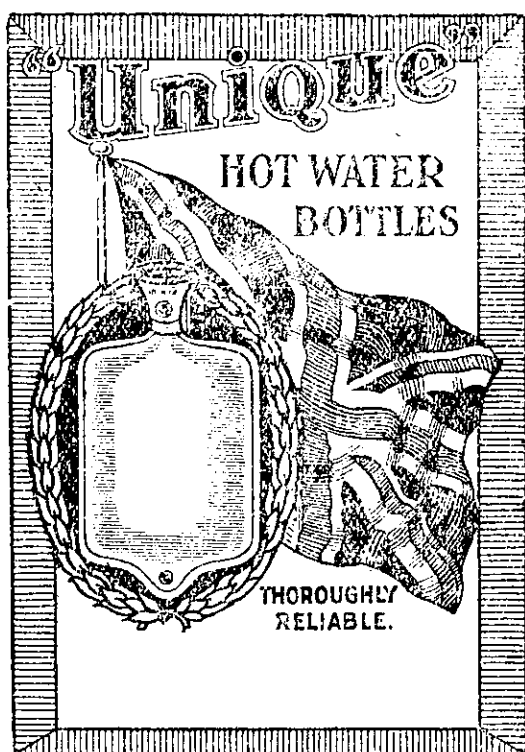
"But the British rule in Ireland is not a legitimate one. It is a usurpation against the will of the Irish people. It was begun in invasion and has been maintained by a tyrannous combination of treachery, bribery, favoritism, and force. The Irish people therefore have the right and perhaps the duty of overthrowing it, and of using every possible and legitimate method of warfare to accomplish this end. 'An insurrection,' says Mackintosh, quoted by Dr. Murray, 'rendered necessary by oppression and warranted by a reasonable probability of a happy termination is an act of public virtue always environed with so much peril as to merit admiration.'

"We heartily agree therefore with Bishop Gallagher's views on the Irish struggle for freedom. The guerilla warfare as pursued by the Irish patriots is in no sense criminal."

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MARRIAGES

McCARTHY—WHELAN.—On July 12, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Auckland, by Rev. Father Buckley, Patrick, third youngest son of Patrick McCarthy, of Westport, to Annie, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Whelan, Kumara.

McCARTHY—STITT.—On June 21, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Auckland, by Rev. Father Murphy, assisted by Rev. Fathers Brennan, Adm., and O'Malley, Dominic, fourth son of the late John McCarthy, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late James Stitt, Auckland.

DEATHS

CRONIN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Matilda Cronin, relict of William Cronin, who died at 61 Ferry Road, Christchurch, on July 2, 1921; aged 79 years.—Sweet Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

McGUIRE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Flora Ella, loved wife of John A. McGuire (M.B.W.S. & S. Department) and beloved mother of Mrs. Les Robertson, of Penhurst, and Kathie, Nellie, and Jack McGuire, who died at "Sunnyside," Edward Street, Concord, Sydney, N.S.W., on June 25, 1921; aged 47 years.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

MAHONEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary, relict of William Mahoney, who died at her residence, 15 London Street, Ponsonby, on July 23, 1921.—R.I.P.

SMITH.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Margaret, relict of John Joseph Smith, who died at her son's residence, 84 Waghorne Street, Port Ahuriri, on May 10, 1921; aged 71 years.—May her soul rest in peace.

WILLIAMS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Lily, beloved daughter of Mrs. C. Williams, who died at Palmerston North on July 25, 1921.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

BARRY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Johanna Barry, who died at New Plymouth on July 27, 1917.—R.I.P.

CLARK.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Robert Alphonsus Clark (Corporal 15th N.Z. Reinforcements), who died of wounds at La Basse Canal, France, on August 4, 1917.—R.I.P.—Inserted by his sisters and brothers.

CONNOLLY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary, dearly beloved wife of Jeremiah Connolly, Rakaia, who died at Lewisham, Christchurch, on August 8, 1920.—Compassionate Heart of Jesus, give her eternal rest. Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for her.—Inserted by her sorrowing husband and family.

KEALY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Kealy, who died at Masterton on July 15, 1917.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

MORLAND.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Thomas Morland, who departed this life at his home in Sumner, on August 6, 1920.—May Jesus have mercy on his soul.

O'GRADY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Francis Jackson O'Grady, Oamaru, who died at Christchurch on August 2, 1918.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

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WANTED.—Thoroughly efficient **PLOUGHMAN**; must be practical farmer, with knowledge of sheep. Apply (with references, experience, etc., wages required), in first instance—

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COSTUMES A SPECIALITY

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—British Fair Play in Ulster, p. 25. Notes—"Give a Dog a Bad Name"; "Silence is Golden"; Old Remedies; Repetition, pp. 26-27. Topics—Anonymous Letters; The Ulster Elections; Dr. Mannix; General Crozier's Revelations, pp. 14-15. Cardinal Gibbons, p. 9. The Lige Case, p. 17. The Pope and Ireland, p. 30. An American Bishop on Ireland, p. 23.

MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET.
Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiae causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.

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, AUGUST 4, 1921.

BRITISH FAIR PLAY IN ULSTER



UHEN it was decreed that the pro-German gun-runners who threatened to kick into the Boyne the Crown of England were to get a Parliament of their own in reward for their treason, we were told that Lord Limavaddy, alias Massey the Orangeman, sent a wire of congratulation to the traitor Craig. Later, when the Parliament, as the six-county council is called, was formed, the King, guarded by armed men and protected by the British fleet, made a dash to its opening and said the sort of things a King is usually told to say on such occasions. Our day-lies told us many nice things about all this, as they did about the big Orangeman's wire to Craig, but our day-lies did not tell us the story of the elections that preceded that visit of the King, just as they do not tell us anything that discredits the corrupt and detestable system for which they stand. The story is however worth telling, if only for the additional light it throws on the characters of the New Zealand pressmen who are hired to defend the paymasters of the Hooligans whose noble deeds we are going to commemorate.

Even in the six counties that are called Ulster by our day-lie men there is a minority of thirty-three per cent. of Nationalists and Sinn Feiners. That the Orange majority was afraid of this minority is clear from the fact that the remote preparation for the election was an organised drive against the Catholics. While police and soldiers stood by, the followers of Mr. Massey's friends, Craig and Carson, burned down convents, wrecked the homes of the people, and looted the presbyteries in the Catholic districts. They killed many; they maimed and beat many more; they drove defenceless women and children into the mountains and valleys where, among the beasts of the fields, they found more compassion than among the Orange savages. Having thus made North-East Ulster safe for savagery the elections were duly staged. It was thought, no doubt, that after such an exhibition of bloody and inhuman brutality no Catholic would attempt to come forward and vote against an Orangeman. But the Catholics did come and once more the savage fury of Mr. Massey's friends found victims. Of course the victims were

in a hopeless minority, and of course the Orange special constables, armed by the Lloyd George Government, were against them, which was quite as it ought to be from the Orangeman's point of view; for, as we know, taking the lives of other people for the sake of religion is his idea of what martyrdom means. The Ulster Parliament was ushered in by letting mob-law loose in Belfast. Catholic voters were wounded and beaten all over the city. Polling places were dominated by Orange ruffians. Ambulances were busy all day carrying away the bodies of Catholics who went to vote under British rule for the candidate they wanted. In the hospitals the doctors and nurses had their hands full attending to the serious cases that kept pouring in from all parts of the city. Stones, knives, revolvers were used by the brave men of Carson's army against the Catholic minority that the Union Jack was unable to defend from Mr. Massey's friends. The elections for that Parliament, concerning which Orange William of Limavaddy wired his congratulations to Craig, were marked in red by dastardly and brutal scenes such as never took place in the history of British elections in any preceding age. There was open murder in many cases. Even old women were not spared by those brutes who are bravest when their opponents are women and children. Catholic voters were attacked and beaten by furious mobs. Motors carrying Catholics to the polls were overturned and their drivers fired on. Neither age nor sex was respected by the ruffians. The City Commissioner (Mr. Gelston) was asked for military protection for the voters and replied that the military would take no part in connection with this election. It is true that the police tried to keep order, but they were hopelessly outnumbered, and among the attackers were many of Carson's special constables, armed with their German guns. That is the way in which Mr. Massey's friend Craig got his Parliament. Such was the origin of the so-called Ulster Parliament which neither Massey nor Lloyd George would go over to open but to which they sent the King, with the British fleet to protect him on sea and the British army to surround him in his rush through Belfast. Were they so keenly conscious of their guilt that they preferred to remain away?

*

Now this thing is not a Parliament at all. It is a packed council of Orangemen. It pretends to be an Ulster Government, but half the area of Ulster repudiates it with scorn, and it does not attempt to claim power to legislate for several Ulster counties. Fermanagh and Tyrone have mocked at it; only half Armagh supports it; Derry City is opposed to it; even Antrim and Down have returned members in opposition to it, notwithstanding the pogrom organised there in its behalf. It has begun in crime, and in that crime the Government of England participated. The Orangeman, Massey, made himself accessory to it also; and a terrible insult was put on the King by sending him over to give his blessing to the men elected by such means as we have mentioned. As might be expected it has the support of our New Zealand day-lie men; and that in itself is in the eyes of thoughtful people sufficient condemnation. One thing is certain, whatever may come of the conference between Sinn Fein and the English Government, the Ulster Parliament is doomed. It is bankrupt from the start and even the protection of Lloyd George and the approbation of Lord Limavaddy will not save it from starvation. It has, however, a certain historical value, inasmuch as that it marks in blood another step in the Empire's road to ruin.

By notification in this week's issue of the *Tablet* it will be seen that a spiritual retreat for ladies will begin at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Timaru, on Saturday afternoon, September 3, and conclude on Wednesday morning, September 7. The retreat will be directed by Rev. Father Hannigan, C.S.S.R.

To digest knowledge, one must have swallowed it with an appetite.—A. France.

NOTES

Give a Dog a Bad Name

A correspondent wants to know the origin of the proverb, Give a dog a bad name and hang him. Some reader may be able to oblige in the matter. It was a character in one of the Waverley Novels that said with much truth that as a rule a dog that got a bad name went and did something that deserved hanging. That observation ought to be written on the tablets of the mind of every man and woman in power over others. No teacher who has an ounce of sympathy or discernment can ignore the fact that many a boy or girl is positively driven to mischief by getting a bad name and by being treated as an outlaw. Superiors of all sorts ought to ponder on it. Only at the Day of Judgment will the harm and ruin wrought by the systematic persecution and oppression of the dog with the bad name be realised. It is the same story with regard to suspicion and want of trust and candidness. In colleges there are, from time to time, superiors who are always spying on the pupils, always suspecting them, always taking the worst view of everything that lends itself at all to a bad view. The consequence is deplorable for honour and manliness. The spying and the suspicion breed sneaks and tale-bearers and cunning and deceit.

Silence Is Golden

Speech is silver, silence is golden is another wise proverb—even though it be German. If any man offend not with his tongue the same is a perfect man: no truer word was ever said than that. And, of course by "man" in the context, woman is also meant. To keep silent at the times that one ought to be silent is a great achievement; to speak when one ought to speak is only less great. To speak when speech is hurtful is bad; but to be silent when honor and honesty demand frank speaking is worse. And anyone can see that in the right discernment of the *tempora tacendi et loquendi* there is opportunity for the practice of great virtue. What does puzzle one is the fact that very often the most sanctimonious persons are the greatest scandal-mongers. When one knows that half the tittle-tattle and gossip and back-biting in a parish has its beginning in a coterie of devout church-goers who would deem it as natural that they should miss week-day devotions as that they should omit to discuss their neighbors on the way home from church, one cannot help having certain doubts as to the depth and solidity of these paragons of virtue. In fact one thinks of that respectable Jewish gentleman who prayed loudly and proudly with one eye on the poor sinful publican at the door. In Devereux's old catechism there was a fine robust answer that ought to be incorporated in every catechism in the world. It was this:

"Tale-bearers and scandal-gatherers live in a damnable state and should be shunned as if afflicted with the plague."

Strong language, indeed, but very wholesome and very true. When reading the *Divina Comedia* one frequently feels sorry for the poor wretches whom Dante has consigned to the circles of the *Inferno*. The poor schoolmaster whose mind is on the little streams that run down the green hills beside the Arno moves us to pity; Paolo and Francesca, swept by the infernal tempests, touch the tears of things—*lacrymae rerum*—with their sad *Nessun maggior dolore che ricordarsi del tempo felice nella miseria*; but the knowledge that in the lowest and darkest and most dreadful circles of hell are located the scandal-mongers, and the liars, and the deceitful friends is as sweet to the healthy-minded reader as revenge to a Corsican bandit.

Repetition

"Repeat yourself. Repetition is a powerful figure of rhetoric. They daily partake of the same dishes, go to see the same pieces, and listen to the same tunes." Thus a writer in the *Figaro* on the public taste. How

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far he is right we will not venture to say, for we are able to speak for only one of the public and that one does not like repetition by any means. But, when we ponder on the relations between supply and demand it dawns on us that there may be people who differ from us; for surely many of the writers who repeat themselves to weariness, and many of the preachers whose secondly winds back upon their firstly, and whose thirdly, fourthly, and fifthly are as like the firstly as taps of a hammer on the same nail are like one another have reason to believe that there are some whom they are not wearying. Whatever the fact may be, we have no manner of doubt ourselves that the bane of much writing of our time is endless repetition and padding, and we speak ex cathedra as to our conviction that we have not heard in all our life a round dozen of sermons that could not have been preached with better effect in one third of the time their delivery took. Once we saw in an Irish paper a humorous suggestion that offenders ought to be condemned to hear a certain long-winded parish priest preach once, twice, or thrice, according to the enormity of their offence: much as if we suggested that there ought to be a Dantean circle in the Inferno where the united society of New Zealand day-liars ought to be compelled to listen for eternity to the editor of the *Otago Daily Times* reading selections from his thousand and one leading articles on Ireland.

Old Remedies and Nostrums

People no longer take cowslip wine for sleeplessness, add saffron to their tea as a remedy against low spirits, and put goose-grass in their porridge in spring as a preventive of scurvy. We do not hear of conserve of marigold for "passion of the heart," or of trefoil, primrose leaves, and pounded yarrow for toothache. Snails, now merely a table delicacy for those who know, once were recognised as a cure for consumption, while a spider enclosed in a goose-quill and hung round the neck was infallible for the ague. The following passage from Herbert's *Country Parson* is like a picture of ye ancient days of the simple life:

"In the knowledge of simples, wherein the manifold wisdom of God is plainly seen, one thing would be carefully observed; which is to know that herbs may be used instead of drugs of the same nature, and to make the garden the shop: for home-bred medicines are both more easy for the parson's purse and more familiar for men's bodies. So, where the apothecary useth for loosening Rhubarb, or for binding Bolearmena, the parson useth damask or white roses for the one, and plantaine, shepherd's purse, knot-grass for the other, and that with better successe. As for spices, he doth not only prefer home-bred things before them, but condemns them for vanities, and so shuts them out of his family, esteeming there is no spice comparable, for herbs, to rosemary, thyme, savoury, mints; and for seeds, to fennell and carroway seeds. Accordingly, for salves, his wife seeks not the city, but prefers her garden and finds before all outlandish gums. And surely hyssope, and mercury, adders, tongue, yarrow, melilot, and Saint John's wort made into a salve; and elder, camomill, nallowes, comphrey and smallage made into a poultic have done great and rare cures."

Considering how common was the idea among our ancestors that home-made medicines were the best it is a wonder that the human race is not extinct. Once we were given a home-made medicine and told to take it before going to bed. We did, and nearly burst. Later it was explained to us that a spoonful, not a tumblerful should have been taken. The explanation was too late; but the lesson was timely for many a subsequent attempt to practise homicide on us.

GREY LYNN CONVENT REBUILDING FUND

Ed. Wagner, £5; M. F. S., Auckland, £5; A. P. Sharkey, 10s; "Taranaki Priest," £1.

SELF-DETERMINATION FUND

H. F. M. A., £1; John J. Carroll, £2 2s.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The Otago Diocesan Council of the Catholic Federation will hold its annual meeting on Thursday, August 11, in Dunedin.

In the report last week of the entertainment given by the pupils of St. Dominic's College in honor of his Lordship the Bishop, the name of Miss Craighead, who sang "Harbor Night Song," was by inadvertence omitted.

His Lordship the Bishop left yesterday (Wednesday) for Oamaru on an episcopal visitation of that parish. His Lordship will administer the Sacrament of Confirmation at Windsor Park on the 6th inst., at Oamaru on Sunday next (7th inst.), and at Kurow on the 8th. He will also bless and open the new church at Richmond on Sunday next.

The president (Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm.) presided at a meeting of St. Joseph's Cathedral Parish Committee of the Catholic Federation after devotions on last Sunday evening. Among those present were Messrs. Byrne and Gallien, representing the North-east Valley section of the Federation. It was decided to have members of the committee in attendance at the Cathedral on next Sunday, when, besides distributing envelopes as one of the means adopted to expedite enrolment, names and contributions will be received for renewal of membership in the Federation. The committee is to meet again on next Sunday evening to report progress and generally to discuss matters in the interests of the Federation.

The "500" and euchre card tournament, held in St. Joseph's Hall last week under the auspices of St. Joseph's Ladies' Club, and in aid of the funds of the St. Vincent de Paul Orphanage, South Dunedin, proved most successful. There was a crowded attendance and the entertainment provided was much enjoyed. The tournament attracted a large number of participants and created keen interest. Appreciation is expressed of the valued assistance given by Mrs. Sandys, Misses Duff, Finnerty, Campbell, and Rae in the rendering of the musical and elocutionary programme presented. His Lordship Bishop Whyte honored the gathering with his presence for a while and presented the prizes won in the tournament: his Lordship's kindly interest in the proceedings being very pleasing to the promoters and patrons alike.

Another of the series of socials in aid of the fund for providing a piano for the Sacred Heart School, North-east Valley, will be held on next Monday evening in the school-room.

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHEDRAL, DUNEDIN.

The impressive ceremony of ordination took place at the 9 o'clock Mass at St. Joseph's Cathedral on last Sunday, in the presence of a crowded congregation. His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, Bishop of the diocese, was ordaining prelate, and was assisted by the Rev. Father Morkane (Rector) and Rev. Father Andersen, of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, the *ordinandi* being students of that college. A large number of Mosgiel residents (the home town of the young candidate to the priesthood) were present at the ceremony. Rev. Hugh John O'Neill (Dunedin) was ordained to the priesthood; Rev. James Fenton (Dunedin), Rev. John Butler (Wellington), and Rev. Peter O'Meeghan (Christchurch) were raised to the diaconate, and Rev. Joseph Martin (Dunedin) to the sub-diaconate. During the ceremony the "Veni Creator" was sung by the Dominican Nuns' choir. In the evening Rev. Father O'Neill officiated at Vespers and at Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, being attended in the latter ceremony by Rev. James Fenton and Rev. Joseph Martin as deacon and subdeacon respectively. Rev. Father Morkane gave a particularly fine discourse at Vespers on "The Power and Dignity of the Sacred Priesthood," when there was again a very large congregation.

Rev. Father Hugh O'Neill celebrated his first Mass in the chapel of the Sisters of Mercy, South Dunedin, assisted by Rev. Father Andersen.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE, MOSGIEL.

The professors and students of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, tendered an official welcome to his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, Bishop of the diocese, on last Monday evening in the college library. Very Rev. Father

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DUNEDIN

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Coffey, Adm., accompanied his Lordship. The Rector (Rev. Father Morkane) extended a cordial welcome to the Bishop, and an address was read by Rev. J. Fenton. His Lordship the Bishop, in replying, said it gave him keen pleasure, greater perhaps than the students realised, to be among them. He had always taken a deep interest in educational matters, and had already learned with pride of the success of the students of Holy Cross in the University examinations. His Lordship referred in grateful terms to his revered predecessor, the late Bishop Verdon, who had done so much to bring Holy Cross to its present high standard. He further expressed his sincere appreciation of the sterling work of Bishop Liston as Rector of the college, to whom not only the Dunedin diocese but all New Zealand owed a very great debt. Right through New Zealand Mosgiel students were found doing splendid work. Dr. Whyte, while exhorting the students to aim at the highest ideal of learning, pointed out that sanctity was the real foundation of the priest's life and work. In conclusion his Lordship promised to visit the college frequently and to take a deep, practical interest in all that tended to its welfare. A pleasing musical and elocutionary programme was rendered by the students.

SPIRITUAL RETREATS

ST. BEDE'S COLLEGE, CHRISTCHURCH.

Hitherto the privilege of a Retreat in places like Teschemakers and the Sacred Heart Convent was reserved to the ladies. This year the men will have no reason to complain. In another column of the *Tablet* will be found an advertisement announcing that there will be a Retreat for Men conducted in St. Bede's College this year. Note that it is only a month away, as it begins on September 2. The men need a Retreat every bit as much as the women—or at any rate nearly as much. And they are sure to avail of this splendid opportunity and to show their appreciation of the privilege afforded them by making the first Retreat for Men a great success.

DOMINICAN CONVENT, TESCHEMAKERS.

The Retreat for the boarders, conducted by Father Campbell, C.S.S.R., closed last week. It was gratifying to find that the Catholic laity in the neighborhood came in large numbers to attend the evening devotions, many coming in time for the eloquent and edifying discourses delivered by the preacher. In this way the fruits of the Retreat were brought far and wide beyond the walls of the Convent.

In December a Retreat for Catholic ladies will be conducted in Teschemakers. Those who had the privilege of spending a few days in prayer and meditation here in past years will welcome the announcement, and be eager to come again. When the boarders are absent during holiday time there is accommodation for a large number of visitors. In December the weather is always pleasant and the beautiful grounds look their best under the smiles of early summer. A Retreat is a great boon for the laity, and the number of people who avail themselves of the privilege is yearly increasing. Apart from the rather material consideration of a few days of perfect peace and rest in a lovely environment, the spiritual advantages offered are immeasurable. Lay people ought not to think that sanctification is a matter that concerns only priests and nuns. We are all called upon to imitate Christ, and unless we do so we shall not save our souls. In the busy world one is too prone to forget what is due to religion, and there is no one who cannot be improved by going apart for a while in order to examine calmly and honestly how he or she stands with God. The lukewarm need it in order to give them fervor; the good need it in order to give them the spirit of perseverance; and all are strengthened and comforted by meditations that throw a flood of light on the value of the soul, on the folly of worldliness, on the beauty of virtue, and on the profundity of God's love for men. The date of the opening of the Retreat will be announced later, in due time to allow intending visitors to make their arrangements.

IRISH RELIEF FUND

J. Duggan, £1; Mrs. O'Brien, Bealey Avenue, £1; Father McMullan, £10 10s; S. M. R., 10s; S.H. Convent, Timaru, £5; "Reproached," £5 5s; "A Friend," Mangere, £1; Edmond Wagner, £10; J. Murphy, Franklin, £2; Miss M. Lyons, £1; Patrick Macnamara, £1; M. O'Connell, £2 2s; "Working Woman," 10s; "A Friend," 10s; A. B. O'Brien, Christchurch, £5; B. Lawlor, £2; Alice Mulkere, £3; Frank Kennon, £1; Jas. McLaughlin, £1; S.M. Teresa, Greymouth, £5; James Padden, 5s; "Client of St. Antony," 10s; John J. Carroll, £1 1s; Mrs. Lynch, Masterton, £1 1s; J. Roughan, £3 3s; A. P. Sharkey, £1; S. M. A., Lyttelton, £5; John Fennell, £2; Thos. Lynn, £5; Miss Lynn, £1; Miss Griffen, £1; Mrs. L. A. Nolan, £1 1s; S. Quaid, 10s; Miss Bell, £1; W. Murphy, 10s; Dunedin Irish Literary Society, £10 10s; "Friend," 5s; F. Fouby, Wellington, £1; A. Forsyth, £1; "Irish Maori," 10s; H. Wolfram, Pukehou, £1; "Taranaki Priest," £5; Margaret McGuire, £2 2s; Father Broughton, £2 2s; Nora Boyce, 5s; "Old Man from the North," £1; T. Hogan, £1; T. J. Healy, Mossburn, £1; Ellen Sloan, Sydenham, £1; A. A. C., Thames, £5; Mary Cooper, £1; Miss Ritchie, 10s; Felix Murney, Waikouaiti, £1 "A Friend," £1; "Lest we Forget," £5; A. Baxendale, £1. The following from Gore parish:—Rev. Father O'Donnell, £5; H. Windle, 10s; Mrs. Taylor, 5s; Miss Fraser, 5s; Miss A. Mullan, 2s 6d; Mrs. Windle, 5s; Mrs. Martin, 5s; Mr. J. Duggan, 10s; Mr. T. Carmody, 2s 6d; Mr. Jno. Hurley, £1; Mr. D. Dunn, £1; Mrs. Busbridge, 5s; Mr. C. Kane, £1; Mr. P. Mallon, 2s; Mr. J. Mallon, 2s 6d; Mr. M. Hanley, £1; Mr. M. Hoffman, 10s; Mrs. Flanagan, 10s; Mr. P. Monaghan, 10s; Mr. J. Foster, £1; Miss Ross, £1; Mr. Jos. Shultz, 5s; Mr. F. Robins, 10s; Miss Martin, 5s; Mrs. Flanagan, Eccles St., 5s; Mrs. Gillingham, 10s; Mr. E. Columb, 5s; Mr. M. Fitzgerald, 10s; Mr. Poppelwell, 5s; Mr. J. Lamb, 5s; Mr. Nolan, 5s; Mr. J. Kelly, jun., 5s; Mr. Jos. Howard, 10s; Mr. Peter Kelly, 5s; Mr. Quirk, £1; Mr. B. Kelly, 4s; Mr. M. Lawlor, 3s; Mr. J. Columb, £1; Mr. Mick Hanley, 5s; Mr. Owen Kelly, £1; Mr. Maurice O'Neill, 10s; Mr. D. Marks, 5s; Mrs. Francis, 2s 6d; Mrs. Hutton, 10s; Miss Hanley, 10s; Mrs. F. Robins, 10s; Miss Kubala, 5s; Mrs. Monaghan, £1; Mrs. Fraser, 5s; Mr. Pat Kelly, 2s 6d; Mrs. P. Ford, 5s; Mr. J. Hanley, £1; Mr. J. Kerr, 10s; Mrs. J. H. Smith, £1; Mr. J. Brennan, 10s; Miss Windle, £1; Miss Agnes Bowes, 10s; Mrs. Leahy, £1.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

BELFAST CATHOLIC RELIEF FUND.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The *Tablet* comments re the apathy of the comfortable people of this country towards the martyrs of Belfast have stirred us to action here, and I hope they will have a similar effect in other districts. I enclose you a cheque for £37 3s 6d for the above most deserving object, as per attached list.—I am, etc.,

—T. J. CAHILL.

Patea.—Rev. Father Cahill, £5; £1 each: Mrs. Deane, Mrs. Beck, Messrs. J. A. McKenna, P. Brady, J. Clarke, J. Boyle; 10s each: Mrs. M. O'Sullivan, J. Egan, J. Dwyer, G. Williams, J. Connolly, J. H. Cronin; 5s each: Miss Adams, Mrs. H. Cronin, Mrs. Boyle, Mrs. Cornwall, Mr. McGee, J. Sheahan, D. Hurley, Mr. Parsons; 4s 6d: Mr. D. Palmer; 2s 6d each: Miss Lavery, Mr. Howard—£16 9s 6d. Waverley.—£5: Mrs. Gawne; Waverley Convent school children: £1 12s; £1 each: Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. O'Reilly, Messrs. F. Oliver, J. Bourke, Jas. Kennedy, J. Lynskey; 10s each: Mrs. Christensen, Miss Kennedy, Mrs. Fitzgibbons, Messrs. L. Bradley, W. Oldfield, J. Smith; 5s each: Mrs. Lynskey, Mrs. Parkinson, Miss Price, Messrs. R. Oliver, J. Leo, A. Christensen, J. O'Reilly, J. McGowan, F. Kriger, P. Duffy, D. O'Connor; 4s: D. Carroll; 3s 6d: J. Murphy; 3s: "A Friend"; 2s 6d each: Mrs. Cleary, Miss Cleary, Mrs. Gray, Miss Palmer, Mr. J. Larmer; 2s: "A Friend."—£20 14s.

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AN APPEAL FROM THE BACKBLOCKS

At Tuatapere—a bush township in Southland—Mass is celebrated in the most westerly part of New Zealand. The few scattered Catholics are making a bold endeavor to raise funds for a much-needed church but realise their difficulties without assistance from outside. They therefore appeal to the generously disposed readers of the *Tablet* to help them in their enterprise.

Subscriptions may be sent to the undersigned—Presbytery, Riverton—and will be acknowledged in the *Tablet*.
(Rev.) D. P. BUCKLEY.

[A CARD]

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THE POPE AND IRISH PEACE

"In ancient Greece a slave who was ill-treated had the right to be sold to another master, but the subject nation has no world tribunal to appeal to, nothing but the Master of Life, that indefinable something we surmise in the government of the Cosmos. So here in Ireland people endure grimly, without hope of any other nation's intervention, waiting for world circumstance to enable them to escape from their conquerors, or for the mills of God to come at last in their grinding to the British Empire as they came to the Roman Empire, the Chaldean and other empires whose sins and magnificence have sunk far behind time.

"I am trying to interpret the mood of my countrymen rather than to express my own feelings. For myself I do not care whether I am governed from Moscow or Peking if my countrymen are happy. I am by profession an artist and man of letters, and I find the consolations of life in things with which Governments cannot interfere, in the light and beauty the Earth puts forth for her children. The words 'republic' or 'empire' are opaque words to me. I cannot see through them any beauty or majesty to which they inevitably lead. But I do believe in freedom. If the universe has any meaning at all, it exists for the purposes of soul, and men or nations denied essential freedom cannot fulfil their destiny, or illuminate earth with light or wisdom from that divinity without them, or mould external circumstance into the image of the Heaven they conceive in their hearts."—*The Inner and the Outer Ireland.* By A. E. (Talbot Press, Dublin, 2d.)

It is said by a new school of psychologists that men and women forget what they want to forget and learn what they want to learn (says the *Nation* and the *Athenaeum*). Month after month a few public men have been trying to make the British people realise the terrible truth about Ireland. Those who knew something of the truth imagined that they had only to communicate their knowledge to make the nation repudiate the policy and conduct which led to such disgrace and such disaster. Gradually they found out that the ignorance they were trying to dissipate was a semi-wilful ignorance, and that men and women closed their eyes and their ears, because they preferred to be accessories to injustice rather than to face a painful truth. They were incapable of the moral resolution that was needed to arrest this fatal and dishonoring policy or they despaired of changing it, and they chose rather to leave their reputation and their fate to the most inexorable of masters, the event.

A shock has come this week to this cowardly apathy in revelations from a quarter that cannot be disregarded. General Crozier was the man chosen by Ministers to command their special force of Auxiliary Police. They could hardly have been guilty of the unspeakable cynicism of appointing a man they considered untrustworthy for such a task, and therefore their accuser is a man who had earned their confidence. This officer brings against the administration charges that put into the shade those on which war criminals are being tried at this moment in Leipzig. He charges officers in high position with complicity in murder; with conspiracy to prevent just trials; with having screened men guilty of heinous offences; and he declares that the reports and complaints of responsible officers have been suppressed by Dublin Castle. The terrible rumors that began in whispers in Ireland but have lately been passing round the benches of the House of Commons, receive confirmation from this high authority. To substantiate such accusations will be no easy matter. But no Government in the world can refuse an inquiry into such charges unless it is prepared to take its place publicly and confessedly by the side of the system that Abdul Hamid controlled from Constantinople twenty years ago.

We have said that the horrors of our terrorist system in Ireland have made comparatively little impression on public opinion in this country. Roughly speaking, the nation had to choose between two courses, each involving a sacrifice. We had either to make some sacrifice of the kind of prestige that is vulgarly associated with power, or it might be some sacrifice of our interests as we regarded them, or to make some sacrifice of the honorable traditions

of our history. Few people faced the truth about the second sacrifice. They said to themselves, "We cannot make the first sacrifice, and we hope the second sacrifice will not be very serious in extent or character; that we shall not have to depart very far from our professedly Liberal principles." What has happened has been that having yielded to this temptation, Ministers have gone on from one sacrifice to another until they have thrown overboard not merely Liberal policy, but Christian principles. Our rule in Ireland depends at this moment on the repudiation of every Christian doctrine, for it asserts and maintains that the life of an Irishman is of less moment than the life of an Englishman; that justice is in the old phrase the right of the stronger; and that there is no cruelty or wrong that we may not justly inflict if we think that thereby we strengthen our hold on Ireland. Once you adopt this train of reasoning, there is no longer any question whether or not your rule will be marked by crime and injustice: the only question that arises is the question of the degree and kind of the injustice that you inflict.

The nature and extent of this abandonment of all civilised practice, if they have not moved politicians, have made a serious impression on the chief leaders of religious thought. The Church of England has been, as a rule, in the past a conservative institution in the narrowest sense of the word. Many of its leaders have shown themselves in this crisis a conservative institution in the best sense of the word. They have refused to accept the doctrine that frightfulness is a reputable method of government when it is in the right hands, and that the Christian spirit has no place in the life of a nation. This week there has been a still more powerful religious intervention in the Irish case. The Pope's letter, carrying a subscription to the White Cross of 200,000 lire, proceeds from a statement of the devastation of Ireland and its cause to a definite peace proposal. Statement, analysis of cause, and peace proposal are alike significant. Equally to be noted is the occasion of its publication. Never before was the Vatican so abundantly furnished with the facts of the Irish situation from the most divergent sources. One is aware of the attempts, prolonged over three Papacies by official, semi-official, and private personages and missions to induce the Vatican to look with new hostility on the Irish movement. We have, in this letter, its net result. The Holy See does not depart from the neutral attitude. But this is not the cold neutrality of a spectator. The Pope does not stigmatise this conflict of two nations as the work of a murder-gang or the outburst of a faction against authority. He sees an equality of strife between Irish and English, and, deploring and tracing its evils, attributes "the indignity of devastation and slaughter to which Ireland is subjected" in great part to the recent war, "for neither has sufficient consideration been given to the desires of nations, nor have the fruits of peace which people promised to themselves been reaped." Broken promises and the frustration of legitimate desires are the sources of this bitter struggle, wherein "property and homes are being ruthlessly and disgracefully laid waste, and villages and farmsteads being set aflame." In these words something like a world-judgement has been delivered.

It is followed by a peace proposal. The Pope recommends a recent suggestion "of distinguished men and skilled politicians" to refer the question at issue to "some body of men selected by the whole Irish nation" whose findings would be reviewed by "influential men of both parties." The suggestion is in harmony with the recent proposal of a Constituent Assembly to follow the results of the present elections. It is certain that Sinn Féin must give its most serious consideration to this proposal. It is therefore possible, if there is any real desire on the part of Mr. Lloyd George's Government to secure peace, that a favorable hour has struck. What is the machinery available? There are 128 members from Southern Ireland and 52 from the North to constitute the "body of men selected by the whole Irish nation." It may be said at once that this is not the exact body the country would select in ordinary circumstances to form a Constituent Assembly. It is too exclusively a body elected by a country in a state of war to carry through that war towards fixed ends. Minorities, not in their totality negligible, sub-

ordinated their views by deliberate choice or by the pressure of the situation to a necessity created by the contending issues. A Constituent Assembly elected in more peaceful circumstances would contain more varied elements, and would be better equipped to adjust differences. Such an Assembly would be more acceptable to the majority opinion of the Six Counties than the present Dail Eireann, notwithstanding the fact that in a recent interview (May 23) Mr. de Valera stated that Sinn Fein is willing to give local autonomy to Ulster and to invest the Six Counties with "far more substantial powers" than those devolved by the Partition Act. North-East Ulster may be glad of the support of other minorities. To meet objections of this character and in the interests of peace we suggest:—

(1) That the members elected in the two areas, including those in gaol, should be invited by their leaders to meet.

(2) That they should determine preliminary guarantees to be given to England concerning strategic and military security which Ireland, according to Mr. de Valera, is willing "to consider in the broadest spirit."

(3) That they should receive from Westminster equivalent guarantees that the determination of a substantial majority of a Constituent Assembly would be operative.

(4) Whereupon they should resign their seats and hold new elections for an Assembly invested with full constituent powers.

Fortified by such guarantees, inspired by the hope and duty of constructive work, conducted in peaceful circumstances under P.R., there is no doubt that every substantial minority in Ireland would be represented in the Assembly, and that a practical solution might be hoped for. Concessions impossible to Westminster are possible to an Irish Assembly. But to make them possible none of the limitations must be imposed which made the Irish Convention a transparent illusion. Many schemes will present themselves: an Irish Republic, a twenty-six-county Republic, an Ireland connected with England only by the link of the Crown with certain strategic guarantees, a less definite Dominion status, an amplified local autonomy. None should be barred from discussion. The hope of a common solution lies in necessity and the will towards union. A long and bitter struggle is the alternative to an early peaceful settlement. Its issue is doubtful—conceivably a still unsolved problem: certainly the destruction of trade between the two countries, an Ireland impoverished and unchanged in spirit, and an England impoverished and degraded in the world's judgment.

IRISH NEWS

EVIDENCE OF BRITISH MISRULE: PROTESTANT CONDEMNATION.

Three testimonies—all appearing by a coincidence on one day—are all evidence given by English people, people of high character and trained intelligence, who have all visited Ireland to see its condition for themselves (writes "Historicus" in the *Methodist Times*, London). They represent all English parties—Dr. Cripps is a Conservative, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence belongs to the Labor Party, and the other three are Liberals. The darkness and the horror of the picture they paint is not surpassed by anything that the Germans did in Belgium, or that Abdul the Damned did in Armenia. The responsibility for it rests on the English people; on everyone—for such is democracy—who supported the present Government or supports it now. On every member of every majority which votes for a Government candidate, each takes his or her share, and will answer for it in due time. And England will answer as Germany has answered, and as Turkey has answered, so surely as there is a God in Heaven!

"The mills of God grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding small."

When I look back seven years I feel how utterly foolish anyone would have looked who would have said: "Seven years from now the German and the Austrian and the Turkish and the Russian Empires will all be overthrown." The thing was impossible; but it has happened. England

was one of the instruments in the hands of Providence for working out His will. But her share in the victory has ruined her. She is blinded with the lust of power, and is making straight for damnation, exactly as Germany did after her victory over France in 1871.

"A BRAID OF HAIR: THE SENTENCE ON KEVIN BARRY'S BROTHER.

Mr. M. F. Healy, writing to the *Westminster Gazette* in reference to the case of Michael Barry, brother of the late Kevin Barry, recently arrested, says:—

"This boy has, after a trial conducted without any notice to his family or friends, been sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment upon charges which deserve some further investigation. The charges against Michael were:—

"(1) Being in possession of arms (not in a martial law area); (2) being in possession of uniform; (3) cutting off a girl's hair.

"As the first two charges referred to (1) two cartridges, (2) two little Celtic caps that Michael and Kevin used to wear when they were ten and eight years old. It is to be hoped that the real animus lay behind the third. As to this, it is true that there had been a hair-cutting outrage some 15 miles away, but the only incriminating evidence against Michael Barry was a braid of girl's hair found in his house.

"But what was the true explanation of this braid? Many years ago Michael Barry's aunt entered a community of nuns, to whose charitable and skilful nursing the sick of all parts of Ireland owe an unlimited gratitude. As is known to everybody except military courts, when a lady takes the vows admitting her to such an Order, she sacrifices, amongst other things, her hair, which is cut off, and in many cases is kept by her family as one of the few mementoes left to them of a relative who is as if dead to the world.

"It happens that one of my own relatives is at present under the care of this very lady, and it is thus the facts have come to my knowledge. Of course this good nun cannot testify to anything except the one incident—that here is an innocent explanation of the braid of hair."

The relatives of Michael Barry (aged 20) have learned that he is at present at Beresford Barrack, Curragh Camp, and that he has been sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment.

SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD'S DOUBT.

To counterbalance the unanimous vote of "Southern" Ireland for Sinn Fein, the Unionists of the six counties are now able to claim a substantial victory in the North (says the *Manchester Guardian*). The result of the elections there shows 40 members out of 52 who are prepared to work the Partition Act, though the conditions under which polling took place go far to discount the value of the returns. Intimidation and personation appear to have been rampant on both sides, and when polling districts can be found in which as many as 95, and in one case 99.5 per cent. of the electors "voted," on a nine months' old register, the number of dead men whose voices were thrown into the balance can be realised. In all the bigger centres, and particularly the Orange quarters of Belfast, the Unionists had naturally the best of an election so conducted, but the effect is no more than to increase by two or three the membership of the Oppositionless Parliament which Sir James Craig will lead. The further meeting between Sir James and Mr. de Valera, which it was taken for granted would follow the elections, is now looked for as the most hopeful next step. Meanwhile the Government replies to the increasing violence of Sinn Fein in the South by closing a number of creameries—an extension of the doctrine of vicarious punishment which it is sought to justify on the ground that the farmers who use them have failed to fill up the trenches dug by the I.R.A.—and to the efforts of the "moderates," by forbidding the sale of the *Freeman's Journal* in eight southern counties. More troops, too, are to be sent over, to ensure Ireland's further enjoyment of what Sir Hamar Greenwood describes as "the happy heritage of the present Act." But it is significant that in a heated Irish debate in the House he has at last admitted that "it is open to question whether reprisals are successful or not." May that doubt spread.

OUR SPORTS SUMMARY

DUNEDIN.

The annual Five-Mile Cross-Country Championship, which has been competed for since 1905, was contested by 49 representatives of nine local harrier clubs at Wingatui on last Saturday afternoon, when the Anglican No. 1 team succeeded in winning the championship banner. Despite the unfavorable weather conditions, a large number of club supporters attended, and watched the progress of the race with much enthusiasm. The track was very heavy after the recent rain, and this and the cold south-west wind, which prevailed, hindered the progress of the runners considerably. However, no rain fell while the race was in progress. The course, which had to be traversed twice, was an ideal one for cross-country running, and tested the staying powers of the competitors to their utmost capacity. The race soon proved that most of the competitors had been in training for a considerable time, many of them showing excellent form. The championship was only eligible to clubs affiliated with the Otago Centre of the N.Z.A.A.A. The following is the result of the race:—Anglican No. 1, 41 points; Pacific No. 1 (60), 2; Caversham (77), 3; Pacific No. 2 (96), 4; Anglican No. 3 (126), 5; St. Patrick's (153), 6; Cargill Road (154), 7.

The Christian Brothers' Old Boys' third and fourth grade teams, who are now leading for the cup, won their matches last Saturday. The thirds defeated Northern by 2 goals to nil. The ground was very sloppy, but notwithstanding this some good play was witnessed. The passing of the "Greens'" forwards had their opponents "thinking," while the full-backs were invincible. Lees and Laffey were the scorers. The fourths beat Y.M.C.A. Rovers by 9 goals to 1. The "Greens" had things all their own way, their combination being a feature of the game. The scorers were Arnold (3), Brookes (2), Wynne (2), Smith and O'Reilly. Bell played well in the backs.

The Christian Brothers' teams did well on Saturday. The grounds after the heavy rain of Friday were in a very bad state. The A Rugby team after 30 minutes' play had 32 against Technical School B nil, Hendren, Mills, Burrell, McKendry, McCormack doing the scoring. The secondary B team were defeated by Technical A—12-nil. It was the B team's first game and they held up the heavier Technical pack in fine style. In the primary grade the B team beat Musselburgh School—9-nil, and the C team beat St. Clair School—6-nil. C. Paterson, T. Fennessy, and W. McCrossan did the scoring. In Soccer the B's drew with Technical School—1 all. The C team lost to Maori Hill—3-1. The D's defeated Fairfield—2-nil, and the E's defeated Maori Hill—3-nil. On Monday the F's defeated Anderson's Bay—5-nil.

Playing in the net-ball competition on July 26, St. Dominic's College B team defeated St. Hilda's II., thus winning the B cup which they (St. Dominic's) hold from last year. In the second round in the A grade St. Dominic's defeated Archerfield by 8 to 1, and St. Hilda's by 11 to 9.

AUCKLAND.

The football competitions were continued last Saturday. Vermont Street A beat Takapuna by 43-0. Vermont Street B drew with Avondale. Lightweights beat Nelson Street by 33-0. This concluded the first round, Vermont Street A leading by 5 points from Maungawhau. After a great struggle Grammar beat Marist Old Boys on Saturday by 9-7. Marist are among the leading teams to play off the semi-finals on Saturday.

NAPIER.

The other Saturday three teams of the M.B.O.B. Association played matches in Rugby football, which resulted as follows:—Senior lost to Havelock-Waimarama by 19 to 6; junior won from Pirates by 20 to 6; fourth grade lost to Hastings by 9 to nil. With regard to the last-mentioned match, it is the first time this season that the Marists have had their colors lowered by Hastings. The results of later-played matches were:—Junior lost to Technical Old

Boys by 11 to 9; third grade won from Celtic by 21 to 3; fourth grade won from Havelock-Waimarama by 6 to 3.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Mr. M. Grimes presided at a recent meeting of the St. Patrick's Sports' Association in the Hibernian Hall. The principal business discussed was the preliminary arrangements for the boxing tournament to be held on September 10 in the Theatre Royal. The question of affiliation with the Centre has been referred to the Greymouth Conference, which is to take place in the first week in August. Mr. J. M. Coffey reported having attended the last meeting of the Christchurch Sports Club, which was sympathetic towards the St. Patrick's Association, and promised to do all it could to assist in the matter of affiliation.

Included in the Canterbury representative team which played such a great game against the Springboks on Lancaster Park last Saturday, and scored a win by 6 to 4, were H. Mullins, J. McCormick, Petersen, and Ellis, of the M.B.O.B. Rugby football team, winners of this year's senior competition.

TIMARU.

The South Canterbury football team which is to oppose the Springboks here on the 3rd inst., includes four members of the Celtic Club—formerly Marist Brothers' boys—selected from the seven senior clubs of the town and district. The representative team has been trained and coached by Mr. John O'Leary, an ex S.C. rep., one of the most proficient referees in Canterbury, and an all-round sport. Unusual interest is being taken in the tour of the South African giants, and a record attendance is expected at the Caledonian Grounds. The Governor-General (Viscount Jellicoe) has arranged to be present to witness the match.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

READER.—We attach very little value to the cables appearing at present on the Irish question. One can see how they contradict one another as days go by.

SEAGUAN.—Lord Northcliffe said what everybody thought when he described the denial of his statements by the British Minister as a "diplomatic denial—otherwise a plain lie."

E.F.M.—Father Lynch dealt fully with Mr. MacGregor and the matter ought to be dropped now. Ridicule is the most effective treatment for such amateur theologians and professional bigots. Nobody takes the MacGregor seriously except himself.

BARNEY.—Welcome, *benvenuto, cead mile failte!* Beyond saying that fit and well Strowan is a champion still we have no more to remark except that an alteration in the first line might be useful. Perhaps dainty steps get through mud better than goloshes. Our honest opinion as to the winners of the three big winter events is this: First, the bookmaker; second, the bookmaker; third, the bookmaker. We venture to give you that information as a certainty.

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART, TIMARU

A SPIRITUAL RETREAT FOR LADIES will begin on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 3, and end on WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 7.

The Director of the Retreat will be REVEREND FATHER HANNIGAN, O.S.S.R.,.

Ladies desirous of attending should apply promptly to the Reverend Mother Superior.

RETREAT FOR LAYMEN

A THREE DAYS' RETREAT FOR MEN, commencing on FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 2, will be conducted at St. Bede's College by a Marist Missionary Father.

Those who wish to make the Retreat are requested to forward their names as soon as possible to the Rector of St. Bede's College, Christchurch.

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FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

[A WEEKLY INSTRUCTION FOR YOUNG AND OLD.]

Third Article: Moral Attributes.

12. Those attributes of God which we call moral constitute, so to speak, His virtues, which reasonable creatures are bound to imitate. The principal moral attributes are wisdom, goodness, charity, providence, truth, mercy, and justice.

13. (1) Wisdom, considered as a moral perfection, is the perfect conformity of the divine will with the divine intelligence. It is His supreme love of order by which God always works for ends worthy of Himself, and by which he attains His ends by suitable means, equally worthy of His infinite perfections. The wisdom of God, by reason of its sublimity, sometimes cannot be appreciated by creatures. The most signal act of divine wisdom, the redemption of the world by the Cross, seemed, in the ages of human wisdom, nothing but folly.

(2) Goodness is here taken in a relative sense, or inasmuch as God is good to us. It does not differ from benevolence and beneficence. It is the disposition which urges God to communicate His own happiness to creatures, according to their condition and the counsels of His wisdom.

(3) The charity and the mercy of God.* The infinite goodness of God towards His reasonable creatures is called also charity, inasmuch as God loves us as a father; and mercy, inasmuch as He bestows His benefits on the miserable, the unfortunate, and sinners.

(4) By the holiness of God we understand, on the one hand, His infinite hatred of iniquity, which, like to the purest light, excludes all shadow of sin; and on the other, His supreme love of justice—a love which includes the possession of every virtue in an infinitely perfect degree.

The holiness of God is also the source of all holiness in creatures.

14. By reason of His goodness, His mercy, and His sanctity, God wishes to save all men: according to St. Paul, God "will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth" (1 Tim. xi. 4); and again, "He that spared not even His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how hath He not also, with Him, given us all things!" (Rom. viii. 32). If some souls are lost in spite of the means of salvation which God gives to all, it is their own fault, and through their own sins. The only cause of reprobation is the rebellious creature, the sinner, and deliberate sin. None can be lost excepting by their own fault.

As regards children who die without baptism, if on account of their stain of original sin, they cannot enter heaven, they, at the same time, do not suffer the torments of hell, which are the chastisement of actual sins, which they have not committed. Their state is one which is in accordance with God's mercy as well as His justice. The general opinion of the doctors and fathers of the Church is, that children who have died without baptism will be exempt from all pain of the senses, but that they will be deprived of the Beatific Vision. Moreover, St. Thomas teaches that this privation will cause them no pain, but that they rather will enjoy a certain sort of felicity derived from the natural gifts of intelligence and love which they have received from God.

(5) The providence of God signifies His wisdom and goodness in the government of the world. It comprises two things: (1) the destination of creatures to their end, which constitutes design, order, and subordination; (2) the fulfilment of this order and design by suitable means. God's providence includes the preservation and subsistence of creatures, the remedy for their miseries, and help in their wants. It embraces all creation down to the smallest insects, but its principal care is man. There is a double providence: that which is natural, and that which is supernatural, or the order of grace.

(6) Truth.—God, who is sovereign truth in Himself, is also the supreme truth in His relations with us. He

* After having considered mercy as linked to charity, we will consider it, further on, in its relation to justice, so that it may be fully understood.

could neither deceive Himself nor deceive His creatures, either in teaching a doctrine or in making a promise. Truth therefore comprises the infallibility of God and His fidelity to His promises. The first is the foundation of our faith; the second, of our hope.

(7) The mercy and the justice of God.—These two perfections, as we take them here, regard sinners. The first is exercised towards repentant sinners, by pardon and recompense; the second, towards hardened and impenitent sinners, by condemnation and chastisement proportionate in rigor to the malice of their sin.

THE MORALS OF THE YOUNG: A MAGISTRATE'S VIEWS

The discussion concerning the morals of the young, at the meeting of the Primary School Committees' Association on Wednesday evening (says the *New Zealand Herald*, Auckland), was based upon an address given before the Rotary Club by Mr. E. C. Cutten, S.M. Some further explanation of these remarks is given by Mr. Cutten, who was speaking in his capacity as president of the Young Citizens' League.

"I think the interpretation of my remarks at the Rotary Club when appealing for the support for young people's institutions such as the Young Citizens' League and the boy scouts, quoted in the *Herald* report of the Primary Schools Association meeting, may give a slightly wrong impression," said Mr. Cutten yesterday. "I did not emphasise juvenile immorality; I spoke of juvenile irresponsibility, and I spoke strongly of immorality among adults, which I said sometimes surprised—even if it could not shock—a magistrate. I should not like it to be thought that I said there was a low moral tone in our schools. My experience and my knowledge of many teachers has given me a different view. The success of our New Zealand system of education has, in my opinion, depended upon the high tone of its teachers, and had it not been for this factor I do not believe the system would have reached the present time without there being more serious deficiency in the community than we now have.

"In my speech to the members of the Rotary Club I pointed out that the 19th century was a materialistic age, and that the chief religion of the time was very largely a search for wealth. On this came the war, which was bound to emphasise existing moral weaknesses. In New Zealand, though our distance from the theatre of the war relieved us of the full weight of some of its effects, we had a turmoil of our own. New Zealand has an excellent education system, but one that is purely secular. This throws the responsibility of religious training on to parents. It may have been all right at the time of its introduction, because the parents of that time had been educated under a different system, but we are now in the second generation under our secular education system, and the parents of to-day have been educated under it. So far as religious education is concerned, a very large number of the parents of the present day are either incompetent or indifferent. Sunday schools strive to meet the need, but they do not do so. They do not reach all, and, moreover, one hour a week does not suffice to weave into young lives an applied knowledge of their duty to God and their fellows, which is necessary to have any deep influence in their careers.

"To meet this need for some system of character education, supplemental to our secular education system, I asked for every member's support for the boy scouts, the Young Citizens' League, the junior division of the Y.M.C.A., the juvenile branches of friendly societies, and all institutions working for your people's well-being, and for an endeavor to bring the training of such institutions within the reach of all."

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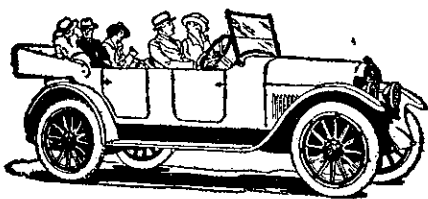
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OBITUARY

MRS. M. CRONIN, CHRISTCHURCH.

The ranks of the sterling Catholic pioneers of Christchurch, already much reduced by death, suffered a further and notable loss recently by the death of Mrs. M. Cronin, relict of the late M. Cronin, who passed away at her residence, Lower High Street, on July 2. The deceased was born in Kent, England, and was at the time of her death 79 years of age. She was a convert to the Church, having been instructed and received by the late Dean Ginaty, then parish-priest of Christchurch. A faith, deep and simple, which found expression in fervent and solid piety, marked her whole life. This faith it was that made her zealous on behalf of every work of religion, charity, and education, undertaken in Christchurch. She gave cheerfully and generously to each, of her time, service, and means. Hers was a familiar presence at all the functions of the Church in the old pro-Cathedral and in the new Cathedral, to both of which she was devotedly attached. Wisdom, strength and sweetness characterised her government of the home, whilst as a neighbor she was charitable in word and deed, and prudent in counsel. Continuous sufferings were her lot during the last few years of her life, and these served but to refine and enhance her character. All who visited her as well as those who surrounded her were impressed by her rare fortitude, calmness, and patience. No murmur ever escaped her lips, but she ever showed consideration, sympathy, and thoughtfulness for others. Her devotion to the Holy Eucharist made her desire to receive Holy Communion often, and she enjoyed the privilege of communicating nearly every day. Her rosary was her daily companion, serving as a key to unlock the treasury of graces in the keeping of Mary Immaculate; for herself and others. Her family repaid their parent's lifelong care for them by their own loving and tender care for her during her long illness, and she expired peacefully in their midst. Her mortal remains were brought to the Cathedral on July 5, when Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Andersen, of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel. The clergy were represented in the Sanctuary by the Rev. Fathers Hanrahan (Darfield), Murphy (Hawarden), and Gallagher. The Absolutions at the Catafalque were given by his Lordship the Bishop, after which the interment took place at the Linwood Cemetery. The deceased is survived by six daughters, Rev. Mother Marie St. Claudia, Provincial of the Sisters of the Missions, Hamilton; Mesdames G. Dobbs and M. Garty, and the Misses Nellie, Jessie, and Myra Cronin, who have the sympathy of the whole Catholic community of Christchurch, and of many friends in other parishes.—R.I.P.

MR. PIERCE CARROLL, BALD HILL FLAT.

The death of Mr. Pierce Carroll, an old and much respected resident of Bald Hill Flat, Central Otago, which occurred on June 25, is recorded with deep regret. The deceased arrived in Australia in 1859, and after being engaged in goldmining there crossed over to New Zealand in 1863, and joined in the "rush" to the Dunstan. For some years he followed mining at Manuhirika, as Alexandra was then termed, and was married in St. John's Church there in 1869. About 46 years ago he came to Bald Hill Flat, where he resided until his death. The late Mr. Carroll was born at Glen, Co. Waterford, Ireland, in 1835, and all through life was a fearless advocate of the national rights of his country. With pride he would relate to his friends his having, as a small boy, seen Daniel O'Connell, and always lived in hopes of seeing justice done to his beloved Ireland. Always a fervent and practical Catholic, his well-spent life was an example to those who had the privilege of his genial friendship. Rev. Father Hunt, who constantly attended the deceased during his illness, officiated at the interment in the Alexandra cemetery, on June 26, the funeral being attended by friends from over a wide area. Besides the wife and daughter of the deceased, and out of a family of eight, there are left to mourn their loss Mr. Jas. Carroll (Galloway), Mr. P. F. Carroll (Bald Hill Flat), and Detective-Sergeant John Carroll (Invercargill).—R.I.P.

MR. HUMPHREY KEARIN, ONEHUNGA.

His many friends will learn with deep regret of the death of Mr. Humphrey Kearin, which occurred lately at Onehunga, where he had resided for just on 50 years. Born at Scartaglen, near Castle-Island, Co. Kerry, Ireland, in 1843, he arrived in Auckland by the ship *Queen of Beauty* in August, 1862, and on his arrival was drafted into the Militia, seeing some of the later fighting in the Maori War in the Waikato. When gold was discovered at the Thames he joined the rush, spending several years there. After leaving the Thames he settled in Onehunga, where most of his family of three sons and four daughters were born and reared. Last November he and his good wife celebrated the golden jubilee of their wedding. His youngest son (Father Humphrey Kearin) is at present Administrator of Kalgoorlie, W.A., in which State he has labored for some years. The other two sons—Messrs. Maurice and Thomas—are both well-known members of the N.Z. Railway Dept. His eldest daughter (Miss Alice Kearin) is a very well-known music teacher of Auckland; the remaining daughters (Mrs. K. Donovan, and the Misses Joan and Kate Kearin) all residing at Onehunga. A man of considerable learning and piety, he was very much respected and esteemed. The late Mr. Kearin was a good Gaelic scholar, and it was often a great treat to hear him in a battle of wits in that tongue with some of his Irish priest friends. A fervent Catholic and a true-born Irishman, one of his oft-expressed wishes was that he might be spared to see the consummation of Ireland's struggle for independence. The interment took place in the Onehunga Cemetery, the Right Rev. Mgr. Mahoney, who officiated, referring in touching terms to the deceased.—R.I.P.

GARDENING NOTES

(By MR. J. JOYCE, Landscape Gardener, Christchurch.)

WORK FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

The Vegetable Garden.—With the near approach of spring renewed activity in gardening pursuits will be essential. Providing the ground has been prepared during the winter months the soil conditions should be suitable for the sowing of early spring seeds, and the planting out of early cauliflower, cabbage, and lettuce. It is necessary for the soil to be in a moderately dry state for seed sowing. These should include peas and beans, also early potatoes, in a frost-free situation if possible. Where there is a danger of potatoes being sown in a plot likely to be attacked by frost straw or stable manure should be laid along the rows so as to be readily available in an emergency for protective purposes. It is always a good precaution to keep the young potato plants well moulded up while frosts are likely to be prevalent, and especially during the early stages of their growth. A square of onions may be sown any time during the present month. Now is a good time to prepare a hot bed to propagate tomatoes, cucumbers, celery, and many of the early flower seeds.

The Flower Garden.—Keep the lawns constantly cut and rolled, the latter operation being very necessary at this period. Sow down new lawns as early as possible; the seed should be sown fairly thickly and well covered as a protection from the raids of small birds. New lawns require to be lightly rolled after being sown, and frequently when the grass is well grown. Where old lawns require renewing they should be top-dressed with fine new soil well raked in. Seeds of tender annuals require to be sown in boxes and placed in a greenhouse or frame for protection. Roses and shrubs may be planted now; indeed the sooner all tree planting is done the better it will be for them. The time of year has now arrived, too, when the planting out of bulbs should be finished.

The Fruit Garden.—It is necessary to have all pruning and spraying completed without further delay.

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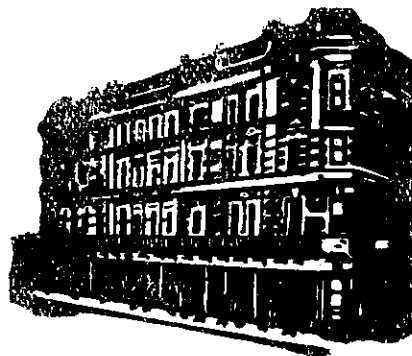
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OLD ENGLISH CHURCH MUSIC

Mr. Edmund H. Fellowes, in the course of an interesting article in the *Daily Telegraph*, tells that during the past three years he has been engaged, in conjunction with four other musicians, in collecting material for an edition of English Church music composed during the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth centuries, which is to be printed and published by the splendid enterprise of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust (says the *Irish Catholic*). This edition, he says, should be the means of bringing within the reach of the British people the works of their own national composers, who in their time led the music of the world. For it is not sufficiently understood by the English-speaking people of to-day that in the 16th century England stood first among the musical nations of Europe, and that the musical contemporaries of Shakspeare—among them William Byrd, John Dowland, and John Wilbye, to mention no more than these three men, supreme in their own special branches of the art of musical composition—are to be counted amongst the greatest names in the whole history of European music. The special task of Mr. Fellowes has been to collect and prepare for publication the English Church music of William Byrd and Orlando Gibbons. Byrd, as is well known, wrote much of his finest music for the Offices of the Catholic Church, and connection with the forthcoming edition this very important branch of his work has been undertaken by Dr. R. R. Terry, organist of Westminster Cathedral.

Of Priceless Value.

Before the days of Barnard, who in 1641 issued a famous collection entitled *The First Book of Selected Church Music*, it was the universal practice in the English cathedral and church choirs to sing from manuscript part-books, and every new anthem or service was, it would seem, sent round and copied into these part-books, according to the individual selection of the local musical authority. Most of these old books perished through actual wear and tear, and no doubt many were deliberately discarded in favor of Barnard's printed collection, but many more were wantonly destroyed in the 17th century, when music throughout England suffered so acutely from distorted political opinion. The marvel to-day, writes Mr. Fellowes, is not so much that but few of these old manuscripts have survived as that any of them are still in existence. Several odd volumes and some very valuable complete sets have found their way to the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, and Christ Church, Oxford, where, of course, they have been properly cared for and catalogued. In many cathedrals, and in certain college chapels, single stray volumes have been preserved—in most cases quite fortuitously—but in few instances is their value appreciated. Their value will be the better realised when it is stated that many of these part-books contain music by the Elizabethan composers of which no other text whatever exists. They are, in fact, unique, and of absolutely priceless value.

Hope for Further Finds.

The finest known collection of these part-books is at Durham Cathedral; but a splendid complete set known as the "Gostling Manuscript," is at York Minster. Another important collection is the "Barnard" manuscript at the Royal College of Music, formerly the property of the Sacred Harmonic Society; while several valuable part-books are in the library of Ely Cathedral. St. Peter's College, Cambridge, owns two splendid sets; unfortunately, they are incomplete, but, unlike those just mentioned, they contain much of the earlier music set to Latin words by composers like Taverner, for example. (According to the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, Taverner wrote nothing for the English Service, but he has bequeathed eight Masses, with fragments of other Masses, Latin Magnificats, and other settings of Catholic anthems and hymns which stamp him as a composer of the first rank.) A few more of these part-books are to be found here and there, as at Worcester, Gloucester, and St. Asaph Cathedrals, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, St. John's College,

Oxford, Lambeth Palace, St. Michael's College, Tenbury, and Wimborne Minster. Many more may be hidden away in old abbey churches or cathedrals, and a valuable service, says Mr. Fellowes, would be rendered to English music if the existence of any such hidden treasures could be revealed by those in whose guardianship they may be preserved.

PROCESS OF THE ENGLISH MARTYRS

A memorial has been presented to the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster by a committee of theologians, praying that the Holy See should be approached with a view of holding the Apostolic Process for the beatification of the English martyrs.

The 252 Venerabili whose process is being urged, were put to death by the civil power in England, under the old harsh penal laws. The last to suffer death under these laws was Archbishop Plunket of Armagh, who was executed at Tyburn in July, 1681, and who was solemnly beatified by Pope Benedict XV, last year.

An essential part of the judicial functions of the Apostolic process is the compilation of the Acts of the Martyrs, or documentary records of their life and death, in which the most minute proofs of the claims to martyrdom must be qualified beyond all doubt. The majority of these confessors suffered death in London, and particularly at Tyburn Fields, which will assign to the province of Westminster the task of providing 142 acts. Next in numerical importance were those condemned to death by the council of the North, which sat at York: 74 of these Acts will thus be assigned to the Liverpool province. Birmingham will examine the Acts of 28 confessors who suffered in the Western Country, and Cardiff the eight martyrs of Wales.

Of the known martyrs whose records are preserved, no fewer than 136 were alumni of Cardinal Allen's College at Douai. Fifty-two were members of the University of Oxford and 11 of Cambridge. The English College in Rome sent 34 of its alumni who died in England, and from the English College at Valladolid there came 23; from St. Omer 16 and 7 from Seville.

The Apostolic process is careful judicial process, carried out with the dignity of a religious ceremony. All the evidence for the martyrs must be submitted in writing, and for many months these documents are subjected to the most rigorous scrutiny. In the Roman Court not only must the fact of martyrdom be established beyond all doubt, but it must be shown conclusively that while the persecutors always strove to hide their true motive under some specious plea, they were really always animated by hatred of the Catholic religion.

They that deny a God destroy man's nobility, for certainly man is kin to the beasts by his body and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature.—Bacon.

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OUR ROMAN LETTER

(By "STANNOUS.")

It is just thirty-six years ago this month since Dr. William J. Walsh came here to prepare for his consecration as Archbishop of Dublin. The function took place on August 2, 1885, in the little church of St. Agata dei Goti attached to the Irish College. In last month's notes from Rome I referred to Cardinal Manning's opinions of the infamous Errington episode in regard to Dr. Walsh's nomination to Dublin, and I gave some extracts from the Cardinal's letters in evidence of his general views on English intrigue at the Vatican. In this connection it seems a far cry from the name of Westminster's brilliant prelate to the memory of the ebullient spirit of the London *Tablet's* fighting founder. Yet for all the apparent differences between Frederick Lucas and Henry Edward Manning, analogies are not wanting in their lives. Both were born Englishmen. Both were converts to the Church; Manning from the torquism of the Established Religion, Lucas from the non-conformity of the Society of Friends. Both became militant Catholics; the layman amid the dust of the arena of journalism, the cleric in the conflicts of ecclesiastical dispute. Against each of them there has been levelled the charge of fanaticism. But none has called in question the courage of either man when face to face with what he believed to be a danger to the Church. On this very subject of political intrigue at the Vatican Manning had more than once risked the displeasure of Leo XIII. In an earlier pontificate, but on the self-same protest, Lucas, forty years before, had called down on his head Wiseman's episcopal rebuke.

What Lucas thought of English intrigue at the Vatican is well-known from one famous flight of his crowded life. In an article published in the London *Tablet* in August, 1846, just two months after the elevation of Pius IX to the Papacy, he wrote the following prophetic words: "An English Embassy would be the headquarters of English and Protestant intrigues rather than of clerical ones. If an English Catholic were the ambassador, a door would be opened for all kinds of anti-Irish and anti-Catholic influence, and every Church measure of importance that was referred to Rome or made the subject of public discussion here would be made also the subject of diplomatic misrepresentation and underhand influence in the Holy City. The same would be the case, though perhaps in a less offensive degree, if the Ambassador were a Protestant." At the time these words were written Bishop Wiseman, as he then was, had already come to Rome on purely ecclesiastical business for the English Vicars Apostolic. An American priest with the Irish name of Connolly was at the same time busily engaged here in trying to establish an English Embassy in Rome. This reverend gentleman was a convert. He had been a parson. His wife had become a nun on his reception of Holy Orders; it is credibly asserted that afterwards, when he left the Church, he claimed back the lady. Wiseman seems to have made the most of his opportunities to second the American gentleman's efforts for the proposed embassy. It was not the first time that Wiseman had discussed the matter with a Pope. As far back as March 1835 he had had a conversation with Pope Gregory XVI on the same subject. The result of his conversations with the new Pope was rather more satisfactory to Wiseman, for he left Rome in a hurry and rushed back to England in the hope of arriving in London before the date fixed for Lord Minto's departure. Minto was father-in-law of the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, and was a member of the Cabinet; he was going to Italy on a roving diplomatic commission. Wiseman's hurried journey homewards was not without a very definite result. As a consequence of his overtures to the Ministry Lord Minto was instructed to visit Rome "as an accredited organ of the British Government." The authentic organ of the British Government played its sweet strains here for more than three months. But the accredited organ-grinder really effected very little. He was checked at every move by the then Rector of the Irish College, Dr. Cullen, afterwards Cardinal Cullen of Dublin. None the less the history books of the period felicitously describe his visit as having done much useful work in breaking down the barriers which separated the British and the Papal Governments. In the

end he felt himself able to state to his colleagues in the Government that diplomatic relations with the Vatican were feasible and that an effort to establish them would probably have the approval of the Pope. Wiseman's pourparlers had apparently been crowned with success, but the future Cardinal had reckoned without the clear-sighted honesty of men like the brilliant editor of the *Tablet*.

As I pointed out last month, a Bill was soon introduced in the British House of Commons to obtain the necessary legislative blessing for the proposed diplomatic rapprochement. The Bill was received with great joy by the Catholic Tories of England. The *Rambler*, a Catholic review edited in the interests of the converts by one of their number, Mr. John Moore Capes, had the following paragraph which well expresses the blessed feeling of thanksgiving which warmed the hearts of the Catholic elect. It is to be found in the *Rambler* for February 19, 1848.

"Bitter for the fate of Europe was the day when the last Nuncio left the shores of Britain. Accursed was that delusion that separated for three centuries those who had been true friends and brothers, notwithstanding all the contests that had sprung up between Kings and Popes on their respective privileges. And right joyfully and thankfully shall we welcome the hour when we see the last of that preposterous remnant of days of cruelty and ignorance which now forbids the Queen of England to treat with the greatest Prince of his age."

This is certainly Stiggins in high life. Whatever may have been the immediate occasion of the departure of the last Nuncio from the shores of Britain, the cause of the separation before the writer's mind was the marrying proclivities of Henry VIII. Only an Englishman could call bluff King Hal's amours by the delightful name *delusion*. English history is full of such instances of unconscious humor. Delusion indeed!! As Mr. Dooley might say to his friend Hennessy, 'twas the poor women the dirty blagard was deludherin'.

Lucas, however, saw through the purpose of the Ministry. In the pages of the *Tablet* he declared war on the measure. He openly charged the Government with the expressed intention of striving to employ the spiritual influence of the Holy See in Ireland as an instrument of British rule. He was so warmly outspoken as to state that "to the army of spies and perjurers by whom what they call law in Ireland is to be upheld, is to be added, they hope, a great supplementary spy in Rome, whose spiritual influence is to help out the thorough performance of that dirty work which native tools are unable to accomplish." This was strong language, with a vengeance. But Lucas was an earnest man and, being English himself, he knew thoroughly the gentry he had to deal with. It was soon apparent that he had the great mass of the Catholic public behind him. The Irish bishops also were up in arms against the proposal. Despite Wiseman's influence even the English Vicars Apostolic resolved to put up a fight. Led by the venerable Bishop Briggs some of them got in touch with their Irish episcopal brethren. In the event two episcopal deputations set out for Rome, one from Ireland and the other from England, to protest against the proposed diplomatic innovation. Meanwhile Lucas was making the welkin ring in London. He called a public meeting of Catholics against the Bill. It was held on Monday, March 20, 1848, at the Freemasons' Hall. Without the attraction of a single great name the hall was filled to overflowing. The chairman of the meeting was Mr. W. J. Amherst, afterwards Father Amherst, S.J. The principal resolution, the terms of which I quoted in my last month's notes from Rome, was proposed by Lucas and seconded by the Oxford convert, W. G. Ward. Ward was one of the most militant of English Catholics. He was candid to a fault and was described in later life by his friend Tennyson as *grotesquely truthful*. The same epithet might have been justly applied to Lucas himself. Among the priests present was Father Whitty, then a young man almost fresh from Maynooth and afterwards Wiseman's Vicar-General. The meeting was very enthusiastic, and Lucas made a brilliant speech. What was strangest of all at a meeting of Catholics in England—the names of blue-blooded Catholics like the Howards and the Talbots were greeted with hisses and groans and derisive laughter. It certainly looked as if that meeting sounded the death-knell of the House of Lords Catholic. But the end is not yet.

(To be concluded.)



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DOMESTIC

(By MAUREEN.)

Marrow Chutney.

Take one large marrow, peel, and take all the seeds from it, and cut it into thin long slices. Put into a flat dish, sprinkle it well with salt, leave it to stand for 12 hours, and then drain off every particle of water from it. Next take two quarts of best vinegar, 1oz of ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of lump sugar, 1oz of turmeric, a few chillies, a little cayenne pepper, and ten shallots. Boil these well together for 15 minutes. Then put the marrow in and boil for another 10 minutes.

Cornish Pasties.

First make some ordinary pastry, and roll out to required sizes, which should be round. The ingredients should be prepared first. They are potatoes, turnip, onion, and beef, which should be cut up into pieces (small). The pastry being rolled out, the potatoes should be put on first in small slices, then a layer of onion cut small, and turnip to taste (preferably grated); the beef should then be put on top of these, then pepper and salt to taste. This being done, there should be enough pastry round the edges to cover all by drawing up round the sides and pinched firmly together at the top. To ensure success, the ingredients are to be cooked before being put into the pastry. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour, or according to size.

Jelly Roll.

Two eggs beaten light, one cup sugar, grated rind one lemon, one-third cup hot water, one tablespoonful butter, one and a-half teaspoonfuls baking powder, quarter teaspoonful salt, jelly, castor sugar. Gradually beat the sugar into the eggs; add the grated rind, the butter melted in the hot water, and the flour sifted with the baking powder and salt. Beat all together thoroughly and turn into a shallow pan lined with paper, well buttered. Bake about 18 minutes, turn at once on a clean cloth, trim off crisp edges on the four sides, spread with jelly and roll over and over, keeping cloth between fingers and the cake. Roll the cake in the cloth and let stand some time. When ready to serve sift castor sugar over the top.

Pilgrim Pie.

This is an excellent luncheon dish, very easily made, and suitable for the using up of almost any kind of cold meat—chicken, veal, lamb, etc. To prepare the pie, first make a rich pastry as for biscuits, only using a little extra fat. Roll this out, and use it to line a deep mould or dish. Fill with oatmeal, and bake. The oatmeal is only used to keep the crust in shape, and must be carefully poured out

after the baking is completed. In the meantime, cook the meat well in a little gravy or sauce, adding seasoning according to the kind of meat which is being used. For instance, flavor beef with tomato, onion, chopped parsley, and Worcestershire sauce, any of these being used separately or in conjunction with one or more of the others. Season chicken with grated lemon-rind and a squeeze of lemon-juice. Season lamb with mint, and so on. Fill the prepared crust with the reheated meat, pile mashed potatoes on top, and sprinkle a few breadcrumbs over all. Garnish with parsley and cut lemon.

To Make Muffins and Crumpets.

One quart of flour and one teaspoonful of salt in a bowl or bread-pan. Make a hole in the middle, stir in half a cup of yeast, two cups of lukewarm water, one tablespoonful of melted butter. The mixture should be about half as stiff as bread dough. Beat for five minutes, and set aside to rise. If this is done at night, stir in more butter or sweet lard in the morning; beat hard again, fill well-greased muffin rings half-way to the top, and set them in a pan in a warm place. When the batter has risen to the top, put them in a warm oven and bake quickly. Crumpets may be made in the same way, only they call for two cups of tepid water and a large spoonful of white sugar. Mix them into a batter with a half-cup of yeast and a quart of flour, adding sweet milk to thin it sufficiently. Let them rise all night in a warm place, melt half-teacup of butter in the morning, add soda the size of a pea dissolved in a little boiling water, work this into the batter, and pour it into muffin rings, and set to rise a second time. Bake in a quick oven, and they will be found very nice for breakfast.

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(Lead, Kindly Light)

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MARKET REPORTS.

At Burnside last week 171 head of fat cattle were yarded. A medium yarding, and the sale opened at a slight advance on the previous week's prices, but as it progressed prices fell away considerably and a number of pens were passed out unsold. Extra prime bullocks, to £21 12s 6d, prime £16 10s to £18, medium £12 to £15, light £8 to £11, cows and heifers, prime heavy £10 to £12, medium £8 to £10, lighter £5 to £7. Fat Sheep.—3604 were penned, including a good proportion of prime quality wethers and ewes, a good number of medium quality sheep, with a sprinkling of old ewes and unfinished wethers. The sale opened at about the preceding week's prices, and although some parts of the sale were a shade better towards the end prices receded somewhat. Prime wethers realised from 23s 6d to 28s, light and unfinished from 15s, extra prime heavy ewes to 23s, prime heavy 17s 6d to 21s, medium 14s to 21s, light and aged from 10s. Fat Lambs.—1805 penned. A full yarding, with prices for freezing lambs about on a par with those ruling on the previous week. For lambs unsuitable for freezing there was little demand, and prices were considerably easier. Exporters were buying at about 6½d per lb. Quotations: Prime lambs from 21s to 25s 6d, medium 15s to 18s, light 13s to 15s 6d, unfinished lambs up to 12s. Fat Pigs.—There was a full yarding, with prices about the same as the preceding week's. Porkers sold at £2 5s to £3 5s, light baconers £3 15s to £5, heavy baconers £3 to £5 10s, choppers £4 10s to £5, suckers 10s to 15s, slips 15s to 25s, stores 30s to £2.

At Addington market last week there was an overflow yarding of fat sheep, and a big one of fat cattle. Prices eased in both sections. Fat Sheep.—An overflow yarding. The market was irregular, but values were down on an average of 2s to 2s 6d per head. Extra prime wethers 26s 9d to 32s 9d, prime 18s 6d to 25s 6d, medium 16s 3d to 18s 3d, light and unfinished 14s 9d to 16s, extra prime ewes up to 33s, prime 16s 9d to 21s 6d, medium 14s to 16s 3d light and unfinished 11s 5d to 13s 6d, prime hoggets up to 24s, medium to good 16s 6d to 19s, ordinary 14s 1d to 16s 3d. Fat Cattle.—A big yarding of medium to good quality. Values were down about 20s a head compared with those of the previous week. Extra prime steers £23 to £26, prime £14 to £19, medium £10 5s to £18 5s, light and unfinished £7 17s 6d to £9 15s, extra prime heifers £13 10s to £15 10s, prime £9 15s to £11 12s 6d, ordinary £6 10s to £9 10s, extra prime cows up to £13 10s, prime £8 10s to £11 2s 6d, ordinary £5 15s to £7 17s 6d. Fat Pigs.—Current values were maintained. Choppers £5 to £14, light baconers £5 to £5 15s, heavy £6 to £7 15s—average price per lb 8½d; light porkers £3 10s to £4, heavy £4 5s to £4 15s—average price per lb 9½d to 10½d.

ARTIFICIAL FERTILISERS.

The system of drilling artificial fertilisers with crops of all sorts is now almost universal (writes "Rusticus," in the *Lyttelton Times*). Even on the good lands some manure is put in. In the early days we could grow wheat and all other crops without the application of manures, but those days are past. One has only to leave a width of the drill through a paddock without the manure box in action to demonstrate the wisdom of putting in fertilisers. The price of artificial manures has dropped a little of late, much to the relief of those who are going in for cropping. But if they had not declined in price they would still have to be used if a payable crop was expected. In Canterbury, supers are the favorite manures, and they will still continue to hold that position. When the Nauru Island manures come to hand they will be welcome, and the sooner they arrive the better. Of late years we have not been able to get the best supers, and when they came to hand a short time ago the price was almost prohibitive. Some of us got over that difficulty to some extent by mixing them with cheaper manures, and the results warranted the extra expenditure. Superphosphates may add to the acidity of the soil, but we go on using them. Perhaps some of the diseases that we get in our crops may be due to the over-use of this manure, but there is nothing else to take its

place so far. The only remedy appears to be in the application of lime, and farmers are going in for this more extensively than they formerly did. Basic super, which contains about 15 per cent. of lime, is being used a good deal, and in some districts it has given distinctly good results. It is a good manure to use in the autumn and winter. There is then plenty of time for the manure to become available for the plants. In the spring something more soluble is required, and this is the advantage possessed by the pure super. At the same time, it does not seem wise to use nothing but super unless some liming is done. Much of our land is sour enough naturally, and the super only makes matters worse. The ideal way is to lime and then to use supers, but basic super is a considerable help. As for the nitrogenous manures, these do not seem to be essential. We can usually grow the straw. It is the grain that we are mostly concerned with, and there can be no doubt that super has a beneficial effect upon it. Super makes the plants come away more quickly than they would otherwise do. It has the effect of causing the plants to tiller, and it brings on the harvest sooner than would otherwise be the case. This is an important point, particularly in late districts. Where sheep are grazed and where they are fattened on roots and rape, a good deal of nitrogenous manure is added to the soil, as is also the case where clovers and the like are grown. But more lime will have to be used in the future than in the past if the land is to be kept as sweet as it should be.

SPRING TREATMENT OF HEAVY SOILS.

Heavy—especially clay—soils which have been roughly ploughed or ridged for winter should receive the most careful treatment in the spring (says a writer in *Farm, Field, and Fireside*). A second ploughing will probably be necessary, and it is this that will cause irreparable damage if not done very carefully. The undersoil, for one thing, must not on any account be brought to the surface, for this, it will be obvious, has not come under the influence of the weather, and is therefore of quite a different consistency to the upper soil. Mixed with the latter, the subsoil will effectively prevent the formation of that fine tilth which is so necessary to seed-sowing.

Upon the seed-bed naturally depends everything that goes to ensure good crops. A good start means a good finish, or at least a finish in which the loss of a bad season is greatly minimised, and probably obviated. Anything, therefore, that tends to the detriment of the seed-bed threatens seriously the forthcoming crops.

The land should not be tilled when in a bad condition. If very wet it will be trodden or beaten into a mass, which will thereafter defy passable disintegration. When the surface is not dry enough to bear horses or machinery with safety it should be left untouched. All the ploughing and harrowing in the world will not undo the damage which the neglect of such precaution will bring about.

On heavy soils the proper procedure—if, of course, the land has been autumn-ploughed—is to put the drag or cultivator over it as soon as the weather allows of the operation, which will hasten the drying process by breaking up and opening the clods. Something of the sort should certainly be done before attempting to plough or to make up the seed-bed; shallow ploughing could then be undertaken with safety.

It is far better, however, to dispense with the plough at spring-time on heavy land already broken up; it is preferable to rely upon the cultivator only, for then is ensured that fineness of tilth which is so necessary to seed-sowing, and there is no danger of stodgy, unweathered subsoil being detrimentally mixed with the more friable medium.

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HOURS OF LIFE.

Just a few hours of sunshine,
Then torrents of dreary rain.
Hours, we possess of happiness,
Are followed by keenest pain.

Just a few hours of friendship,
With its tender, radiant glow.
It is not the many, only the few,
These precious hours, may know.

Short hours in love's possession,
Steeped in wonderful joy,
Believing we, with faith supreme,
Love's gold holds no alloy.

Then hours of whirling passion,
When we seem the sport of Fate—
Love's flame dies down to ashes,
And we know the truth—too late.

Just a few hours of waiting
In the twilight of life—for our wage—
And we smile, as we think of the turmoil,
Written large on Memory's page.
—KATHERINE CAHOON, in the *Catholic Bulletin*.

EXTREME UNCTION.

I have been surprised to find some of your correspondents wishing to alter the time-honored name for the last anointing (writes Bishop Vaughan to the *London Universe*). I have been administering that Sacrament for more than 40 years, and I cannot call to mind a single instance in which the patient was unduly alarmed. I have often found relatives of the sick making objections, because they feared lest he might be frightened, but this has never actually been the case, so far as my experience extends.

Consider, in the first place, that, as soon as a man is known to be in danger of death, it is the duty of those who are responsible, to make the fact known to him. There is no greater want of true charity than to conceal from a dying man his real condition. Now, once he is aware of the serious state in which he finds himself, he will (if he is properly instructed) ardently desire to receive the Sacrament. He already knows that he is in some danger of death. But he also knows that this Sacrament has been especially instituted to free the soul from the languor and infirmity produced by sin and to comfort and strengthen it, amid its sufferings, and also to restore even bodily health, if God see that this be for the good of the sick person. If he be a man of any faith, these motives will inspire him with hope, and will fill him with a strong desire to receive Extreme Unction. That, at all events, has been my experience.

So far from driving the sick man to despair, it should have the very opposite effect. For the Sacrament should be conferred while there is still hope of recovery. Indeed, they sin grievously who, before consenting to anoint the sick, are accustomed to wait till all hope of recovery is at an end, and the dying have become unconscious.

Nothing is to be gained by changing the name of the Sacrament; but much is to be gained by carefully instructing the faithful in all that the Church teaches in regard to it. Anyone who has been taught to appreciate its immense benefits and its quite admirable effects, will feel consolation and confidence rather than fear, at the prospect of receiving it.

During my long experience I have seen, not one, but quite a number of cases in which men and women, who have been actually given up by the doctors, have been restored to health and strength after being anointed. And I feel sure that my experience is by no means exceptional. Nearly all priests who have been long on the mission will bear the same testimony.

Personally, I should have the gravest possible objection to any change in the name of this singularly comforting and beautiful ordinance.

WINTER LANDSCAPE.

By miles of flat and toneless fields
No color comes in view,—
Only along the sky, far woods
Gather a scarf of blue.

Bare trees against grey cloud, and yet—
The bleak moon's journeying—
There memory nurses hope that dreams
Of the blue-veined feet of Spring.

—F. M.

PLAIN JUSTICE.

A story illustrating the Scottish love of justice, which, if old, has had a sufficiently long rest to make it seem quite new, is related by one whose stock of anecdotes is said to be as inexhaustible as it is varied (says *Ave Maria*):

An old couple, who had never been in a railway train in all their lives before, took seats in one leaving Perth for Glasgow, for the purpose of visiting their son in the latter city. They became highly excited and interested at their rapid flight, and nothing would satisfy the old man but that at every station he must needs get out to gaze around in admiration and wonder, to the evident alarm and uneasiness of his guidwife Janet, who would not move from her seat. The train at length moved off, leaving the old man on the station platform, gazing helplessly at the receding face of his wife. When she saw her guidman thus left behind, she reached her head out of the window, and, to the amusement of her fellow-travellers, exclaimed: "There, noo, Saunders! Ye've dune for yersel' at last,—wi' yer thrawness! Weel, weel!" she continued, settling down in her seat. "I'm kinna glad o't, tae; for he's aye been craikin' a' alang, 'Jenny, haste ye here, an' haste ye there: ye'll be late for the kirk'; or, 'Ye'll no hae the work dune.' An' noo he's gane an' got left himself'. Od! I'm glad o't. It's a lesson he'll no forget in a hurry. It's plain joostice."

APPLE PIE.

When our cook she makes a pie
You oughter see her fingers fly!
She sits an' holds a yellor bowl
An' stirs so fast she keeps a hole
Down through the middle of the stuff;
There's milk an' egg, an' flour enough,
And maybe other things, but I
Forget just all that makes a pie!

When our cook she makes a pie
She rolls the dough, that by an' by,
Is two round blankets; then you'll see
Her slice some apples evenly.
Plump into bed she makes 'em hop,
An' cuts some peep-holes through the top
So they won't smother when they lie
All warmed an' sugared in the pie.

When our cook she makes a pie
She balances the plate up high,
And with a pleasant snippy sound
She trims it nicely all around.
And when she's thumb'd the edges tight,
The apples can't get up at night.
And when she's baked it, then, oh my!
You never et such apple-pie!

—BURGES JOHNSON.

JUST IN CASE.

Eugene and Edward, two little brothers, had an argument shortly before bed-time over their playing. Edward struck Eugene, who howled lustily, and their mother rushed in with the news that it was time for them to retire.

"Now, Eugene, dear," said mother, as she prepared her youngest son for bed, "you must forgive your brother before you go to bed. You might die in the night, you know."

Eugene was silent for a few moments, and then said: "Well, mother, I'll forgive him to-night, but if I don't die he'd better look out in the morning."

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CLOTHING THAT HASN'T GONE UP.

The cloak of religion.
The mantle of charity.
The ties of friendship.
The thinking cap.
The skirts of happy chance.

IDENTIFIED.

A visiting trustee, during the course of an address made to the pupils of a certain school, said:—

"My dear children, I want to talk to you a few minutes concerning one of the most wonderful, one of the most important organs in the whole world. What is it that throbs away, beats away, never stopping, never ceasing whether you wake or sleep, night or day, week in or week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, without any volition on your part, hidden away in the depths, as it were, unseen by you, throbbing, throbbing rhythmically all your life long?"

During the momentary pause of the speaker for oratorical effect a small voice was heard to say:

"I know, sir. It's the gas-meter!"

TOO MUCH TO EXPECT.

Mr. Hindleton appeared at his neighbor's door one evening in a towering rage and uttering fierce threats against his neighbor's dog, Pongo.

Vainly the neighbor tried to explain that Pongo was only a puppy.

"It belongs to Johnny," he said, "and it would break his heart if anything happened to it. I think," hopefully, "that its manners will improve."

"Manners!" repeated Hindleton. "I'm not complaining of its manners, but its nature. After it had jumped all over me it bit the back of my leg."

"That's as far as it can reach," broke in Johnny, in a wounded tone. "You don't expect a little pup like that to bite a big man like you on the neck!"

SMILE RAISERS.

Customer: "Is there any difference between the lamb you serve and the mutton?"

Honest Waiter: "That depends, sir, upon whether the customer knows the difference."

Moses: "We give little Ikey two shillings a week pocket-money."

Cohen: "Dat vos a lot of money every week, Moses."

Moses: "Ah, vell, it pleases 'im. We let 'im put it in the gas-meter; 'e thinks it is a money-box."

Teacher "I have taught you all there is to know about long measure, and I want any boy who is doubtful on any point to question me concerning it."

Pupil: "P-please, sir, how many policemen's feet does it take to make a Scotland Yard?"

The mother was sitting on a park seat. Her small son began an argument with another youth.

"Who're yer punchin' of?" he demanded, truculently.

"Tommy!" said the shocked parent. "Your grammar! You should have said, 'Of whom are you punching?'"

An old woman from a remote country district visiting Edinburgh for the first time, happened to arrive as a party of golfers were hurrying to catch a suburban train for the links.

She was much interested, and on her return to her native village the minister asked her how she enjoyed herself. "It's a braw toun," she said, "but it hurt me sair tae see sae mony decent-like men carrying bags o' broken umbrellas."

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

(By "VOLT.")

History of the Passion Manuscript.

From Geneva comes news of the discovery of a manuscript of the History of the Passion, with which are bound miniatures of notable workmanship, many of which are accredited to Durer (says an exchange).

There are 23 miniatures in the series. They are painted in gold and colors on vellum. The coloring is brilliant and the design is striking. Eleven of them have been accredited to Durer. The other 12 are not much inferior in execution, and are apparently the work of a pupil, possibly of Nicholas Glockendon. From his hand several miniatures after Durer are known, and to him the manuscript was ascribed by its previous owner.

The signature of Durer is clearly marked. Except for small alterations the designs are identical with those of the so-called "Little Passion" on wood. This was executed between 1509 and 1511. It is the Durer of the line-engraving rather than the Durer of the block-book who is recognised in this book.

Though the date of the work is uncertain, it is believed to have been between 1507 and 1512. The book was bought recently by a Florentine collector and publisher from a bookseller in Nuremberg, who sent it to the curator of the Art Department of the Geneva Museum for examination.

Vatican Scientists.

The Rome correspondent of an exchange, writes under date, May 13:—

Under the supervision of Father John Hagan, S.J., director of the Vatican Observatory, who was formerly connected with Georgetown University, Washington, D.C., there is being issued a wonderful series of 2800 photographs of stars—one set for a catalogue of heavenly bodies and one for a photographic map of the skies.

The photographs for the catalogue are completed and those for the map of the sky are nearly ready. They will be contained in ten volumes, five of which have already been published. On the occasion of the appearance of the fifth volume the Holy Father sent a letter through Cardinal Gaspari to Father Hagan congratulating him and his associates in the Observatory on the beautiful and invaluable work they are doing.

The idea of constructing a large photographic map of the sky was conceived and proposed in 1890 by Rear Admiral Mouchez, director of the astronomical observatory of Paris. He suggested the employment of photography for the study of astronomy and especially for permanently recording the physical aspects of the heavenly bodies. The idea was accepted with enthusiasm by scientific men and a commission was at once formed to divide the difficult work among the most famous of the world's astronomers.

Pope Leo XIII., advised by the celebrated Father Denza then director of the Vatican Observatory, offered to co-operate in the great undertaking. Pope Leo's proffer of the services of the Vatican astronomers and equipment was promptly and gratefully accepted by the committee. Eighteen observatories, distributed throughout the world, were then selected to participate in the work. They were the Vatican and Catania observatories in Italy; Oxford and Greenwich in England; Paris, Bordeaux and Toulouse in France; San Fernando in Spain; Potsdam in Germany; Helsingfors in Finland; Algiers and Cape of Good Hope in Africa; Perth, Sydney and Melbourne in Australia; Cordoba in Argentine; Santiago in Chile; and Tambaja in Mexico.

The portion of the sky assigned to the Vatican Observatory extends from 54 to 64 degrees of the boreal hemisphere. In making the photographs for the map, the pose must be three-fold, and each of the three phases requires 40 minutes. From this it will be seen how long and delicate is the process of obtaining acceptable prints. For thirty years the work has been devoutly performed by Father Laïs, vice-director of the Observatory, assisted recently by Professor Emauelli.

All these observatories adopted an unique type of telescope, called international type, and they immediately began their labors. The work has been pursued with great industry up to the present time.