

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

To SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.—Times are very serious and paper is very scarce. Our natural benevolence is hampered by those two conditions. Thus it is that many specimens of exquisite prose and verse that reach us never get any farther. Please remember that we often have to make a supreme act of self-denial in not publishing for the public your admirable contributions which are not generally interesting only because the public is not yet educated sufficiently to appreciate them.

To REGULAR CORRESPONDENTS.—Verb. sap. here too. We know that like ourselves you often write out of sheer good nature items that can possibly have no general interest. Unfortunately such philanthropy does not pay and the *Tablet* is a business proposition, as we are at times rudely reminded by prosaic directors. May we ask you with due deference to your superior judgment not to send in notes concerning events of everyday occurrence, and not to expatiate on matters that are already known to most people. For instance, where's the use saying that Father Gilhooly or Father von Nicht Rauchen preached an eloquent and impressive sermon when we all know they never preach anything else? It might be well to remember that while some of the clergy love a little limelight there are others so modest that if it appeared in print that they spent a week in August or November in Christchurch they would be consumed with as holy an anger as is compatible with the text: *Inscimini et nolite peccare*. Knowing that she is so deeply rooted in humility that a compliment will not worry her, we venture to suggest that our Wanganui correspondent's taste and judgment are worthy of universal imitation.

To SUBSCRIBERS.—The editor has taken on the job of looking after the Irish Relief Fund. It takes more time and trouble than one might think. It takes twice as much of both because people will not go to the trouble of writing their names distinctly. Consequently when we enter a subscription from a person who after long study we decide must be Herr von Heissenson, we get a letter from Henry Hennessy asking why we did not acknowledge what he sent in. That means going back patiently over back numbers and saying long prayers for Henry and finally writing to tell him that we mistook him for a Prussian nobleman owing to being unable through lack of education to read his beautiful Italian script. Please note and remember for future occasions as our stock of prayers is nearly exhausted now.

HELIGOLAND.—(1) Your suggestion that Mr. Massey should on his return open a class in Christian politeness for Members of Parliament is a good one. But there is an old saying about a silk purse and a sow's ear. (2) The issue of copies of the penny catechism to the same gentlemen (the word means nothing now) might be advisable. As far as we know they do not know the Ten Commandments, and we doubt if one of them could tell what he was created for. (3) Greenwood and Lloyd George confound the evasive answer with the plain lie. An evasive answer need not be a lie. It is simply a weapon of defence against impertinent persons who ask you what you had for breakfast and whether you paid your tailor's bills. Sometimes evasive answers sound like what Mr. Dooley's father said when he hit his finger with the hammer. And we are sure the recording angel makes due allowance for the circumstances, as he did in the case of Uncle Toby.

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.

BOOK NOTICES

The English Dominicans (1221-1921). London C.T.S.; 10 parts, 2d each.

Last week we reviewed Father Bede Jarrett's scholarly work on the English Dominicans. Now we have to hand ten C.T.S. publications contributed by such distinguished writers as Fathers Jarrett, Devas, Dix, Essex, Pope, and Gumbley, covering every phase of Dominican activity and scholarship during seven hundred years. It is an admirable series, and the only thing to regret about it is that it is not issued in one well-bound volume. No doubt the demand for the pamphlets will secure that result later on.

St. Paul A Papist, Rev. T. J. Agins, S.J. (London C.T.S.), is a useful study of the Pauline texts bearing on the papacy.

Psycho-Analysis and Christian Morality, by E. Boyd Barrett, S.J. (C.T.S.), is important regarding the new cult of Psycho-Analysis.

St. Jerome and the Holy Scripture. The Encyclical Letter of Pope Benedict XV. on the fifteenth centenary of the death of St. Jerome. Burns, Oates, Washbourne, Ltd., London; price 1s net.

Irish Readings, by A. M. and T. D. Sullivan (new edition, Gill, Dublin).

For many years nothing more than the writings of the two Sullivans helped to keep alive the spirit of nationality among the masses of the Irish people. The books they wrote ought never be permitted to die. It is good to see that there is still a demand for new editions. We note that Burns and Oates have recently published a new edition of another important book by the Sullivans—*Young Ireland*.

THE OLD APPLE WOMAN.

With her basket of apples comes Nora McHugh,
Wid her candies an' cakes an' wan thing an' another,
But the best thing she brings to commend her to you
Is the smile in her eyes that no trouble can smother.
An' the wit that's at home on the tip of her tongue
Has a freshness unknown to her candy and cake;
Though her wares had been stale since ould Nora was young
There is little complaint you'd be carin' to make.
Well I mind, on a day, I complained of a worm
That I found in an apple, near bitten in two.
"But suppose yo had bit it, an' where'd be the harm?"
For, shure this isn't Friday," said Nora McHugh.

O Nora McHugh, you've the blarneyin' twist in you,
Where is the anger could drame o' resistin' you?
Faix, we'll be sp'ilin' you,
Blind to the guile in you,
While there's a smile in you,
Nora McHugh.

It was Mistress De Vere, that's so proud of her name,
Fell to boastin' wan day of her kin in the peerage—
Though there's some of thim same, years ago whin they
came
To this glorious land, was contint wid the steerage—
An' she bragged of her ancestry, Norman an' Dane,
An' the like furrin ancients that's thought to be swell.
"Now, I hope," said ould Nora, "ye'll not think me vain,
Fur it's little I care for ancestry mesel';
But wid all o' your pedigree, ma'am, I believe
'Tis mesel' can go back a bit further than you,
Fur in me you perceive a descendant of Eve,
The first apple woman," said Nora McHugh.

O Nora McHugh, sich owdacious frivolity!
How can you dare to be jokin' the quality?
Still, we'll be sp'ilin' you,
Blind to the guile in you,
While there's a smile in you,
Nora McHugh.

I try my best to carry without much complaining and in a practical way, for my poor soul's sanctification, the long foreseen miseries of the disease, which, after all, is a providential agent to detach the heart from all earthly affection and prompts much the desire of a Christian soul to be united, the sooner the better—with Him who is its only life.—Father Damien (in one of his last letters).