

MISSING PAGE

MISSING PAGE

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

September 25, Sunday.—Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 26, Monday.—SS. Cyprian and Justina, Martyrs.
 „ 27, Tuesday.—SS. Cosmas and Damian, Martyrs.
 „ 28, Wednesday.—St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.
 „ 29, Thursday.—St. Michael, Archangel.
 „ 30, Friday.—St. Jerome, Confessor and Doctor.
 October 1, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

SS. Cosmas and Damian, Martyrs.

These two saints were brothers, born in Arabia, and renowned for their skill in medicine. They were remarkable for their charity, and for the zeal with which they endeavored to propagate the Christian religion. They were both beheaded in the persecution of Diocletian, about the year 303.

St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.

St. Wenceslaus, Duke of Bohemia, was remarkable for his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. His zeal for the propagation of the true faith led to his death at the hands of his brother, A.D. 982.



GRAINS OF GOLD

IRELAND AND THE ROSARY.

Since the days when dear St. Patrick brought the Faith to Erin's isle

To which, through ages we have faithful been;
 After love and worship of our God, we've ever been renowned

For devotion to His Mother, heaven's Queen.

And the gift we love to offer her, when at her feet we kneel,

Is a wreath of roses, white, and red, and gold;
 While we ponder on the mysteries in the Rosary contained,

In which her sorrows and her joys are told,

O Virgin blest! what joy was yours, when the Angel Gabriel came

And saluted you as Mother of our Lord;
 And when later on, in Bethlehem's Crib, you saw your infant Son

By the shepherds and the Eastern kings adored.

We, too, have had our time of joy, in the days of long ago,
 When religion in our country sped apace,

And to bring the Faith to other lands, and spread the Gospel's light;

Was the privilege accorded to our race.

But 'tis Mary's trials and sorrows that appeal most to our heart

As we meditate on each sad mystery;
 Of grief and tribulations, like to her we've had a part,
 For we've trod the path that leads to Calvary.

You bore your cross, dear Mother, with patience to the end;

Now with your Son you reign in bliss and love,
 And on Ireland's suffering children, who have ever sought your aid

You will look with pity from your throne above.

For after every sorrow there comes a time of joy;
 Every cross that's bravely borne will win a crown;

So we'll wait with patience God's own time for the glorious days to come,

When peace, through Mary's hands, will be sent down.

—AN IRISH EXILE.

Somewhere in France, May, 1921.



The Storyteller



WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

This terror once removed, however, Katie's discomfort at sight of Harry completely disappeared, and the poor lad began to find himself as much at home in the family circle at the Mill as Snipe curled up on the hearthrug. Having no higher an opinion of himself than he had of Snipe, he was quite content like him to lie dumb in the firelight and blink his eyes respectfully at his mistress, and lie in wait for the slightest hint to fetch and carry for her; while Katie, for her part, began to entertain towards him very much the same sort of fondness that children commonly feel for a big dog. Mabel, only too happy to see him devouring tea out of Katie's dainty flowered evening-cups, instead of dipping in Moll Carthy's pewter measures, had not the heart to tell poor Harry that the secret of his present contentment was the certainty of his future disappointment. It must be stated, also, that Miss Mabel felt a growing vague necessity for assuring some mysterious accusing spirit within her that it was her interest in Harry's love affair which made her so frequent a figure in the chimney-corner at the Mill; she felt reluctant to cut off so capital a plea of self-justification. She did not dare to ask herself why young Rohan's name so incessantly crossed and recrossed her daily life, without her ever summoning it up, and yet without her ever feeling provoked to hear it. But when a young person, who has been listening to Georgey O'Meagher crowning a young man's brows with roses during the day, has sufficient patience left to watch new crowns of roses being plaited for him all the evening by an idolatrous mother and fanatical sister, the argus-eyed reader will know how to discount the firmness of soul of the haughty patrician who only a few days ago chafed under the scene at Mullagh and railed at lovers as the cutpurses and assassins of human happiness! I offer no opinion myself. I am perfectly sure that Mabel would have torn her flesh with whips if anybody had suggested to her that she was falling in love with Ken Rohan. Such a thought would have been to her simply horrible—inconceivable. But I am sure also that it was not Mrs. Rohan's cream-cakes alone that caused her to spend so many joyous October evenings in the ruddy parlor firelight at the Mill, trolling glees and duets with Katie, plotting future little raids of benevolence with the President of the Ladies' St. Vincent de Paul Society, and throwing Myles Rohan into ecstasies of perplexity between regard for his fame as an invincible backgammon-player and incapacity to hurt, even on a backgammon-board, an opponent so divinely fair.

"What can have delayed Harry?" asked Miss Westropp for the second or third time on one of those occasions. Harry had been falling into the habit of dropping in at or after tea-time at the Mill to pick up his sister and see her home. It gave him an excuse for coming, and it gave her an excuse for staying. It was growing late now, and Myles Rohan, who was forbidden late hours, had pushed away the backgammon-board and was looking sleepy.

"Ken, put on your hat, and see Miss Westropp safe to the Castle," said Mrs. Rohan, to whom the order seemed as natural as it would seem to a London middle-class mother to despatch her son for a cab. Nor did it seem a very much graver matter to the young people.

"All right, mother—Snipe and myself," said Ken, gaily.

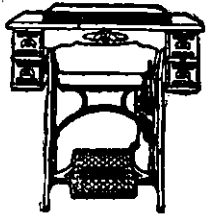
"And won't Master Harry catch it!" said the young lady, half-laughingly, half-assuredly, tying on her hat.

When they got out of the homely warmth of the parlour into the open air not a word passed between them. Not that there was embarrassment on either side. She had no more apprehension of a renewal of the Mullagh nightingale song than of the sullen wintry sky falling. As for him, he was undoubtedly ill at ease whenever Miss Westropp was in the Mill parlor. She appeared to him to be as beautiful as the sun. When a luminary of the

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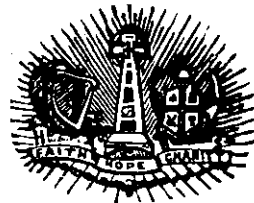
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sun's size compresses itself into a room twenty-six feet by eighteen, sunworshippers naturally feel it hot and blinding and do not breathe comfortably. But he had a fanciful notion that, once out in the expansive air, this bright being's brightness was not so oppressive—that she had more room to shine without overwhelming—and so he marched along filling himself gratefully with her sunshine, entirely oblivious of the fact that, to the eye of the general public, it was not sunlight but darkly drifting clouds and death-dealing October winds that were in possession of the horizon. All happy moments are moments of silence. Words are but the strugglings through which they come or the sighs with which they go. This short, silent walk was a moment of beautiful felicity for young Rohan—felicity so reverent, so unearthly, it reminded him (be it without impiety said) of his feelings as an altar-boy when changing the flowers or lights about the Blessed Sacrament during the Forty Hours' Adoration.

As they passed the lodge-gate, with the stone catamountains grinning from the pillars overhead, the winds were prowling murderously among the branches of the great elm-tree avenue, and the killed and wounded autumn leaves were falling around them at every blast. Now and again, the moon managed to tear its way out of the clouds, as if to detect the night-winds at their deadly work; but the moment after it was thrust back behind the hurrying black clouds, as if by a brutal cordon of policemen in their dark great-coats. As they passed a point where the umbrageous shadows of the avenue were thickest, just where it opened into the wide sweep of the lawn and gravel before the Castle steps, Snipe, who had been caracoling nimbly after the shadows raised by the occasional bursts of moonlight, suddenly barked violently, and then fell back with a yell of pain. The two young people started. At the same moment a torn streak of moonlight shot across the avenue, and they saw a dark figure springing over the wire paling from the angry dog. It was the work of an instant. The figure was buried in a dense shrubbery, and all was still. It might have been some optical fancy, only that Snipe's deep growl was still breaking the silence.

"Who—what could it be?" she said in a tremulous whisper, catching him irresolutely by the arm.

"I suppose somebody about the Castle—perhaps some fellow with an eye upon the pheasants," he replied, not knowing particularly what he said. "Nobody that will harm you, Miss Westropp, anyway."

"I am such a wretched coward," she said, letting go his arm and walking steadily forward to the door. "Thank you, Mr. Rohan. Mrs. Keyes will teach me courage until Harry comes," she said, extending her hand, as he pulled at the housekeeper's bell. "I wonder has he come?" she added, almost to herself, looking round with a shudder at the mournful night and the dark screen of foliage in which the figure had disappeared; and she somehow slightly drew in her hand.

"Bless my soul, Miss, and isn't Master Harry with you?" exclaimed the old prim-capped housekeeper, who herself stood in the doorway.

"Then he is not in—nor Captain MacCarthy?"

"The Captain, you know, Miss, has his latch-key; but he hasn't been in to dinner—has not been in since morning."

"Is—is there anything to fear? Can anything have happened? Tell me—do!—do not be afraid to trust me!" she said, turning to her companion with a white, grave face.

"Not that I know, Miss Westropp—certainly not," he replied; but the news in the morning papers flashed back upon his mind, and no what he thought of it, the man who clambered over the fence was dragging something like a rifle with him. She noticed by the lamplight the spasm of doubt crossing his face, and he saw her own face grow whiter. "I will try if I can't beat up Harry and the Captain, or"—a thought suddenly struck him—"maybe Mrs. Keyes and yourself will allow me to stay with you till they come—it cannot be very long."

"God bless us! my darling child—how frightened you look!—as if you had seen something!" cried the old housekeeper, drawing the shrinking figure within her arms. "Yes, Mr. Rohan, certainly, you will stay," she said, decisively. "Something has frightened her."

"Only a man that the dog barked at in the plantation beyond—some poacher, I dare say, or somebody making a short cut home through the Park," said Ken Rohan, following the housekeeper through a shadowy, gaping corridor to the little snuggerly Mabel had fitted up for her guests among the vast solitudes of the dreary mansion—like one of the little Arab cooking-fires you see nestling among the colossal pink-granite ruins of Memphis. Miss Westropp would have it that she was now all right; but the housekeeper would insist on dragging her off to her own little room to take off her things and douche her wrists and temples with eau-de-cologne. Ken took a turn or two up and down opposite the glowing hearth, on which a fire of pine-logs and peat was frisking and crackling merrily. Then something seemed to draw him towards the quaint trifoliated window, and he found himself again surveying the spot where the figure had started out of the darkness and as quickly returned to it. The moon had again obtained a momentary ascendancy over the rebellious clouds, and was flashing out and back with the warring fortunes of the moment. His eye suddenly rested on the penumbra of a man cast by the moonlight beyond the fringe of the deeper mass of shade made by the trees. The shadow paced up and down measuredly. It stopped, and a second shadow crept up from the gloom of the avenue, and the two seemed to hold ghostly communion together, after which both shadows shrank back into the mass of gloom. Again the moon got the worst of it in the elemental war, and all was darkness.

"I am afraid I have not distinguished myself," said a voice behind, and turning with a start he saw that Miss Westropp had re-entered the room. "I have made, oh! so many valiant resolutions, and then at the first shadow of danger—oh, that shadow!" she again broke down into a shuddering whisper, and sank into a chair. "I do wish that Harry would come!"

"Of course he will come. If you had seen as many shadows as Harry and I have seen together by moonlight lately, one wayfarer more or less after dark would not strike you as very odd," he replied with a cheery smile.

"You have not told me—I do want you to tell me—truly—is there trouble coming? and do you really, really think it is not madness for our poor unarmed peasant lads to think of coping with British regiments and artillery—heavy guns that would smash through this house as easily as if it were cardboard?" she asked, looking him earnestly in the face.

He started. It was the first time the question had ever presented itself to his own mind so pointedly. "It would be indeed impossible not to answer such a question as that truly," he said, his head involuntarily bending in homage to the sweet searching face that was fixed upon him. "My answer is that I do not know, and I have no right to ask. There are soldiers at the head of this movement—veterans of the greatest war of the century. Captain Mike is but one of thousands—one of tens of thousands who are dispersed through every parish in the country, or awaiting the signal to embark on ships that will bring them to this very Bay. The men who carried the Cemetery Heights at Gettysburg may be trusted to know their business. It is theirs to decide what is to be done. We of the rank-and-file have only to wait till the word is passed and do it. I have told you all I know, Miss Westropp, except this—that, upon my honor, I am not aware of any immediate peril pending in this locality."

"My poor Harry!" she said, bursting into tears.

How he seemed to envy Harry the danger, the death, that would make such tears flow for him! How reverently he would kiss the bullet that would entitle him to them! And oh! to think of kissing those tears away on a field of victory. He sat silent, as though a word would be sacrilegious.

"How you must despise me?" she said, looking up all at once with a sad smile breaking through glassy barriers. "Do you know, I have been schooling myself to this ever so long—persuading myself that, when the time comes, I should surrender Harry to his country like a heroine—and you see the result, the moment even a shadow seems to cross me!"

"I fancy," said Ken Rohan, "women bear the apprehension of danger worse than men, but meet the reality more bravely."



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"Some women do," she said with a sigh. "There is that Italian girl in Mrs. Browning's glorious poem. Do you know I have been reading it over and over again these days to gain courage?—as one reads the Bible for courage of another kind. See!" and the book opened where a marker had been inserted at the famous lines—

Heroic males the country bears—
But daughters give up more than sons:
Flags wave, drums beat, and unawares
You flash your souls out with the guns,
And take your Heaven at once.
But we!—we empty heart and home
Of life's life, love! We hear to think
You're gone—to feel you may not come—
To hear the door-latch stir and clink,
Yet no more you! . . . nor sink.
Dear God! when Italy is one,
Complete, content from bound to bound,
Suppose, for my share, earth's undone,
By one grave in't!—as one small wound
Will kill a man, 'tis found.
What then? If love's delight must end,
At least we'll clear its truth from flaws.
I love thee, love thee, sweetest friend!
Now take my sweetest without pause,
And help the Nation's cause.
And thus of noble Italy
We'll both be worthy! Let her show
The future how we made her free,
Not sparing life . . . nor Giulio
Nor this . . . this heart-break. Go!
(To be continued.)

The Ubiquitous Irish

HOW THE RACE IS SCATTERED THROUGH THE WORLD.

A speaker at the recent reception to his Grace Archbishop Mannix in the Sydney Town Hall referred to the wide dispersal of the Irish race throughout the world. He added that what had been Ireland's loss in this respect had been the world's gain. Recently the New York *World* published statistics showing just how the Irish people are scattered over the earth. These interesting statistics are as follow:—

Persons Born in Ireland or of Irish Parentage.

Ireland	4,100,000
Great Britain	3,000,000
United States	11,900,000
Canada (including Newfoundland)	1,200,000
Australasia (including New Zealand and Tasmania)	1,400,000
South America	1,000,000
Asia	100,000
European Continent	300,000
South Africa	100,000
Total	23,100,000

Persons of Irish Grandparentage.

Great Britain	4,000,000
United States	15,000,000
Canada (including Newfoundland)	1,300,000
Australasia (including New Zealand and Tasmania)	1,300,000
South Africa	150,000
South America	1,500,000
Asia	200,000
European Continent	500,000
Total	23,950,000

This calculation, which is based, so far as they are available, on official returns of nationality, gives us an Irish race 47,000,000 strong. The actual number of persons in the world at the present time who were born in Ireland of Irish parents is over 8,000,000, while there are nearly 15,000,000 of persons born out of Ireland, but both of whose parents were Irish. We have excluded from this any calculation of the number of persons of Irish descent

—that is, persons who are more than two generations removed from Ireland. If these were included there would be found some 10,000,000 more of the Irish race on the European Continent, and another 10,000,000 elsewhere. As it stands, the Irish race forms one of the most numerous races in the world—equal to the French or Italians. There used to be an old boast that the sun never sets on the English Dominions. It is a literal fact that the sun never sets on the Irish race. No wonder the Irish question is a world-wide one.

THE AMERICAN COMMISSION ON CONDITIONS IN IRELAND

INTERIM REPORT

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER IV—(Continued.)

The British Terror in Ireland

Article 46 of the Hague Convention states: "Family honor and rights, individual life and private property, as well as religious convictions and worship, must be respected. Private property may not be confiscated." The British terror in Ireland would seem to us to violate not merely this article but all law of peace and of war, private and public, human and divine. In its long continuance, complete organisation, ruthlessness, and all-pervading character, it would seem to your Commission almost without parallel in the practice of civilised nations.

The testimony of Mrs. Muriel MacSweeney, the Misses Walsh, Miss Craven, and others allowed us to realise the extent to which the sanctity of the Irish home is violated. A total of 48,474 raids by armed British on Irish homes in 1920, compiled from official Irish Republican sources, was presented to us. These raids would seem to take place usually in the night; and their avowed purpose seemed to be in part to find secreted arms and "wanted" men.

"On the Run."—The men sought by the raiders were said to be "on the run," some from arrest; others, as has been shown, from assassination by the Imperial British forces. Lord Mayor MacSweeney, "on the run," saw his family but rarely and by stealth. Lord Mayor O'Callaghan testified that he had not been able to enter his own home for two years. It would appear from testimony already cited that the family of a father or husband, son or brother "on the run," shared his peril even in his absence.

Shelter in Ditches and Cemeteries.—And in some places, those who were not "on the run," and the infirm and aged, the women and children, would appear to feel safer in the fields than in their homes. Mr. Derham testified that for a week after the sack of Balbriggan the townspeople "spent the night in the country. They did not wait until night to go. When four o'clock, or evening came, you would see them going away to the country, stopping in the farmers' stables or barns or haylofts or anything they could get, or in the ditches. Two-thirds of the people left the town during the week."

And, of a night in Mallow, Mr. Frank Dempsey testified:—

"There is a graveyard immediately behind the Roman Catholic Church and behind the Protestant Church, and quite a number of women and children spent the night sitting on the gravestones—on the tombstones. One woman, Mrs. Connolly, who had a baby about three days previous to this—she had to get up out of bed with her baby, of course. She got up and took her baby and remained out in the graveyard with her baby all night, and she got pneumonia and died. The baby is alive yet. Another old woman who went to this graveyard got sick and died."

What they feared could be appreciated from Mr. Morgan's testimony of the experience of his family at Thurles:

A Night in a Home.—"On January 20, about 11.10, my wife was in bed, and my boy of five years was in the cot. I had put out the light and had got ready to go

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to bed when I heard shooting going on in the town. When I heard the shooting first, I thought it was only isolated shots, and then I heard heavy volleys. So I said to my wife, "We must get out of this room immediately. If there are any stray shots we shall be in danger." We hastily got out of bed and got down to a lower basement where it was fairly good protection from the side and also from the front, because we were in the back. I went back and got the youngster out of his cot. I had to go on all fours lest a bullet should come in. I dragged him down, and had to go back for some clothes to cover us. All that time the firing was going on heavily. And it got nearer and nearer. Just as I got inside the basement with the clothes I heard bullets hitting the house. There was a door there facing the street. The bullets came in through the hall and swished by the door where we were standing. We heard the glass going and the plaster falling off the ceiling. I placed my wife and the little boy flat on the floor. We tried to protect ourselves as well as we could. It was a miserable cold night. My wife, in her condition, being within two weeks of her confinement, was in a terror-stricken state. We lay there. The firing continued. The heavy volleys we heard outside seemed to pierce every window in the house. Then the firing moved back to town again. It lasted altogether about an hour, and it stopped. We remained in the same position, anxious to know if it would break out any more. In half an hour's time it started again, but on the second occasion it did not last so long—only about ten minutes. We could not stir from the position we were in because we did not know at what moment it would break out again. So that we had to lie on the stone floor all night."

The terror spread to homes not the objective of attack. The Rev. Father Cotter gave the following description of an evening in Galway:

Evening in Galway.—"With the lights out in my room, I peeped out under the blinds and saw what appeared to be about two hundred and fifty soldiers or police halt at the door of the hotel. Immediately after the order 'Halt!' came the word 'Fire!'; so they shot there for several hours through the street, terrifying everyone. I left my bed and lay under the window—it was a stone building—to escape a possible bullet."

And the terror would seem not to pass with the night. Daniel T. Broderick, an ex-American soldier, testified:

Country Roads.—"I have seen them [soldiers] travel along the roads there, and if a dog barked at their trucks—lorries, as they call them—that dog would be instantly shot. And it was a regular habit of theirs to shoot at houses adjoining the public road, and to take pot shots at cattle along the road as they went along."

Near the cities the highways would seem to hold both the terror and the refugees. Mrs. Agnes B. King testified that she went out from Dublin:

"I went out to Balbriggan the day before Patrick Lynch was killed. It seemed to me that hundreds of 'Black-and-Tans' were on the road going out. As you approached the town, you met the people fleeing. Sometimes they were taking all they had with them. I met many women with children huddled about their skirts, fleeing from the town."

The terror that runs on the country roads would seem to abide in the city streets. Concerning conditions in Dublin, October, 1920, Mr. Denis Morgan testified:

City Streets.—"You might be going down the main streets any time of the day and suddenly you hear a shout, 'Whoop,' and suddenly both ends of the street are stopped up. Shots are fired over the heads of the bystanders and then everyone is searched. Now they are always accompanied by armoured cars carrying machine guns. The armoured cars drive up on the footpath where the people stand, so that they have to clear out in all directions in order to escape. On almost any street of Dublin you can see these armoured cars going along with bayonets sticking out, and very often they fire shots, apparently to see the women and people scream and fly in all directions."*

Laurence Ginnell, for many years a member for Dublin

* Note the bearing of such happenings on the "refusal to halt" and "trying to escape" shootings.

of the British Parliament, gave us this picture of the occupied city of Dublin in March, 1920:

"The streets were filled with fully armed soldiers marching about with fixed bayonets and bombs hanging at their belts. Often tanks, even in the daytime, rolled along. Aeroplanes hovered over the city of Dublin incessantly. There were soldiers at the railroad stations and at most of the bridges leading into the city. The people live in a state of military siege."

The Irish who live in this terror would seem also called upon to endure restrictions of their movements. It was stated in evidence that 7,287 Republicans had been arrested by the Imperial British forces in Ireland during 1920; and that the populace still at large were by proclamation forbidden to enter or leave certain areas, to possess motor cars, to travel twenty miles by motor, or to be on the streets after a given hour, without military permission. This curfew hour would seem to fall as early as five o'clock in the afternoon, at the whim of some Imperial British officer.

Violation of these ordinances may end fatally. Such restrictions deprive the Irish citizens of most organised and unorganised occasions of social or community life.

Religious Services

Several witnesses have given testimony on the practice of stationing fully armed soldiers or policemen in the Roman Catholic churches during services. John Tanguay, former member of the R.I.C., testified (corroborated by Daniel Galvin, ex-R.I.C.) as to orders issued to the police by General Deasey in the section of Tipperary where he was stationed in May, 1920:

"These orders were that all policemen should go to Mass, in formation. The two in front were to take revolvers and the last two were to take rifles. The revolvers were to be worn with lanyards. The two with rifles were to keep their rifles at the ready with bullets in the breech until Mass was over. And when Mass was over they were to march through the crowds the same way. And if there was any hostility shown they were to shoot."

It was testified that religious services were profaned by the presence of military patrols in the aisles of churches in Thurles, Clougheen, Galway, and other places; that churches are surrounded during the services and the emerging congregations searched, and worshippers assaulted and arrested.

Deaths and Wakes

There was evidence before us that armed men invaded sick rooms, birth and death chambers. Mr. Denis Morgan testified:

"There was a case at Holy Cross. A girl had died and a wake was being held. At a wake in Ireland the neighbors assemble and sit up all night with the corpse. At the wake was a poor old simpleton, Mr. Rooney. He happened to go out of the corpse house. He was killed outside the door. The coroner's jury verdict on Rooney was, 'wilful murder committed by the armed forces of the Crown.'"

Funerals

Funerals in Ireland, according to several witnesses, have a bodyguard of soldiers that follow the mourners to the grave. Henry Turk, American sailor, gave the following testimony on funerals he had witnessed in Cork:

"There is just one thing I would like to mention, if I could, and that is the most pathetic thing I remembered in Cork, in connection with the killing of the people over there, is that they usually combine the funerals. There are three or four of the men buried at one time and the bodies are carried along the streets on the shoulders of their comrades. They are draped with the republican colors. Following the bodies come the mourners, the relatives, and probably the members of their society. Then immediately following that is an armoured car, with machine guns, and three or four lorries of heavily armed men. Each one has got a trench helmet on, and guns all levelled at the people on the sidewalks and the corners.

"That is not an exception. Every funeral I have seen was carried on that way."

Mr. P. J. Guilfoil testified regarding a funeral he witnessed:

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"There was the coffin coming up the street and the military on both sides of the coffin, which was covered with wreaths. . . . and as they passed the Windsor Hotel where I was staying at, the military took their bayonets and threw these wreaths off."

Mr. Guilfoil also gave testimony regarding the desecration of tombs and the prying open of coffins by Imperial British forces, allegedly searching for concealed arms.

It would seem to your commission that the Imperial British forces have made Ireland a prison; and have organised a terror to harass the citizenry even unto death—and beyond.

(To be continued.)

A DEBT LONG DUE

It may be safely said that there is neither an Englishman nor an Irishman who did not rejoice on Saturday last (writes J. P. Boyle, in the *London Catholic Times*, for July 16) when he learned that a truce, preparatory to a settlement, had been arranged. How the negotiations that are still to take place will end I cannot prophesy, but there is good reason to hope they will end happily, because there is a strong feeling amongst the people of Great Britain that in the event of failing to seize such a favorable opportunity of settling a vexed and age-long question, their Government should be held to strict account.

Self-Determination

There certainly will be no serious objection by Great Britain to a settlement on the most liberal terms, and I believe the Sinn Féin plea for self-determination will be generally accepted. Now-a-days no one will deny that Great Britain has done Ireland grievous wrong and has a very heavy debt to pay. In a pamphlet which he issued on the occasion of the Fenian rising over fifty years ago, John Stuart Mill wrote: "Irish disaffection assuredly is a familiar fact; and there have always been those amongst us who liked to explain it by special taint or infirmity in the Irish character. But liberal Englishmen have always attributed it to the multitude of unredressed wrongs. England had for ages, from motives of different degrees of unworthiness, made her yoke heavy upon Ireland. According to a well-known computation, the whole land of the island has been confiscated three times over. Part had been taken to enrich powerful Englishmen and their Irish adherents; part to form the endowment of a hostile hierarchy; the rest had been given away to English and Scotch colonists, who held, and were intended to hold it as a garrison against the Irish. The manufactures of Ireland, except the linen manufacture, which was chiefly carried on by these colonists, were deliberately crushed for the avowed purpose of making more room for those of England.

Catholics Deported

"The vast majority of the Irish nation, all who professed the Roman Catholic religion, were, in violation of the Faith pledged to the Catholic army at Limerick, despoiled of all their political and most of their civil rights, and were left in existence only to plough or dig the ground, and pay rent to their task-masters. A nation which treats its subjects in this fashion cannot well expect to be loved by them. It is not necessary to discuss the circumstances of extenuation which an advocate might more or less justly urge to excuse these iniquities to the English conscience. Whatever might be their value in our own eyes, in those of the Irish they had not, and could not have, any extenuating virtue. Short of actual depopulation and desolation, or the direct enslaving of the inhabitants, little was omitted which would give a people cause to execrate its conquerors."

A Puzzling Question

I have often asked myself why it is that the English, a people whose toleration and common sense have secured for them allies and friends in all parts of the world, have been so hostile to the Irish, a kindly and warm-hearted people, as to make them desire at any risk, even of death itself, to be separated from them. This was clearly against English interests. But in their relations with one another

individually there has been no antipathy, and Irishmen have found no difficulty in working in the service of Englishmen, and *vice versa*. John Stuart Mill says that there is probably no other nation in the civilised world which, if the task of governing Ireland had happened to devolve on it, would not have shown itself more capable of that work than England has done. The reasons which Mill gives are these. First, there is no other civilised nation which is so conceited of its own institutions and of all its modes of public action, as England is; and secondly, there is no other civilised nation which is so far apart from Ireland in the character of its history, or so unlike it in the whole constitution of its social economy; and none, therefore, which if it applies to Ireland the modes of thinking and maxims of government which have grown within itself, is so certain to go wrong.

Fundamental Prejudice

These reasons may partly account for the failure, but they do not completely explain it. I think the explanation is to be found in some fundamental prejudice by which the wisdom of the Englishman has been obscured, and that the object of this prejudice is the Catholic religion. In a word, I believe that Catholic Ireland and non-Catholic England cannot live happily under the same Government. With separate Governments they will live in amicable relations, each, because of its resources and the commodities it supplies, feeling the necessity of perpetual friendliness.

Archbishop Mannix: An Impression

"Eye-Witness" writing in the *Brisbane Worker* says of Archbishop Mannix:—

"He photographs himself on the mental and spiritual retina of his audience as a man of transparent, unselfish, clean-minded uprightness—an irrepressible, determined, persuasive, alert, unswerving personality, exuding sincerity. Big in every way; no trace of anything small about him—nothing petty. He handles big subjects easily. He gets his oratorical effects without effort. He thinks in big areas. The man is always bigger than the thing or the individual he is discussing. He seems to stand on an eminence and looks down on men and matters. And he takes the man in the street and lifts him up to the same exalted height, and shows him how ridiculously futile are the efforts of the little, self-seeking marionettes of the moment to whom the guidance of the destinies of mankind are entrusted—the Lloyd Georges, the Billy Hugheses, and the Joe Cooks! You feel that he has accurately measured these fellows and sized them up for what they are. And yet he never says a personal word against any of them.

He speaks easily and clearly. He has the rare gift of oratorical suggestion and of eloquent silence, so that you follow his thoughts and not merely his words. He employs simple, homely language, with plenty of pauses between his phrases. No highfalutin! He wields an oratorical dagger of refined, burnished steel. Cultured to his finger-tips, and yet withal a simple, earnest, truthful man, seeing things with a clear eye and earnestly endeavoring to let you see the truth as he himself sees it. An artist in humorous oratorical satire, he doesn't laugh nor even smile at his own sallies, but you seem to hear the echo of Herculean laughter away down in the depths of his being somewhere."

It seems to me we can never give up longing and wishing while we are thoroughly alive. There are certain things which we feel to be beautiful and good and we must hunger after them.—George Eliot.

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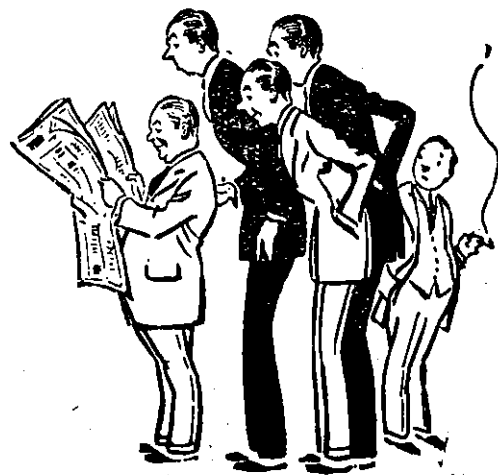
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The "New Witness" on Ireland

Some among the many, of all parties, who sincerely desire a decent Irish settlement ought to remonstrate with those who, maintaining the profession of moderation, are clearly casting about to find excuses for refusal. In one case, at least, they were unfortunate in the excuse they find. One paper argues that Sir James Craig cannot be expected to accept the reversal of an Act of Parliament, and that "Ulster" naturally declines to trust de Valera as fully as an Act of Parliament. The writer seems to forget, in the queerest fashion, that an Act of Parliament was defied and destroyed entirely by the action of "Ulster." It was not amended or reconsidered, it was torn to pieces and tossed into the waste-paper basket, solely under the threat of armed rebellion by Ulster against the King. That threat was the signal and the example of all other armed rebellions that have since occurred in Ireland. To suggest now that Sir James Craig is shocked with the very thought of tampering with the text of a statute is enough to make an Orangeman laugh. If one statute was destroyed entirely out of defiance to Belfast, surely another might be modified out of consideration for Ireland—and England. For it is England for which we are concerned in this matter; and it will be utterly intolerable if she is prevented from cutting her way out of her tragic tangle by such a ridiculous wisp of red tape as this.

Peace or Ruin

The truth is that the statements of Mr. de Valera so far do not, most fortunately, challenge the real English interests and stipulations at all. The real English interest to be defended is that of military and naval defence, and the real question to be discussed is whether any Parliament or Republic imperils it. But certainly Mr. de Valera says nothing at present that can imperil it. He demands Irish self-determination, which is the only possible object of creating any kind of Irish self-government. He expresses the idea of Irish unity by suggesting that the same self-government should be given to the Northern district of Ireland as is now given to it by England. We can see nothing in this mere matter of order and form that endangers the power of England, or that ought to endanger the peace of Ireland. We are concerned to protect the soil and status of England, not to protect the sensibilities of Sir James Craig. There may have been a cynical expediency in pretending to adore the Orange lodges of Belfast when they were regarded as a bulwark of our policy. It is simply suicidal sentimentalism to keep up the pretence if they have become a barrier to our policy. And our policy must be peace with Ireland; the alternative is not only crime and shame, but it is a ruinous wastage of our power and prestige, which will mean our sinking lower and lower in reputation and resources, till we become the sort of thing which the rest of humanity tramples out without regret.

The Cleanness of Sinn Fein

Many epithets have been thrown at Sinn Fein but it is important to note that never once has it been suggested that its leaders have been guilty of secret diplomacy, place-hunting, or the sacrifice of principle to party or finance. The *Dail Eireann* and its officials have been elected and are governing in a democratic way which is an education to the rest of the world. The best brains have been chosen for the most important tasks, nor have the Ministers dared go beyond the limits imposed on them by the will of the people who elected them. Thus we always know where to find them. Our own Government, on the other hand, has appointed its officials by a system of shameless co-option and corruption, has given office to incompetent but wealthy fools, and has never asked the country what measures it desired to have passed into law. This Irish Conference, then, certainly represents the will of the people on the Irish side, but not on ours. The Irish speakers are men of deep learning, extremely well versed in the art of open statesmanship, and imbued with a love of principle they have risked their lives to defend. Our self-appointed spokesmen are politicians of the lowest type, anxious for intrigue, ignorant beyond words. It is said that the real trouble will be that of finance, higher principles of national morality being lightly considered by our British cavaliers. In that event Ireland's case is being put forward by de Valera, a skilled mathematician, and Griffith, one of the

best statisticians of Europe; ours by Lloyd George, a lawyer, and—mark him well—Sir Philip Sassoon, a Jewish millionaire.

The Ulster Excuse

Mr. George is represented as having "fought" his Cabinet on behalf of Mr. de Valera. We are asked to admire the passionate sincerity of the Premier in testing the value of the Coalition support by an appeal for justice to Ireland. We may take it that there has been trouble with some of the Orange irreconcilables, of whom Major Archer Shee is one of the most honest. The crux of the matter, as Mr. Hugh Martin has already pointed out, lies not in the attitude of Ulster towards Sinn Fein but in the attitude of the Cabinet towards Sinn Fein outrages in Belfast have done very much to enlighten the general public as to the real cause of Irish dissension. Mr. George and his Press have persistently portrayed Sinn Fein as refusing to make peace with the Orange Loyalists who in their turn have been described as patient and long-enduring victims. In the ultimate, if Belfast is still recalcitrant, Mr. George will have to choose between concussing the Orange Lodges and losing his position, for if peace, so clearly in sight, should again disappear, the Premier will have to bear the full brunt of Tory disaffection backed up by popular feeling. Mr. de Valera's refusal to treat Sir James Craig out of Ireland is a wise piece of statesmanship. To meet him in London would be to recognise the right of England to settle Irish affairs, and the strength of Sinn Fein's position has always been that difference between the Southern Irish and the Belfast Unionists must be settled at home. It is of course quite possible that, emulating the example of the late Lord Chief Justice, Sir Edward Carson may vacate the Bench for the platform and pay a flying visit to Belfast to stiffen the Orangemen in the demand for a continuance of the war. We doubt, however, if even Sir Edward's enmity can shatter the hopes of an Irish peace. For in the ultimate Mr. George must stand or fall with the result of the negotiations, and if it comes to a choice between the suppression of Belfast and the loss of his salary, Belfast will kick the beam.

George and Northcliffe

The boycott of the *Times* by the Foreign Office as punishment for its criticism of Mr. George and Lord Curzon has demonstrated the scope of the Prime Minister's vanity in the most effective manner possible. That he has not been able to muzzle the *Times* by manipulation of shares held by his supporters is a thorn in Mr. George's side. He is pre-eminently provincial and has all the desire for publicity characteristic of the type. Adulation untinged by the faintest criticism is what Mr. George desires, and in his efforts to secure a servile and boot-licking Press he has acquired through his supporters a number of newspapers which, previous to their purchase, were successful both from a journalistic and a literary point of view. Since they passed into the service of the Prime Minister, however, their circulation has dropped and their standard deteriorated. Both the *Times* and the *Daily News*, however, have resisted Mr. George's aspirations, and the soul of the little Welsh attorney has become embittered at their independence. Unwittingly, he revealed the depth of his annoyance when he stated that the *Times* "is still supposed in many circles abroad to represent both educated and official opinion in this country." And in his rage that the truth should be read as to his unfitness to represent Great Britain at Washington, he has behaved with the spitefulness of an old maid at a suburban tea-party. We do not for a moment accept his suggestion that he is not responsible for the boycott of the *Times*. Lord Curzon does not suffer from any misapprehension as to his personal dignity, and, remembering the solemnity with which he regards both himself and his position, it seems unlikely he would emulate the antics of a gutter urchin. It is an open secret in Fleet Street that the Premier has brought every possible pressure to bear upon the *Times* in relation to its Irish policy. It is a proof of his failure and of his pettiness that, unable to muzzle our contemporary, he has shaken a puny fist in its face. "You shan't come and play in my yard if you are not good to me," says Mr. George, his fingers to his nose. Meanwhile, we fail to discover any alteration in the *Times* owing to the deprivation of the privileges hitherto accorded.

Current Topics

Another Headline

On Monday morning the *Otago Daily Times* opened out with a headline telling its readers that de Valera had yielded—"DE VALERA YIELDS." Mindful of the fact that a short time ago the editor of the same paper told us that Sinn Fein had murdered three men in Belfast and that when we read the cable we found that they had been probably (and as was proved later they certainly were) murdered by Orangemen, we read the message, dated September 18, 11.5 p.m., only to find out that it was another case of *Daily Times* editorial genius falling over itself in its anxiety to win an O.B.E. by its determination to be in at the death of a small nation. We found a letter which reminded Lloyd George that from the beginning of the negotiations de Valera acted and spoke as the President of the Irish Republic, laying down as essential the principle of self-determination on which the Welshman recruited during the war. De Valera, like many other people, was surprised that Lloyd George should at this hour find as an obstacle to a conference facts which he was face to face with from the beginning. Without withdrawing his insistence on these facts, without failure to recognise himself for what he is, de Valera again asserts his readiness to enter into a conference for the sake of final peace, but in all his letter there is no sign of yielding where the principles enunciated from the beginning are concerned, and only a man who could tell the public that murders committed by Orangemen were Sinn Fein crimes could frame the headline, "DE VALERA YIELDS."

[The foregoing note was printed before we saw the reply of Mr. Lloyd George which reached Dunedin at noon on Monday. The British Prime Minister's first two sentences are a clean knock-out for the *Daily Times* scribe. Lloyd George writes to de Valera: "I received your telegram. I observe that it does not modify the claim that your delegates should meet us as representatives of a sovereign independent State." How anxious some people are that de Valera should yield!]

Queries

Is it because a Freemason or an Orangeman is mentally unfit that he is often treated lightly as a criminal?

Perhaps the *Otago Daily Times* editor could tell us if it was when Donegal was put in Southern Ireland that he received authority to locate Spike Island in Dublin?

Would he also inform us when the town of Mill-street became a metropolitan thoroughfare?

How long after the war for small nations did it become unpatriotic to think that pledges made by the British Government ought to be kept?

Why was a Prussian scrap of paper a disgraceful thing, while it seems that British scraps of paper arouse no editorial wrath at all?

Since when did it become usual for "British gentlemen" to describe as "fanatics" and "idealists" people who object to being told falsehoods by British Cabinet Ministers?

What is the exact word to describe an editor who attributes to one class of people the crimes committed by others?

Ratana

Merely for the sake of argument let us put a case to the Anglicans who gave Ratana their blessing. If Ratana, consulted by a person who suffered from a malignant internal cancer, told him to go away and pray and he would be all right, and if in spite of prayer the cancer that might have been cured by operation killed the patient, would the Anglicans feel easy in their conscience? Would they advise a bad case of appendicitis to pray and not to worry about a doctor?

And would they do the same themselves? There is, it seems to us, abundant warranty in Scripture for the old saying: "God helps those who help themselves." And whatever might be the effect of suggestion in nervous disorders we should certainly recommend patients to help themselves to expert medical advice. Miracles are not wrought every day, and while suggestion can cure some cases it cannot replace glass eyes and cork legs.

"The Victim"

There are pictures and pictures, just as there are good books and other books; and, like books again, the picture theatre has become a force for good or evil in the world of to-day. Too often one has to pronounce condemnation on the entertainments provided for the public by the directors of the cinematograph world, and it is a rare event when one can unreservedly recommend a picture to all comers—or rather goers. We have had a few in many years that we found deserving of such recommendation. *Fabiola* was one; personally we think *The Miracle* was another; and we have dim recollections of one or two more: so few out of all that follow one another in the merry-go-round of the weekly programmes! All things considered, we are pleased to communicate to our readers the good account we have had of a picture called *The Victim*. It has been produced in Wellington, where it met with universal approbation among the clergy and laity, and we hear it is to be in Dunedin about the end of the first week of October. The subject being the secret of the Confessional and its inviolability, the picture ought to be interesting to all—yea, even to the P.P. Asses who will have an opportunity of acquiring some knowledge without being called upon to exercise more intelligence than is possessed by the ordinary school-child. Respectable non-Catholics who desire to have the truth put before them will also find mental and moral enlightenment in the entertainment. Catholics ought to support it because it is a vindication of Catholic doctrine, as well as a testimony to the miraculous fact that the secret committed to the confessor by the penitent was, is, and for ever shall be recognised as God's secret which no priest could violate without incurring the most terrible penalties that the Church can inflict on her delinquent children. Support of a picture of this sort means encouragement to provide others equally wholesome, and goodness knows we want more of the kind.

The Australian Catholic Truth Society

The Executive of this zealous society are making a rally in order to increase its membership and to make it more efficient. One may become a member for the small sum of five shillings yearly. The object of the society is to promote the spread of Catholic doctrine and to combat by timely and useful publications the attacks against the Church. Co-operation in this campaign is most laudable, and we are sure the clergy will do all in their power to secure large numbers of new members. At a cost of a little more than one penny a week a large membership can effect great good, and nobody will ever miss the few shillings a year to help on the good work. The society has already published numerous pamphlets on religious, scientific, literary, and social subjects, and the amount of good it can do in future depends to a large extent on the co-operation of our people and on their response to the present drive. We trust that a new membership of at least five thousand will be found in New Zealand. Five times as many ought to be forthcoming in Australia with no great effort. Such support would enable the society to do in the future even ten times more good than it has done in the past. We feel that this laudable enterprise need only be mentioned to secure for it the aid it merits.

University Luminaries

It was a great French doctor who said that his faith was as simple and as strong as that of a Breton peasant, and added that if he knew more it would be even as simple and strong as that of a Breton peasant

woman. In the same strain, Bacon said that while a little knowledge leads men away from God, deep learning leads them to Him. These thoughts occur to one under whose notice it has been brought that certain young medical students, who could hardly pass a Civil Service Examination, assume superior airs with regard to religion almost as soon as they have their elementary text-books placed in their hands. They verify Bacon's hard saying about the evil of a little knowledge; for, as their professors know well, little indeed is their learning. The airs and graces of Clarence-from-the-Cow-country are often a source of much amusement to citizens of Dunedin, but to contemplate how ignorance and arrogance mislead the poor little things is in no way amusing. One medical student who forgot before he began his professional studies more than most of the others will ever learn attributes their attitude to lack of brains and to weakness of character. With pride and delight they accept the ignoble teaching that they are descended from the ape, while the destructive criticism of their theories by masters such as Windle remain as much a mystery to them as if they were written in Sanscrit. Whatever else one may think of them, their existence confirms us in the opinion we have long held that a real course of Christian Apologetics in our secondary schools would be a great help to young boys and girls who are destined to plunge into a materialistic environment in which at present many of them sink to rise no more. Mere knowledge of the text of the *catechism* is good and necessary; knowledge of the *New Testament* is excellent; but something more is required.

Our Politicians

The more one reflects on the average inaninity and ignorance of our politicians the more one wonders why the country stands them. Why should men who are regarded in their own towns as failures be selected to represent the people in Parliament? Why should professional men who are at the lowest level be entrusted with the task of legislating for the Dominion? The low standard in this country impressed Lord Bryce so forcibly that he said hard things about us in his recent work; but no man can deny that he was even mild in his criticisms. At the present time, lack of principle, incapacity for clear thinking, servile obedience to the bosses, seem to be the only qualifications required in a Member of Parliament. We have for Prime Minister a person who was regarded as the least considerable and important among the Dominion Premiers. We have all around us obvious proofs of his incapability. And, ignorant and uneducated though he be, he shines like a star among the majority of the Cabinet Ministers with whom he has surrounded himself. Two agencies keep him in power: a press that is the last word in servility and unreliability; and an organisation of bigots, led by a person who was horse-whipped by a returned soldier for vile calumnies against his dead sister. On such foundations the Massey Government rests, and the people do not seem to realise what it means to them. The Government, such as it is, is the tool of the capitalists who dictate the policy of what is called the Reform Party. The public are the dupes of press and politicians. And between them all poor New Zealand is in a sorry plight indeed. From some points of view it is a consolation that things are going to become so much worse than even the blind will see later on. What has Mr. Massey's last tour cost the people of this Dominion?

Sir Robert Stout Again

New Zealand's statesmen ought never be allowed out of this country. At home a hireling press protects them from ridicule as far as it can, if not at all times with success. But when they get away where the press is less considerate their hopeless incapacity speedily becomes manifest to the world, which otherwise would know nothing of them except when a writer like Lord Bryce tells humanity what a poor, ignorant, ill-mannered lot they are at best. A paragraph in the *Christchurch Press* tells us that our venerable Chief Justice

has once more distinguished himself in the only way that distinction seems attainable by him. Surrounded by an admiring R.P.A. audience he opened his mouth in hopeless competition with Balaam's ass and told the rationalists several things concerning private schools in New Zealand which we regret to have to say did not go far to show that a New Zealand Chief Justice has even an elementary notion of what truth means. The Churches, according to Sir Robert, are stumbling-blocks in the way of education out here at the Antipodes. The Churches have failed to make good with their schools, he says. Private secondary schools seldom win scholarships, and Catholic private schools win none at all! Now we never had the remotest suspicion that our Chief Justice was distinguished as a man of law, and we imagine that few people in the Dominion ever had. But we used to think that he was a harmless, respectable old gentleman who, although terribly prone to putting his foot in it, had a considerable respect for the truth. If Sir Robert is reported correctly we must come to the conclusion that he has lost his senses or else that he is capable of saying deliberately what he knows to be a falsehood. Even in Sir Robert we cannot imagine crass ignorance of the fact that Catholic schools are well able to hold their own with any in the Dominion, just as Catholic boys are able to beat in open competition all the public schools, or nearly all of them, year after year in games and athletics. Take what view one likes of the matter the conclusion is not flattering to our touring statesman: either he is a very ignorant man who after a long lifetime knows nothing about the state of education in New Zealand, or else he is unprincipled enough to juggle with truth to curry favor with his hearers. In no sense can it be said that our Chief Justice is any credit to the Dominion. But in that he is on a level with the rest of New Zealand's statesmen and P.P.Ass. nominees. When Sir Robert comes back we trust the Catholic Federation will attend charitably to the education of this ancient humorist whom we have long regarded rather as a chief joker than as a Chief Justice.

Irish History Competition

Owing to various circumstances our Irish History Competition has been unduly postponed this year, but as the matter is important we must not allow it to lapse. Hence we have great pleasure in publishing the following letter which sets forth the questions to be answered and fixes the date by which the papers are to be sent in:

IRISH HISTORY EXAMINATIONS.

"To the Editor,

Sir,—In order to keep up interest in the study of Irish History, which was never perhaps more necessary than at the present time, I am willing to undertake the judging of the papers in conjunction with Father O'Donnell of Gore.

We suggest the following questions for the Sixth Standard and upwards:

1. Write what you know about the flight of the Earls, its causes and consequences.
2. Give an account of the Siege of Dunboy and the retreat of O'Sullivan Beare.
3. Write a short description of Grattan's Parliament and of the events of 1782.

For pupils in classes lower than the Sixth Standard:

1. Describe the Siege of Limerick, the Treaty and its violation.
2. Enumerate some of the Penal Laws.
3. Give a short account of the Rebellion of '98.

N.B.—Teachers are asked to select the three papers they consider best in each division and to send them to the *Tablet* Office before November 15.

"I am etc.,

"JAMES O'NEILL,

"Waikiki, September 14."

On the occasion of our last competitions the response was very encouraging as far as numbers went. The only fault we had to find was that in many cases

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there was such similarity between papers coming from the same school that it seemed there must have been undue help given by the teachers. We trust that on this occasion the papers sent in will represent the unaided efforts of the pupils. All we ask of the teachers is that they encourage them to compete and that they read the papers and send us what they adjudge to be the best three papers in each of the two divisions. Three book prizes will be given for each division. Father James O'Neill has provided for prizes for the senior division, and we will see that the juniors shall also have their books. After the results are made known we hope to publish the best paper in each class. On the last occasion the prizes were won by pupils in different parts of the Dominion, the winners coming from Invercargill, Dunedin, Alexandra, and Dannevirke. Those who were successful then are eagerly looking forward to winning more prizes, but with a fair field and no favor there is no reason why every young reader of *The Story of Ireland* should not have a good chance. Remember that each paper must be signed with the name and address of the competitor and that it must be headed "Senior Division" or "Junior Division" according to the Standard of the pupil.

Facts and Theories of Modern Biology

(By U. A. HAUBER, in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*.)

Theoretically science deals with natural phenomena, religion with the supernatural. Science is systematised and organised human knowledge; it has limitations, as all human things have, and is rightly supplemented by revealed truth.

In practice, however, scientists often make excursions beyond their acknowledged sphere of investigation, particularly when they do not believe in revealed religion. This is not surprising, since the human mind is not satisfied with anything short of an ultimate explanation of things. When, therefore, scientists of to-day advance opinions concerning the nature of God or the origin and destiny of man, they are within their rights, provided they do not present such opinions as the findings of science. They are speaking as men interested in facts that lie beyond the scope of science.

The danger is that one cannot separate the scientist from the man; whatever authority and prestige goes with the pronouncements of the scientist speaking *ex cathedra* clings to him when he steps from his official chair. And yet his researches in the natural world give him no better insight into the metaphysical or supernatural than that possessed by his less privileged brethren; on the contrary, continued close application to the microscope is distinctly unfavorable to clearness of vision in the world outside.

The object of this paper is to present a bird's-eye view of one province of the domain of science, that of biology; to indicate how and for what reasons workers therein so often transgress their legitimate boundaries and enter territory with which they are not familiar; and finally to suggest an attitude that Catholics may take toward biology, toward its genuine conclusions as well as toward its questionable theories.

At the University one takes a course of Embryology. Eggs are put in an incubator and taken out at regular intervals of about twelve hours to study their development. By means of microscopes and proper technique—the latter itself a marvellous triumph of modern science and skill—one can observe all that goes on inside the egg. At first there are only a few microscopic cells, one just like the other, lying on the yolk. There is nothing particularly remarkable about them. But presently this little speck of living material begins to grow; that is, the original cells divide and multiply until there are hundreds of them. In other words the life in that egg increases in size. But it does no more than that. To begin with, there is only a single layer of cells. This folds over nicely as a piece of cloth might be folded over by a tailor who intends to make a pair of trousers. Then there are two layers. The upper layer next gets a downward crease in it. This

crease gets deeper, sews itself together, as it were, along the top edge, and then cuts itself off from the main cloth; and lo and behold! we have a tube which is the primitive spinal cord with the brain at one end of it. While the upper layer has thus been initiating a nervous system, the lower one folds in a similar manner, sews itself up, is cut off from the main piece of cloth, and our chick has a stomach and an intestine. In the meantime a third layer has been forming in between the other two. One part of this folds over, closes up, and there is a heart which promptly begins to beat. Another part becomes arranged in regular rows and forms the muscles of the back. In like manner the development of every organ and every part of that chick is accurately traced and described. A complete mastery of such intricate and minute details is one of the boasts of modern biological science.

I have taken pains to put in non-technical language this sample of the kind of work the student of biology does, for two reasons: first to help us realise that one has some very definite things to learn before he can claim to know biology, and that in the main these things are facts not hypotheses; secondly I wish to use this illustration to make clear what the theory of evolution means.

In brief, then, the evolutionist believes that just as the chick in the egg underwent a *natural* development from a very simple, unorganised condition until it arrived at the status of an adult barnyard fowl, so the whole class of animals we call birds descended or developed from a simple ancestor in *natural* fashion. Put as bluntly as that, it may seem unintelligible, almost ridiculous. It is indeed merely a hypothesis, but a hypothesis with facts to bolster it up. Unhappily the facts are all taken from the field of biology itself and are with difficulty available to convince the sceptic.

Another task that the biologist has to accomplish before he is acknowledged worthy of the name is this: he must familiarize himself with the structure and functions of every type of living thing from the microscopic bacilli that float in the air and the minute slimy things that crawl in the mud, to the highest forms of life of which the chick or the human being are representative examples. And when he has done that he has a complete series of living things, which, properly arranged, resemble strikingly the successive stages of a developing chick.

He must know still more. He must be familiar with the kinds of living beings that existed in past ages and are now extinct. Paleontologists have studied diligently former life on this globe as recorded in the rocks. They know its main features. They are not guessing or surmising. The man who is studying extinct life is studying facts as well attested as any facts can be. His researches have revealed a large number of very distinct periods of geologic history, each characterised by its own fauna and flora. We know the order of succession of these periods, even if we can only guess at the duration in years of each one of them. If we limit our survey to the vertebrate types, we find that the earliest strata yield only aquatic, fish-like forms; higher up, in the coal seams, amphibians, half-water half-land animals appear; still later the reptiles, and lastly in the Tertiary rocks the mammals, the highest forms, come to predominate. Now then, a mammal in its uterine development passes distinctly through the fish and amphibian stages before it takes on mammalian characteristics.

Such considerations suggest the evolutionary doctrine. No one claims that they establish it. But once accepted as a tentative working basis, everything seems to fall in line with the theory—vestigial organs, embryonic structures, connecting links; the biologist sets about looking for something that should be there with almost uncanny foresight. The theory proves out, in much the same way as astronomical postulates resulted in the discovery of Neptune, or as new chemical compounds have been discovered after it was shown by theoretical formulas that they should exist. I may refer to the origin, partial development, and then total absorption and disappearance of certain complex structures in the embryo. Father Wasmann was so impressed by one instance of this kind that he considered it alone indisputable proof of the evolution of the particular insect before him from another insect of an entirely different species. Any other

explanation would involve one in all sorts of absurdities and dilemmas. The biologist therefore is convinced that evolution does explain many things; peculiar facts, for the meaning of which no other theory has ever offered a solution.

So much for the point of view of the biologist. The average naturalist looks upon evolution not as a theory but as a demonstrated fact. We need not quarrel with him. He has a right to his opinion. But, after all, the average naturalist is an eccentric sort of an individual. His tastes are queer, else he would not be what he is. And the habits formed in the pursuit of his hobby tend to accentuate his perversity. What are we as sane, unbiased men of affairs, whose judgment is kept in balance by continued contact with the real problems of life—what are we to think of the fantastic speculations of these secluded denizens of the laboratory or meandering investigators of nature?

To avoid confusion in the use of terms we must distinguish well between the doctrine of evolution and the several attempts that have been made to explain the why and how of it. Darwinism is such an attempt; one of the first in the field and by far the most advertised; the one that brought the theory itself before the public and hence is in popular apprehension inseparably bound up with evolution. Darwinism is the brand of pseudo-science dished out for us on the editorial page of the Sunday "yellow sheet." It is an unmitigated evil because it insists on a material explanation of everything and emphasises *ad nauseam* the brute element in human nature. It is not evolution, it tries to be more than that—a philosophy of evolution.

We must realise, in other words, that there is a distinction between evolution in the abstract, and that concrete, living movement, fathered by atheistic scientists, which is the sole vehicle to-day for the dissemination of evolutionary ideas. The theory was born and reared in an irreligious atmosphere. Its present-day dress, its daily associates, do not recommend it. We shall have to divest it of these incidental accessories, if we wish to probe its essential nature.

The first question to be considered then, is, what are we as Catholics, as defenders of the faith of our fathers, to think of the theory of evolution in the abstract, pre-scinding from its actual philosophical environment and unsavory associations.

We may emphatically insist that such a theory does not affect our idea of the creation of matter, nor does it discuss the ultimate origin of life. These things are taken for granted, just as physics takes for granted the existence of matter and force. It can have nothing to say concerning the origin and ultimate nature of the principles according to which living things act. Like chemistry, it may discover the existence of certain laws and their mode of operation; it cannot say why these laws are there or how they came to be what they are.

The theory simply states that the organic world arrived at its present status through a natural process analogous to the development of the chick in the egg or of the oak from the acorn. It makes no attempt to account for the first forms of life. It does not deny that God created the world in its present form any more than the farmer denies that his corn was created by God in its full stature just because he, the farmer, saw it develop.

It does not affect our idea of God and the universe in the least; or, if it does, it is to emphasise His power and to give us a better conception of His manner of dealing with creatures. Looked at in this light, the matter is primarily of no concern at all to the priest, any more than is the subject of electricity or chemical affinity; it is exclusively a topic for the scientist.

Those who are fearful lest such a doctrine is incompatible with Scripture and Revelation will do well to read carefully the first chapter of Genesis and to consult the reflections of St. Augustine and St. Gregory of Nyssa. St. Augustine clearly believed that God created living things *in potentia*, that is, put the germ of life into matter and then permitted it to develop of itself. The Scriptural account of the order of creation harmonizes with the idea so strikingly that the evolutionist may actually quote it in his favor.

Nevertheless, it is unquestionably dangerous to flirt

in so conciliatory a manner with a pure abstraction. The thing as it really exists to-day in the world of modern thought is a philosophy of life, and a very reprehensible one. Let us examine it. Before beginning, it may be well to realise that for a priest a peculiar difficulty presents itself when he tries to evaluate intelligently this new school of thought. He has been trained in a school of his own which looks upon Revelation as the central fact of life. For him Christ is the dominant figure of history. The Incarnation gives unity and meaning to his philosophy. The decalogue is his guide, eternal happiness his goal. He is positive in his faith. He is not groping in the dark. And modern thought is largely the negation of all this.

And yet it is more than a mere negation; it is not pure chaos and destruction. The modern mind is building up a system of thought, a system of philosophy, that is really a unified whole, as clear-cut and well-defined in many respects as was the Scholastic system of the Middle Ages, and I may add far more dogmatic. Of course the central idea of this new edifice is not the Incarnation; its ultimate goal is not future happiness. It is a system of naturalism with man in the centre and evolution as its alpha and omega. Its conception of life is materialistic or pantheistic. Its pioneers and its present sponsors are in the main agnostics or avowed atheists. It claims not only to be an explanation of the proximate conditions in the organic world, but it proposes an ultimate philosophy that needs no God, that knows nothing of a free will, that demands a revision of the moral code, that has no patience with the doctrine of immortality.

And it is all this because its principal exponents were from the beginning hostile to the Church and they thought to have found in the new ideas a splendid weapon against her; a weapon that could be used with equal force to discredit the theologian and to arouse the imagination of the ignorant. It compelled the abandonment of age-long convictions hitherto considered inseparably bound up with our most cherished religious truths. If there is any truth in evolution, then God did not make the world as we see it to-day. It simply grew. Likewise, the world is more than six thousand years old. Man was not formed from the slime of the earth by the hand of God: he developed from it according to natural laws. Language was not given to man and miraculously confused at the tower of Babel: it developed in natural fashion from simple beginnings to the varied forms existing to-day. Religion was not given us from above: it was a natural by-product of man's developing mental life.

There is the whole process in a nutshell. One or two of these propositions must indeed be accepted if we assent to the evolutionary idea. But by a trick familiar to politicians in a modern legislature, all the other propositions are attached to the main one as "riders," and the bewildered onlooker is told that there is no choice—take all or leave all.

The common mass of mankind does not follow the trend of argument by which such a philosophical system is built up; but the almost hypnotic influence that the spectacular achievements of modern science has gained over the mind of men, induces them to accept blindly whatever is proposed in the name of science.

Moreover in our public schools, from the grades to the university, every text book from history and geography to literature, psychology, economics, linguistics, anthropology, ethics, and all the rest, begins with and is developed around the principle of evolution. There it finds unity of plan and purpose in what seems to the uninitiated a hopeless tangle of ideas and theories. The ordinary man or woman of our times, it is true, knows little of modern thought and its underlying philosophy. However, for us the practical importance of a knowledge of this kind is not so much in dealing with ordinary people as in being able to stand up before the leaders of modern thought, who through teachers and text books give the ordinary mortal unconsciously if you will, his world views, that is to say his creed and his ethics. This ordinary mortal fails to assimilate the real significance of the new thought. It is enough for him to know that he has authority for discarding the old order and living according to the new moral code. In this way then the modern scientific viewpoint is producing a tremendous change in the life of the masses. It is one of the principal forces at work shaping

and moulding the modern type of man, Christian as well as agnostic and atheist. It determines his mode of thinking, and thought is followed by action. Human events are merely the outward expression direct or indirect, of what is going on in the minds of men.

All this indicates at least one good reason why we should try to be informed concerning the trend of modern evolutionary philosophy; because it is a practical force in the social, economic, industrial, and religious life of our people.

The fact that we are not doing more than merely acquainting ourselves with these problems, is exceedingly to be regretted. At present the Catholic biologist is a rare individual. We should have dozens of them in the country, authorities in their field, doing original work. Then perhaps the rather questionable policy of indiscriminate condemnation might give way to constructive efforts; then we might succeed in having twentieth-century philosophy transformed into a new structure, erected on the solid foundations of Christianity rather than on the shifting sands of human weakness; and instead of permitting it to become the symbol of error and ungodliness, we could dedicate it to the spiritual service of mankind and to the honor and glory of God.

This paper would be very incomplete without some reference to man's place in the evolutionary scheme. Briefly stated, it comes to this: science knows nothing about the origin of man, his soul or his body. There is absolutely no data to reason from. The half dozen bones found in Java or near Heidelberg are of such indefinite character that even some of the most enthusiastic evolutionists do not accept them as of any value. Prehistoric man as far as known was essentially what he is to-day.

Why then does an overwhelming majority of modern biologists take the evolution of man as an established fact? Because he is, from the scientist's point of view, an animal; his body is certainly subject to the laws of animal life in its functions and in its development from egg to adult. The student takes for granted the uniformity of nature; if the whole animal world is subject to the laws of evolution, one cannot except man without doing violence to nature.

The Catholic, in the presence of such arguments, need but keep the following points in mind. The human soul, intellect and will, are evidently excluded from any reasoning process that applies to the animal world. They belong to a different category. As to his body, Scripture tells us that it was made of the slime of the earth, and it seems, in the opinion of some, to encourage the interpretation that the body was completed before the soul was breathed into it. St. Thomas clearly emphasised the opposite nature of the material and spiritual elements that together constitute the single creature called a man.

At any rate the Church has not condemned the proposition that man's body is the result of an evolutionary process initiated and guided by divine providence; that in fashioning man's body to become a fit habitation for the soul, God made use of natural laws, just as to-day He makes use of natural laws in the creation of each individual body. The idea may not appeal to our imagination. We do not like the idea of brute ancestors. Of course not. Did you ever see a two-month old human embryo? Did it appeal to your sense of propriety that you were once such a creature? That those mysterious forces of nature that gradually fashioned my body may have also entered into the formation of the first man, is not an essentially repugnant conception.

I am aware of the fact that while the above proposition is not condemned by the Church, the best one can say of it is that it is barely tolerated. The Church has a higher and more important mission than the teaching of science. Whether or not evolution is true has nothing to do with the salvation of souls. And if the Church finds that the transition from the old ideas to the new is accompanied by extreme danger to men's spiritual welfare, she raises a warning hand. She is conservative in this matter because she loves the soul more than the body. In natural science as well as in the supernatural order we cannot put new wine into old bottles without danger to the bottles. The theory of evolution received a great impetus during the last century precisely because its acceptance too often meant the rejection

of revealed religion. The Church is not blind to this very significant fact, and therefore bids Catholics go slow. Prudence must temper our zeal. The ground must be prepared before such novel ideas can be sowed broadcast. Before that ground is prepared, we shall need a twentieth-century St. Thomas; one who can so combine sacred and profane learning that both will draw benefit therefrom; one, perhaps, who can make Darwin and Huxley become to modern Catholic thought what Aristotle and Avicenna were to the Scholastics.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

September 16.

Efforts are being made by the general secretary of the Catholic Federation to cope with the housing difficulty, and for that purpose is compiling a list of Catholics who have rooms to spare and are prepared to let them. People seeking rooms or who have rooms to let should communicate with the secretary, Box 958, Wellington.

Miss Frances Cullen, daughter of Mr. W. Cullen, Island Bay, and a pupil of the Sacred Heart Primary School, Island Bay, was successful in passing the recent stenotypists examination, securing first place with 100 per cent. marks.

A garden party to raise funds for providing a chapel for the Seatoun Preparatory College, will be held at the College grounds on Saturday, October 15, and the Sisters of Mercy, who are working hard to ensure a success, invite all friends and sympathisers.

The bazaar in aid of the Convent of Mercy, Newtown, will be opened in St. Anne's Hall, on Saturday, October 8.

The half-yearly meeting of the Wellington Diocesan Council of the Catholic Federation will take place at New Plymouth in January next. This location was decided upon to give the Taranaki branches an opportunity of securing direct representation, and it is expected that there will be a large attendance of delegates.

Recently the Marist Brothers' Old Boys Debating Team (Messrs. J. Coleman, J. Boyce, and S. Hoskins) journeyed to the Hutt and there met the St. Peter's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society in a debate held under the auspices of the Wellington Catholic Societies' Debating Guild. The subject was: "That the present system of immigration is not in the best interests of New Zealand." The debate was awarded to the Marist Brothers' old boys by the judges, the Rev. Father Carmine and Mr. Hodgins.

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Wanganui

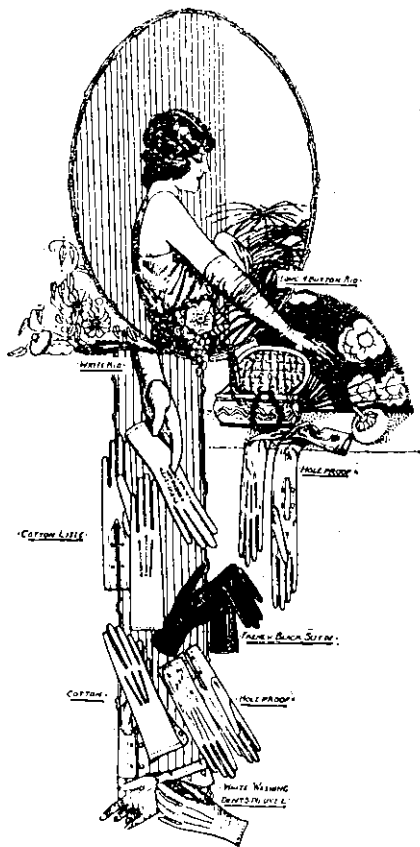
(From our own correspondent.)

September 16.

"Villa Maria" is once more a school and hardly knows itself. During the last few years this same old Villa has been the scene of many glad nights and days, for, within its gentle shelter, club rooms, lodge rooms, sewing rooms, garden parties, sales of work, socials, and the dear Lord only knows what else, have had their day. Now, only the library remains for general use, and all else has been given over to the children. Dividing walls have been removed to "make two into one," result, three fine class-rooms upstairs, and one downstairs. Airy, roomy, and light, and opening all of them on to the balcony or verandah, the rooms are ideal. White ceilings, brown (indeed it is fashionable "henna") walls, the latter decorated with the artistic and educational pictures the Sisters make so beautifully, are part of the scheme, and each floor is replete with its own cloak rooms. The improvements, absolutely necessary, will help to tide over until we can build the new school, and Father O'Connell has put to the best possible use every inch of available space. St. Joseph's School of happy memory, becomes a back number for the present. However, considering it has been threatened with annihilation "next earthquake," for the last — years and has survived, it may wake up some morning to find itself the Town Hall.

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It never occurs to him that the secret lies in the simple charm of Morning Glorys, Overalls and dainty Aprons such as we describe here—garments which are not only attractive but serviceable, too.

Plain and Floral Indigo Print Morning Glorys, Magyar shape, with round, V-shape and square neck. W. and O.S.—at 12/6.

Similar Line of Light Cambric Morning Glorys. W. and O.S.—at 10/11.

Navy Indigo Print Morning Glorys, inset sleeve, roll collar, plain or elastic waist, finished with loose belt. W. and O.S.—12/6.

Light Cambric Overalls, Magyar shape. S.W., W., and O.S.—Good Value at 7/6.

Overalls in light Cambric. Neat and Serviceable. The bib is scalloped, and has a strap over shoulder. S.W., W.—4/11.

Ladies' Black Italian Cloth Aprons, plain. S.W., W. and O.S.—5/11.

White Calico Aprons, nurses' shape, good-fitting. S.W., W., and O.S., 4/11. Similar line—5/11.

Special Quality Pillow Cotton White Aprons, nurses' shape. S.W., W., and O.S.—7/11. Also at 6/6.

Plain and Spot Indigo Print Aprons. Simple shape—Very Good Value—at 3/11.

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Fordell has put in a big claim for a prominent place in the long list of successful functions which have brightened the last few months. When a committee of twenty-three got together and decided that there was to be a concert and social, it was plain that there would be no two ways about the result. The committee under Mr. W. J. McGovern worked very hard, and favored by ideal weather conditions succeeded in attracting a very large audience. The hall was transformed, the Nikau palms making a very effective foundation for the decorative scheme. The concert was got off with a swing, and encores were freely given, the following contributing:—Miss Rubie Curran, L.T.C.L., L.A.B., generous as usual, gave of her best and opened the programme with a pianoforte solo, and, in addition, played most of the accompaniments, Miss O'Leary helping with some; Miss N. McGovern, Miss B. Boyle, Miss B. McLean, Messrs. C. J. McCarthy, J. Martin, A. G. McLean, and Master C. O'Leary (vocal items), Mr. L. Ciochetto, recitation; Miss M. McCormack, recitation; Miss J. Campbell, highland fling; Mr. Price, lightning sketches and variety turns. Fordell mustered quite a deal of talent and was plainly pleased with its own, and Mr. Price was a pronounced success in his items. The town party was made very welcome, and treated the audience to a fine programme. After the concert came supper, dainty and liberal and thoroughly enjoyed by all. Then followed the social, the orchestra keeping things lively till all hours. Rev. Father McGrath thanked all the performers and patrons generally, and the evening was undoubtedly a great success.

A new scheme is afoot among the Maoris at Parakino, up-river. They have established a co-operative store at that settlement, under the direction of the Wanganui Maori Council. A committee has been formed, including six worthy ladies, and for the moment, Mr. Bob Peety is storekeeper, and Rev. Father Ginisty, treasurer. The idea is to spend the profits on the well-being of the Maoris, and the first objective is to put in a water supply at the pah, from a fine big spring quite handy. Advance Parakino!

At a meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, held last week, it was decided to make an effort to resurrect the Particular Council which has been in abeyance for about three years. Mr. T. Lloyd was elected president, Mr. Dowling, vice-president, and Mr. J. Roche, secretary. The territory, a big one, extends from New Plymouth to Foxton, and delegates to the Particular Council, are hoped for from the various branches.

First Holy Communion at Aramoho on Sunday morning, nearly forty children. About half of these were from Aramoho, and the remainder from Westmere and Mosston. The church was beautifully decorated and was filled as it seldom has been filled before, the folk overflowing into the grounds. Rev. Father McGrath addressed the children, and after Mass, all adjourned to the schoolroom for breakfast. What a feast they had, much of it provided by the parents and friends, and prepared by the Sisters and Mrs. Richardson. Many of the country parents were invited in for a cup of tea, and the morning was one of undoubted bliss. The children were motored in from Mosston and Westmere by Mr. L. Fromont, an added joy. They had been prepared for the Communion by St. Vincent de Paul men of the Aramoho branch, and in their task were helped enormously by Mrs. M. Corliss, at whose home the Sunday school was held. Latterly, the children have assembled at the Corliss home after school on week days for a little extra instruction, and when the teachers were unable to go out on Sundays the classes went on as usual.

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Napier

(From our own correspondent.)

September 14.

On Thursday evening, the 1st inst., the members of the Children of Mary sodality gave a "kitchen tea" for Miss Marion Hamlin, on the occasion of her approaching marriage. Rev. Father Clancy, (spiritual director), being present. An enjoyable programme, consisting chiefly of musical items, was rendered, Mrs. Briggs especially, charming all present by her delightful singing of several Irish songs. Father Clancy, on behalf of the members of the sodality, presented Miss Hamlin with a large picture of

the Little Flower. In doing so he spoke highly of Miss Hamlin's fidelity as a Child of Mary, and more especially of her work as a member of the altar society. For six years Miss Hamlin had practically sole charge of the decoration of the High Altar, and discharged this exacting duty most faithfully. After the presentation of the picture the various gifts brought by the guests were displayed, and a dainty supper was handed round.

At St. Joseph's Convent on the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, seven girls were received as aspirants, and eleven aspirants were received as Children of Mary. A short instruction on the duties and dignity of a Child of Mary was given by Rev. Father Clancy, the ceremony being concluded by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Rev. Father Dowling of St. Bede's College, Christchurch, and formerly of Napier, is spending a few days here. He preached on Sunday evening, the 11th inst. on the "Unity of the Church."

The Catholic social held in the Taradale Town Hall, on Friday, September 9, proved a most enjoyable function. The supper arrangements were under the capable supervision of Misses M. Jeffares, White, and helpers. Excellent music was provided by the Maori orchestra, and the duties of M.'sC. were carried out by Messrs. Walshe and Aherne.

DIocese OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

September 16.

Early in August, Mr. Hall Skelton gave a splendid lecture on the "Irish Question" in the Central Hall, Auckland. After the meeting a branch of the Self-Determination for Ireland League of New Zealand was formed, and the following office-bearers were elected:—President, Mr. McGreal; vice-presidents, Messrs. M. J. Sheahan and P. Duffin; secretary, Miss A. McKie; treasurer, Miss E. Kavanagh. The president announced that he had some time previously arranged to give a course of lessons on the history of Ireland, and that he now proposed taking these classes under the auspices of the Auckland City Central branch of the League and the National Irish Club. The first of these lectures, which are being held fortnightly, was delivered on Friday, August 26, and judging by the enthusiasm shown then and at the subsequent meeting, the competitions, which are to be held on or about the first week of December, should be a decided success. A number of prominent Irish men and Irish women having offered substantial donations and trophies for these competitions, the members of the class, some of whom come from as far out as Onehunga, will have a good chance of being suitably rewarded. Their loyalty and fidelity to dear old Ireland will be even greater when they have studied her history.

A pleasant incident in connection with the departure of Right Rev. Dr. Cleary, Bishop of Auckland, took place on Saturday, September 10, when the natives resident on the Catholic Native Educational Reservation at Awataka, Northcote, presented him with a neat address, wishing him *bon voyage* and a safe return. The address was signed by the young chieftains Keremata and Wikitarina, on behalf of their "hapu," the Ngati-Hukanui. The incident is a happy conclusion of a long misunderstanding between these natives and the church authorities, which has been amicably settled by the natives being granted right of occupation of a sufficient portion of the reserve for all their needs, the use of a house owned by the church on the property, and a number of other concessions arranged between the parties with the assistance of Mr. George Graham.

The solemnity of the Forty Hours' Adoration was observed in St. Joseph's Church, Grey Lynn, on Sunday, September 11, and the following Monday and Tuesday mornings. Rev. Fathers O'Malley and Murphy preached the occasional sermons.

Rev. Fathers Buckley and Wright are making steady progress towards recovery after their serious operations in the Mater Hospital.

The Coadjutor-Bishop, Dr. Liston, accompanied Dr. Cleary to Wellington. On Sunday his Lordship will bless the new church at Waipawa, and returns to Auckland on Tuesday.

A very successful concert, organised by St. Patrick's

Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, was given to the inmates of the Costley Home on Thursday, September 1. Misses Draffin, Johnston, De Silva, Smith, and McKean, Master Draffin, and Messrs. McGreal, Dixon, McKean, Smith, Withy, and pupils were the contributing artists. Especially enjoyed by the old folks' were the Irish dances by Mr. Witty and his pupils, who gave such a splendid exhibition that "more and more" were insisted upon. Mr. Burton, one of the inmates, in a very happy speech, thanked the promoters on behalf of the others in the Home. At the close of the entertainment the Matron entertained the party to supper and expressed the hearty appreciation of the Society's effort, and hoped that at no distant date a return evening would be given. Thus ended a thoroughly enjoyable function.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆ Taumarunui

(From our own correspondent.)

September 15.

Sergeant W. Miller and family left Taumarunui last week on transfer to Devonport, Auckland. Prior to their departure the family were entertained at a farewell evening, organised by the members of the Altar society. The function took place at the Central Hotel, Mrs. Sheffield kindly giving the use of the sitting-room for the occasion. During the evening, Rev. Father Duffy expressed his sincere regret at the departure of the Miller family, which (he said), was a great loss to the parish. He eulogised the good work done by Mrs. Miller, who was always a prominent worker in church activities. On behalf of the Altar society he asked her acceptance of a silver entree dish, as a mark of the members' appreciation, and on their, as well as on behalf of all the parishioners wished her and her family every happiness in their new home. Sergeant Miller, in replying for Mrs. Miller, thanked the donors very sincerely for their gift and for their kindness in coming together to wish his family farewell. Miss Miller and Mr. J. Miller were members of the choir, from which they will be very much missed. Sergeant Miller and family were also farewelled by the townspeople at a function held in Prinn's tea rooms. The Mayor, who presided, referred to the sterling qualities of Sergeant Miller, and also expressed his appreciation of the manner in which the other members of the family had assisted in every good cause in Taumarunui. On behalf of the people of Taumarunui, he asked the Sergeant to accept a silver cake basket and casserole dish as a token of the esteem in which he was held. Sergeant Miller suitably responded, expressing his regret at leaving Taumarunui, where he had made many friends.

A very successful Catholic social was held last evening in the Theatre Royal, the proceeds being in aid of the church funds which should be considerably augmented as a result. The music was supplied by the Lyric orchestra, and the supper arrangements were very successfully carried out by Mrs. S. Forbes.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆ DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

September 19.

The Cathedral Schools' Committee tendered a complimentary social to the stall-holders and their assistants in connection with the recent sale of work in aid of the Schools' funds, in the Hibernian Hall, on Wednesday evening last. Amongst those present were his Lordship the Bishop, Rev. Father Hanrahan, Adm., and Rev. Father Cooney (Lyttleton). Father Hanrahan, presided. Geoghegan's orchestra rendered selections, Misses J. Rings and Olga Wacked contributed songs, and Mr. Allan Young recitations. Mr. Norman Tait (a visitor) in musical monologue and juggling feats proved very interesting and received hearty applause. Mr. J. S. Tulloch, secretary, read the balance sheet, which showed a nett return of £1255. The various stalls, in order of merit, showed the following figures:—Hibernian stall (in charge of Miss E. Brophy), £337 18s 11d; Confraternity stall (Mesdames Dobbs and Brittenden), £310 0s 4d; Tennis Club (Miss Murray), £264 5s 9d; Children of Mary (Miss McAlloon), £143 18s. An anonymous donation of £300 and another for £1, made the total returns £1405 14s 3d. The expenses were £150 approximately. Rev. Father Hanrahan expressed his great pleasure at the result, a result, he said,

that would tide over difficulties in school current expenses for some time to come. In undertaking the sale of work he had set out on an expedition to raise something in the neighbourhood of £300; a realisation of four times that amount was beyond his most sanguine expectations. Father Hanrahan, in thanking all who worked for the cause, said he felt impelled to refer to the special services rendered by the secretary (Mr. Tulloch) and the treasurer (Mr. P. O'Connell). He wished also to thank Mr. Atwill for his assistance in conducting the programmes of entertainment, and the members of the orchestra for their constancy and efficiency. His Lordship Dr. Brodie, said he was delighted to find Father Hanrahan's initial effort to further the interests of the schools so brilliant a success, and had great pleasure in endorsing Father Hanrahan's words of gratitude to all concerned. Speaking of the evening's entertainment the Bishop said he thoroughly enjoyed it and thanked the performers for their efforts. He expressed the hope that the time was not far distant when Father Hanrahan and the people of the Cathedral parish would see their schools entirely free from debt.

In connection with the recent theory examination of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and the Royal College of Music, London, the following number of pupils of the Sacred Heart Girl's College, Christchurch, were successful:—Qualifying examination for L.A.B., one; rudiments of music, six.

There was a good attendance of members at the recent fortnightly meeting of the St. Matthew's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society, at which Sister G. Baker, B.P., presided. Sick allowance (£3) was passed for payment. Two new members were initiated and one nomination was received. A handsome gold Celtic cross, presented to the branch by Bro. M. Piggott for the member nominating the greatest number of new members during the year was awarded to Sister M. Nolan. The branch recorded its appreciation of the donor's practical interest. The president, referring to the success of the Hibernian stall at the recent sale of work, thanked all who had helped them to gain the first position, Mesdames. Blackaby, J. Scanlon, and J. Smyth, and Miss E. Brophy, especially. After the meeting a social marking the anniversary of the St. Patrick's and St. Matthew's branches was held. Bro. H. H. Upjohn presented the euchre prizes to Mrs. J. Smyth and Miss Scanlon, Messrs. H. Nevin and H. Slean. The music was supplied by Mrs. Baxter.

A meeting of St. Patrick's Sports' Association was held in the Hibernian Hall, on Tuesday last, Mr. B. J. McKenna presiding over a good attendance. Pending information from authorities in Wellington, re the possibility of affiliation, the secretary (Mr. J. M. Coffey) moved that this subject be dealt with at the annual meeting of the Association to be held on October 25. It was decided to donate a trophy to the Canterbury Amateur Athletic Club for competition at its meeting on October 29. The Lancaster Park Board of Control notified the secretary that the ground was at the disposal of the Association for St. Patrick's Day Sports Meeting on March 17 and 18.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆ Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

September 19.

A successful concert was given at St. Andrews on last Thursday evening by a musical party from Timaru, the proceeds being intended to help in the providing of a new altar for the church there.

The many friends of Mr. M. F. Dennehy will regret to learn that he passed away this morning after a brief illness.—R.I.P.

An enjoyable social—the last for this season—in aid of the Catholic school funds, was held in the Sacred Heart Hall, Craigie Avenue, on the 14th inst., when there was a good attendance. These socials have proved very popular. Great credit is due to the ladies' committee and their many friends who so generously contributed refreshments. The sum of £60 was netted from three socials. The following comprised the parish committee: Chairman, Rev. Father Hurley, S.M.; Mesdames Stickings, Sullivan, Venning, Stapleton, Leigh, Kelly, Quinn, Reilly, Kane, and Leeming, Messrs. Stapleton, Sullivan, Mahoney, Marlow, Crowley, Geaney, and Venning.

- Jack Metcalfe

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His Lordship Bishop Whyte

EPISCOPAL VISITATION AT GORE.

His Lordship Right Rev. James Whyte, D.D., Bishop of Dunedin, made his first formal visitation to the parish of Gore, when on Sunday, September 4, he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in the parish church to 80 candidates including 5 adults. His Lordship celebrated the first Mass, and was edified to see that a large number of the parishioners received Holy Communion thereat. The Bishop preached a beautiful discourse to the congregation at the 11 o'clock Mass, to the delight of the people who were present. At 2.30 p.m. the church was again crowded to witness the Confirmation of the children, and to hear his Lordship impressively address those confirmed and the congregation generally, on the meaning of the sacred rite, and the duties of those who were confirmed. Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, given by his Lordship, was a finale to a day that was a red-letter one for the Gore Catholic congregation.

On Monday his Lordship, accompanied by the Very Rev. Father O'Donnell and Rev Father Farthing, proceeded to Mataura, where the Bishop confirmed 23 candidates in St. Lawrence's Church, in the presence of a large congregation.

On Tuesday the 6th inst. a visit was paid to Wyndham for the same purpose, when 36 candidates were confirmed in the presence of a large assemblage of parishioners. The congregation arranged a conversazione for 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Father O'Donnell and two or three of the parishioners spoke a few words of welcome to his Lordship, when Mr. Shepherd read to the Bishop an address of welcome to the district. A musical programme was rendered under the guidance of Mr. Percy Brennan. The Bishop expressed his pleasure at being present amongst the Wyndham people and making their acquaintance, and also the hope of being able to renew and perfect his acquaintance with them in the future.

On the same evening a large and representative gathering of the Catholic community of Gore met his Lordship at Holland's Hall. The Very Rev. P. O'Donnell, in a few well-chosen words, welcomed the distinguished guest. An address of welcome on behalf of the congregation was read by Mr. E. Smith, on behalf of the New Zealand Catholic Federation by Mr. D. L. Poppelwell, and on behalf of the Hibernian Society by Mr. D. Cronin. In replying his Lordship expressed his pleasure at being present, and hoped by degrees to make the acquaintance of the people of the diocese. One thing that gave him pleasure that evening (he said) was to be in the company of Father O'Donnell, one of the old priests of the diocese. He had great reverence for those priests for they blazed the track and put the diocese in the condition in which he found it. He congratulated the people on their co-operation and generosity, and upon the possession of such a beautiful church. Referring to the Catholic Federation, he said, the Federation had no desire to belittle people of other denominations. The sole object of the Federation was to propagate Christian principles for the good of society and the nation of New Zealand. As to the Hibernian Society, everything that pertains to Ireland were the subject of propaganda. People were frequently misled as to the true state of affairs in that country by the general newspapers, whose writers adjust themselves to whatever is the propaganda of the hour. Select musical items were given and much enjoyed during the conversazione, members and friends of the church contributing to the programme.

On Wednesday the pupils of the school of the Convent of Mercy entertained his Lordship with a select programme arranged by the good nuns, bidding his Lordship welcome. The Bishop was very pleased and was quite at home with the young people of the school. During the remainder of the week some of the outlying districts of the parish were visited, his Lordship departing for Dunedin after a strenuous week.

What we are, and where we are is God's providential arrangement—God's doing, though it may be man's misdoing; and the wise way is to look your disadvantages in the face and see what can be made out of them.

Answers to Correspondents

J.L. (Wellington).—Thanks for loan of pamphlet. Strong but true. We need not worry. As the Italians say: *Che sara sara*—What shall be shall be! *Wir werden einmal siegen*.

S.T. (Napier).—(1) Barton, Childers, Blythe, Hobson are among the Protestant Sinn Fein leaders. Griffiths is a Catholic. (2) The arrival of Asquith stopped the massacres. Maxwell's last victory in 1916 was to drag Connolly from his hospital bed, tie him up on a chair and shoot him. (3) Yes, they were followed all over Ireland and not one murderer escaped.

S.M.A. (Westport).—Having answered your question we destroyed your letter and do not remember the name now. Please do not take it for granted that the editor can remember anything.

S.M.C.—For your information we mention a note we came upon this week. Algernon Blackwood in *John Silence* says that a spiritist might explain cup-tossing by saying that doing some silly, nonsensical thing fixes the mind without putting a strain on it, and thus leaves the subliminal consciousness free to act. That is quite clear, isn't it now?

CRITIC.—Frankly this nonsense about a truce amuses us. If the daily press continues to misrepresent Ireland, do you think we and others are going to remain silent because a few people cry "Truce! Truce!"? The truce is between the fighting men and there is no reason in the world why that fact should prevent anybody who wants to reply to the day-lies from doing so. We never heard a more unsound proposition than that the Self-Determination League should become inactive at the very time when its activities might be of most value. Instead of being silent it ought to be bombarding the British Government from all parts of the Empire with reminders that honor binds the Empire to keep its pledges. Stir up your branch and the other branches until they rival Otago and Southland, which, notwithstanding their small population, have done as much as all the rest of New Zealand combined for the League. In fact as far as numbers go we are the only branches that count for much.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY CONFERENCE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, KAIKORAI.

The third annual meeting of the Conference of the Immaculate Conception, St. Vincent de Paul Society, Kaikorai, Dunedin, was held last week, Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm. (spiritual director), presiding. The report for the year ending July 31 stated that the conference consisted of 12 active and 20 honorary members. Twenty meetings were held during the year with an average attendance of 9 members. 49 garments were made and sent to the St. Vincent de Paul Orphanage; help was extended to three families and a number of visits were paid to the sick. The conference records its thanks to Father Coffey for his sympathetic interest and assistance, and to honorary members and friends who have contributed to its funds. Great regret is expressed at the death of the late president (Mrs. Cornish), who passed away the previous night. At the conclusion of the meeting the members of the conference, as well as those of the St. Joseph's Cathedral and Sacred Heart (North-east Valley) conferences who were in attendance, visited the home of their late president and fellow worker in the sacred cause of charity, and recited the Holy Rosary for the repose of her soul.—R.I.P.

Following are the office-bearers:—President, Mrs. Gebbie; vice-president, Miss Heffernan; treasurer, Mrs. Hill; secretary, Mrs. Ford; wardrobe-keepers, Mrs. McConnell and Miss Garstang.

A lecture by Rev. Father E. J. Lynch on "The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries," will be given under the auspices of the Irish Society (Dunedin) at the Overseas Clubrooms, on Thursday evening, September 22.

Selected Poetry

Augustine

At Ostia by the Tiber, she and I
Once watched the daylight dying in the sky;
The peace of summer eves was on her brow;
For she had brought me safe: she held me now,
Her white hand in mine own, and her sad eyes
In prayer uplifted towards the skies.
Our window opened on the garden, where
The flowers dreamed and music filled the air;
And there in peace we sat an hour or more,
I at her feet, and all my wanderings o'er.

A little time went by, and then one day
She closed her eyes. But ere she passed away
Gently she spoke; and the last words she said
Were: "Bury me anywhere when I am dead.
One thing alone I ask: where'er you be
Before God's altar always pray for me."
She has gone home! And oh, my grief, my pain!
For I shall never see her face again.
Her love, her tears saved me and washed me clean;
And made me see how vain my years have been.

"You loved your mother; you were always kind":
Dying she told me that to heal my mind.
But O my God, my God who made us twain,
To think I shall not see her face again!
Could I recall the days of long ago
How different were the way my feet would go!
O Monica, whose heart hath bled for me,
God heard your prayers and gave me light to see.
You bore my body once, and now my soul,
Reborn in sorrow, your dear love makes whole.

—J.K.

Do I Remember Ireland?

Do I remember Ireland? Is it that you ask ashore?
Well may be you have reason to, for fifty years or more
Have left their changes on me, since thro' tears and ocean
spray

My swollen eyes beheld her shores grow dim and fade away.
Yes, fifty years and over, that's a length of time 'tis true,
With all its cares and troubles, its scenes and faces new.
But neither tears nor ocean, child, will ever wear away
The Memory of old Ireland—'tis fresh as yesterday.
And when I call the vision up, how vivid it appears,
So near me, and so real, through the long, long lane of
years:

Every scene I used to love, ev'ry haunt I used to know,
When youth's bright days were with me, in Ireland long
ago.

The hills are crowned with heather, where I loved so well
to climb

For cowslips sweet and daisies in the beautiful springtime,
To rob the prickly furze bush of its gems of golden pride,
Or search beneath the hedges where the primrose used to
hide.

The red-breast's merry chirrup, and the thrush's joyful
lay,

The perfume of the hawthorn; all the beauties of the May,
The fragrance of the turf-smoke as it curled blue and thin,
With tales and laughter laden, from the happy hearts
within.

I mind me how I wandered thro' the castle old and grey,
A thousand years 'twas standing, and 'tis standing yet
they say.

How grim it looked and solemn, keeping watch upon the
flow

Of the river that swept headlong 'neath the mossy rocks
below.

These pictures of the buried past come trooping up at will:
The coach, the house it stopped at, the bridge, the noisy
mill,

The dear old whitewashed chapel, where my childhood's
prayers were said,

The churchyard with, God rest them, its loved and honored
dead.

You say, and may be rightly, that this land has scenes as
fair,

I know and love its beauty, yet it's not the same as there.
Your mountains, lakes, and rivers may be wonderful and
grand,

But give to me the beauties of my dear old native land.

Yes, I remember Ireland, child, and if it were God's will—

A foolish wish you call it, sure, but I must wish it still—

When death shall end my days on earth, I'd wish my bed
of clay

With Irish sods were covered, in that churchyard far away.

¶

Old Roads

If you turn west from the sunken river,
And toil through the trees up the mountainside,
You will come upon traces of old roads, fashioned
By folk that long ago lived and died.

Here are the stones of their leaf-choked sluiceways,
And here are the tracks that their wheels have worn,
And the broken spans of their rotted bridges
Amid a tangle of weed and thorn.

They wind on, these roads, past roof-trees fallen;
Past cairnlike chimneys, forsaken and cold;
Past unpruned orchards where yet in August
The harvest apples hang out their gold.

Where by these roads now the tireless fowler,
Seeking for grouse, through the thickets may stray,
Men once went trudging with cumbrous flint-locks,
Bound for a muster or training day.

Along these roads to the springtime sowing
With a whistle men strode in days gone by;
Now the only music amid the stillness
Is a hidden woodbird's grieving cry.

There, round the hearths that were home for some one,
Cling lilacs in riot and matted grass;
There, where the haymakers passed at sundown,
The shy, wild shapes of the forest pass.

—G.S.B., in the *New York Tribune*.

¶

Our Ancient Tongue

Many years have passed since the Lord God gave
Out of His bounteous store

A gift surpassing all gifts of earth,
Or told of in fairy lore—

'Twas the tongue of our Brehons and scholars and kings
In the knightly days of yore.

'Twas the tongue in which Con of the Hundred Fights
Rallied his warrior clan;

'Twas the brave, clear cry of the great Boru
When the beaten lochlannach ran,

'Twas the tongue in which thanks was given to God,
By Lee and Liffey and Bann.

Lamh dearg a bul was the gallant cry
On many a crimson field,

And *mo bhron*, *mo bhron*, was the wailing sore
For the dead, who never would yield;

And, oh, sweetest of tongues is the tongue of the Gael
To tell of the sorrow unhealed.

In the tongue of a nation it's spirit dwells,
Be that spirit enslaved or free;

Then proudest of races on earth's broad breast
Should our country's children be,

For the spirit that breathes in our ancient tongue
Is the Genius of Liberty.

PADRUIG MACBROINN, in the *Irish Weekly*.

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Dante Alighieri, p. 25. Notes—"Niamh"; Brian a Model King; Instinct or Reason, p. 26. Current Topics—Another Headline; Queries; "The Victim"; The Catholic Truth Society; Sir Robert Stout Again; Irish History Competition, pp. 14-15. The American Report, p. 7. The New Witness on Ireland, p. 13. Facts and Theories of Modern Biology, p. 17. Selected Poetry, p. 24.

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, SEPTEMBER 22, 1921.

DANTE ALIGHIERI



TALY gave us Dante, and the world claims him for its own. In the high company of the immortals he stands for all time. "The world," he told us himself, "has become my country as the ocean is the country of the tribes of the deep." And when the Pope called on the scholars of Christendom to unite in honoring the supreme poet this week, on the occasion of the sixth centenary

of his death, the response was universal. In the past we have frequently touched on many phases of Dante's genius, and whatever we have left unsaid will be better said during the present month by lecturers who, even in far New Zealand, will fulfil the wishes of the Holy Father by putting before their audiences the deathless qualities of knowledge and imagination which, after six hundred years, still burn like a white flame in the masterpieces of the Florentine poet. The occasion, however, is one that we cannot allow to pass without special attention, and while leaving to the various lecturers who will honor the centenary celebrations the task of fuller treatment of the subject we will limit ourselves at present to commenting on the debt Dante owed to certain Irish traditions.

*

Dr. Gardner, a Dante scholar, says: "For some of the external features, the *Divina Comedia* absorbed and is in part colored by Irish elements as it flows down into the great ocean of mysticism. But when we pass to the deeper, more permanent significance of the sacred poem, where it no longer is a debatable question of indebtedness in minor details and particulars, we find writers of the Celtic race in the front rank of Dante's precursors, and through John Scottus Erigena and Richard St. Victor, it may be fairly claimed for Ireland that she provided the spiritual cosmography and the mystical psychology of the crowning portion of the greatest poem in the modern world." To this testimony, Renan also adds the weight of his authority: "It cannot be doubted for a moment, after the able researches of Ozanam, Labitte, and Wright, that to the number of poetical themes which Europe owes to the genius of the Celts is to be added the framework of the *Divina Comedia* of Dante." Two classes of Irish legends have influenced the external form of the great Italian poem: the overseas voyages of the Irish

mariners who sought the Happy Isles and the visions of Hell and Heaven vouchsafed to various Irish saints. There are incidents in Dante's cantos which resemble forcibly the accounts of the voyages of Brendan, which were well known throughout Europe in the Middle Ages, and there are many passages which suggest an acquaintance with the visions of St. Fursey. Sir Francis Palgrave says: "Tracing the course of thought upwards we have no difficulty in deducing the poetic genealogy of Dante's *Inferno* to the Milesian Furseus." And when St. Fursey recognises in Purgatory St. Beanus and St. Meldanus, giving their whole discourse, with the concluding message: "To the Chief Priests of the Holy Church announce that God is jealous against those who love the world more than Him," we find in Irish legend the keynote of Dante's whole work. It is worth recording also that when the angels were bringing back Fursey the demons threw at him a burning body which scorched him. Compare this incident with the tradition that the people of Verona used to look at Dante as he passed along the streets and whisper to one another: "There is the man who was in Hell, and whose skin is still dark from the smoke and flame below." Of the vision of St. Adamnan, Mr. Boswell says: "The punishments described contain many striking points of similarity to Dante, both in their kind and in the vivid manner in which they are portrayed." Other sources from which it is supposed that the poet drew were the accounts of the vision of Tundal, written in Latin in the twelfth century by Marcus, an Irish monk, and of the visit of the Knight Owen to St. Patrick's Purgatory. The similarity in the former case is striking. Tundal is beset with evil spirits at the outset of his vision until rescued by an angel who is to be his guide. The relations between the angel and Tundal resemble closely those between Dante and Virgil. Like Dante, Tundal describes many historical personages with whom he meets. Dante saw a place kept empty in readiness for Henry of Luxemburg, and Tundal also asked a question concerning a wondrously adorned seat whereon no man sat, and got the answer: "This seat is for a certain one of our brethren who hath not yet departed the body, but when he hath departed shall sit thereon." In the closing scene when Bernard was to be the guide the similarity is again remarkable. Again there is a link through the monk Richard (an Irish contemporary of Marcus) who became a Canon of St. Victor, about the year 1140. In defending himself for certain things he had written Dante appeals to Richard's work, *De Contemplatione*, while to Scottus he undoubtedly owes many a suggestion from the translation of the Dionysian work on the Celestial Hierarchy, done into Latin by Scottus, who was one of the greatest thinkers of the Middle Ages.

*

Briefly the foregoing are the Celtic sources from which Dante drew inspiration for the poem that "made him lean." We will end this sketch with an appreciation from the pen of Mr. Clement Shorter, who is known to Irish readers as Dora Sigerson's husband: "The statement that Dante was 'the greatest poet in all the world' will only carry conviction to a portion of my readers. Homer and Virgil have first place with many. To the average Englishman that place belongs to Shakspeare; to the Germans, Goethe; to each nation its own most prominent poet. But to those who have a suitable sense of the meaning of great literature, Dante stands at the very head of the procession. To know well the *Divine Comedy*, even in a translation, is to be immune from too much worship of the mediocre gods of modern idolatry. . . . If I were to give advice to a young man or young woman on the threshold of his or her career and with a passion for literature, I should insist that sanity of outlook, a freedom from the crude cranks which beset every decade could best be obtained by a devotion to Dante."

"My diocese," says Bishop Schuler of El Paso, "contains 68,000 square miles. Babies baptised by one of my priests to-day may ask him to perform their marriage ceremony when he is able to complete his rounds again."

NOTES

"Niamh"

Not so well known as *Seadhna*, which is Canon O'Leary's masterpiece, *Niamh* is a historical novel of the time when Brian drove the Danes out of Ireland. It is a book of intense interest. The characterisation is vivid and the story is told with an artistic simplicity that makes one sorry that the great Gaelic scholar, Peadar Ua Laoghaire, did not devote himself to writing at an earlier age. When reading the account of the preparations before the Battle of Clontarf, one cannot help thinking how the spirit of the marching men of those brave old days resembled that of Sinn Féin at the present time. When the armies came, converging on Cille Maighneann, from the distant parts of Ireland, winding along the broad highways which Brian with wonderful foresight had made suitable for military roads, and men prayed as they went. And on the hills along the routes the old men and the old women and the children gathered to watch the march and they too prayed long after the waving banners had passed from view. With the marching men were their chiefs, young and old, priests and monks to lead the prayers, and young women to nurse the wounded and care the sick when the fight was over. And the spirit of the fighting men was this: as they went along the Irish roads what they were saying to one another was that they would never come back alive if they did not drive the invader out of Ireland; for, said they, is it not better be dead than living as slaves under the yoke of the tyrant? And what the fighting men were saying the women and the old people were all saying too; for, one and all, they loved Ireland and loved their faith too dearly to desire to live and see the one plundered and the other outraged by foreign hordes. If you think about it you will find that in Ireland to-day the very same spirit exists. The people are all praying to God for peace with honor; the women and the old people are as determined as the fighting men; and what one and all are saying is that it is better to fight on to death rather than live to see the oppression of Ireland continued. Under Brian a united people won. Under de Valera a united people are winning once more. For no power can beat a determined and united nation. That is the message we get from *Niamh*.

Brian as a Model King

Before undertaking his great and final campaign Brian went on a visit to the different courts of Erin, in order to secure the united co-operation of all available forces for the coming fight. Wherever he went he paid particular attention to the condition of the Church. His first care on arriving at a court was to visit the Blessed Sacrament and then to see that the material buildings and the vestments and the ornaments of the sanctuary were a credit to religion. He also inspected the monasteries and inquired into their spirit. He went to every convent, believing it the duty of the High King of Erin to pay special honor to the devoted nuns whose prayers were always with him. Better than modern rulers he knew the value of religious training for the young. Kings and rulers of our time blindly undermine their own power by encouraging schools which teach the people to disregard all authority and to have little or no respect for virtue. Brian, being, unlike modern rulers, a Christian gentleman as well as a King, knew the worth of the faith, and both by word and example inculcated on teachers the necessity of making it the foundation of education. In *Niamh* we read: *Bhí fhios ag Brian go maith, agus an uile dhuine des na h-oidiv a bhí ag stiurughadh na h-aibre sin, na fuil ach diabhal o ifrean sa bhfear a geobhaidh sgoilighcheacht gan Creideamh.*—"Brian knew well, and every teacher carrying on the work knew that there was but infernal evil in the person who was edu-

cated without the faith." How right he was later history proved. Only religion and love of country enable the Irish to-day to stand so fearlessly before the armed gaol-birds and assassins hired by England to crush them.

Instinct or Reason

The readers of cheap R.P.A. prints who follow blindly in the footsteps of the forger, Haeckel, and his sciolist translator, McCabe, would lower themselves to the level of the brute and deny the existence of the soul with its spiritual power of intelligence. It does not matter to them that Science is against them; they will not believe the Bible but they regard a forger as infallible, and the wild assertions of illiterate scribes who write anonymously for socialist papers are all the proof they want. Here is an extract giving the opinion of one of the greatest authorities on the long-debated problem: Do insects (and the lower animals in general) display intelligence or merely blind instinct? And if the latter be true how can man's reason have been evolved from animal instinct?

Fabre takes the most striking habits of insects and observes them with minute care; or he quotes alleged proofs of reasoning power and subjects the same actions to ingenious experiment. In all cases he shows that the apparent intelligence is nothing but instinct, wondrously adapted to the normal life of the animal, but blind and unreasoning when abnormal conditions are introduced. As a simple instance, take the case of the Processionary Moth. Its little caterpillars, which nest on the pine-tops, sally forth at night to browse on the pine needles. In single file they march, and each as he goes spins a silky thread. Arrived at their food they disperse to eat it, and when satiated each easily recovers his own or one of the neighboring threads; thus one by one they line up on the common ribbon and return to their nest as safely as Theseus guided by Ariadne's clue. On these wanderers, thus bound to home by a silken tie, Fabre played a sad trick. He succeeded in getting them to go round the edge of a large palm-pot, and brushed away all clues leading to the nest. Round and round the pot went the procession, and it was not till eight days had passed that, faint and weary, some at last dropped to the ground, leaving threads which guided the others down the pot. They had marched 453 metres.

The Burying Beetles have acquired a reputation for logic. It does not survive the logic of Fabre. One story tells how a beetle, finding a dead mouse on hard ground, dug a grave in looser soil some way off and then fetched four other beetles to help him in moving and burying the body. Fabre, on the other hand, found that it took three beetles no less than six hours to shift a mouse off a brick on to practicable soil, and that, though help was close at hand, they summoned no others to their aid. Another naturalist relates how some beetles, observing a frog impaled out of reach on a stick, undermined the stick so that it fell, and then buried it as well as the body. By a series of experiments Fabre proved that if the stick did fall it must have been with no conscious intention on the part of the beetles. These insects are able to shake their dead prey down from bushes, to cut the creeping stems of couch grass, to bite through limbs by which the game is suspended, and to perform other complicated operations. But should the conditions of the problem deviate ever so slightly from those which the beetles may meet with in nature, then they are beaten—beaten from lack not of bodily ability, but of reasoning power.

And so, Fabre concludes over and over again, reason cannot have arisen from such dullness.

If we practically believed in the presence of our guardian angels there would be more ladies and gentlemen in the world.—Dr. Austin O'Malley.

"OCCASIONAL VERSES"

— By J.K. —

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DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, Bishop of Dunedin, is to leave early next week for Wellington, where he will join the *Ulimaroa en route* to Sydney. His Lordship will spend the month of October in Australia, and hopes to return to the Dominion in company with the Most Rev. Archbishop Cattaneo, Apostolic Delegate, in the first week of November.

The devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration will commence on Friday week (September 30) at St. Joseph's Cathedral. The resident clergy will be assisted during the Triduum by Rev. Father Vincent, Marist Missioner, who will preach the sermons on the occasion.

A lecture on "Dante" was delivered at St. Joseph's Hall last (Wednesday) evening by Rev. Father D. P. Buckley, in the presence of a large audience. An extended notice of the lecture will be given next week.

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ST. JOSEPH'S LADIES' CLUB BISHOP WHYTE ENTERTAINED.

The members of St. Joseph's Ladies' Club assembled in large numbers on Wednesday evening week, on the occasion of a very pleasurable entertainment in honor of his Lordship Dr. Whyte. Accompanying the Bishop were Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., Rev. Fathers Kaveney (chaplain), Spillane, and Marlow. Miss N. Knott (president) received the guests, and no effort was lacking on the part of the club office-bearers and members to ensure the enjoyment of all present. An excellently arranged programme was contributed to by Misses Walsh and Dawson (piano solos); Mrs. Sandys, Misses Athy, Freda Kennedy, Brady, and McCready (songs); Mrs. M. Coughlan, Misses Metcalfe, and Evelyn McGrath (recitations); and Misses Thomas (piano solo). Misses Dawson and Mavis Sandys were efficient accompanists. After dainty refreshments were handed round the gathering resolved itself into a *conversazione*. At a suitable interval his Lordship the Bishop complimented those who participated in the rendering of so pleasing a programme which, he thought, was all too short. He was glad of the opportunity of seeing what the club could do and hoped to be able from time to time to attend more of their gatherings. That Dunedin is a musical city was evident from the talent displayed that evening, as well as from the examples of musical culture he had enjoyed in our Catholic schools. We also had our Catholic glee club which specialised in Irish music. It was with the greatest pleasure, too, that he listened to the music so beautifully rendered by the Cathedral choir. During his visitations he had been afforded much satisfaction in reading from the inspectors' reports of the high standard attained by our Catholic schools, and the flattering comments on the quality of the teaching. He greatly favored the study of history and especially Irish history; but regretted that this subject—and the history of our own country as well—had not the prominence in our schools' syllabus it deserved. While there were many sympathisers with Ireland and with the Irish people's legitimate aspirations among the English and Scottish people, it was deplorable that the tendency of the daily newspaper press was to belittle that country. His Lordship went on to say that from the moment he arrived in the diocese he had met with nothing but kindness and attention. He intended visiting Sydney shortly and would be able to tell the many friends he left behind him there of the equally warm-hearted ones he had found in New Zealand.

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IRISH RELIEF FUND

Kaponga, £49 10s; Eltham, £23 2s (as per following list):—Kaponga—Mr. George Powell, £5; Mr. D. Fitzgerald, £5; Mr. Eugene Joyce, £5; Mrs. James Hammersley, £4; Mr. James Bolger, £3; Mr. Cornelius Crowley, £3; Mr. Robert McCormick, £2 10s; Mr. Dan Malone, £2; Mrs. Melville, £3; Mrs. King, £3; Mr. Jerry King, £2; Mrs. Barleyman, £2; Mrs. Brown, £1; Mr. Michael Burke, £1; Mr. Tom Burke, £1; Mr. P. O'Dowd, £1; Mr. Pat Lloyd, £1; Mr. Joseph Hammersley, £1; Mr. James Kissick, £1; Mr. William Melville, £1; Mrs. Winters, 10s; Mr. Pat Hayes, 10s; Mr. Joseph Hayes, 10s; Mr. Bernard Joyce, 10s.

Eltham—Mr. John Walsh, £5; Mr. O'Connor, £3; Miss McCarthy, £2 2s; Mr. McLaughlin, £1; Mr. Alen McLaylin, £1; Mr. M. Kelly, £1; Mr. Joe Fearon, £1; Miss Mannix, £2; Mr. Tom Walsh, £1; Mr. Kilbride, £2; Mrs. McGuire, £1; Mr. George Powell, £1; Mr. Forrester, £1; Mr. McGarry, £1.

General—H. F. McA. (omitted by mistake in a past issue), £1; J. P. M. (Dunedin), £1; H. P., 10s; Mrs. E. O'Reilly, £1; Chas. Columb (Wingatui), £1 1s; M. F. Day, 10s; Mrs. Day, 5s; Misses L. V., and B. Day, 5s each; per Mrs. Bourke, Lower Hutt, £1; J. Walsh, Invercargill, 5s; per James Tohill, Gisborne, £75; per Mr. Finch, Pahiataua, £53; Hokitika (per Rev. Dr. Kennedy), £50 10s 6d; Convent School Children, Blenheim, £25; J. J. Ryan, Seargill, £1; Harry J. Cuttance, £1; H. J. Delargy, £3 3s; Mrs. L. Pavletich, £2 2s; J. T. Nyhon, Pukehiki, £1; Mr. J. P. Maloney, Fortrose, 10s; Mrs. J. P. Maloney, Fortrose, 10s; John C. Harrington, Hawera, £5; P. J. McRenne, Rawene, £1.

The Editor.

Sir,—Herewith please find money order for £53, being amount subscribed towards the Irish Relief Fund here, also list of subscribers.

Yours faithfully,

E. J. FINCH.

Pahiataua, September 19.

Pahiataua.—Rev. Father Saunderson, £5; J. Byrne, £5; Mrs. Byrne, £5; T. Henley, £5; H. McSherry, £3 3s; Murphy Bros., £2 2s; P. McCarthy (Ballance), £2; J. Diamond, £2; A. J. Howley, £2; J. Corrigan, £1 1s; Mrs. Eising, £1; H. Dunne, £1; D. O'Rourke, £1; P. Mullan, £1; J. J. Beech, £1; P. J. M., £1; J. D. Murphy, £1; Mrs. Shanahan, £1; Miss Shanahan, £1; M. Conway, £1; J. McCarthy, £1; J. Moynahan, £1; Miss Clifford, £1; Mrs. O'Grady, £1; Mrs. W. Kelly, £1; J. Heenan, £2; E. Finch, £1 4s; A Friend, 10s; Mrs. Delahunty, £1; Mrs. Kothowski, £1. Total, £53.

Sir,—I am forwarding by this mail the sum of seventy-five pounds (£75) collected by Irish boys of Gisborne district towards the Irish Relief Fund. Wishing you every success.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES TOHILL.

Gisborne, September 14.

The sum of £33 16s has been received from Mr. Frank Nelligan, Pleasant Point, South Canterbury, contributed by the following:—E. O'Sullivan, £5; Mrs. Geaney, £5; F. Nelligan, £5; Mrs. Dan Sullivan, £4; Miss D'Arcy, £3; John Hennessy, £2; Tom Kelleher, £1; F. Friel, £1; P. Friel, £1; Mrs. H. Dossett, £1; H. Friel, £1; T. Cosgrove, 10s 6d; V. Perniskie, 10s 6d; H. Dossett, jun., 10s; J. Williams, 10s; W. Barry, 10s; P. Connell, 10s; T. Loughman, 10s; J. Mahoney, 5s; S. Brophy, 5s; Jas. Stephenson, 5s; John Dossett, 5; Ploughman, 5s.

Further Wellington activities—Wellington has again demonstrated its sympathy with the above worthy cause. To increase its already creditable donation, Mrs. J. J. Bourke held on Saturday last, an "at home" at her lovely residence, Lower Hutt. Glorious spring weather, and a variety of entertainments ensured a most pleasant and successful afternoon. Games of chance were well patronised—as were the various stalls, and the day ended with an auction at which the principal object for sale was a Beleek shell, donated by Mrs. Ernest Somerville, who has already shown such generosity to the cause. The shell fell to Mr. R. Dwyer (Empire Hotel). A great portion of the success of the gathering was due to the sympathy and assistance of the Sisters of the Mission, Lower Hutt. Too much credit cannot be given to Mrs. Bourke and her sister for their zeal and energy—and to the ladies of the League, who rendered them such valuable assistance. The list of donations included in the final result is as follows:—Very Rev. Dean Lane, £2 2s; Mr. P. Casey, £2 2s; Mrs. Dwan, £2; Mrs. O'Donovan, £1; Children Convent School, Lower Hutt, £1; Mrs. Redwood, £1; Mrs. Gibbs, 10s.

Mrs. T. Bourke forwards the following:—Rev. E. Sweeney, £3; Miss Healy, £3; Mrs. Hiley, £1; Brother Louis, £1; Mrs. Sidford, £2; Mr. P. Kennedy, £2 2s; Anonymous, £25; Father Griffin, £2; J. P. O'Regan, £3 3s; tickets, £5.

Obituary

MR. PATRICK BURKE, SUMNER, CHRISTCHURCH.

With very sincere regret, the death is recorded of Mr. Patrick Burke, who passed away recently at Sumner. The late Mr. Burke was born in Ireland on January 1, 1854, and was the eldest son of Mr. William Burke, a successful farmer in Galway. When a young man, Mr. Patrick Burke went to Australia, and in 1870 he arrived in New Zealand, where he took up farming pursuits. After a trip to Australia in 1877, he was appointed manager of the Caroline Station, where he remained until that property was acquired by the New Zealand Agricultural Company, Ltd. He was retained by the company as station manager until about the year 1880, when he commenced in business for himself as a hotelkeeper in Christchurch. He went into partnership with Mr. J. Chase, and founded the well-known catering firm of P. Burke and Co., which, after several years of successful business, was formed into a limited liability company, and subsequently sold. The firm of P. Burke and Co. were caterers for practically the whole of the large public gatherings (agricultural and racing), and many other bodies and organisations in and around Christchurch. Mr. Burke was a member of the Licensed Victuallers' Association, in which he took an active interest, being several times president, and also a life member. Up to two years ago he was treasurer of the Provincial Council of the Licensed Trade. He was also a prominent member of the Hibernian Society. He was twice married, his first wife being the daughter of Mr. James Naughton, of Limerick, Ireland, and later he married the eldest daughter of Mr. Orton Guthrie Bradley, of Geraldine. He leaves a family of two sons and three daughters to mourn their loss. The late Mr. Burke was always prominent in Catholic movements, and an ever-ready helper in all that tended to advance the interests of his native land. In him, also, the people of Ireland had a consistent sympathiser in their national aspirations.—R.I.P.

BIRTH

LEYDON.—On August 14, 1921, at Wellington, to Mr. and Mrs. Leo Leydon—a daughter.

MARRIAGE

COSGRIFF—McGRATH.—At the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Gore, on August 8, 1921, by Very Rev. Father O'Donnell, Thomas Cosgriff, of Nightcaps, to Margaret Josephine McGrath.

DEATHS

BURKE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Patrick Burke (late of Woodgrove, North Canterbury), who died at his residence, Sumner, on August 12, 1921, in his 67th year.—R.I.P.

LEYDON.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Alice, dearly beloved wife of J. L. Leydon, Patrick Street, Petone, and eldest daughter of Mrs. Doogan, Wellington, and the late Mr. J. L. Doogan, Greymouth, who died on August 18, 1921.—R.I.P.

LIMA.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Caroline Lima, widow of the late Austen Lima (late of Dunedin), who died at 81 Hill Street, Wellington, on September 6, 1921, in her 86th year.—R.I.P.

O'CONNOR.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John O'Connor (formerly of Okato), who died at New Plymouth on September 4, 1921; aged 83 years. R.I.P.

RABBITTE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Winifred Eleanor, dearly beloved youngest daughter of John and the late Mary Rabitte, Fernhills, who died at Fernhills on August 31, 1921; aged 19 years.—R.I.P.

RIORDAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Martin, dearly beloved husband of Margaret Riordan, and brother of Rev. Father Riordan (Ross), V. Riordan (Springston), and B. Riordan (Ashburton), who died at New Plymouth Hospital on August 29, 1921; aged 36 years.—R.I.P.

VERSCHAFFELT.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Eanie Stella Verschaffelt, who died at Wellington on August 23, 1921.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

AITKEN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Louise Agnes Aitken, beloved wife of William James Aitken, Guard N.Z. Railways, Christchurch (late of Timaru), who died at Christchurch September 26, 1920.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

DATH.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Dath, who was killed in France on September 15, 1916.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

JOYCE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Patrick Joseph Joyce, who was killed in action in France on October 1, 1918.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

LINEHAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Jeremiah Linehan, who died at Petone on September 20, 1920.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

McCROSSAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John McCrossan, who was killed in action in France on September 6, 1918.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his loving parents, sisters, and brothers.

WANTED

WANTED.—Experienced COOK-GENERAL; two in household; references required. Apply to Mrs. D. L. Tonks, "Glenfoyle," Beach Road, Hawera.

WANTED.—Returned Soldier (Main Body Volunteer) seeks FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE. Particulars from—"Trustworthy," Tablet Office.

IRISH SOCIETY'S MEETING

— on —
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, at 7.45 p.m.

OVERSEAS CLUB ROOMS.

LECTURE BY REV. E. J. LYNCH on

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OUR REPRESENTATIVES' MOVEMENTS

We wish to notify our northern readers that our three representatives have commenced a special visit to the North Island. Mr. T. J. Sheahan, Marton to New Plymouth; Mr. E. Hanrahan, Wellington to Napier; and Mr. J. M. Houlahan, Auckland City and surroundings. A visit to other parts of the Island will follow.

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PERIOD FROM SEPTEMBER 12 TO 17, 1921.

AUCKLAND AND HAWKE'S BAY.

Rev. J. C., St. John's, Parnell, 30/9/22; J. McN., P.O., Owhango, 30/9/22; Fr. F., St. Bede's Presb., Ormond, 30/9/22; T. C., Wairoa, 8/10/22; H. M., Priv. Bag, Te Aroha, 30/9/22; W. D., Queen St., Onehunga, 8/9/22; T. K., Hutchinson's Av., New Lynn, 15/3/22; B.J. MacD., Police Stn., Port Awanui, 30/9/22; Mrs. P., Cameron St., Devonport, 30/9/22; J. H., Police Stn., Mercer, 8/9/22; J. McC., Te Otatu, Auck., 15/9/22; P. K., Mackay Town, Auck., 30/9/22; J. L., Motukaraka, Hokianga, 30/9/22; S. J. G., Merrimée, Clive, H.B., 30/9/22; D. R., Silver Rd., Epsom, 15/6/21; H. W., Shannon Stn., Wairoa, 8/5/22; M. D., Te Karaka, Gisborne, 8/8/22; Capt. A., Park Rd., Napier, 30/9/22; H. F., Waiomio, Kawa Kawa, 30/9/22; Rev. M., Sisters of Mercy, Te Aroha, 30/3/22; T. K., P.B., Ardmore, Havelock Nth., 15/9/22; E.F.S., Te Teko, Whakatane, 30/9/22; M.O.E.C., Havelock North, 15/11/20; T. J. H., Police Stn., Papakura, 15/6/21; D. McC., Felix St., Onehunga, 30/12/21; M. D., Princes St., Northcote, 30/9/22; Mr. B., Claudelands P.O., Hamilton, 30/9/22; M. O'D., Wairongomai, Te Aroha, 30/8/22; J. M. F., Nikau St., Eden Terr., Auck., 30/3/22; E.J.L.W., Rukuhia Rural Dvy., Ohaupo Rd., Hamilton, 30/3/22; J. L., France Rd., Napier, 30/3/22; H. S., Otangihaku, via Rotorua, 30/9/22; Mrs. T., Manunui, 23/9/22; W.C., Brooklyn, Hamilton East, 30/9/22; W. H., Lyell St., Hastings, 30/9/22; J. F., Box 191, Hastings, 30/9/22; E.S., Mata Mata, 15/7/21.

WELLINGTON AND TARANAKI.

A. O'F., Finlay Terr., Wgton., 30/3/22; J. D., Laurence St., Wgton., 30/9/22; A. J. P., Te Ore Ore, Masterton, 30/9/22; F. W. H., Box 148, Wanganui, 30/9/22; J. O'B., Prince of Wales Hotel, Wgton., 30/9/22; W. A., Keith St., Wang., 15/9/22; Rev. M., Convent, Masterton, 30/9/22; T. H., Durie Hill, Wanganui, 30/9/22; W. M., Palm. Nth., 8/5/22; J. K., Ruatati, Raetihi, 23/3/22; M. E. N., Box 54, Levin, 15/6/21; F. McP., Tramway Hotel, Wgton., 30/9/22; J. F., Berhampore, 30/9/22; M. S., Featherston Terr., Wgton., 15/3/22; M. O'C., P.O., Mangaweka, 15/9/22; J. K., Waverley, W.G., 30/9/22; T. B., Police Stn., Wang., 30/9/22; J. G., Austin St., Wgton., 30/3/22; Mrs. B., Family Hotel, Palm. Nth., 30/6/21; L. S. McD., Heatherlea, Levin, 15/9/22; J. R. McD., Heatherlea, Levin, 15/9/22; R. K., P.O., Levin, 15/3/22; L. McD., Levin, 15/9/22; F. K., Koputaroa, Levin, 15/3/22; J. J. O'C., Weraroa Rd., Levin, 15/9/22; J. McL., Mako Mako Rd., Levin, 15/3/22; F. L. B., Grand Hotel, Levin, 15/9/22; J. A. R., Baker, Shannon, 15/9/22; J. M., Vogel St., Shannon, 15/9/22; M. F., County Rd., Shannon, 15/3/22; E. O'R., Shannon, 15/3/22; P. G., Shannon, 15/9/22; W.S., Linley, Montoa, Foxton, 15/9/22; B. B., Solicitor, Foxton, 15/9/22; R. P., Family Hotel, Foxton, 15/3/22; S. W. D., Box 40, Foxton, 15/9/22; J.D., Foxton, 15/3/22; M. D., Main St., Foxton, 15/3/22; J. O'D., Police Stn., Foxton, 15/3/22; J. T. F., P.O. Hotel, Foxton, 30/8/22; J. C., Shannon, 30/6/22; J. D., Smith St., Waverley, 30/9/23; T. F., "The Pines," Rahotu, 15/1/23; Mrs. M., Guilford Terr., Wgton., 30/9/22; Mr. K., Bootmaker, Waverley, 30/9/22; Mrs. L., Sydney St., Petone, 15/11/20; J. R., Kohuratahi, 8/10/22; J.B., Vogeltown, New Plym., 30/3/22; J. L., Henry St., Kilbirnie, 30/8/22; J. C., Hawker St., Wgton., 30/9/22; J. P., Milmo St., Hawera, 23/9/22; Mr. L., Tokaora, 30/9/22; P. R., c/o G.F.B., Wang. East, 28/2/22; T.M.,

Hopelands, Woodville, 30/9/22; W. B., Martin Square, Wgton., 8/1/22; W. D., Forelacka, Ohakune, 30/9/22.

CANTERBURY AND WEST COAST.

E. D., Lauriston, 30/6/22; J. S., Seadown, Timaru, 30/9/22; J. J. McM., Lakeside, Leeston, 23/5/22; T. R., Bookseller, Hokitika, 30/9/22; H. J., Rly. Hotel, Hokitika, 30/8/23; C. McR., Clachan, Nelson, 30/9/22; M. G., Cronadun, 15/11/22; S. S., Police Stn., Addington, 30/3/22; T. P., Perrins Ford, Kaiapoi, 8/5/22; Fr. P., Catholic Presby., Methven, 30/9/22; M. D., "Strathmore," Hinds, 30/9/22; J. McS., Nursery Rd., Linwood, 30/9/22; P. O'B., Inglis St., Linwood, 15/3/22; J. A., Waimea West, 30/9/22; M. D., View Hill, West Oxford, 8/9/22; B. O'S., Springfield, 30/9/22; Mrs. H., Rhodes St., Waimate, 30/9/22; N. O'N., Tetaho, 8/2/22; J. D., Stoke, Nelson, 30/9/22; T. C., High St., Greymouth, 30/7/22; W.G.W., Mt. Nessing, Albury, 30/9/22; D. J. C., Alford Forest Rd., Ashburton, 30/3/22; P. J. R., Box 29, Morven, 15/8/22; J. K., Southbridge, 30/9/22; J. S., Kauma School, Flat Creek, Marl., 30/12/21; T. C., Lyttelton St., Spreydon, 30/9/22; Mrs. K., Springfield, 30/9/22; M.M., Rly. Plate Layer, Winchester, 8/3/22; Rev. M., Convent of Mercy, Lyttelton, 30/9/22; J. M., Kaituna, Marl., 8/10/22; W. J. S., Rly. Stn., Reefton, 8/2/22; J. L., snr., Western Valley, Little River, 30/9/22; S. B., Holly Rd., St Albans, 30/9/22; Mrs D., snr., Amberley, 30/9/22; J. B., Junction Rd., Waimate, 15/1/21; M. O'N., Doyleston, 30/3/22; J. C., Richmond, Nelson, 30/9/22; W.J.A., Spencer St., Addington, 23/3/22; H. S., Hardy St., Nelson, 15/1/21.

OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.

J. W. M., P.O., Harringtons, 30/3/22; P. D., Salford St., Gore, 28/2/22; F. G., c/o Convent, Reed St., Oamaru, 30/9/22; J. H. D., Knapdale, 23/1/22; F. J. O'S., Anderson's Bay Rd., Dun., 8/9/22; C. A. K., Clyde Street, Inghill, 30/3/22; M. H., Winton, 30/9/22; M. D., Seacliff, 15/3/22; P. O'D., Wynward St., Sth. Dun., 15/3/22; Mrs. S., Centre Rd., Sawyer's Bay, 30/3/22; Miss F., Ardwick St., Gore, 30/9/22; T. H., Nairn St., Kaikorai, 30/3/22; Mrs. K., Clydevale, 30/9/22; Mr. S., Earn St., Inghill, 30/9/22; Mrs. N., Moonlight, 30/3/22; P. T., Scotland St., Dun., 30/9/22; Fr. D., Sth. Dun., 30/9/22; M. E., Wairio, 30/9/22; L. B., Isis St., Oamaru, 30/9/22; L. S., Richmond Grove, Inghill, 30/9/22; E. M., c/o Mr. K. Lochiel, 30/9/22; W.R., Chesney St., Sth. Inghill, 30/9/22; Mr. D., Victoria St., St. Kilda, 30/3/22; A. R., Bluff, 23/7/22; T. H., Bowmont St., Inghill, 15/9/22; J. H., Heriot, 8/2/23; P. F., Dun., 15/11/20; Mrs. V., St. Andrew St., Dun., 15/1/22; M. M., Green Island, 30/9/22; P. McN., Dipton, 30/9/22; J. J. R., Hope St., Dunedin, 30/9/22; Miss B., Port Chalmers, 30/3/22; A. McO., Causeway Farm, Garston, 30/9/22; J. M., Waianiwa, 30/9/22; Mr. McG., St. Kilda, 15/11/20; Mrs. R., Sth. Dun., 15/11/20; J. E., Port Chalmers, 30/3/22; Sr. M., Teschemakers, 23/9/22; J. M., View St., Dun., 30/9/22; Rev. M., Rosary Convent, Oamaru, 30/9/22; C. C. C., Union St., Milton, 30/3/22; R. W. G., Thomas St., Sth. Dun., 8/9/22; Mrs. H., Granville Terr., Roslyn, 30/9/22; F. D., Outram, 30/9/22; Fr. B., Riverton, 30/9/22; P.M., Knapdale Rd., Gore, 23/8/22; D. J., Whitstone, near Oamaru, 30/9/22; P. L., Woodside, Outram, 30/9/22; Mrs. R., Franklin Rd., Dalmore, 15/3/22; D. O'C., Seacliff, 30/9/22; W. J. McM., McMaster St., Inghill, 30/3/22; T. D., Hyde, 30/9/22; T. C., Heddon Bush, 8/2/22; W.O., Pukemaori, Tutapere, 8/6/22.

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Commonwealth Notes

NEW SOUTH WALES.

The celebrations at St. Mary's Cathedral in October this year, though held in Sydney, will have an interest for every Catholic within the four seas of Australia (says the *Catholic Press*). The note of triumph and exultation will be struck by all partisans by reason of the growth of things Catholic throughout the whole Commonwealth. One hundred years ago the Catholic Church in Australia was but commencing, and that in a very humble way. There were a few hundred Catholics in the convict settlement, but they hungered eagerly for the Sacraments and the consolations of religion. There was but one priest who, endowed with exceptional courage and resourcefulness, struggled against prejudice and anti-Catholic legislation to fulfil what we know to be the fundamental duty of a pastor, to administer the Sacraments and offer the Holy Sacrifice for his much-tried flock. The hospitality of the free settlers in Sydney and the nearer country districts enabled him somewhat to carry out his priestly duties; but he realised that a church was a necessity. He had no means, and so we find him presenting a memorial to the Governor, asking for a site for a chapel; it was only after he had been more than 12 months in the colony that a grant was made of a piece of land which would not conflict with the susceptibilities of the leaders of the Established Church. He accepted the gift of a plot of land outside the town proper, and began the building of a church; but he still had to depend on the clemency of the convict gaolers to permit volunteers to work upon the structure. In October, 1921, the new chapel was commenced, and St. Mary's stands as a memorial of the zeal of Father Therry, and of the Faith and devotedness of the Catholics of the colony.

VICTORIA.

To inaugurate the H.A.C.B. Society Golden Jubilee celebrations, a conversazione was held in the Cathedral Hall on Friday night, September 2 (says the *Tribune*, Melbourne). The Archbishop of Melbourne (Most Rev. Dr. Mannix) and the Archbishop of Wellington (Most Rev. Dr. Redwood) honored the gathering by their presence. Bro. J. J. P. Strafford (grand pres.) extended a hearty welcome to his Grace Most Rev. Dr. Mannix and his Grace Most Rev. Dr. Redwood to the first official gathering of the Hibernians since Dr. Mannix's return. He assured his Grace of their continued loyalty and devotion to him. They deeply sympathised with him in the sorrow and misfortune of not being able to visit Ireland. Still, he had been thus enabled to reach the democracy of England, and put before them the claims of Ireland. Archbishop Redwood was an Englishman who loved his native land, but still had sympathy with Ireland. His Grace was a great citizen of New Zealand and the oldest member of the H.A.C.B. Society in New Zealand. He had become a member in 1875, nearly fifty years ago.

Bro. Strafford also welcomed the representatives of the various Catholic and Irish societies who were present. That night's function was only the beginning of the golden jubilee celebrations of the H.A.C.B.S. It was 50 years since the society had been established. Before 1871 there had been several societies working in different directions. Though various amendments had been made from time to time the ideals of the society were the same as they had been 50 years ago. The first essential was that every member be a practical Catholic. He must also be a good Australian and a good Irishman. Hibernians had never dictated to Ireland what policy she should follow, but they had always supported her in her claims. When Home Rule had been the policy of Ireland the H.A.C.B.S. had stood behind her, and now when nothing short of self-determination would do, they still supported her. As the members were good Catholics and good Irishmen, it naturally followed that they were good Australians. That had been shown by the large number of members who had joined the Australian Forces in the war, and 153 had made the supreme sacrifice.

His Grace Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, who was received with enthusiasm, said that he was very much obliged to the speakers who had referred to him in such eulogistic

terms. He was grateful for the opportunity of assisting at the very beginning of the Golden Jubilee celebrations of the Hibernian Society. He had promised already to take part in the Sydney celebrations. His Grace Archbishop Redwood really had more right than he (Dr. Mannix) to be present that night, for they had been told he had been a member of the society for nearly fifty years. He (Archbishop Mannix) had only been an Irishman about fifty years. Archbishop Redwood had been a member from that day to this, therefore they could be sure that, though he was an Englishman, he had been a practical Catholic for nearly fifty years. (Laughter.) For no one could be a member of the society unless he was a practical Catholic. Archbishop Redwood had more claim to be present than he (the speaker) had, but he did not have more admiration for the society and its high ideals. Hibernians had always been his (Dr. Mannix's) best supporters, and he owed them a debt of gratitude. His admiration was not on personal grounds, but because of their noble ideals and principles. They were first of all good Australians. Any Australian society that did not put Australia first and all the time had no right to exist at all. He had been glad to hear the grand president say that, while they were good Australians, Hibernians were also good Irishmen, who had sympathy for the land from which they had come or from which their parents had come. Ordinary charity should exist between all nations; they should love each other. Therefore, they should love Ireland because Ireland was a nation. They should love her and sympathise with her all the more because she needed sympathy. If every nation and every people should love Ireland, those with Irish blood in their veins should love her all the more. He was attracted to the Hibernian Society, therefore, because one of its aims was to support Ireland. No one in Australia had the right to dictate to Ireland what she should ask or what she should claim. That was Ireland's business. She had the right to choose for herself, just as Poland or Belgium had. Hibernians had supported her when she wanted Home Rule, and now when she was looking for recognition as a nation she could still rely on the support of the Hibernians. There were many flags in the hall that night, but he did not see the Irish flag. Ireland had the right to make her own flag, and she had made it; but it was not in the hall. That was evidently an oversight because the Hibernians were standing behind Ireland in her claim, and part of her claim was the right to have her own flag. He hoped at the next Hibernian gathering he attended that the Irish flag would be there. He was speaking plainly. He made no compromise. There were two reasons why he was attracted to the Hibernian Society, because it supported Ireland, and because its members were loyal Catholics, proud of their religion. His blessing was on them, and he hoped they would always be true to their high ideals and principles.

His Grace Archbishop Redwood said that he was never more at home than when attending an Hibernian gathering. He had been attending meetings of the Hibernians for nearly half a century. The progress of the society in New Zealand had been wonderful, and a great deal of good had been done. Hibernians here were true Catholics and true Australians, and over there they were true Catholics and true New Zealanders. Many members were not of Irish blood. He was one of them. The society was broad enough to take them in, and many of its best members were Englishmen. He would be happy to assist at the jubilee celebrations in Sydney and at the centenary celebrations of St. Mary's Cathedral also. Great work had been done in 50 years by the Hibernian Society, and he felt sure that even more would be done in the future. (Applause.)

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Our Sports Summary

DUNEDIN.

St. Patrick's Harriers had their usual run on Saturday. The pack, under Captain Morris and Deputy McIlroy, followed the trail which was laid by Hanrahan and Cull (hares). It led along the Anderson Bay Road, round the Portobello Road to Waverley; thence across some very rough country towards Highcliff, returning via Highcliff Road and following the car line from the terminus to Bay View Road. A fast run home took place.

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AUCKLAND.

The annual football match between the old and present students of Sacred Heart College, Auckland, took place on the College Oval on Saturday week before a large assemblage of parents and friends. The old boys had a formidable team, including ten senior players, two of whom have represented Auckland this season. Their weight and experience told in the long run, and gave them the victory by 16 to 11. The present boys played fine open football both back and forward, their solid tackling spoiled many threatening onslaughts. It was in scrum work that their lack of weight told its tale. Their last try was the result of the finest piece of work in the day's play. From the scrum the ball was whipped by Lanigan to R. O'Connor, to Griffin, to Reid, who with a great burst of speed beat the centre and full-back and scored between the posts. For College R. O'Connor secured a try which Lanigan converted, the latter also kicking a penalty. The visitors were entertained to afternoon tea on the College lawn by a committee of ladies. The teams and the referee (Mr. B. Donovan) sat together, where the old boys' chatted humorously and happily of their college days. Mr. E. Burns, captain of the old boys, thanked the College lads for the game and offered the old boys' appreciation of their fine showing. The college captain (T. Lanigan) congratulated the old boys on their win and thanked the ladies who so kindly attended to the refreshment tables.

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WELLINGTON.

A Rugby team representing the Marist Brothers' Old Boys Association, Wellington, played the Otaki Convent School Old Boys at Otaki last week. The game was hard-fought throughout and resulted in a win for Otaki by 6 to 3. The visitors received a warm welcome at Otaki, and much praise is due to Rev. Father Vibaud for the able manner in which he provided for, and entertained the Marist Old Boys team.

The annual meeting of the Cricket branch of the association was held in the Club Rooms, 185 Vivian Street, on Friday night last. There was a large attendance of members which speaks well for a successful season. It was decided to enter teams in all grades.

The annual smoke-concert of the Rugby and Soccer branch of the Marist Brothers' Old Boys Association, took place on Saturday the 3rd inst. There was a very large attendance of members, the Rev. Father Murphy, chaplain to the Club being also present. During the course of the evening medals were awarded to all the players of the senior Rugby team. These medals, which were of splendid design, were presented by the various supporters of the "Green and White." Medals were also given to the best players in all the grades—both Rugby and Soccer. Presentations, too, were made to Messrs. D. Dennehy and E. Fitzgerald, club-captains of the Rugby and Soccer branches respectively. An enlarged photo of the senior Rugby team was presented to Mr. W. White for his great work in coaching the team which has made such a splendid showing in Wellington football for a first-year team. It has had four players included at different times in the Wellington representatives—J. Troy, M. Mahoney, J. Murphy, and Markham, the last-named being among the 20 players selected to go into training for the third test. During the season the team has had 84 points scored against them

while they secured 86 points for. Two players of the senior Soccer team—McElligott and Thomas—secured representative honors this season.

The junior Soccer team played off in the final grade championship on Saturday the 3rd inst. Playing as a curtain-raiser to the Brown Shield match, Auckland versus Wellington at the Basin Reserve, before an attendance of some 6,000 spectators, the third grade Marist team demonstrated their superiority over Institute by defeating them by 3 goals to 1. Goals were scored for the winners by Ryan (2) and Costelloe (1). Marist have thus succeeded in winning the third grade championship cup.

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NAPIER.

On Saturday the 3rd inst a Rugby football team from St. Patrick's College, Wellington, met and defeated by 14 points to 6 the Napier Boy's High School team.

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CHRISTCHURCH.

The inter-school basket-ball matches held in connection with the secondary schools of Christchurch have just come to a close, and the A and B teams of the Sacred Heart Girls' College have scored well in both rounds, the B team winning the shield again this year. The A grade had strong teams to play against, but they won matches against West Christchurch, Technical College, Normal College, and came tie with St. Margaret's, but lost to the Girls' High School. The B team lost to St. Margaret's in the first round, but scored against all comers in the second round and so secured the much-coveted shield. In the final matches, played on the convent ground between the A and B teams, the B team scored against the lower A team but were beaten by the upper A team, the scores being 6 to 4. Friendly matches were also played with the senior girls of St. Mary's, Colombo Street, the B team scoring twice, but the C team being defeated. Throughout the season the three girls in the A defence—P. O'Reilly, D. Brittenden, and E. Flood—played a splendid game, and had the attack end proved equally strong the team would have carried all before it. But the attack suffered much from change of personnel and was not able to develop any particularly strong goal thrower, with the result that most of the matches were lost through weakness in this quarter. The girls who played the final matches in the A attack were Ella Williams (who did yeoman service in her section), Madge O'Malley, and Margaret Dennehy, the two last promising players. The three centre players of the A team—Rere Hay, Rebe Coorigan, and Patricia McKendry, did uniformly good work throughout the season, being quick and skilful players and making the most of their part of the game. The B team was fortunate in securing the services of three brilliant players for its centre—Josephine Kennedy, Dorothy Lynskey, and Dorothy McGillicuddy. Their passing and cohesion were excellent, and if they maintain their present standard they should in time be able to meet any team. During the first round also the B team's goal-thrower, Mary Mackle, proved herself an invaluable asset, hardly ever missing a goal. She was well supported by Eileen Glubb and Melba Tullock, and on leaving school in June was replaced by Molly Williams, who did good service in the final matches. The B defence, consisting of Nellie McKendry, Patricia Harrison, and Irene Ashton, also gave a good account of themselves in every match. Lucy Fullwood, who acted as an emergency in several games, gave considerable promise of becoming a skilful and reliable player. Ita Lloyd proved herself a very capable referee, giving satisfaction in all the matches to both the contending teams.

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A priest cannot go and preach in a ballroom or on the Stock Exchange. But those Catholics whose position in life places them there can preach, if not by word, at least by conduct. It is thus that they act as the salt of the earth and the light of the world.—Father B. W. Maturin.

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THE INCARNATION.

1. The Incarnation is the mystery of the Son of God made man.

We have seen that by the sin of the first man the whole human race became guilty, and fell from its original state into the slavery of the devil, from whose power it could not escape.

God might have treated sinful man as He did the rebel angels; He might have abandoned him to his fate and delivered him over to the eternal chastisement which he deserved. But He was merciful towards man, and promised him a Redeemer, who should expiate the sin of Adam's race, and re-establish it in justice and in all its former privileges.

2. The Author of the restoration of the human race was the Incarnate Word; that is to say, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity made man, and called by the name of *Jesus Christ*.

3. God becoming man to save us, such is the great fact taught us by faith, the wonderful dogma of the Incarnation and Redemption. This dogma entirely concerns the Person of Jesus Christ, whom we must endeavor to know according to the infallible teachings of the Church. We will consider Christ (1) in His history; (2) in His Person or His personal constitution; (3) in His works; (4) in the worship due to Him; (5) in His influence on humanity.

First Article: Jesus Christ Considered in His History.

4. Considered historically, Jesus Christ is the greatest Person who has ever lived in the world. He stands pre-eminent; He shines from amongst celebrated men, like the moon amongst the inferior light of the stars, or rather like the sun itself, eclipsing all the other luminaries.

Though a true and real man, Jesus Christ is unlike any other. All men but Himself are born and die, commencing with their birth and completing with their death their appointed destiny. Christ alone existed before His incarnation and lives after His death; of Him only can it be said, *Jesus Christus heri, et hodie, ipse et in secula*,—Christ yesterday, and to-day, and the same for ever" (Heb. xiii. 8).

Christ is living. He lives always and everywhere, not only in heaven where He ascended, but in the entire world and in the minds and hearts of men. Since His death on Mount Calvary, He has more than ever shown Himself to be the living God, and His living power is specially shown and developed in Christianity; by it He speaks, He teaches, He commands, He forbids, He combats, and He triumphs. All passes away and dies around Him; He alone lives and abides for ever, the Soul and the Head of His Church.

His history, then, is not confined to the 33 years which He spent on earth; it extends over all the ages of the world, from Adam to the end of time. Jesus Christ lives in the past by His prophetic existence; He lives in His own contemporary epoch by His mortal life; He lives in the future by His immortal existence.

I. Prophetic Existence of Christ.

5. By the prophetic existence of Christ is meant that which He has in the prophecies announcing His coming, and in the figures which represented Him from the beginning of the world. They are like rays heralding Christ's light, as the dawn announces the sun, or like the shadow which precedes the body, presenting an imperfect likeness of that which has to follow.

6. Christ or the Messiah was first announced in the Garden of Eden, on the day when man fell under the slavery of the devil. God promised, at the same time as He punished our first parents, that a woman born of their race should give birth to a Son, who should crush the serpent's head; meaning that they should have a Saviour, who would destroy the tyranny of Satan and break the bonds of his thralldom.

Adam gratefully received this magnificent promise, and transmitted it to his descendants.

This first prophecy was pronounced more than 4000 years before the coming of Christ. After that, about 2000 years before our era, God promised to Abraham that he

should become the father of a great people, and that all the nations of the earth should be blessed and saved by a Son who should come of his race, (Gen. xxvi. 4).

In the year 1700* the patriarch Jacob predicted that the Saviour of the world, the Expected of nations, should be born of the descendants of the tribe of his son Judah, and that this great event should happen when the royal sceptre which they should wield had passed into the hands of strangers.

In the year 1500 Moses announced that the Messiah would be, like him, a Legislator, but a greater than he—a Lawgiver who should give to Israel a lasting and definite law, the accomplishment of the temporary law of Sinai.

In the year 1050 God made known to King David that Christ should be born of his house; that He should be, like him, a King, but a King of glory and holiness, the Head of a spiritual and universal kingdom; that He should save the world by His sufferings and death; that He should be crucified, descend into hell, rise from the dead, and ascend gloriously into heaven, to sit at the right hand of God the Father, whence He should come to judge the world.

In the year 700 Isaias and the other Prophets announced that the Saviour should be born miraculously by a Virgin in Bethlehem of Juda, and that He should be at once God and Man; that He would lead a poor and obscure life, and that He would have a precursor to make this known; that by His doctrine He would instruct men; that He would work miracles on His way, healing the sick, raising the dead to life, teaching the poor; and that finally He would give up His life for the sins of men, and suffer a dolorous Passion for their salvation; that He would establish His Church, or the reign of God in the universe, by His apostolic preaching.

In the year 500 Daniel predicted that from the time of the captivity of Babylon seventy weeks of years, or 490 years, should elapse, and that then Christ should be put to death for the salvation of the human race.

* That is to say, about the year 1700. These dates must be taken approximately.

Mary is the Mother of Divine Grace, because Jesus, her Son, is the very Source and Fountain of grace, and because grace, which is Himself, is born in the soul, as in the stable of Bethlehem by her co-operation as well as by the operation of the Holy Spirit.

Collect Old Stamps

Rev. Father Westropp (per Mr. B. Gallien, North-East Valley, Dunedin) begs to acknowledge parcels of stamps from the following:—Sister M. de Sales, Bluff; Convent, Gore; Convent, Queenstown; Rev. Mother, Convent, Dannevirke; Convent, Winton; J. W. H., Winton; M.R., Mornington; W. B., Gisborne; W. W., Gisborne; E. N., Makomako; Miss A. N., Foxton; D. R. L., Wellington; Miss N., Concannon; Mrs. A. J., Aramoho; Miss K., J.C., Allanton; Mrs. M. T. J., Winton; Mrs. P. S., McLaggan Street, Dunedin; J. F., Taranaki; H. F., Hohonu; Master J. C., Westport; Miss T., Dunedin Hospital; H.S.G., Wellington; N. O'S., Wellington; Jack Quilter, Mataura; Mrs. J. L., Hampden; Misses M. S. (2), Lyalldale; Miss K. McC., Riverside; —, Taihape; —, Invercargill; Mrs. —, Waiholia; M. R., Geraldine; A. J. C., Island Bay; B. S., Sutherland; W. O'R., Pongakawa; Miss C.G., St. Bathans; A Friend, Otago Central; Mrs. J. S., Wendon; Miss E. B., Ashburton; V. O'S., Marton; Mrs. T.C., Tikokino; Miss C. K., Convent, Ferry Rd., Christchurch; Mrs. S., Masterton; K. G., Greymouth; Miss M. F., Oamaru; N. K., Dannevirke; Miss B. L., Waipawa; M. McC., Ashburton; Miss A. H. R., Wellington; M.H., Woodbury; Master J. P., Helensville; G. F., Otautau; J. O'S., Wellington.

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IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

Mr. Michael Collins, Minister of Finance, Dail Eireann, has been offered by a London publishing firm £10,000 for his memoirs.

Mr. E. Downey, editor *Waterford News*, was fined £100 by a military court, for alluding to Sir James Craig as a "carrion crow." The phrase originated with Mr. Birrell, a Minister of the Crown.

The Sligo Commandant of the Irish Republican Army, Mr. M. J. Marren, was drowned while bathing at Strandhill. He was a County Councillor, Chairman of the Boyle Guardians, and Judge of the District Republican Court.

Messrs. de Valera, Griffith, Stack, and Desmond Fitzgerald attended High Mass at St. George's Cathedral, Southwark (London) on July 17, and had an enthusiastic reception from thousands of London Irish outside the church. The Protestant members of the Republican delegation attended Matins at St. Paul's.

The Irish correspondent of the London *Sunday Express* writes:—"The truce has been maintained with creditable loyalty on both sides. Flying columns of the I.R.A. have met and saluted forces of British troops. The Auxiliary forces go out in bathing parties unarmed, carrying towels instead of revolvers. . . . The only spot in Ireland where the truce has not brought peace is in Belfast."

"I have received from a quarter in the most intimate touch with Sir James Craig confirmation of the statement that he left London sorely dissatisfied with his last interview with Mr. Lloyd George (says the London correspondent of the *Independent*). It is clear, therefore, that when Sir James Craig declared to a press representative before leaving for Belfast, that he was "well satisfied," he was uttering a terminological inexactitude."

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THE ONE DARK SPOT.

The known victims of the Belfast pogrom in a little over 12 months number:—Killed, 101; wounded, 770 (according to the *Independent*). Of these, the eight days ended at date of publication were responsible for killed, 20; wounded, 108. These are those recorded in the hospitals. It is believed that there were many deaths not recorded, and many wounded were treated in their homes. When the responsibility comes to be fixed the following facts speak for themselves:—1. The majority of the killed and wounded are Catholics. (2) All the houses looted, burned, or wrecked belonged to Catholics, and (3) All the persons rendered homeless are Catholics.

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FRENCH VIEW OF IRISH PEACE.

The *Union Agricole*, quoted by *Young Ireland*, says that there can be no peace as long as England refuses to recognise the essential unity of Ireland and repudiates the right of the Irish people to self-determination. No solution can be arrived at while the Orange minority is placed on the same footing as the rest of Ireland. Mr. Lloyd George will sooner or later be forced to recognise Dail Eireann.

"What a striking victory for democratic idealism," says the *Petit Parisien*, "if one could say in the near future that the war of 1914-18 was crowned by the liberation of Ireland."

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CAUSE OF PEACE MOVE: IS IT TO CONCILIATE AMERICA?

"It may at first sight seem to argue a weakened sense of proportion that we should bracket the Irish negotiations in the same category of importance with the world-wide project which the President of the United States has initiated. But the truth is," says the *Saturday Review*, "that the reactions of the Irish question spread far beyond the province of domestic British politics, and that the inter-relation between what is happening in London today and what may be happening in Washington a few months hence cannot be other than close and real."

"Put the Irish problem on the road to settlement, and by such you facilitate Anglo-American co-operation on all problems. Make it easy for Great Britain and the United States to acquire, or to renew, the habit of working together, and to that extent you smooth the path to an Irish peace. Should this appeal fail, as it must not and shall not fail, the worst in the Anglo-Irish past may soon be outdone by the blackness and despair of the very near future."

"The broad remedy is equally old and equally simple. . . . It is to uproot the alien government now thrust upon the Irish people, and to give them instead a government of their own choosing. Our immediate duty, therefore, is . . . to ask ourselves . . . why in Ireland, but nowhere else, we should take our cue from one-fifth of the people, and allow them to dictate our policy towards the remaining four-fifths."

"What is needed is a firm offer of Dominion status of nationhood, with full fiscal and financial freedom, and with the Army and Navy left under a single Imperial control. . . . There are three essentials of a durable Irish settlement." These are—

1. Recognition of Irish nationality;
2. Embodiment of Irish unity;
3. Government of Irish design.

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DEATH OF CANON FLANNERY, KILLALOE.

We regret (says an Irish exchange) to announce the death of Very Rev. Canon Flannery, P.P., V.G., Killaloe, which occurred on June 30, after a long illness.

The late Canon, a native of Monsea parish, was ordained in 1868. He was curate successively in Portroe, Monsea, Kilbarron, Toomevara, and Nenagh, to which latter place he came in 1878 and ministered till November, 1888, when he was appointed P.P. of Ruane and Dysart, Co. Clare.

During his curacy in Nenagh he took an active part in the politics of the time, and was most zealous and efficient in discharging the duties of his office. He was the first director of the Women's Confraternity of the Holy Family. It was mainly through his mediation that the premises of the Nenagh Gaol (which had ceased to be used as a prison) were given to the Sisters of Mercy for schools and residence.

After spending some years in Ruane and Dysart he became P.P. of Silvermines, and when Canon McInerney, in 1905, was transferred to Kilrush, he was appointed P.P. and V.G. of Killaloe. Here, as in his other missions, he labored with zeal and success. The new church of Garronboy was erected as well as new schools for the Sisters of Mercy and improvements effected in the other churches and schools of the parish. He was partly invalided for the past two years, but he continued to the end to direct the work of the parish and took his share in the duties whenever he was able. His death is deeply regretted by the people of the many parishes in which he ministered, by his brother priests, and by all who had the happiness to know him.

Two years ago the late Canon Flannery celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood, when he was the recipient of a presentation from his parishioners as a mark of appreciation in which he was held by them.

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

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

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

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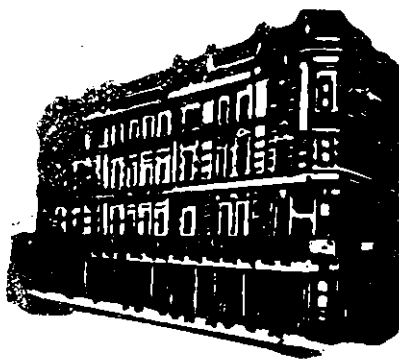
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Ireland's Hope

Since the British Premier sent the Premier of South Africa on an errand to Ireland on behalf of England, all the fair-weather friends of Ireland have discovered an interest in what they now describe as our sister in the Empire (says the *Catholic Magazine*, for South Africa). The militarist press has tried to hide the realities of the situation even now. One would think that the new negotiations were due to some special act of statesmanship on the part of some members of the Imperial Conference. The main facts are that the Republican Government of Ireland with its own army has shown that it can govern Ireland in spite of the mailed fist of Mr. Lloyd George. Force having failed to achieve its purpose, Mr. Lloyd George is prepared to negotiate. We may be sure that the Irish Republic will not make the same mistake as Germany did. The Irish have refused to demobilise until the terms are settled, with guarantees that these terms will be carried out. They know only too well that if with the aid of General Smuts another Fourteen Points were held out to the Irish people, that would be no reason to lay aside their arms. They saw General Smuts sign a Treaty which violated every one of the conditions on which the Germans laid down their arms. It is difficult to play that trick twice in one generation. Ireland will certainly not be the victim. If Irish liberty therefore is saved, it will be the work of Ireland's right arm, of friends in America and elsewhere who were not ashamed to stand up for her in the day of her bitter ordeal. The Irish President has made it clear that he represents the Irish people who claim the right of self-determination. They cannot bow to the dictatorship of another country or of any Irish minority that desires such a dictatorship.

A Glorified Rebel

Mr. de Valera may take heart from a celebration which has just taken place in London. A statue of George Washington has been presented to England by some American people and duly unveiled in front of the English National Gallery. The American who made the presentation said: "We are presenting to the Government and people of Great Britain this bronze likeness of one who forsook her flag, rejected her sovereignty; and fought against her King, and with a splendid magnanimity, Great Britain has answered the challenge by placing this one-time rebel on a pedestal amid the mighty monuments and memories of Trafalgar Square." Washington had far less justification for his act than de Valera, since Washington was an Englishman. If England to-day were only governed by men with a greater spirit of magnanimity than Mr. Lloyd George, and a wider outlook than General Smuts (who seems unable to conceive any solution but that of a limited Home Rule), England would avoid the costly errors committed in regard to George Washington. Should wiser counsels prevail, we may not have to wait a whole century or more to see de Valera's statue in London. He has stated often enough that a free and independent Ireland will be no menace to England's safety. An Ireland forced to remain within a Union which she does not desire will never cease to be a danger.

WEDDING BELLS

COSGRIFF—McGRATH.

The wedding was solemnised on Monday, August 8, at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Gore, by the Very Rev. Father O'Donnell, of Thomas, second son of Mrs. Margaret Cosgriff and the late John Cosgriff, of Nightcaps, and Miss Margaret Josephine McGrath, niece of Mrs. Flannigan, of Gore. The bride, who was given away by her brother (Mr. John McGrath), wore a grey crepe-de-Chine frock and black hat, and carried a pretty bouquet of gold and white blooms and an ivory-bound prayer book. The bridesmaid was Miss Mary McGrath (sister of the bride), who was attired in wine-colored crepe-de-Chine and black hat, and carried a shower bouquet. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. John Lysaght as best man. After the ceremony, a reception was held at the residence of Mrs. Flannigan, Very Rev. Father O'Donnell presiding, when the customary toasts were honored. The newly-wedded couple left for the north

where the honeymoon was spent, the bride wearing a tailor-made navy serge costume, with hat to match. The large number of useful and valuable presents received testified to the esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Cosgriff are held.

Gisborne

(From our own correspondent.)

September 9.

A very successful and enjoyable social was recently held in the Assembly Hall, in aid of the funds of St. Mary's School. The excellent arrangements made by the ladies' committee, presided over by Mrs. Williams, greatly enhanced the pleasure of the occasion. The duties of M's.C. were efficiently carried out by Messrs. J. H. Reidy, Schollum, and Douglas. Rev. Father Murphy (in the absence of Father Lane) expressed pleasure at the financial results of the function, and thanked all who had worked so hard in the interests of the school.

Another recent successful event was the children's fancy dress social. Mrs. Fitzpatrick adjudicated on the characters portrayed, and allotted the prizes to Misses M. Keany and Z. Marflit, Masters H. Carr and Munro.

St. Mary's Church was recently broken into and the poor-boxes robbed. The amount stolen is not known, but, as the boxes were lately cleared, the sum cannot have been very large.

Marist Brothers' School, Greymouth

In the recent Competitions the successful competitors who attend the above school were as follow: James Doogan 1st in boys' recitation (12-6), George Larsen, highly commended; Vincent McSherry 1st in sight reading (boys and girls under 12); Vincent McSherry tied for 3rd in prepared reading; James Gilbert 1st in essay (boys and girls under 13 years); Alan Kennedy 2nd in essay (boys and girls under 16).

Convent of Mercy, Greymouth

The following is a list of the Greymouth Convent pupils who were successful at the West Coast Competitions, held in Greymouth from August 29 to September 5:—Musical section: Piano solo, "Polonaise" (McDowell) for competitors over 21, Doreen Daly (only competitor); Piano duet, "Spanish Dance" (Moskowski) for competitors over 16, Misses Marjorie Fletcher and Bernadine Gilbert (only competitors); piano solo, "To the Spring" (Greig) for competitors between 14 and 16, Doreen Daly 1st, Borgia McSherry 2nd; piano duet, "Marche Militaire" for competitors between 14 and 16, Doreen Daly and Borgia McSherry 1st, Veronica Knell and Rita Deere 2nd; piano solo, "Minuet" (Paderewski) for competitors between 12 and 14, Doreen McBrearty and Eileen Cook 2nd; piano solo, "Minuet" (Beethoven) for competitors under 12, Mary Orr 1st, Kathleen Fogarty 2nd, Elsie Williams 3rd, Lillias Moss 4th; violin solo "Schon Rosmarin" (Kreisler) for competitors over 16, Doris Lalor 1st, Marjorie Fletcher 3rd; violin solo "Mazurka" (Saint Amoury) for competitors under 16, Ethel Wallace 2nd (12 years of age). Elocutionary section.—Ladies' recitation, "Youth and Age" (16-21), Doreen O'Hallahan 1st, Bernadine Gilbert 2nd; ladies' monologue (16-21), Doreen O'Hallahan 1st, Bernadine Gilbert 2nd; recitation, "An Old Romance" (12-16), Eileen Ryan 2nd; recitation (9-12), Margaret McDonnell 1st, Kathleen Fogarty 2nd; recitation (under 9), Nellie McDonnell 2nd; boys' recitation (12-16), James Auton 2nd; prepared reading (12-16), Eileen Ryan (tied for 1st); prepared reading (under 12), Kathleen Fogarty 1st, Jean Gillies 3rd; sight reading (12-16), Eileen Ryan 2nd; sight reading (under 12), Jean Gillies 2nd; ladies' sight reading, Bernadine Gilbert 3rd.

How good it is to be with Jesus crucified! I will make three tabernacles here; one in His hands, another in His feet, and a third in the wound of His side where I may watch and repose, read and sleep, pray and do everything.—St. Bonaventure.

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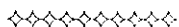
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Catholic World

IN LONELY RAVENNA.

Ravenna is the resting-place of that supreme singer of the Middle Ages, Dante, and a fitting place of pilgrimage in this centenary year (writes Joseph Francis Wickham, in the August *Catholic World*). His mausoleum stands near the Church of San Francesco, in the vestibule of which the Florentine exile was first buried. Dante's tomb was originally the work of Pietro Lombardi, who built it in 1482 at the instance of Bernardo Bembo, the representative of Venice in the city; but now, through reconstruction, it is more modern than the sentimental heart would wish. The old palace of the Polenta looks down upon the tomb from across the way, a fitting guard for the poet's grave. For it was Guido da Polenta who gave him the welcome of Ravenna, after Florence had forbidden him her shelter and had doomed him to follow the wandering roads.



THE FOUR GREAT FATHERS OF THE EAST.

The four great Fathers and Doctors of the East are St. Athanasius, St. Basil, St. Gregory of Nazianzen, and St. John Chrysostom. They belonged to the 4th century; the century in which the great truths of faith—the Divinity of Our Lord and the Blessed Trinity—were solemnly defined by the Church. I need not say that though these doctrines were not defined till the fourth century they were always part of the Christian faith. The Christians who lived and died in the 1st century believed them as firmly as those who lived in the 4th, or as we ourselves who live in the 20th. But it is only when circumstances require it that the Church solemnly defines a doctrine—when, for instance, heretics attack it and it is necessary to safeguard the truth.

From the very beginning Christianity came into conflict with ideas and practices which had a widespread hold until Jesus came. When Our Lord was presented in the Temple holy Simeon said of Him that He was set "for a sign which shall be contradicted," and there were two things about Christianity which were bound to encounter contradiction.

In the first place, while the great pagan teachers of the past—Plato and Aristotle, for example—had only professed to point out to men the better way of life, Jesus Christ was Himself "the way, and the truth, and the life"; the followers of the pagan philosophers revered them as men, but the followers of Christ adored Him as God. When the first Christians taught that Christ was God, and that all men are bound to follow His teaching, they came at once into conflict with the philosophers of the Roman Empire.

In the second place, Christianity was for all. It was no respecter of persons. It bound the emperor just as much as the meanest of his subjects. "There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female. For you are all one in Christ Jesus" (Galatians iii. 28). Christianity insisted on the rights of all men, and as at this time four-fifths of the human race were slaves, and slaves had no legal rights of any kind but were the absolute property of their master like the horse or his cow; women and children had practically no rights; while the emperor was an absolute monarch whose whims were law, it is not surprising to find that Christianity had many and powerful enemies from the start. Since the Christians claimed that Christ was God, the obvious retort of the unbelievers was that He was only a man. Some of the early heretics taught the opposite of this, and said that Christ was indeed true God, but was not true man.

These controversies came to a head with what is known as the Arian heresy, the founder of which was a priest of Alexandria named Arius. He lived in the 4th century, and he maintained that Christ was the most perfect creature, but was not God. His great opponent was St. Athanasius, who was born at Alexandria about 295. Arius

was a man of "soft and smooth address, calculated to persuade and attract," and he had no scruples as to how those who opposed him ought to be treated. The Council of Nicaea—the first General Council of the Church—condemned Arius, but the Arians won over the Emperor Constantine to their side—who wanted to be supreme in the Church as in the State, like Henry VIII.—and St. Athanasius, who had become Bishop of Alexandria in 328, was banished from his see. Arianism, aided by the powerful patronage of the Emperors, maintained a bitter struggle till the end of the 4th century, the chief object of its hate being St. Athanasius. After spending 20 years in exile and enduring extreme hardships, St. Athanasius died peacefully at Alexandria in 373.

St. Basil was born at Caesarea in Cappadocia (now Asia Minor) about 329. He studied at Athens, where he became intimate with St. Gregory Nazianzen, who was also born about the same year. While there he began to think seriously of religion, and he founded a religious Order known as the Basilian Monks, still in existence. In 370 he became Bishop of Caesarea, and he devoted his great talents to combating Arianism, which had the support of the Emperor Valens, who was an Arian. He was famous both as a theologian and a preacher, and is usually styled St. Basil the Great. He died in 379.

St. Gregory of Nyssa, another great name in the history of the Church, was a younger brother of St. Basil. St. Gregory of Nazianzen was born about 329, near Nazianzen, in Cappadocia. He was consecrated from birth to God by his saintly mother Nonna, and after a brilliant course of study at Athens resolved to give his life to the service of religion. He was the great champion of the Church against the Arians in Constantinople, of which city he became bishop in 380. He vigorously opposed Macedonius, a heretic bishop, who denied that the Holy Ghost was God. His work on the Trinity, directed especially against the Arians and the Macedonians, was so excellent that it obtained for him the title of "The Theologian." He died about 390.

St. John Chrysostom was born at Antioch, in Syria, about 345. He was perhaps the greatest orator the world has ever seen. He was appointed Bishop of Constantinople in 398, and his fearless denunciations of the vices of the imperial court roused the fury of the Empress Eudoxia, who had him arrested and banished. Recalled shortly after, he was again banished, and he died in exile at Comana, in Pontus (now Asia Minor), in 407. Besides the four great Fathers and Doctors there are other famous doctors too.—*Irish Catholic*.



To have that love for our neighbor which is commanded by the Lord, we must entertain good and amiable feelings towards him, especially when he is disagreeable and annoying to us on account of any defect, natural or moral; for then we find in him nothing to love, except in God. The maxim of the saints was that in performing works of charity and kindness, we ought to consider, not the person who receives them, but Him for whose sake they are done. Nor let us be discouraged if we sometimes feel repugnance; for an ounce of this solid and reasonable love is of much greater value than any amount of that tender and sensitive love which we share with animals and which often deceives and betrays our reason.—St. Francis de Sales.

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By Maureen

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BRAN RAISIN MUFFINS.

Mix and sift together one and one-half cupsful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonsful of baking powder and one-half teaspoonsful of baking soda. Add two tablespoonsful of sugar and one and one-half cupsful of bran. Mix one egg well beaten with one-half cupful of treacle and one and one-half cupsful of milk and combine mixtures. Stir in two tablespoonsful of melted fat and one cupful of raisins. Pour into well-greased muffin pan and bake in a moderate oven.

QUEEN'S PUDDING.

Stir one quart of scalded milk into two cupsful of stale bread crumbs and let stand until crumbs are soft. Add two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, one-third of a cupful of melted butter, yolks of three eggs, beaten, juice and grated rind of one lemon, one tablespoonful of chopped citron, one cupful of raisins, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Mix and pour into a well-greased baking dish. Bake in moderate oven until firm and brown—about forty minutes. Cool slightly and turn out on a serving dish. Spread with a layer of any desired jam or marmalade. Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff, add four tablespoonsful of sugar and continue beating for a few minutes. Spread this over the pudding and bake in a slow oven until brown.

VACUUM CLEANING.

To many housewives the possession of a vacuum cleaner is a not unmixed blessing. The trouble is caused by a lack of understanding on the part of the housewife, not by contrariness on the part of the machine.

The rules for use are simple but important. For use on carpets the nozzle should be parallel with the floor and raised by means of the adjuster at least a quarter of an inch off the floor. This allows the suction full play, with the consequence that the carpet is lifted up from the floor and a current of air gets underneath, greatly facilitating

the cleaning. The dustbag should be emptied after each cleaning, otherwise the accumulation of dust chokes the air inlet and thus the suction power is considerably reduced. A heavy dustbag also puts a strain on the mechanism, and altogether considerably impairs the cleaning powers of the machine. It is necessary to oil a vacuum cleaner at least once a month. The machine should never be used to pick up nails, pins, wood splinters, etc. Such substances are apt to pierce the dustbag or get into the motor, in either case putting the machine out of order.

A good vacuum cleaner possesses powerful suction action which draws all dust and grit through the carpet into the dustbag of the machine. With a brush it is impossible to remove deeply embedded grit from a carpet, and even surface dirt cannot be removed without friction and wear and tear to the carpet. All dirt and dust is sucked directly into the receptacle, and none is scattered about the room.

The vacuum cleaner has a quite undeserved reputation for wearing out carpets and rugs. The facts are these: carpets and rugs in general use are subjected to the grinding of the pile between gritty dirt and shoe leather. As a result the grit becomes embedded, and if allowed to remain cuts farther and farther into the pile, to the ultimate destruction of the carpet. In order to preserve the carpet it is necessary to keep it as free from grit as possible. A clean carpet will last twice as long as an unclean one.

The various accessory attachments that accompany a vacuum cleaner need to be used with discretion. A cleaning attachment at the end of a long coil of tubing is not as efficient as an attachment closer to the source of suction, and for this reason it is best to place all hangings and draperies on the floor and clean with the floor nozzle. The same applies to mattresses, but in this case the hard brush attachment should be used to clean round the buttons. A short tubing and the upholstery attachment will clean all the upholstered furniture.

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ON THE LAND

MARKET REPORTS.

At Burnside last week a medium yarding of fat cattle came forward for sale, 214 being penned. The sale opened below the previous week's rates, and showed no improvement at the end of the day. Prices compared with the preceding week were back fully 15s per head. Extra prime heavy-weight bullocks from £18 2s 6d to £19, prime bullocks £16 5s to £17 17s 6d, medium £14 to £15 15s, others 10s upwards, best cows and heifers £11 7s 6d to £12 17s 6d, medium £9 2s 6d to £10 10s, lighter kinds £8 upwards. Fat Sheep.—Another full yarding of sheep came forward, 3260 being penned, which included several pens of hoggets. Competition was lifeless throughout the sale, and prices showed another decline. Prime heavy-weight wethers were back 2s at least, others from 1s to 1s 6d. The few ewes that were yarded also suffered a decline, and these may be quoted back 1s compared with last sale. Extra prime heavy-weight wethers made from 26s to 27s 3d, prime wethers 22s 6d to 25s 9d, medium 17s 9d to 21s 6d, lighter kinds 16s upwards, prime ewes 18s 3d to 21s, medium 16s 3d to 18s, others 11s upwards, prime hoggets to 18s 3d, medium 12s to 13s 6d, others 9s upwards. Pigs.—A medium yarding, composed of various sorts. All were sold under keen competition. Prices on the whole were a shade dearer, being about ½d per lb above previous week's rates. Best baconers realised from 8½d to 9½d per lb, and best porkers from 9d to 9½d per lb.

The yardings at Addington market were again large, and there was a slight lowering of both beef and mutton values. There was no freezing competition for mutton. Fat Sheep.—An over-supply. Values were 1s to 1s 6d easier, and a good proportion of wether mutton was sold at equal to 3d per lb. Extra prime wethers 22s 6d to 25s 6d, prime 17s 9d to 21s 6d, medium 15s 6d to 17s 6d, light and unfinished 13s to 15s 3d, prime ewes 15s to 22s, medium 12s 9d to 14s 9d, inferior 9s 6d to 12s 3d, prime hoggets 14s 6d to 24s, ordinary 9s 6d to 14s 3d. Spring Lambs.—Sixty were forward, and sold at from 20s to 33s. Fat Cattle.—The quality was not so good. The market opened at the previous week's rates, but fell away towards the close, values being down 15s to 20s a head for secondary beef. Extra prime bullocks £18 15s to £21, prime £14 10s to £18 10s, medium £10 5s to £14 5s, light and unfinished £6 to £9 10s, extra prime heifers to £13 5s, prime £9 10s to £11 15s, ordinary £5 to £8 10s, ordinary cows £5 to £8. Vealers.—A small entry of indifferent quality. Runners up to £5 11s, good vealers £3 7s 6d to £4 15s, medium £2 8s to £3, small calves 5s to £2 2s 6d. Fat Pigs.—The activity of the last few sales was scarcely maintained. Choppers brought from £5 to £7, light baconers £4 15s to £5 5s, heavy £5 15s to £6 10s (an average price per lb of 9d), light porkers £3 to £3 10s, heavy £3 15s to £4 9s (an average price per lb of 10½d to 10½d).

Messrs. Donald Reid and Co. report as follows on the recent sale of rabbitskins, etc., when large catalogues were submitted by the various selling brokers:—There was a full attendance of buyers, and bidding was very spirited throughout. Prices showed a sharp advance on previous sale, full winters and incomings being most sought after, and these classes were from 8d to 9d per lb higher. All other descriptions of skins appreciated in value and showed a corresponding advance on the preceding sale's prices. Quotations:—Super winter does 85d to 88d, first winter does 74d to 80d, second winter does 65d to 70d, super winter bucks 70d to 78½d, first winter bucks 69d to 73½d, second winter bucks 64d to 68d, incoming winters 57d to 60d, autumns 48d to 55½d, early autumns 35d to 44d, outgoing winters to 48½d, prime racks 14d to 16½d, light racks 10d to 11½d, summers 8½d to 10d, runners 3d to 3½d, prime winter black 100d to 112d, winter black 80d to 98d, autumn black 30d to 46d, winter fawn 45d to 52½d, broken 20d to 28½d, hares 15d to 19d, horsehair 15d to 20½d.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

GRASS LAND IMPROVEMENT.

Harrowing is but one incident in the proper management of grazing lands (says the *Farmers' Union Advocate*,

quoting an authority). Stocking is very important. Horses are the most uneven grazers, with the result that in time a pasture much used by them becomes very unequal in character. The coarser parts should be well harrowed, the harrows going over several times if necessary. Most pastures will stand it and knit together into superior condition afterwards, though severe frost may cause damage if it follows the treatment swiftly. Some farmers have a rotation of their fields for their horses, and though this may not be as convenient as turning them into pastures nearest the steading, it is an advantage in the long run. The ideal order of stocking is held generally to be cattle first, then horses and finally sheep. Grazing varies enormously, some districts have cattle and sheep running together—and this has been shown to give approximately twice as much live weight per acre as by grazing sheep alone—while in other parts only sheep are seen. The roughest grazing may only support mountain sheep and ponies. Harrowing will pay on all but the roughest, complementing, as it does, the trampling of the grazing season.

Manuring is of equal importance. Emphasis has already been laid on the power of the harrows to bring the manures directly to the soil and the roots of the plants. Where much dead matter exists manurial dressings, of the character which have generally proved best for pasture, are apt, on sloping ground, to be removed by surface drainage before ever they reach the soil. This is a point worth keeping in mind as a probable explanation of alleged failures of these manures. With regard to drainage, it is not claimed that, where it is necessary, any other treatment will prove as effective, but at the same time, if the water can be got away to an appreciable extent by opening up the surface "mat," improvement will be noticeable and the growing season extended.

The harrows will reduce the number of weeds and frequently the proportion of poorer grasses, thus making room for clover and grasses of higher feeding value. Thistles are an exception to this. The pulling effect on certain weeds weakens them, and exposure to sun and wind will often finish them off. It might be said that if the harrowing is bad for them it will be equally bad for clover. Experience, however, does not bear this out. The clover commonly found is the white variety and is of a creeping nature. In other words, roots keep appearing at points on its stems, and by this means the plant is for ever anchoring itself down somewhere, and each point at which this happens becomes the potential centre of another colony of clover plants. The characteristic is common to other members of the same family. As stated above, perennial ryegrass is found in association with clover, the two appear to thrive under heavy trampling, but equally, observation shows, they benefit by harrowing.

Turnips and similar root-crops have contributed largely to the development of the N.Z. Frozen Meat industry, upon which much of the Dominion's prosperity has been built. To grow turnips to best advantage, they must be ridged: To ridge to best advantage the Macalister Ridger is "out on its own," a fact officially proven by actual test, in which it was awarded the Canterbury A. and P. Association's Gold Medal. We now own and make all the Macalister Turnip Machinery. Get special catalogue.

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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.

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The harbor's sheltered peace;
And homing sails, once folded,
Need never seek release.

About the streets winds wander
With perfumes of the rose
From little gardens of the town,
And vine-clad porticos.

Far off, the breakers murmur
Their hints that life must be
Reminded in all moments
Of God's eternity.

But far beyond the headland
The lighthouse stands serene,
And answers to our yearning
That we on God may lean.

O little town of quiet
Beside the ocean gray,
You are the symbol ever
Of what we seek and pray!

Beside life's ocean, chartless,
We quest a little town
Of love and trust and beauty
Ere we to seas go down.

—ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH, in the *Ave Maria*.

PLAIN DEALING.

In an essay on Art, Emerson remarks: "Nothing astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing." This apparent paradox finds verification in every walk of life. Men are so often led by their own ambitions, their likes and dislikes, their fear of power in others, or their desire for the acquisition of coveted place, that the exercise of common sense and plain dealing seems to mark them as politicians or as simpletons. As a wise old priest observed to Cardinal Manning at his consecration: "Your Grace, you will never hear the truth again."

Occasionally one meets a person who is utterly straightforward and sincere in all his various contacts with his fellows. The unusualness of the phenomenon astonishes and then arouses doubt. The quaint feature of all human conduct is that when it seeks to deceive it is most palpably undeceiving. Man was made to follow the guidance of reason; it is only the perversity of a crude will that endeavors to cover the truth and reveal the mask. If certain persons in life could view their actions and aims as they appear to others, they would hie them to concealment for shame.

One of the characteristics of the early Christian was his simple and unpretentious tenor of life. He spoke and acted the truth and he expected and found like conduct in his fellow Christian. Deception was unheard of in daily intercourse: it would be intolerant were it to show its head. The modern Christian, however, like the ancient Jew, has learned much from associating with pagan neighbors. He veneers his true nature; he assumes a worldly polish; he affects an air and seeks to impress his fellow-men with an importance and a value which he is far from possessing. Think of any walk in life you choose, and there will you easily pick out those who have bidden farewell to common sense and plain dealing and who are acting a part, not living the life of a Christian.—*Catholic Bulletin*.

THE GLORY OF THY PEOPLE.

It is false to say that all religions are good. There is only one that can be true and it is the Catholic, for:
It ALONE possesses a dogma which has never changed;
It ALONE obeys one Head, the Pope;

It ALONE goes back to the Apostles since it was founded by Jesus Christ;
It ALONE is preached to the entire world;
It ALONE has ever been solicitous for you, O Worker, and rescued you from slavery;
It ALONE has said: Love one another;
It ALONE gives a satisfying answer to all philosophical and moral problems;
It ALONE uses persuasion and not force;
It ALONE is attacked by unbelievers.

A LEGEND OF THE CROSS.

Lot had escaped from Sodom when there appeared to him an angel holding three cypress cuttings in his hand. "Plant these," said the angel, "and if they live and grow, your great sin shall be pardoned. If they die, you shall be punished as you deserve. The water with which you refresh them must be brought from the river Jordan, and must be brought fresh each day.

Here was a hard task, but Lot did not question its justice. Every morning he made a journey to the sacred river, bringing back the water for his precious trees, which grew and flourished amazingly.

One morning, as he was returning to Hebron, a beggar met him by the roadside and asked for a drink of water.

"I can give him a little," mused Lot, "and then have enough for my trees."

But when the beggar's thirst was quenched, there appeared another, and yet another, until the water was gone. Then Lot threw himself down, buried his face in the sand, and wept. When at length he raised his head an angel stood by.

"Why do you weep?" he asked, and Lot told him.

"Be not alarmed," answered the heavenly visitant. "Obedience is acceptable in the sight of God, but charity is even more so. You served Him in succoring His poor. Henceforth, as your reward, the tree shall thrive without water. Your long penance is over."

Thus it came about that the cypress trees grew without the aid of Lot. And when one of them was old and mighty, the Cross of Christ was made from it, and He, the legend runs, "Who died for His love of mankind, might suffer on the tree which was blessed by the grace of charity."

THE DOLLY I LOVE BEST.

Last night when daddy came from town,
He brought a doll for me,
One with a pink and shining gown,
As pretty as can be.
Her golden hair is curly, too,
Her cheeks are rosy red,
And dolly's eyes so big and blue,
Close when she's put to bed.

I've only got one dolly more,
An' she gets worse each day,
For sawdust falls around the floor,
When with her I would play.
The puppy's torn most of her clothes,
An' jerked her all about;
She has some putty for a nose,
And both her eyes are out.

But Mary Jane (that's her, you know)
Is just as sweet and true
As she was three long years ago
When Santa brought her, new.
I love the doll I got last night,
But—tho' in silk she's dressed,
I still hug Mary Jane real tight,
Because—I love her best.

—FRANCES KANE.

THE REGIMENTAL LYRE.

A number of stars on the cuff of a soldier aroused the fair visitor's curiosity.

"He's the battalion astronomer," explained her escort, gravely. "Most useful man. Guides us home by the stars when we've lost our way on night manoeuvres."

S. F. Aburn

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"How interesting," said the maiden. Then, noting his bandsman's badge, the representation of an ancient stringed instrument, she exclaimed, shyly: "I suppose that thing on your arm means that you're the regimental lyre?"

AND THEN NO ONE SPOKE.

"Pa," said little Willie, "what's an echo?" "An echo, my son," answered Pa, casting a side-glance at little Willie's ma, "is the only thing on earth that can cheat a woman out of the last word." "Another definition of an echo, Willie," observed Ma, "is a man who goes to old patent medicine almanacs for his alleged wit."

WHAT HE PRAYED FOR.

The pastor was interrogating the pride of the family. "And do you always say your prayers before you go to bed?"

"Yes, sir," replied Johnnie.

"And what are the things you pray for?" pursued the good man.

"Well," responded Johnnie, thoughtfully, "mostly that pa won't find out what I've been doin' during the day!"

THE FINISHING TOUCHES.

Winks: "I didn't see you in town yesterday."

Minks: "No. I had a room that needed papering and painting, and I thought I'd stay at home and do it myself. But can't stop to talk—I'm in a hurry."

"What's up?"

"Well, I've got to take my business suit to the dyers and cleaners, and I must stop at Blank's and order a new carpet, and then look up some painters and paper-hangers to—to get them to put the finishing touches on that room, you know."

SMILE RAISERS.

"What kind of a fellow is Blinks?"

"Well, he is one of those fellows who always grab the stool when there is a piano to be moved."

"You've really given up smoking?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you throw away all those cigars?"

"No fear! I did that the last time I gave up smoking. It taught me a lesson."

He: "I suppose when all women vote the party managers will have to put handsome men on their tickets for candidates."

She: "What makes you think women will demand handsome men to vote for when you look at the kind the most of them marry?"

Junior was in the habit of coming to the table with a dirty face and, of course, had to be sent away to wash.

One time his mother, nearly losing patience, said: "Junior, why do you persist in coming to the table without washing? You know I always send you away."

"Well," said Junior, meekly, "once you forgot."

They had partaken of tea and retired from the table, when Tommy was seen to be inspecting his aunt's dress.

"What on earth's the matter, Tommy?" queried his mother, anxiously.

"Nothing, mother, only I can't see any dust."

"Dust! dust!" echoed the puzzled parent.

"Yes, mother; you told Mrs. Knee that Aunt Mary had been on the shelf for twenty years."

THE MOST OBSTINATE

Corn must quickly yield to BAXTER'S RUBY CORN CURE. Once this remedy is applied there is no escape for the corn—it must give in. Price, 1/- (post free) from BAXTER'S PHARMACY, Theatre Buildings—TIMARU. READERS!!!

SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT"

THE BRAIN AT ITS BEST.

At what time of day is the mind of the average man, doing an ordinary day's work, most efficient? This question is asked and answered by London *Tit-Bits* thus:—

Suppose that he rises between seven and eight in the morning and goes to bed about eleven, when is he most fit for the execution of the problems of the day requiring the application of brain power? The answer, according to recent investigations by an eminent psychologist, is "between 10 and 11 a.m."

Tests were made on 165 persons, and the average of the results is set out in the following "efficiency table" covering the working day from 8 a.m. until 5 p.m.:—
Hour 8, efficiency 100; 9, 104.3; 10, 106.6; 11, 105.6; 1, 98.7; 2, 100.6; 3, 105.1; 4, 104.2; 5, 100.4.

It will be seen that the midday meal—taken between twelve and one o'clock—is followed by a striking drop in efficiency, and it is suggested that the meal should not be followed immediately by a resumption of work, but by an hour devoted to rest or recreation. The mind would then come back to work with increased efficiency.

Navvies, haymakers, and other hard workers have from time immemorial recognised the need of a rest at midday, and many eminent brain-workers have followed their example. In city offices the man who went to sleep for half an hour after lunch would probably be regarded as a slacker, but a siesta might enable the office worker to do more and better work during the afternoon. Next to a nap, the best thing is said to be a game of some sort.

A LAKE WHICH GROWS WHEAT.

Not far from Adelberg, in Mid-Eastern Europe, where many mysteries of the underground world are hidden in the caverns among the chalk hills, there lies the lake of Cirknitz. It is some four square miles in size, with little islets studding its waters, into which run several small streams. From this lake the villagers on its shores obtain not only fish and water-fowl, in which it abounds, but also heavy annual crops of wheat and vegetables (says *Every-day Science*). In early spring, after there have been some weeks of rain, Lake Cirknitz increases much in depth and size, whether the rains are local or not. As summer comes, and drier weather with it, the waters begin to disappear, taking with them, so the villagers aver, the fish and waterfowl. When this happens the people watch attentively. As soon as a certain islet shows high and dry they make a rush for the shore to catch as many fish as possible, for at this stage Cirknitz hastens its departure. In a few hours the last of its waters are gone, and the bottom lies bare. There are then disclosed to view great crevices and fissures in the bed of the lake. These openings as yet have not been bottomed by the sounding line. The bed of the lake soon becomes dry enough for the people to work on the muddy portions which overlies the upper stratum of rock. Before the summer is finished they cut grass where they have fished, and sow and harvest wheat and other cereals, and raise much produce, where in winter and early spring the water stood many feet deep.

Science explains it all by the statement that the lake must be connected underground with other bodies of water, some higher in the mountain ranges nearby, and some lower than itself. The villagers look upon it as a miracle annually performed for their own special benefit.

Mourning in the order of Providence is a call to holiness. Broken hearts are prepared to receive God, just as hearts who receive God, being too small, must break.—Monsignor Henry Bolo.

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