

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- November 20, Sunday.—Last Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 21, Monday.—Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 22, Tuesday.—St. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr.
 „ 23, Wednesday.—St. Clement I., Pope and Martyr.
 „ 24, Thursday.—St. John of the Cross, Confessor.
 „ 25, Friday.—St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr.
 „ 26, Saturday.—St. Silvester, Abbot.

St. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr.

St. Cecilia was a member of a noble Roman family. Betrothed by her parents, against her own wishes, to Valerian, a pagan, she succeeded in converting him and his brother to the Christian religion. On this coming to the ears of the Prefect of the city, the two brothers were beheaded. The same sentence was passed on St. Cecilia, but owing to the clumsy manner in which the executioner performed his task the holy virgin lingered for three days in great agony. A.D. 230.

St. John of the Cross, Confessor.

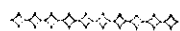
St. John was a Spaniard. He received his surname from his special devotion to the Passion of Christ. He was associated with St. Teresa in reforming the Carmelite Order, of which he was a member. At the time of his death, in 1591, St. John was in his fiftieth year.

St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr.

St. Catherine, a native of Alexandria, and illustrious for her brilliant talents and profound learning, was, after suffering many cruel torments, beheaded by order of the Emperor Maximian II., in the beginning of the fourth century.

St. Silvester, Abbot.

St. Silvester was born near Loreto, in Italy, in 1177. At the age of 40 he retired into a desert, in order that, free from worldly cares, he might be able to devote more time to prayer and contemplation. Having been followed by a number of disciples, he founded several monasteries, to which he gave the strict rule of St. Benedict. St. Silvester died in 1267.



GRAINS OF GOLD

THE PRESENTATION OF OUR LADY.

Day breaks on temple roofs and towers;

The city sleeps, the palms are still;

The fairest far of earth's fair flowers

Mounts the Zion's sacred hill.

Not all the vast angelic choirs,

That worship 'round the eternal throne,

With all their love can match the fires

Of thy one heart alone.

Since God created land and sea

No love has been so like divine;

For none was ever like to thee,

No worship like to thine.

Angels in heaven and souls on earth

Thousands of years the songs may raise,

Nor equal thee, for thine was worth

All their united praise.

Not only was thy heart above

All heaven and earth could e'er attain—

Thou gavest it with so much love,

'Twas worth as much again.

O Maiden most immaculate!

Make me to choose thy better part.

And give my Lord, with love as great,

An undivided heart.

• Would that my heart, dear Lord, were true.

Royal and undefiled and whole,

Like hers from whom Thy sweet love took

The Blood to save my soul.

—FATHER FABER.



The Storyteller



WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)

Monsignor McGrudder sprang to his feet. He was not superstitious. Still less was he a coward. He did not believe there was question of anything supernatural, and he was not afraid of anything human. The next minute he was in the open air, unfastening the wicket into the graveyard, his gold-knobbed oak cudgel grasped in his left hand. The graveyard looked deadly dark. For the first few moments he could distinguish nothing but the spectral cypress sentinels over the tombs, and hear nothing but the dismal w-u-u-h of the wind through the trees. His feet stumbled over a mound. He remembered it was the grave where the murdered bailiff, Quish, had been interred less than two weeks before.

As to which, I must break through all the rules of art to narrate *hic et nunc* a circumstance that marked the burial. It was a lonesome affair poor Quish's last earthly expedition—the most lonesome of all terrestrial sights—an Irish funeral avoided by the people. It was not that anybody specially disliked Quish, or that everybody was not horrified by his fate; but the mere whisper of his having suffered as an informer made the coffin exhale a certain nameless contagion that made people shrink from it as from the first unburied body in a medieval plague. Those who kept away from the funeral could not have explained in the least why they did so. Law is so often villainy in Ireland that the presumption is always in favor of a breach of it. When Monsignor McGrudder said the last prayer over the coffin in a strain that made it sound like a stern exorcism of the murderers, the only mourners left were Harry Westropp and Ken Rohan (who took Harry's arm and who noticed Dawley's scowling eyes fixed on him as he walked behind the coffin) and Mr. Hans Harman, who seemed to take a more important part than the corpse in the ceremonial. Mr. Harman was giving the gravedigger some instruction in the use of his mattock, when Harry, who had barely tolerated the agent's proceedings until now, flew at him like a tiger with fiery eyeballs, and snatched the mattock out of his hand. "Be off out of this!" he shouted, furiously. "You've done enough already to put Quish in his grave. 'Twas you and your infernal attempts to bribe him to spy upon me that brought him where he is. There was better stuff in Quish than in a regiment of fellows like you. It's you, and not he, that 'twould be worth somebody's while chastising. Be off! I'll stand no more of your hypocritical grief, damn you! Leave the rest of this to me. Quish would sooner have one shovelful of earth thrown on his coffin by me than if you were to raise a tombstone of gold over him. Be off, I tell you—this instant—or——." His terrible look and uplifted mattock told Hans Harman for the first time in his life what terror is. He grew as ashen pale as a corpse and staggered out of the graveyard; and Harry not only dropped shovelfuls of earth upon his dead friend's coffin, but wetted them with tears such as a National Funeral Procession does not always draw in Westminster Abbey. Poor Quish's happy super-earthly face would have been worth beholding at that moment.

It was not of Quish's ghost, however, that Monsignor McGrudder was thinking as he fumbled over the new-made grave. The confused muffled noises had reached his ear again. They proceeded as before from the direction of the Tower, which was at present screened from his view by some thick pyramids of yew-tree. He groped towards the path which he knew led directly to the door of the belfry. Just as he had found the path, a peremptory voice beside him called out:

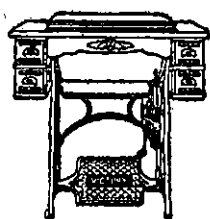
"Who goes there?" and at the same moment he saw the figure of a man emerge from between two yew-trees and stand full in front of him.

"Who are you, yourself, fellow? and what are you doing here at this time of night?" answered Monsignor, sturdily grasping his stick.

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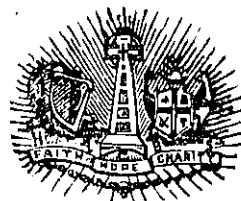
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"Who are you?—Answer, or I'll fire!" cried the man, and Monsignor McGrudder heard an ominous click and vaguely distinguished a gleaming barrel almost at his spectacles.

He was now genuinely startled. The towering impassive figure, the quick deep words, the click of the hammer, and the glimmer of nickel were unmistakable. "For Heaven's sake, stop—I'm Monsignor McGrudder!" he cried, with a sickening feeling of feebleness.

"Thank God you said it, your Reverence. Another moment, and you were a dead man!" The revolver-barrel disappeared from before Monsignor McGrudder's spectacles. At the same moment he caught an indistinct glimpse of his interlocutor's face.

"Con Lehane!" exclaimed Monsignor McGrudder. "You ruffian, is it you that dare stop your priest and threaten to murder him?" The Monsignor's dread was now changed into a sacred fury, and he whirled his great stick fiercely over the head of the man in front of him.

"Take care of your stick, your Reverence," whispered the huge fellow, quietly. "This is no child's play. Put it down!"

"You miserable man, do you dare to talk to me in language like that?"

"Put it down, I say! There, don't raise your voice again, your Reverence. Now, you will have to go back into your house and give me your word you will never breathe a syllable of this, or"—said Con Lehane, in whose hand the revolver still gleamed, "I will be obliged to keep your Reverence in custody and ask you to step over to the Tower."

It was not in the least physical terror that was agitating Monsignor McGrudder. It was the self-same agony of shame and indignation that had convulsed him the day little Danny flung the lie in his teeth on the altar. It was not himself, but the whole power of his order, the whole awful authority and dignity of the Church, that seemed to be thus baited and outraged. A great surge of passion rose to his brain.

"I will not give my word—I'll alarm the town—I will denounce you the world over. Ruffian!—murderer!—fire if you dare!"

"One word more, and, as God is my judge, I will fire!"

This time Monsignor McGrudder felt the cold metal of the muzzle touching his forehead. In one lightning-flash of thought, he compared his own strong frame with the towering but not so burly figure before him, and thought that at the most he would be dying in a sacred cause; then that horror of death, which often haunts those who oftenest weigh the eternal issues that depend on it, came over him, with the thought of the immeasurable calamities for religion that might follow such a tragic scandal—all in one flash of consciousness. The next moment he said meekly, almost entreatingly:

"Con Lehane, you were once a good Catholic boy. Go, in God's name, and do no worse than you have done."

"I am on duty, your Reverence. There may be life depending on it—more valuable life than mine. Give me your promise, quick."

"And if I don't, you will detain me by force—me, your own priest—and you will kill me, if I resist."

"I will!" said Con Lehane, in a deep, solemn voice. In the darkness the huge globules of icy perspiration tumbling down his forehead were not visible. The grim revolver-barrel was. "Come, your Reverence—lose no more time. Do you promise, or do you not?"

"I promise," said Monsignor McGrudder, turning back towards the Presbytery, like an unsubdued prisoner, staggering from the hands of the torturer. "May God forgive you!"

"Amen, your Reverence!—and forgive you!—Ireland has enemies enough without you," said Con Lehane, putting the revolver in his breast-pocket, and turning towards the Tower.

I hate mystifying my readers. A man who invites people to dinner might as well begin by ushering them into the coal-cellar. Be it known at once, therefore, that the glint of light across the graveyard came from a chink in the doorway of the lower chamber of the Tower where the American Captain and a party of his friends were assembled in the glow of a fire that had nothing of church-

yard gloom around it. There were pistols upon the table, amidst the remains of a supper, with some bottles and tumblers. Upon the day when Con Lehane "didn't like the way them Bobbies were hovering" around the *Banner* Office while the Captain was enveloped in Olympian clouds of cigar-smoke in the back-shop, a hurried council of war was held, and was barely in session when Mat Murrin was beckoned out into the back-kitchen where some mysterious magnetic familiar spirit from the Telegraph Office whispered that the order for the Captain's immediate arrest had just come off the wires.

"Well," said Mat, returning to the Council of War, "what do you say to bolting the front door and summoning the Staff? 'Tis a pity the poor divels hadn't a taste of the auctioneer's John Jameson first to put a soul in them after their day at the case. But Noble Nolan can slip out and get in a jar or two that'll stand a siege. There's an old shot gun over that press there, if you'll find anything in the powder-horn—I never had occasion to use it myself since the night Hans Harman's blackguard election mob tried their tricks on the *Banner* office. And don't you think Mrs. Murrin might as well get down a few pots of boiling water? 'Twould be very effective from the top window—Aloysia, darling, Aloysia!"

But Con Lehane was prepared with a more promising project. His mother, as chapel-woman, had the keys of the Chapel and the Round Tower under her dominion. What more unsuspecting refuge could he found than under the very wing of Monsignor McGrudder and in the midst of a graveyard? The Round Tower, too, in obedience to the obliquity of Monsignor McGrudder's architectural genius, seemed to be built with a special view of stifling the voice of the bell before it could reach the ears of the public, for it was completely screened from the view of the street by the Chapel, and could only be subjected to a close inspection by the few who cared to take their walks abroad among dead people whose bones were apt sometimes to come above the ground in a manner not altogether supernatural nor yet at all cheerful.

"I guess that's just where I'm goin' to wade in. Con Lehane, you're a lad of some savvy—powerfully so, sir!" said Captain Mike. "As I have got to dust out of the Castle at all, there ain't nobody's hospitality more to my taste than the gentleman's with the Italian nickname. Sir, it'll bust the crust of that worthy old sacred volcano if ever the public should ascertain that while he was cursin' me a hundred-and-forty-pounds-of-steam-power in the Chapel, he was all the time entertainin' me in ray-shershay style in the Round Tower."

"Don't you think 'twill be a little—ahem! depressing to the spirits?" asked Mat Murrin, with a slight shudder—"or rather not depressing, so far as spirits of a certain order are concerned, but perhaps rather calculated to raise them?"

"No, sir. No better company than dead men—I've know'd 'em now this long while—spent an odd night or so with 'em, thousands of 'em away down the Wilderness way, and with Meade that night at Gettysburg, an' never know'd a man of 'em to rise up an' do anything onneighborly, though they'd got no coffins to shake themselves out of. God rest 'em, good old boys! The Tower's the ticket, Con Lehane!"

And hence it came to pass that, to the rest of the maddening problems to which the Irish Round Towers gave rise in Monsignor McGrudder's mind, was added now the mystery that his own Round Tower was giving forth unaccountable lights and sounds at an advanced hour of the night, and sentinelled by parishioners with cocked revolvers. With proper adherence to the architectural type, the entrance door was at some height from the ground, and was approached by a short ladder, which was removable at will, and which was the abiding terror of the old chapel-woman's life. The lower chamber was separated from the bell-chamber by a loft pierced in the centre by a square opening through which a ladder went up and the bell-chain came down. It was upon this loft that Captain Mike's mattress was laid. The room below was heated from a fire-place which Mrs. Lehane had established in connection with the flue of the adjoining vestry in order to comfort herself during those icy winter days, when she had sometimes to toll the bell all day for some departed member of the public. There was thus an unsuspecting

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exit provided for the smoke of the fire at which Mrs. Le-lane cooked the Captain's meals, and it was easy to stuff the unglazed apertures by which daylight entered the lower portion of the Tower, so that no artificial light from within should show itself, unless through some such accidental slit or chink as emitted the ray of light which startled Monsignor McGrudder. Here Captain Mike smoked and snoozed away the days of his captivity, and entertained himself in the open air among the tombstones after dark; and here he toasted his own bacon rasher with an old campaigner's relish, whenever the old chapel-woman judged it unsafe to approach the Tower, and smacked his lips over even prettier dainties, which Katie Rohan would smuggle in under that pirate little mantelette of hers when she came to morning Mass, or her daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and which, there is some reason to suspect, in part found their way from a pair of lily hands in the kitchen of Drumshaghlín Castle.

(To be continued.)

The Story of Ireland

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

Chapter LXXXIV.—How the Irish People Next Sought to Achieve the Restoration of Their Legislative Independence. How England Answered Them With a Challenge to the Sword.

Emancipation was won; yet there was a question nearer and dearer even than emancipation to O'Connell's heart—the question of national independence—the repeal of the iniquitous Union. It might be thought that as an emancipated Catholic he would be drawn towards the legislature that had freed him, rather than to that which had forged the shackles thus struck off. But O'Connell had the spirit and the manhood of a patriot. While yet he wore those penal chains, he publicly declared that he would willingly forfeit all chance of emancipation from the British parliament for the certainty of repeal. His first public speech had been made against the Union; and even so early as 1812, he contemplated relinquishing the agitation for emancipation, and devoting all his energies to a movement for repeal, but was dissuaded from that purpose by his colleagues.

Now, however, his hands were free, and scarcely had he been a year in parliamentary harness, when he unfurled the standard of repeal. His new organisation was instantaneously suppressed by proclamation—the act of the Irish secretary, Sir Henry Hardinge. The proclamation was illegal, yet O'Connell bowed to it. He denounced it however as “an atrocious Polignac proclamation,” and plainly intimated his conviction that Hardinge designed to force the country into a fight. Not that O'Connell “abjured the sword and stigmatised the sword” in the abstract; but, as he himself expressed it, the time had not come. “Why,” said he, “I would rather be a dog, and bay the moon, than the Irishman who would tamely submit to so infamous a proclamation. I have not opposed it hitherto, because that would implicate the people, and give our enemies a triumph. But I will oppose it, and that, too, not in the way that the paltry Castle scribe would wish—by force. No, Ireland is not in a state for repelling force by force. Too short a period has elapsed since the cause of contention between Protestants and Catholics was removed—too little time has been given for healing the wounds of factious contention, to allow Ireland to use physical force in the attainment of her rights or her punishment of wrong.”

Hardly had his first repeal society been suppressed by the “Polignac proclamation,” than he established a second, styled “The Irish Volunteers for the Repeal of the Union.” Another Government proclamation as quickly appeared suppressing this body also. O'Connell, ever fertile of resort, now organised what he called “Repeal breakfasts.” If the Government,” said he, “think fit to proclaim down breakfasts, then we'll resort to a political lunch. If the luncheon be equally dangerous to the peace of the great duke (the viceroy), we shall have political dinners. If the dinners be proclaimed down, we must, like certain sanctified dames, resort to ‘tea and tracts.’” The breakfasts were “proclaimed,” but, in defiance of the proclamation, went on as usual. Whereupon O'Connell was arrested

and held to bail to await his trial. He was not daunted. “Were I fated to-morrow,” said he, “to ascend the scaffold or go down to the grave, I should bequeath to my children eternal hatred of the Union.”

The prosecution was subsequently abandoned, and soon afterwards it became plain that O'Connell had been persuaded by the English reform leaders that the question for Ireland was what they called “the great cause of reform,”—and that from a reformed parliament Ireland would obtain full justice. Accordingly he flung himself heartily into the ranks of the English reformers. Reform was carried; and almost the first act of the reformed parliament was to pass a Coercion Bill for Ireland more atrocious than any of its numerous predecessors!

All the violence of the English Tories had failed to shake O'Connell. The blandishments of the Whigs failed otherwise. “Union with English liberals”—union with “the great liberal party”—was now made to appear to him the best hope of Ireland. To yoke this grant to the Whig chariot, the Whig leaders were willing to pay a high price. Place, pension, emolument to any extent, O'Connell might had from them at will. The most lucrative and exalted posts—positions in which he and all his family might have lived and died in ease and affluence—were at his acceptance. But O'Connell was neither corrupt nor selfish, though in his alliance with the Whigs he exhibited a lack of his usual firmness and perspicuity. He would accept nothing for himself, but he demanded the nomination in great part of the Irish executive, and a veto on the selection of a viceroy. The terms were granted, and it is unquestioned and unquestionable that the Irish executive thus chosen—the administration of Lord Mulgrave—was the only one Ireland had known for nigh two hundred years—the first, and the only one in the present century—that possessed the confidence and commanded the respect, attachment, and sympathy of the Irish people.

“Men, not measures,” however, was the sum total of advantage O'Connell found derivable from his alliance with the great liberal party. Excellent appointments were made, and numerous Catholics were, to the horror of the Orange faction, placed in administrative positions throughout the country. But this modicum of good (which had moreover, as we shall see, its counterbalancing evil) did not, in O'Connell's estimation, compensate for the inability or indisposition of the administration to pass adequate remedial measures for the country. He had given the Union system a fair trial under its most favorable circumstances, and the experiment only taught him that in Home Rule alone could Ireland hope for just or protective government.

Impelled by this conviction, on April 15, 1840, he established the Loyal National Repeal Association, a body destined to play an important part in Irish politics.

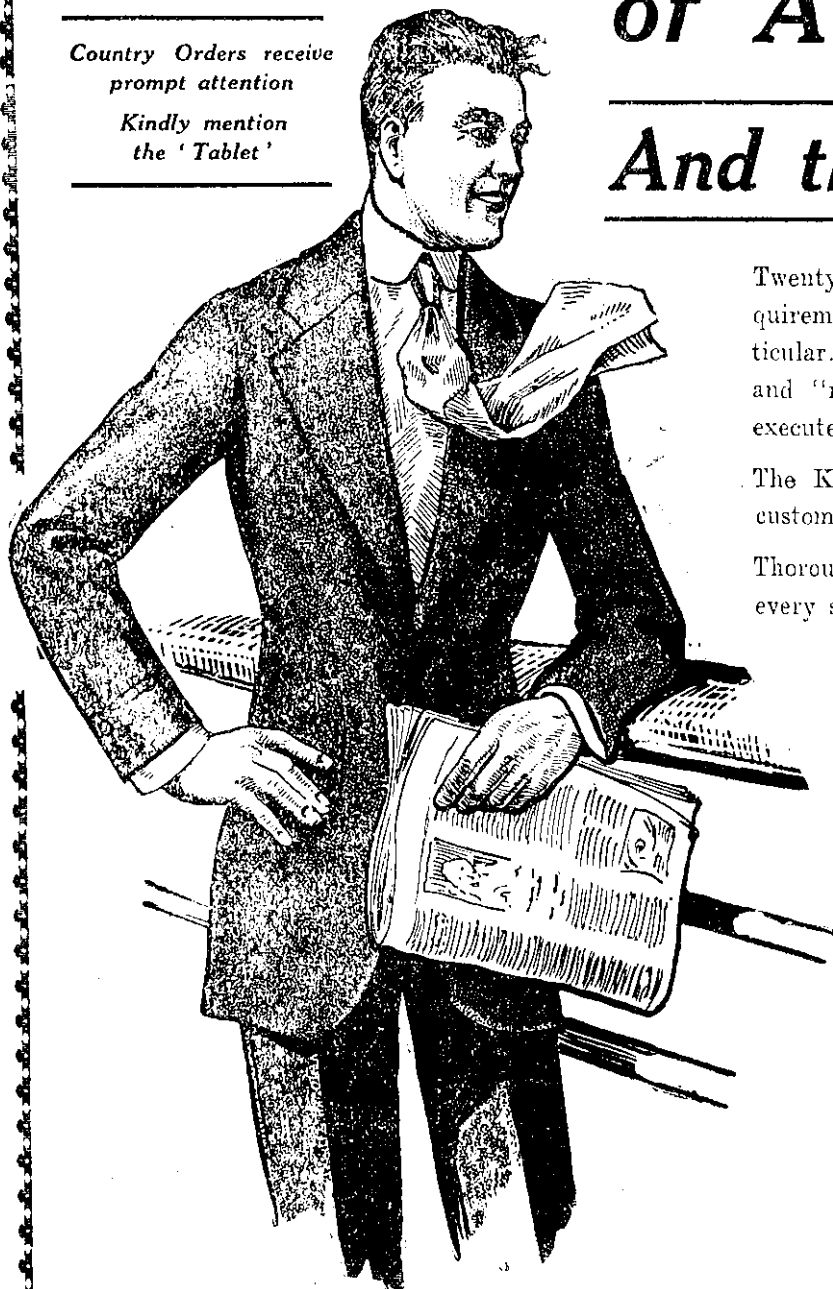
The new association was a very weak and unpromising project for some time. Men were not, at first, convinced that O'Connell was in earnest. Moreover, the evil that eventually tended so much to ruin the association, was now, even in its incipient stages, beginning to be felt. The appointment by Government of popular leaders to places of emolument—an apparent boon—a flattering concession, as it seemed, to the spirit of emancipation—opened up to the administration an entirely new field of action in their designs against any embarrassing popular movement. O'Connell himself was a tower of personal and public integrity, but amongst his subordinates were men who by no means possessed his adamant virtue. It was only when the Melbourne (Whig) ministry fell, and the Peel (Tory) ministry came into power, that (Government) places for Catholic agitators being no longer in the market, the full force of his old following rallied to O'Connell's side in his repeal campaign. It would have been well for Ireland, if most of them had never taken such a step. Some of them were at best intrinsically rude, and almost worthless instruments, whom O'Connell in past days had been obliged in sheer necessity to use. Others of them, of a better stamp, had had their day of usefulness and virtue, but now it was gone. Decay, physical and moral, had set in. A new generation was just stepping into manhood, with severer ideas of personal and public morality, with purer tastes and loftier ambitions, with more intense and fiery ardor. Yet there were also amongst the adherents of the great tribune, some who brought to the

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repeal cause a fidelity not to be surpassed, integrity beyond price, ability of the highest order, and a matured experience, in which, of course, the new growth of men were entirely deficient.

(To be continued.)

Education and the Rampart of Freedom

(By JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J., in America.)

In the introduction to the thirteenth volume of his *History of the German People*, Janssen paints the degradation of German literature from the outbreak of the Reformation to the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. In a few bold strokes he shows how all sense of beauty had disappeared, and all feeling for "simple loveliness of expression" had been lost. The popular drama had sunk to the "deepest mire of degradation"; popular romances of the most immoral kind poisoned the minds of the people.

"Narrative literature lent itself wholly to the service of the preposterous and absurd, to nightmares of superstition, witchcraft and demonology, in which the devil was always a favorite figure. Satan, indeed at that period played a leading part on the stage of the world and humanity. He reigned supreme in life and fiction."

This deterioration of the national literature, adds the historian, is chiefly responsible for the verdict often passed on the closing period of the Middle Ages,—that they were days of intellectual decay, and that the Church of Rome was more or less answerable for the "tremendous bankruptcy of German national life."

Yet the period thus condemned for its barrenness was one of vigorous intellectual activity. The pursuit of knowledge was not confined to the cabinet of the scholar. Through the schools it permeated the masses of the people. In the words of Janssen, "a deeply-Christian theory of life" dominated masters and students alike; men, for instance, like Alexander Hegius of Wesel, a practical educator, whose cardinal principle was that true intellectual culture is bound up with devotion to Christ; men like Rudolph von Langen and Murmellius of Munster, whose schools attracted scholars from far and wide. The period so decried was the age of Jacob Wimpheling, whose pedagogical treatises were known throughout Germany; of Geiler von Kaisersberg, popular orator of Strassburg; of Zasius, the jurist; of Johann Muller and Nicholas de Cusa, pioneers of modern astronomical science; of Johann von Dalberg, the Maecenas of his day. It was the age of flourishing schools like those of Zwickau, which in 1490 had 900 pupils; of Emmerich, on the Lower Rhine, with 1500 in 1521; of Schlettstadt, developed under Ludwig Dringenburg, whose scholars in 1517 amounted to 900."

But the Lutheran agitation, turmoil in the State, the controversies and polemics that followed the revolt of the Wittenberg doctor, the quarrels that divided Germany after the apostate had set prince against prince, and roused the peasants against their masters, soon destroyed the work of the preceding years. The words of Erasmus were verified: "Where Lutheranism reigns, letters decay and die." In his manifesto of 1524, to the burgomasters and town-councillors of Germany, Luther complained that the schools were everywhere in decay. Five years later he wrote that town-councils and municipal authorities allowed the schools to go to ruin. In the famous sermon of 1530, to the children, the same charge is made. Since individuals and his own Church were so negligent, in order to refill the deserted classrooms, he advised the "Turkish custom of compulsory attendance." He thus abdicated the rights of the family and the Church into the hands of the State. If rulers, Luther argued, can compel their subjects to carry the spear and musket and go to war, "how much more are they bound to compel them to send their children to school." As yet the theory of a State monopoly of education was not fully developed, but with Luther's views of the omnipotence of the commonwealth firmly held by the Reformer and his followers, that conclusion was not far off. As far back as 1521, the apostate, John Ebelin de Gunzbourg, had asserted that the State should be charged with the duties of the teacher and that instruction should be obligatory and free. Four

years after, Luther writing to the Elector of Saxony, drew a dark picture of the condition of education throughout Germany, and concluded that unless the Government should organise and support the whole system, there would remain neither scholars nor schools.

But the times were not ripe for the full development of the monopolistic ideas outlined by the Reformer. It takes time for a principle to make its way. The theory was held on greatly by the Regalist School, partisan of the absolutist doctrines so much in favor with the post-Reformation princes, and unfortunately not confined to Protestant countries or Protestant kings. It received an indirect support from the false views laid down in the "Emile" of Rousseau, and reached its climax in the repeated attempt made in France under the First Empire, the Monarchy and the Republic to make the State the sole arbiter of the destinies of the child.

Instances of that policy of autocratic control over higher education at least, may be seen in Spain as far back as 1593. In that year, Philip II. made an invidious distinction between academic degrees and titles conferred upon physicians and the professional rights accorded them. The latter, the monarch reserved to his own royal authority. His successor, Philip IV., went further and specified that grammar schools were to be erected in such localities only as he deemed suitable. The order was renewed by Ferdinand VI. in 1747. In the erection of his *Colegio Academico* for the advancement of primary teaching, Charles III. there centralised all the instrumentalities and powers hitherto allowed full freedom of action and development in the competitive trend of primary education. The *Colegio*, according to its charter, was to take precedence in all things, and transcend every other establishment of its kind in the kingdom. It was to foster the spirit of religion and train children to the exercise of the Christian virtues. The king, moreover, claimed that the functions marked out were one of the most important economic and police duties of the State. Going still further, but this time in the matter of secondary education, Charles III., by a royal decree of 1770, rendered necessary by the exile of the Jesuits, which had completely disorganised the whole scheme of secondary education, outlined one of the most complete programmes of State education devised up to that time. The number of professors' chairs was determined, a programme was laid down, the minutest officers were appointed. Even the nomination of porters, ushers, and caretakers and sweepers became matters of royal deliberation and ruling. The monarch provided and legislated for the literary and spiritual welfare of the pupils, the worthy reception of the Sacraments at stated times, the periods of study, the holidays, the whole scholastic life in a word, both of students and professors. All this was for all intents and purposes a monopoly of education in its secondary branches. His successor, Charles IV., did for the study of medicine what his predecessor had done for secondary schools. He obliged all medical faculties and colleges to conform to the medical programme and requirements of the *Collegio San Carlos* of Madrid, an attempt similar to that of the medical associations in the United States, which, self-appointed guardians of medical standards, and without any authority whatever, classify medical colleges as they see fit and force them to adopt their arbitrary regulations.

But Charles IV. witnessed the disastrous effects of State control. So unsatisfactory were the results of the centralising tendencies of his predecessor, that he abolished the law which made the *Colegio Academico* an educational autocrat. In his royal decree of February 11, 1804, he was obliged, after witnessing the deplorable effects of the attempted monopoly to admit that reason and experience alike, prove the fatal consequences resulting from the restriction of the teacher's functions to a privileged few. These chosen ones, continued the King, enjoy the exclusive title and honors of teacher and professor. They deprive others, distinguished by their virtues and learning, of the right to teach and thus to reap the fruit of their labor. They prevent many from following their vocation to which their inclinations and their talents call them, they debar the public from the benefits produced in all the branches of the State by honorable rivalry and competition, and force it to make use of the services of men who, sure of position and employment, do little to equip themselves more

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thoroughly for their duties. Seldom, we think, have the evils of a State monopoly of education been so forcibly expressed. The words of the royal critic deserve still more weight when we remember that he had once been the champion of the system which he was now obliged to condemn. (Ruiz Amado's *La Leyenda del Estado Enseñante*, Cap. x, p., 119.ss).

Everywhere, tyrants and autocrats see in the control of education by the State, an instrument for the furthering of their high-handed plans. While in Spain the Bourbons used it for their ambitious designs, the Hapsburgs in Austria were following the same dangerous policy. Emperor Joseph II., "my brother, the sacristan," as Frederick the Great used to call him, absolutely enslaved education. Its primary and higher branches were under his complete control. The universities, the seminaries, were degraded into mere instruments of the police power of the Empire. Professors, courses, programmes, textbooks, vacations, examinations, degrees, all were regulated by imperial decree. Professors were State officials; and in seminaries supposed to teach Catholic doctrines and to train the future priests of his Apostolic Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, Janssenists, and unbelievers held chairs of dogmatic and moral theology. The State had turned teacher, and it taught as it liked and only such doctrines as were calculated to make its pupils its pliant tools. And, indeed, States have never followed any other programme.

Religious Fanaticism of the Bolsheviks

As Revealed by Bertrand Russell

At the very moment, practically, when the "recognition" of the Soviet Government by Great Britain has been granted, there is evident a growing disillusion among England's revolutionary intellectuals concerning the spiritual value of Bolshevism. Henri Barbusse, the French leader of the Clarte group (also in sympathy with the Soviets) wrote: "Let us have the boldness of truth, let us have the courage to burn, if it is necessary, that which we once adored." Hon. Bertrand Russell, who recently "went Bolshevik," and then visited Russia with—though not a member of—the British Labor Mission, is now evidently following this advice of his French confrere. In a series of impartial and arresting articles in the *London Nation*, the distinguished English philosopher gives a straightforward account of his impressions of Bolshevik Russia. His report is enough to dampen the ardor of the most impartial defender of Bolshevism in Western Europe or America.

It is not the industrial basis of the Soviets that is criticised by Bertrand Russell. It is rather the lack of "psychological imagination," since Bolshevism attributes everything in politics to purely material causes. Life in modern Russia, he says, is in many ways contrary to instinct. If the Bolsheviks ultimately fall, it will be "because there comes a point at which men feel that amusement and ease are worth more than all other goods put together."

Bertrand Russell's conclusions are the result, not merely of observation and investigation of life under Bolshevik dictatorship, but of meeting and questioning Lenin and Trotzky, Sverdlov, and other leaders, including Maxim Gorky. Of the typical Communist or Bolshevik Mr. Russell writes:

"He is not pursuing personal ends, but aiming at the creation of a new social order. The same motives, however, which make him austere make him also ruthless. Marx has taught that Communism is fatally predestined to come about; this fits in with the Oriental traits in the Russian character, and produces a state of mind not unlike that of the early successors of Mahomet. Opposition is crushed without mercy, and without shrinking from the methods of the Tsarist police, many of whom are still employed at their old work. Since all evils are due to private property, the evils of the Bolshevik regime while it has to fight private property will automatically cease as soon as it has succeeded.

"These views are the familiar consequences of fanatical belief. To an English mind they reinforce the conviction upon which English life has been based ever since 1688, that kindness and tolerance are worth all the creeds in

the world—a view which, it is true, we do not apply to other nations or to subject races."

The most typical example of this new Marxian fanaticism Bertrand Russell found in Lenin himself. Lenin laughed a great deal—"at first his laugh seems merely friendly and jolly, but gradually I came to feel it rather grim." The materialist conception of history, Mr. Russell felt, is Lenin's life-blood. "He resembles a professor in his desire to have the theory understood and in his fury with those who misunderstand or disagree, as also in his love of expounding. I got the impression that he despises a great many people and is an intellectual aristocrat." Lenin, to this impartial and even sympathetic observer, was the true type of religious fanatic, "too opinionated and narrowly orthodox."

"His strength comes, I imagine from his honesty, courage, and unwavering faith—religious faith in the Marxian gospel, which takes the place of the Christian martyr's hopes of Paradise, except that it is less egotistical. He has as little love of liberty as the Christians who suffered under Diocletian, and retaliated when they acquired power. Perhaps love of liberty is incompatible with wholehearted belief in a panacea for all human ills. If so, I cannot but rejoice in the sceptical temper of the Western world. I went to Russia believing myself a Communist; but contact with those who have no doubts has intensified a thousandfold my own doubts, not only of Communism, but of every creed so firmly held that for its sake men are willing to inflict widespread misery."

Trotzky made a more favorable impression on the great English philosopher, from the point of view of intelligence and personality, though not of character. This may have been because "his vanity was even greater than his love of power." In striking contrast to the Bolshevik leaders was the tragic figure of Maxim Gorky, with whom Bertrand Russell had a short interview in Petrograd:

"He was in bed, apparently dying and obviously heart-broken. He begged me, in anything I might say about Russia, always to emphasise what Russia has suffered. He supports the Government—as I should do, if I were a Russian—not because he thinks it faultless but because the possible alternatives are worse. One felt in him a love of the Russian people which makes their present martyrdom almost unbearable, and prevents the fanatical faith by which the pure Marxians are upheld. I felt him the most loveable, and to me the most sympathetic, of all the Russians I saw. I wished for more knowledge of his outlook, but he spoke with difficulty and was constantly interrupted by terrible fits of coughing, so I could not stay. All the intellectuals whom I met—a class who have suffered terribly—expressed their gratitude to him for what he has done on their behalf. The materialistic conception of history is all very well, but some care for the higher things of civilisation is a relief. The Bolsheviks are sometimes said to have done great things for art, but I could not discover that they had done more than preserve something of what existed before. When I questioned one of them on the subject, he grew impatient, and said: 'We haven't time for a new art, any more than for a new religion.' Unavoidably, the atmosphere is one in which art cannot flourish, because art is anarchic and resistant to organisation. Gorky has done all that one man could to preserve the intellectual and artistic life of Russia. But he is dying, and perhaps it is dying too."

These spiritual evils are in no sense due, in the opinion of Mr. Russell, to the blockade against Soviet Russia. He admits the whole of the Bolshevik indictment of bourgeois capitalism. He was a convinced Communist before he went to Russia, where he was a guest of honor, and made "to feel like the Prince of Wales." But, after carefully weighing the Bolshevik beliefs, he finds himself definitely and strongly opposed to them:

"My objection is not that capitalism is less bad than the Bolsheviks believe, but that Socialism is less good, at any rate in the form which can be brought about by war. The evils of war, especially of civil war, are certain and very great; the gains to be achieved by victory are problematical. In the course of a desperate struggle, the heritage of civilisation is likely to be lost, while hatred, suspicion and cruelty become normal in the relations of human beings. In order to succeed in war, a concentration of power is necessary, and from concentration of power the very same



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evils flow as from capitalist concentration of wealth. For these reasons chiefly, I cannot support any movement which aims at world revolution. The damage to civilisation done by revolution in one country may be repaired by the influence of another in which there has been no revolution; but in a universal cataclysm civilisation might go under for a thousand years. But while I cannot advocate world revolution, I cannot escape from the conclusion that the governments of the leading capitalist countries are doing everything to bring it about. Abuse of our power against Germany, Russia, and India (to say nothing of any other countries) may well bring about our downfall and produce those very evils which the enemies of Bolshevism most dread.

"Experience of power is inevitably altering communist theories, and men who control a vast governmental machine can hardly have quite the same outlook on life as they had when they were hunted fugitives. If the Bolsheviks remain in power, it may be assumed that their communism will fade, and that they will increasingly resemble any other Asiatic government—for example, our own Government in India."

These conclusions, however, were not in agreement with most of the members of the British Labor Mission, who went to Russia as ardent Marxians and returned as such. At an overcrowded meeting held in the Albert Hall, London, under the auspices of George Lansbury's *Daily Herald*, the prevailing sentiment was almost fanatically Bolshevistic. It is worthy of note, however, that through the mission a message was sent to the British workers from Prince Kropotkin, in which that veteran revolutionist not merely protested against foreign interference in Russia but also criticised "the attempt to build up a Communist Republic on the lines of strongly centralised State Communism, under the iron rule of the dictatorship of a party."—*Current Opinion*.

The Antiquity of Irish Freedom

(By REV. DR. J. H. COTTER, in the *Irish World*.)

English propaganda has, particularly in England, strenuously tried to establish the idea that the present movement in Ireland is just a spasm of an impulsive race that does not know its own mind and hence does not know its own wants. This lying propaganda holds that Ireland's present aspirations are a mushroom growth, entirely disconnected with Ireland's past history, and as a sequence has not the logic of facts to excuse it, tradition to respect it, nor the hope of perpetuity to commend it. All this is apiece with the same infamous propaganda that has destroyed entirely Ireland's history and would fain have her a barren land in Time's barren waste, or a dead sun in the firmament of nations.

Let us see if the present year in Ireland is a time "sadly out of joint" with Ireland's past. Love of liberty in Ireland is as old as Ireland. To confine ourselves to modern times, a century and a half had passed since Brian at Clontarf smashed the power of the Danish invader, when England in 1169 began her butcheries of the Irish and their island. Since Strongbow's evil day blackened Irish skies down through the gigantic and glorious deeds of the Geraldines, the O'Neills, the O'Donnells, the O'Sullivan's, the Sarsfields, and the chivalrous and heroic Collins of our own hour, Ireland's flaming sword shone with the brilliancy of liberty. No bribe ever tainted it, no dishonor ever flecked it, no cowardice ever tarnished it, no sense of slavery ever blackened it. Beautiful as the dawn on Ireland's coasts to the eye of the exile returning is Ireland's sword that 752 years ago leaped from its scabbard and has never since been sheathed.

Through weal or woe its point has ever been to the tyrant and the invader that has no more right to Ireland than has the burglar who would smash your door a right to your home.

Ireland's orators, the interpreters of Irish times, show that liberty was not born yesterday in Ireland, but has an honored longevity. Let us hear liberty's music from their lips, since the infamous Act of Union in 1800 made Castlereagh, Pitt, Cornwallis' names to be execrated in all time for falsehood, bribery, robbery, and cruelty.

Hear Henry Grattan, whose golden words, although spoken 140 years ago, particularly answer those of to-day who think Ireland should be grateful for England's dirty

fistful thrown into her face by Lloyd George and his Cabinet:—

"I shall hear of ingratitude. I name the argument to despise it and the men who make use of it; I know of no species of gratitude which should prevent my country from being free, no gratitude which should oblige Ireland to be the slave of England. In cases of robbery and usurpation, nothing is an object of gratitude except the thing stolen, the charter spoliated. A nation's liberty cannot, like her treasures, be meted and parcelled out in gratitude; no man can be grateful or liberal of his conscience, nor woman of her honor, nor nation of her liberty."

Again he thunders into the ears of all time:

"The King has no other title to his crown than that which you have to your liberty. Anything less than liberty is inadequate to Ireland and dangerous to Great Britain."

Would that the people of England to-day read well and thought well on this grand truism that welled up from the heart of Ireland's eloquent patriot whose last speech was his greatest and his last period the greatest of all, declaring:—

"I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House in defence of the liberties of my country."

Tone, whose unselfish course ended in his sacrifice by England, boldly declares in his defence speech:—

"From my earliest youth I have regarded the connection between Ireland and Great Britain as the curse of the Irish Nation, and felt convinced that while it lasted the country could never be free nor happy."

Pursuant of his exalted idea of Irish liberty, Tone held in his exhortations to Admiral Hoche to come to help him in his struggle for his country that Ireland would establish a republic as her form of government. To hear him argue the question with the French authorities reminds one of de Valera's very words expressing his own high mission at the present hour.

Emmet continues the grand tradition of liberty in Ireland in his speech from the dock where he fell a martyr for freedom's cause.

A young man of 23, he extemporaneously poured forth periods that will last while men love their native air. Here is one picked haphazardly from many brilliant and beautiful things.

"I appeal to the immaculate God—I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the martyred patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been through all this peril governed only by the convictions which I have uttered and by no other view than the emancipation of my country from the superhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed."

Charles Phillips in his estimate of the character of Napoleon tells Ireland: "You are taught by him that there is no despotism so stupendous against which you have not a resource."

O'Connell gives his link to the golden chain that binds Ireland to heavenly liberty: "I have but one wish under God, and that is for the liberty and prosperity of Ireland. I am for leaving England to the English, Scotland to the Scotch, but we must have Ireland for the Irish."

Meagher in his speech on "Abhorring the Sword" profoundly declares: "To be strong, a people must be self-reliant, self-ruled, self-sustained. The dependence of one people upon another even for the benefits of legislation is the deepest source of national weakness. It may exist, it will not thrive. It may hold together, it will not advance. Peace it may enjoy for peace and serfdom are compatible, but it will neither accumulate wealth nor win a character. It will neither benefit mankind by the enterprise of its merchants nor instruct mankind by the examples of its statesmen."

As in the past, Burke, Sheridan, Curran, Plunket, Butt, Sheil, and many other great orators have been liberty's oracles, so Dillon, Davitt, Sullivan and Parnell have voiced Ireland's love of liberty—a love that no English prison can make pallid, famine freeze nor death itself subdue. Liberty like truth is ever hale and hearty in Ireland. St. Augustine's definition of truth fits her—"Ever ancient and ever new"—is that splendid spirit without which man grovels and a country is a nothing—with which the individual reaches the full stature of a man and his country has in deed and truth the power of a nation.

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Current Topics

The Curse of Pride

Pride was the sin whereby angels fell, and by pride men have fallen in every age since Adam lost his humility and wanted to make a god of himself. There have been great falls of individuals—falls that shook thrones and plunged nations in blood. But the worst fall of all is that of the modern States which have in their blind intellectual arrogance dethroned God and made idols of themselves. Man and nations abandon God through corruption which blinds them to the eternal truths of faith; but no less frequently and fatally is the perversion due to a foolish pretence to maintain their intellectual dignity. A religious minded man who knows the depth and the breadth and the width of even what truth we may attain is humbled at his own ignorance, as was Newton who confessed that all his lifetime he was but gathering a few shells on the shore of the infinite ocean of truth. But men who are not religious and who put self between them and the infinite vistas revealed by faith imitate Lucifer and proclaim their rebellion against God. And as it is the way of our time that the most unscrupulous and the most unprincipled men strive after public positions it follows too often that our States are in the hands of those who are so puffed up by their pride that they look on themselves as the State and expect the people to fall down and adore them as if they were gods. In this manner it has come to pass that the modern State regards itself as the supreme end and supreme source of all right and property: it intrudes in the most sacred and private affairs of domestic and individual life; it hates the restraint of religion and asserts its own infallibility. The modern State is a State without God; and without God there is no religion, and consequently no morals. In the name of liberty it persecutes those who differ from it in holding that the eternal truths are important, and it penalises and punishes those who hold that it is important that children be taught that there is a higher sanction than poetic platitudes for human conduct. Preference is always given to atheists or Freemasons when public positions are open; and a premium is set upon schools that are in opposition to the Christian view of sound education: in fact the control of the schools is too often left in the hands of people who are not even professing Christians, and it is by no means unusual to hear a Jew laying down the law on education for the youth of Christian parents. The modern State builds on the ruins of the unchangeable truths without which there can never be stability or soundness in society; and as surely as the True and the Good are inseparable so surely does the State that rejects the Truth plunge into moral evil all the more terrible because of its blinding power. Hence it is that we have advocates of suicide, advocates of free-love, as well as the innumerable other proofs of the sad degeneration of mankind to-day. We need not marvel at all: the enormities and the vices that now and then show their ugly heads above the thin veil of social veneer are the logical outcome of principles such as those that inspire our legislators and our educationists. The men who talk so glibly of intellectual dignity are they that have torn up from the roots the ancient principles which taught the people to love God and to serve the neighbor, mindful of the high sanction, and of the immortal destiny for which each one was created. The way of modern States is to teach children that it does not matter what you believe, or indeed what you do, if you are not found out. Our statesmen have robbed the people of true freedom and made laws which restrict liberty of speech whenever they do not approve of what is said. In a word, in the name of Progress and intellectual dignity, we have been made slaves and we have been given schools which systematically teach children to ignore the only right principles of freedom and manly dignity. Religion is removed, and in its place

we have the Servile State and the tyranny of Materialism. All things considered what greater curse could God put on mankind than to allow the people to be led like dumb animals by the ignoble Governments which care so little about the welfare of any but themselves?

Liberty and Licence

The trend of modern times is to claim for man unrestricted freedom of thought and speech particularly in the domains of philosophy and religion. Not only freedom from unjust restraint but freedom from all restraint is claimed as the prerogative of the noble mind of man. It is declared unworthy of man's dignity and degrading to his genius to limit and bound his intelligence by any laws, traditional, religious, or philosophical. The Roman *Index* which puts a ban on books likely to weaken the faith of readers is denounced; the prohibition of books that are as full of filth as an egg is full of meat is regarded as a proof of Rome's narrow-minded tyranny. On the other hand, it is quite right that the British Government should suppress newspapers that ask politicians to do so decent a thing as to keep their pledges. Speakers who advocate the rights of small nations are with the full approbation of the defenders of freedom of thought sent to die in British gaols. Nay, the editors who denounce the Roman *Index* and rant of the despotism of the Vatican will call angrily on the Government to suppress a paper and to imprison an editor for telling the truth. It comes to this: press and politicians advocate freedom for filth (and parsons help them); they advocate freedom for atheism and infidel blasphemy; but they will not stand being told the truth about themselves nor will they listen to a man who points out their national hypocrisy. In a word, licence not freedom, hypocrisy not truth, are the ideals of the heirs of Luther to-day in the British Empire. How far those people have fallen away from the Christian ideal! Long ago, before Luther and his English friends—Henry and Elizabeth—reformed the world and made it safe for despotism, men commonly believed that they were sent into this life to love and serve God; they knew that they were God's creatures; they did not think they were individually infallible and that they had a right to pronounce ex cathedra on the Bible, religion, right and wrong, morality and immorality. They knew that all these things were decided before they came on the scene and that the natural and divine laws were made, not for their criticism, but for their guidance. They knew that man is a poor, transient creature, subject to many miseries and prone to evil from the cradle. In the light of religion they were able to look into their hearts and see there what potential wickedness and evil they were capable of but for the grace of God. They recognised that God was their Lord and Master, and that the Church was His mouthpiece on earth; and consequently they sought for enlightenment, not in the little gleam of their own reason but in the light of the infinite and infallible Truth of God which came down to them through the Church. They did not imagine like later-day maniacs that each man was to be a law unto himself; they did not dream that the world was made for kings and princes and plutocrats and that human law could abrogate God's law. They respected the rights of wife and children; they looked on the family as a sacred foundation; they knew they had duties not only to Church and State but to their neighbors around them, and that their rights were limited by the rights of wife and children; they looked on the family as a sacred foundation; they knew they had duties not only to Church and State but to their neighbors around them, and that their rights were limited by the rights of other people. Christian people understood that men are free. But they did not think that freedom meant that there must be no restraint on thought, word, or deed: they recognised that it meant a rational freedom within the order established by God for the welfare of religion, society, and individuals. The difference between the old and new views is that Christians adored one true God and Him alone, while modern Protestants and atheists adore many Gods, or a conglomerate God, composed of self,

State, Mammon, and anti-Popery. The modern ideal of freedom is based on the rebellion of man against God: *Diis extinctis successit humanitas*—humanity is set on the altar from which our atheists have removed God. Man is taught to look no longer up to Heaven; he is trained to look down towards earth, or at any rate, no higher than his fellow-men; and his views and aims are therefore gross and earthly.

Retreats for the Laity

For some years past we have had in New Zealand retreats for ladies, conducted at the Sacred Heart Convents and at Teschemakers. This year a retreat for men was offered by the Marist Fathers at St. Bede's College, Christchurch, with success as encouraging as that experienced by the ladies' retreats in the past and present. The fact that a large number of men and women welcome such opportunities is extremely consoling from a Catholic point of view. Retreats conducted under circumstances such as are possible at the places we have named are laden with special graces, and they are held under conditions even more favorable than those attending upon any mission. Not only are there regular sermons and devotions, but these are surrounded by a truly spiritual atmosphere which is not obtainable at ordinary missions in town or country. The retreat is true to its name—a retreat from the world and its cares, from the engrossing business occupations and distractions of every day life, into an enclosed garden in which one walks with God for a few days in perfect peace and with no discordant note to disturb the perfect harmony of relationship between the soul and its Creator. The aim of retreats for the laity is to provide busy people with a favorable opportunity of entering into themselves and examining calmly and honestly how they stand with God and what progress they are making in the business of saving their souls. This is done in an environment well portrayed by the following lines:

*Who'er thou art
That entereth here
Forget the struggling world
And every trembling fear.*

*Take from thy heart
Each evil thought
And all that selfishness
Within thy life hath brought.*

*For once inside this
Place, thou wilt find
No barter, servant's fear
No master's voice unkind.*

*Here all are kin
Of God above,
Thou too dear friend, and here
The Rule of Life is Love.*

When the summer comes the beautiful grounds of Teschemakers, of Timaru, and Remuera will once more be at the disposal of ladies who desire to withdraw from the world for a short time and give themselves wholly up to the adjustment of their spiritual interests. Retreats in Teschemakers are of newer institution than in the other centres, but they that have been privileged to spend a few days within the boundaries of St. Patrick's College, near Oamaru, will be eager to go back again and to bring with them their friends in order to benefit by the spiritual lessons to be learned in the beautiful Convent chapel or among the shaded walks in this place of peace and restfulness.

The Christian Home

Nowadays when at the instigation of an association of bigots the Massey Government attacks the foundations of the Christian home one cannot too often insist on the truth that, as the home is the nucleus of the State, the State will be as its homes are: good homes make for a sound commonwealth, and bad homes make for a place like New Zealand has become under the rule of the tools of the bigots. From St. John

Chrysostom we borrow a few ideas which will help to remind our readers of what the true home ought to be, of what it would be in a country in which religion was encouraged instead of being driven from the hearts of the young as is done here by the Hanans and the Parrs and *omne id genus*. Chrysostom lays down first of all that the atmosphere of the home must be love—tender, constant, protecting, devoted, faithful love, inspired by the love of Christ, stronger than death, and a flame that many waters shall not quench. In the next place it must be recognised that for the welfare of the home a clear line must be drawn between the duties and activities of man and woman. "For the husband," he says, "the forum, the tribunals, the councils, the cultivation of the fields, and war; for the wife, the spinning wheel, the needle, the supervision of the servants, the care of the kitchen, the early education of the children." The wife may have to go out now and then, but her place is within the home, where she must learn to live in a tranquil atmosphere proper for the encouragement of prayer and recollection which are necessary for all but especially for women. If the wife lives thus, whether the husband returns in the evening, bearing the fruits of his toil, gladdened by good fortune, with perhaps some item of good news, or, it may be, weary, disheartened, and downcast, he will find at home to welcome him a wife who will dissipate his care, calm his uneasiness, and console him in trouble; for there is no power on earth like that of a good woman to guide her husband and lead him right. When he will hearken to the words of no other person in the world a good woman's voice will always be music in his ears, because it has a special force and because it vibrates with love. It may be slow, it may be hidden, but great is the power of a woman over her husband, to convert him, to reform him, to make him better. On the other hand, equally great is woman's power for evil. God has given her seductive arts that may be used for good, but they may also be used for ruin. Sometimes God allows a bad woman's wiles to be a means of punishment for a man's sin's; more often the misfortune is due to the man himself. Did he look for moral loveliness, for purity, for fortitude, for meekness when he was selecting the mother of his children? Was he led on by a mere passion, or perhaps by avarice? Was his marriage a marriage of self-interest, rather than of true love? Too often the miseries of married life are the results of a choice with which God had nothing to do, and when passion burns out and exterior attractiveness withers a life-long punishment remains. The good Christian will choose wisely, knowing that the choice is endless and that only death can dissolve the bond. And a wise choice is the best foundation for the home that the young people will enter when they leave father and mother and brother and sister, to be henceforth one in body and soul, united in that mystic union which is the symbol of the union of Christ with the Church. The young husband ought to say to the young wife, in the words of Abraham to Sarah:

We are going to lead a common life, let virtue be common to us also; I have chosen you for my helpmate, let us also be helpmates in the higher things.

The following words from the great Frederic Ozanam commend themselves to those who are tempted to yield to discouragement. "Beware," he says, "for this is the peril of loyal souls and noble hearts—beware of despairing of your age; beware of that faint-heartedness which leads so many to give up all effort when witnessing as they say the decline of civilization, and who by dint of announcing the approach of their country's ruin, end by precipitating it."

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The Partition of Ireland

TYRONE AND FERMANAGH DECLARE ALLEGIANCE EO DAIL EIREANN.

In the British proposals of July 20 it was stipulated that "Ulster" must never be coerced (says the *Irish Bulletin* for August/31). If the people of the six counties did not desire to come in under a National Parliament no force must be used to compel them.

There is no intention on the part of the Republican Government to use force against North-east Ulster, but the right of that manufactured area to destroy the national unity can never be admitted. North-east Ulster consists of the six counties of Armagh, Antrim, Down, Derry, Tyrone, and Fermanagh. Ulster itself consists of nine counties, but the British Government could not partition these nine counties from the rest of Ireland because the majority in Ulster as a province is in favor of national independence and vehemently opposed to partition. For this reason three of the Ulster counties were thrown in with "Southern Ireland," and a purely artificial boundary was drawn round the other six and this area was named "Northern Ireland." But two of these six counties are Republican and have by a majority returned representatives to Dail Eireann. These two counties, Tyrone and Fermanagh, cover more than a third of the area of "Northern Ireland" and were probably included for this very reason, for otherwise, Northern Ireland would have consisted of four of the smallest of the 32 counties in Ireland, and its size would itself be proof that the minority who oppose freedom in Ireland is proportionately insignificant.

But if Lloyd George and through him the British Cabinet declare that there must be no coercion of Ulster, Tyrone and Fermanagh have determined to apply the same principle in their case and yesterday they placed their case before the Cabinet of Dail Eireann. We give below some of the statements made by the deputation.

The deputation consisted of the following:

Co. Fermanagh—John McHugh, chairman of the county council; Cahir Healy, county councillor, and Rev. Lorcan O'Ciarran, P.P.

Co. Tyrone—A. E. Donnelly, chairman of the county council; M. Lynch, county councillor, chairman of Omagh U.C.; John Doris, vice-chairman of the county council and chairman of Dungannon Board of Guardians.

The deputation was introduced by John O'Mahoney, Dail Eireann deputy for Co. Fermanagh; Sean Milroy, deputy for Co. Tyrone; and Dr. Eoin MacNeill, deputy for Derry.

Fiction of "Civil War"

Dr. MacNeill, in opening the proceedings, dealt with the fiction that if the British armed forces were withdrawn from "Ulster" "civil war" would follow. He drew attention to certain words in a speech that Lloyd George made the other day:

"If you had severance, it would lead in Ireland itself to the most cruel and terrible civil war that that island has ever seen. . . . We cannot witness civil war at our own door."

"In this utterance," said Dr. MacNeill, "the British Premier wished it to be believed that he and his political associates are saving Ireland from civil war. But the fact is that he and his political associates are the plotters of what he calls civil war in Ireland, in order that they might be provided with this very plea, and that they might weaken Ireland by fostering and encouraging a fanaticism they despise.

"When British policy arms and lets loose fanatical disorder, we no more see civil war in the outcome than we have seen civil war in the campaign of the "Black-and-Tans." We see in it one more evidence of the blessings bestowed upon Ireland by the British connection. Not even Oriental fanaticism presents at this day a spectacle as degraded as the condition to which Belfast has been brought by British political contrivance—a state of things as deliberately planned and as deliberately set in movement as the building and launching of a battleship.

"In Belfast and a few neighboring towns, in pursuit of the British policy of 'civil war,' thousands upon thousands of workers have been driven from their work and

deprived for many months of the right to work, have been cast upon the generosity of the world and especially upon the generosity of America. Their houses, where they were unable to defend them, have been sacked and burned, their women and children driven forth. Whole streets inhabited by them have been destroyed. All this and more has been brought about with the knowledge and approval—I should say with the foreknowledge and foreapproval—of the British Premier and his Government. It is all as much a factor in their Irish policy as the "Black-and-Tan" campaign of outrage and ravage in the rest of Ireland. The policy is as old as Pitt and Castlereagh, but the present Premier and his Government have been the first to crystallize it under a local regime.

The Degradation of Belfast

"I have said that the degradation of Belfast has the approval of Lloyd George and his colleagues. They have the fullest cognisance of the whole state of things in the Belfast area, and have never once—to do them justice—had the hypocrisy to deplore or to overrule it, though Lloyd George now pretends to be the saviour of Ireland from civil war.

"We do not deny that this disgraceful policy has had a wonderful success. In a few generations Republican Belfast, liberty-loving Belfast, Belfast of the United Irishmen, the Protestant Belfast that championed at once the cause of the oppressed Catholics and the cause of Irish independence, has been transformed by that policy into a city the most reactionary, the most lawless, the most disorderly, the most intolerant, that is inhabited anywhere by white men—a degradation that we lay to the charge not of an unreasoning mob but of the calculating rulers of the British Empire.

"The menace of so-called civil war in Ulster," Dr. MacNeill continued, "is the menace of British interference, and will cease with the cessation of British interference."

Cahir Healy, spokesman for Co. Fermanagh, read a "Memorial From the People of Fermanagh to An Dail":

"Fermanagh," it said, "by a large majority, recorded twice at Parliamentary elections in the past two years, resolved that it would not submit to the partition of Ulster.

"Geographically, the county has no associations with any of the other partition areas, save Tyrone, which has also shown its unwillingness to be divided from the Parliament of the Nation. It is bounded by Donegal, Leitrim, Monaghan, and Cavan, all of which are included in the Parliament of An Dail.

"Fermanagh consists of 457,375 acres, and with Tyrone forms more than a third (36 per cent.) of the entire area of the six counties. The elected members of its county council are nine Unionists and 11 Nationalists. Three of the five rural district councils have substantial majorities who are in favor of union with Ireland, and of the two remaining Unionist councils, Enniskillen has only an elected majority of one member. The Urban Council of the Capital Town is in Nationalists' hands, as indeed are the capitals of the counties of Derry, Tyrone, Armagh, and Down, five of the six partition counties. In the recent (1921) elections, fought under every disadvantage to us, the anti-partition majority in the Tyrone-Fermanagh group was 7831. The Catholic population, all of whom are opposed to partition, number 34,740, or 56 per cent. of the whole. It will thus be seen that Fermanagh is strongly opposed to inclusion in the Parliament of the six-county area. Its fears for the safety and security of the majority of its people are amply borne out by the recent treatment meted out to them since the idea of partition became real.

Effects of Partition

"If Fermanagh be included, the important maritime county of Donegal will be absolutely cut off from any rail communication with any of the counties of its own Parliamentary area—one of the many unfortunate results of the attempted mutilation of the nation.

"The government of a six-county Parliament, if we are to judge by the speeches and acts of its members, would be one hostile to the majority of the people in Tyrone and Fermanagh, and the depopulation that has gone on since 1841 would be likely to continue and be accentuated."

The memorial then cited the effects of British Government in the county. The population in 70 years had decreased by 60.5 per cent. This decay affected both the urban and rural areas and the Protestant equally with the Catholic section of the population. The memorial continued:

"Outside of Ireland there is no parallel for this in any civilised country. Tyrone and Fermanagh, in common with the rest of Ireland, have suffered relatively greater loss through their enforced dependence on the British Empire than Belgium has suffered from the German invasion and occupation. It is the best commentary upon the effects of government without the consent of the governed, a condition we are likely to have perpetuated were a Belfast Parliament to function. The people of Fermanagh are unable to see on what principle their county could be put under the rule of a Parliament that they have so many reasons for distrusting. They will never consent to be bartered and sold in this summary manner, but will do everything they can to assert their rights to self-determination. For centuries the men of Fermanagh have taken a noble part in the fight for Irish freedom, and their descendants of to-day are determined, with God's help, to resist by every means at their disposal the attempt to cut them off from the Irish nation."

Acting as spokesman for the County Tyrone deputation, Alex. E. Donnelly declared the inclusion of the county in the area of the Northern Parliament to be coercion in its worst form. "The people of England," he said "have come to speak of the six counties allocated to the Parliament of Northern Ireland as 'Ulster,' forgetting conveniently the other three counties of that province, viz.—Donegal, Monaghan, and Cavan, and have adopted the formula that 'there must not be any coercion of Ulster.'"

Tyrone, a Nationalist County

"Now the County Tyrone at all elections has emphatically declared in favor of the national demand, and against a Parliament for any area in the North, and, notwithstanding this, the British Parliament proposes the coercion of the people of Tyrone by forcing them under the government of the 'six counties.'"

"Prior to the redistribution of Parliamentary constituencies in the year 1918 Co. Tyrone returned four members to Parliament, and only one out of the four was a Unionist. In 1918 the constituencies were reduced to three and so arranged that by disregarding all natural boundaries one Unionist seat was secured.

"In the local elections, although the constituencies were also arranged in favor of the Unionists, they secured only nine seats out of 20 before proportional representation came into force and 11 out of 28 afterwards. Unionists have a majority in one only of the six urban district councils. At the last parliamentary elections for this county and Fermanagh the votes recorded were 37,935 Unionists and 45,766 for a free and undivided Ireland."

Mr. Lynch pointed out that three Southern counties of the partition area—Armagh, Tyrone, and Fermanagh, taken together, gave a clear majority of 3000 votes against partition. Mr. Doris supported this statement and pledged Co. Tyrone to stand in absolutely with the rest of Ireland.

He made our offences His offences, that He might make His righteousness our righteousness.—St. Augustine.

AN APPEAL FROM THE BACKBLOCKS

The WAIATU QUEEN CARNIVAL in aid of the Church to be built at Tuatapere will open on THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, when it is hoped his Lordship Dr. Whyte, Bishop of Dunedin, will be present to grace the occasion.

Friends who have promised donations or contributions are requested to forward them before that date to the undersigned—

(Rev.) D. P. BUCKLEY,
Presbytery, Riverton.

Contributions acknowledged:—Dominican Nuns, Dunedin, £3 3s; Vaughan Lake, Otautau, 10s; "A Friend," Winton, £1; Mrs. Daly, St. Andrews, 10s; Miss N. Corbett, Hikutaia, £1.

English Methods of Government in Ireland

In an interesting article, one of a series recounting "old time" happenings in Tasmania, the writer, referring to the work of Ven. Archdeacon Hogan in the island State, says, in the *Catholic Standard* for October 29:

"In 1887 Father Hogan paid a visit to Europe and his native Kilkenny.

On reading his views on the Irish situation of almost 40 years ago one begins to realise how little English methods have changed and how vain have been the hopes of those who looked to a foreign parliament for justice. In this good priest's correspondence we read:—

"I have been travelling a good deal through Ireland during the last three months, and seeing the whole land so beautiful and fertile, and yet so depressed and wretched, I can come to no other conclusion than that there is something radically wrong in the government of that country. To one like myself, coming from a land blessed with freedom and self-government, to another land groaning under oppression, where even the liberty of speech and the right of public meeting are denied, the contrast is a saddening one. You in Tasmania can form little idea of the tyrannical rule that at present weighs down and crushes every national movement. Coercion, cruel and terrible, is practised over the most crimeless people in the world. The press is gagged, for if a newspaper even publishes a report of a National meeting, the proprietor is sent to gaol, that being actually the lot of the chief magistrate of the capital. There is terrible excitement on every side you turn when the people see their best and purest patriots imprisoned for simply doing their duty to their down-trodden countrymen. No one feels secure, as the least suspicion may be an excuse for forcing us to experience the discomforts of a felon's cell, and a plank bed. Had the country anything like fair play, had the people some share in the blessings of our Tasmanian system of government that would foster its resources, Ireland would become one of the grandest countries in the world and the strongest weapon in Britain's hands against the enemies of the Empire. Such loyalty to the Crown has never been known as that which would be the outcome of fair play and just rule to Ireland. Even now it is astonishing to witness the enthusiasm with which Englishmen are everywhere welcomed when they are known to come as friends and well-wishers. Irishmen have learned to distinguish between England and England's Government, a distinction which was not always so marked in the past. The English people have frankly expressed their abhorrence of the wrongs done to Ireland in their name by their enemies and ours. The Irish people have accepted the repentance and friendship as frankly as it was offered. English visitors learn for the first time that the police-spy, the baton, the bayonet, and the rifle are the necessary adjuncts of public meeting in Ireland. In the matter of political freedom we are still in the worst days of the worst of the Stuarts. These men, fresh from the free atmosphere of England, revolt against the iniquity of a system to which we have grown half-accustomed and the violence of their indignation outblazes our own. They learn, too, how willing we are to be friends. The English people have been betrayed into oppressing their own allies and helping their own foes. The people are keeping very patient, though the provocation offered is very great. It would seem as if the Government wished to goad on the persecuted people to rebellion, but, guided by their representatives, they are determined to fight constitutionally, and they must win the day. That great friend of Ireland, Cardinal Manning, sent an interesting letter to the Bishop of Ross, which is going the round of the papers, and I enclose it. It runs as follows: 'Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W., September, 1887. My dear Lord, I thank you much for the report of the visit of Lady Burdett-Coutts, and of your speech and of the Archbishop of Cashel's. It was like the sun coming out of a November gloom. I am always saying that the Irish are the most profoundly Christian people in the world. No other is so peaceful, so forgiving, or, when they can be, so grateful, and these are high and rare Christian graces. The reaction in England towards Ireland is on every side; and the confidence shown by Ireland towards England is hastening on the day of justice. I am in my 80th year, but I hope to live to see it. Many thanks for your kind words, which I heartily return.—Believe me always, yours affectionately in J.C.—HENRY EDWARD, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.'"

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Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

November 11.

The following address from the Dominion Executive of the N.Z. Catholic Federation was presented to his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate on the occasion of his first visit to Wellington:—

To His Excellency the Right Reverend Bartolomeo Cattaneo, D.D., LL.D., Archbishop of Palmyra, Apostolic Delegate to Australasia.

May it Please Your Excellency.

On behalf of the Wellington Diocesan Council of the New Zealand Catholic Federation we respectfully extend to your Excellency a sincere welcome on your first visit as the official representative of our Holy Father Pope Benedict XV.

The Council is aware of your long and distinguished career in the service of our Holy Mother the Church, and it desires us to assure your Excellency of its unflinching obedience and loyalty to the Holy See and to the Archbishop and clergy of the archdiocese.

As your Excellency is no doubt aware the Catholic Federation interests itself in all social matters having for their object the welfare of the people of New Zealand, giving special attention to the cause of Catholic education, for which it has established bursaries at Catholic secondary schools. In these movements the Wellington Diocesan Council has taken its part, and we beg to assure your Excellency that any proposal for the advancement of our holy religion which is approved by our revered Archbishops will have the earnest support of the Federation in the archdiocese.

On behalf of the council we have the honor to be your Excellency's most humble obedient servants—W. M. LUXFORD, president; J. A. SCOTT, vice-president and chairman of executive committee; W. F. JOHNSON, secretary.

The euchre parties at Miss Collins' residence every Wednesday evening in aid of St. Joseph's parish bazaar are proving very successful. The two functions held to date realised £40.

Another devoted and exemplary Catholic in the person of Mrs. E. G. Weight, died at her residence, Alpha Street, last Saturday evening. The deceased was a daughter of the late John McMannaway. Four of her daughters are members of religious Orders—three in the Convent of Mercy (Sister Mary Clement, Palmerston North; Sister Mary Xavier, Thorndon, Wellington; and Sister Mary Agatha, Newtown)—and one in the Home of Compassion (Sister Mary Columba). Other daughters are Mrs. F. Stavelly, Lyall Bay, Wellington, and Miss Priscilla Weight. One son was killed in the recent war and the other is resident in this city. The interment took place on Tuesday, Requiem Mass being offered by Rev. Father O'Donnell at St. Joseph's Church for the repose of her soul. His Grace Archbishop O'Shea and Rev. Father Walsh, of Nai Nai, were present in the sanctuary. The children of the Convent of Mercy Schools sang the music of the Mass. Rev. Father Cullen, assisted by Rev. Fathers O'Donnell, McDermott, and Walsh, officiated at the graveside. Mr. Weight and his family have, in their bereavement, the sincerest sympathy and prayers of a wide circle of friends.—R.I.P.

I very much regret to record the death of Mrs. Martin Kennedy, which occurred at her residence, Gladstone Terrace, on Friday, the 4th inst. The deceased, who was in her 80th year, had been ailing for some time, and her death was not unexpected. She was born in Ireland, and came to New Zealand 52 years ago, being a resident of the West Coast for a great many years prior to settling in Wellington. The late Mrs. Kennedy was a devout and exemplary Catholic, and a generous benefactor to all the religious and charitable activities of the Church. She took a keen interest in the affairs of the land of her birth, and with her late husband extended generous hospitality to the Irish envoys of the Nationalist Party on the several occasions they visited New Zealand. She also several times visited Ireland, and up to the time of her death was most anxious about Ireland's future. Solemn Requiem Mass was offered for the repose of her soul on Saturday morning at the temporary church, Boulcott Street, which was crowded. Rev. Father Mahony was celebrant, and the college choir, with the Rev. Father Ryan as conductor and the Rev. Father Schaeffer at the organ, sang the music of the Mass. The interment, which was private, took place

on Saturday afternoon at Karori, Rev. Father Mahony officiating at the graveside. The late Mrs. Kennedy leaves a family of 4 daughters—Mrs. Daly (Auckland), Mrs. White (Christchurch), and the Misses Kennedy; and one son, Mr. James Kennedy, to whom is extended the sincerest sympathy of friends.—R.I.P.

One of the pioneer members of the Hibernian Society, in the person of Bro. Peter Moroney, passed away on Friday, November 4, at his residence, Normandale, Lower Hutt, at the ripe age of 90 years. Deceased, who was born in Ireland, came to the Dominion when a young man and followed the profession of school teacher. In his later years he was on the Government buildings staff, retiring on superannuation some years ago. He was an enthusiastic member of the Hibernian Society, and at one time occupied the position of secretary of St. Patrick's branch. The interment took place at the Petone Cemetery, the members of the Hibernian Society (city and Hutt branches) attended in regalia. Very Rev. Dean Lane officiated both at the church and at the graveside. The late Mr. Moroney, who was a widower, leaves a large grown-up family.—R.I.P.

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DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

November 11.

His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate will arrive in Auckland on Saturday, November 26, from New Plymouth. On that same afternoon a garden party will be given in the grounds attached to St. Mary's Convent, Ponsonby, from 3 to 5 o'clock. On Sunday, the 27th inst., his Excellency will preside at Solemn High Mass in the Cathedral at 11 a.m., when addresses from clergy and laity will be read and presented. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon his Excellency will bless and lay the foundation stone of the new convent, Grey Lynn. In the evening, at 7 o'clock, he will preside at Vespers in the Cathedral, when the occasional discourse will be delivered by the Right Rev. Mgr. Hackett. At the conclusion of the sermon the Apostolic Delegate will officiate at Pontifical Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On Monday and Tuesday his Excellency will visit convent schools and charitable institutions. The Apostolic Delegate will leave Auckland by the Niagara on Saturday, December 3, on his return to Sydney.

The Coadjutor-Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Liston, visited Huntly parish on Sunday, October 30, and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation. On last Sunday his Lordship visited Coromandel and the outlying districts.

The recent fete held in St. Benedict's Hall in aid of the funds of the new parish of the Good Shepherd, Dominion Road, under the Rev. Father W. J. Murphy, realised over £300. Extensive improvements have been made in the grounds around the church-school since the inception of the new parish, and funds are in hand for the erection of a presbytery.

A grand juvenile social will be held in the Town Hall on Wednesday, November 16, in aid of the Grey Lynn convent fund.

The quarterly meeting of the Particular Council of the St. Vincent de Paul Society (comprising all the conferences of the diocese) will be held in St. Joseph's, Grey Lynn, on Monday, November 21. The president, Mr. C. Little, will give an interesting account of the congress held in Sydney last month, and at which Mr. Little was the Auckland delegate.

Rev. Father Zanna, writing to friends in Auckland, says that he visited Lourdes recently. During his stay in Paris he had the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with Archbishop Cerretti.

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DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

November 7.

A most enthusiastic meeting of parishioners was held in the Addington Catholic School, for the purpose of considering the best way to raise money to meet the many urgent requirements of the parish. It was decided to hold a monster garden fete in February. Representatives of Halswell had come specially to the meeting, and gave their assurance that the Catholics of Halswell would give their very best services. After some discussion the show ground was chosen as the best and most suitable place in which to hold the fete. Committees have been appointed in Halswell and Addington and for the purpose of furnishing their stall. The Addington committee intend to arrange a garden party in the parish grounds, to be held on the second Saturday in December.

The quarterly meeting of St. Patrick's branch of the Hibernian Society was held on the 31st ult., Bro. H. H. Upjohn, B.P., presiding over a good attendance. Rev. Father Hanrahan, Adm. (chaplain), was present and an-

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GINGHAMS.

Ginghams, all new designs. Small Checks for the children and novelty Checks for dress wear, 27 inches wide—1/8 1/11, to 2/9 yard.

Ginghams. Special overcheck effects, beautiful designs and shadings, in double-width makes; 38 inches wide—1/11, 2/6, 2/11, 3/3 yard. "Royal" Gingham, the best of its kind. Novelty Checks and new designs. Select now, as this line is sure to clear quickly; 38 inches wide—3/6 yard.

CREPES.

Jap. Crepe. Always in demand. A full range of shades to choose from in this hard wearing cloth; 30 inches wide—1/8 yard.

English Crepe, in a nice fine make, just opened. Can be supplied in the following: White, Sky, Saxe, Salmon, V. Rose, Champagne, Putty, Mid Green, Light Grey, and Navy; 32 inches wide—2/11 yard.

English Crepe. A mid weight quality, in all smart Stripe effects. A real good line for general use; 26 inches wide—1/3 yard.

ZEPHYRS.

Challenge Zephyr. A lovely cloth in shades of Sky, Nattier, Light Green, Pink, Vieux Rose, Helio., Light and Dark Browns, Navy and Black; 31 inches wide—2/9 yard.

Cambrics. Best quality English material and free from dressing. Neat Spot, Stripe, and Sprig designs; 31 inches wide—1/6 yard; 17/11 dozen.

Zephyr Shirting. Exceptional value. A hard-wearing, good washing cloth in a wide range of neat shirting Stripes; 32 inches wide—1/6 yard; 17/11 dozen.

VOILES.

"Crepe" Voile. A dainty material, really a Crepe-finished Voile, slightly heavier than Georgette. A full range of new season's shadings; 40 inches wide—3/6 yard.

Cotton Georgette. One of the most attractive fabrics for the coming season. A dainty line in the following shades: White, Ivory, Lemon, Sky, Salmon, Helio., Oyster, Nil, Saxe, Brick, Navy, and Black; 40 inches wide—5/9.

White Voile. Exceptional values are offering in this serviceable material. All fine weaves and all double-width; 40 inches wide—1/6, 1/11, 2/3, 2/6, 2/11, 3/3, 3/6, 3/11 yard.

Plain Voiles. A special offer. A nice new line in the following shades: Cream, Light Lemon, Champagne, Salmon, Rose, Nattier, Helio., Reseda, and Navy; 40 inches wide—2/6 yard.

Novelty Voiles. Beautiful French goods, in all new designs and lovely shadings. Exceedingly smart goods; 40 inches wide—5/6 yard.

Floral Voiles. Wonderful effects for sunny summer. A great range of designs to choose from, in both Light and Dark effects; 40 inches wide—2/11, 3/11, 4/11 yard.

Bordered Voiles. Select one now as they are sure to sell out rapidly. These goods are simply beautiful. The prettiest we have ever had; 40 inches wide—4/11 yard.

Orangandie Muslin. A beautiful transparent make. For a long time unprocurable. Just to hand this week. In the following shades: White, Light Pink, Sky, Champagne, Salmon, Mastic, and Saxe; 47 inches wide—2/11 yard.

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nounced the itinerary of functions in connection with the visit of the Apostolic Delegate, at which the Society would take a prominent part. Sick allowance (£7) was passed for payment. Two members were initiated, and 21 others nominated. Father Hanrahan congratulated members for having seconded the efforts of the Marist Fathers at the recent mission by making a personal canvas for recruits, and doing this so successfully. The quarterly balance sheet was submitted by the secretary (Bro. Grimes). It showed all the funds to be in a sound financial state and the membership to be 400. At the quarterly meeting of St. Mary's branch of the Hibernian Society, Bro. Anderson presiding, accounts amounting to £18 18s 9d was passed for payment. Bro. Johnston presented the quarterly balance sheet, which was to the complete satisfaction of members. The various funds are sound and the membership increasing.

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Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

November 14.

On last Sunday week about 60 children (45 boys and 15 girls) made their First Holy Communion at the first Mass, when the church was filled for the great event. Rev. Father Barra was celebrant, and addressed the children in appropriate terms. During Mass the children sang suitable hymns. They were afterwards entertained to breakfast by the members of the Altar Society, who usually provide the repast on such important occasions.

Yesterday about 70 members of the Hibernian Society approached the Holy Table in a body at the 7.30 o'clock Mass, on the occasion of their half-yearly Communion.

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Invercargill

(From our own correspondent.)

November 14.

A special general meeting of the Marist Brothers' old boys was held in the club room last Wednesday. The object of the meeting was to discuss ways and means of fittingly celebrating the silver jubilee of the opening of the Marist Brothers' School in Invercargill in 1897. Rev. Father Ardagh made his first appearance at the club, and received an enthusiastic welcome. He congratulated the members on the large attendance and on the object of the meeting. He had heard a good deal about the Marist old boys before coming to Invercargill, and he was pleased to see that the organisation was a real live one. He had been asked to offer a suggestion as to what would be the best way to celebrate the Brothers' silver jubilee, and he had great pleasure in placing his idea before the meeting. He could see that the old boys were anxious to mark their appreciation of the Brothers' work, and it seemed to him that they could do it in no better way than in helping them to continue and extend that work. They would be pleased to hear that the Brothers were opening a training college in the North Island next year, where young aspirants to the Order would receive the necessary training to carry on the work of Catholic education in New Zealand. In what better way could the old boys mark their appreciation of the work the Brothers were doing than by doing what they could to perpetuate that good work? He would suggest that they establish a full bursary at the Brothers' Training College. It would mean only £30 a year, and he felt sure that the old boys could easily guarantee that amount. Messrs. M. Staunton, J. Collins, M. Reidy, J. Ferry, F. Downey, and several other members advocated the suggestion. Mr. J. Toomey moved that "This meeting of the Marist old boys resolves to establish a full bursary at the Marist Brothers' Training College, the bursary to operate from next year, and to be known as the Invercargill Marist Old Boys' Silver Jubilee Bursary." The motion was seconded by Mr. Martin Staunton and carried unanimously. A committee was then appointed to make arrangements for carrying out the resolution.

Rev. Brother Anselm, on behalf of the Brother Provincial and of his community, thanked Father Ardagh for his laudable suggestion of establishing a full bursary, and the old boys for the enthusiasm with which they received it. He said the Brothers had no seminary fund to rely on, so they must only hope that generous souls will be found ready to assist in the education of young aspirants to the Order. He hoped this important scheme of establishing bursaries for the Brotherhood would be taken up

in every centre where the Brothers were laboring. If 30 members would donate one pound a year the good work would be done, and the donors would be benefactors to the Order and would share in all the good done by the Brothers.

WEDDING BELLS

KENNEDY—SHAW.

The wedding was recently solemnised at the Church of St. Francis de Sales, Rangiora, of Alexander, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Kennedy, of Loburn, and Greta, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Shaw, Ashley. Very Rev. Dean Hyland officiated, and celebrated a Nuptial Mass. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in her travelling costume. Miss K. Kennedy (sister of the bridegroom) was bridesmaid, and Mr. W. H. Kennedy (brother) was best man. Wedding breakfast was partaken of at the Royal Tea Rooms, after which the newly-wedded couple left on their honeymoon by motor to Akaroa.

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O'SULLIVAN—HARRINGTON.

The wedding was solemnised recently at the Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament, Christchurch, of Mr. Lawrence M. O'Sullivan, and Miss Hilda Harrington, both of Christchurch. Rev. Father T. Hanrahan, Adm., officiated and celebrated a Nuptial Mass, assisted by Rev. Father Gallagher. Miss K. O'Connor presided at the organ. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in a dress of ivory brocaded frapper crepe-de-Chine, hand-embroidered veil arranged in mob-cap style, and carried a shower bouquet of hot-house flowers. Miss Vera Harrington (sister of the bride) attended as bridesmaid, and was dressed in a frock of plain and figured fugi silk with hat to match and carried a shower bouquet to harmonise. Mr. J. O'Sullivan (brother of the bridegroom) was best man. After the ceremony a reception was held at the Oddfellows' Hall, Rolleston Street, where Mrs. J. Harrington (mother of the bride), entertained the guests, numbering 50, and the usual toasts were honored. In the evening some 150 guests were entertained at a social. Subsequently the newly-wedded couple left for the Southern Lakes, where the honeymoon was spent; the bride travelling in a fawn English worsted costume relieved with blue, and blue hat.

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Help for the Suffering Children of Ireland

The Ladies' Auxiliary Committee, Self-Determination for Ireland League, Wellington, acknowledge with sincere thanks parcels of clothing for distressed Irish children from the following:—Mrs. K. O'Connell, Mrs. Judd, Miss Carter, Miss Freer, an "Irish Descendant," Vincent de P. Boulcott Street, Mrs. Lennon, Miss L. Ranfurly, St. Anne's Guild, Timaru, Miss N. Leahy, Mrs. Quirk, Miss E. O'Shea, Miss Butler, and from each member of Ladies' Auxiliary Committee, Wellington, and their friends.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Therry Centenary Art Union

Drawn at Town Hall, Sydney, Friday, October 21, 1921.

LIST OF WINNING NUMBERS.

1st prize—261842	12th prize—346537
2nd prize—462958	13th prize—124127
3rd prize—64886a	14th prize—261402
4th prize—227324	15th prize—42498
5th prize—56868	16th prize—87472a
6th prize—141935	17th prize—482468
7th prize—268668	18th prize—155993
8th prize—342563	19th prize—113791
9th prize—466187	20th prize—27687
10th prize—19809a	21st prize—67758
11th prize—255699	22nd prize—407807

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that we were present at the drawing of the above Art Union. The winning numbers as mentioned above are those drawn:—Edward Stokes, Sergeant of Police; Daniel J. Walsh, D.P., H.A.C.B.S.; W. J. Butler, H.C.R., I.N.F.; John E. Burke, A.H.C. Guild; T. E. Avery, I.N.F.; P. O'Loughlin, J.P., H.A.C.B.S.; W. D. Scarvell, *Freeman's Journal*.

Holders of winning tickets should communicate with Rev. Peter J. Murphy, or L. Cotter, St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney.

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Visit of His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate

His Excellency the Most Rev. Archbishop Cattaneo, Apostolic Delegate to Australasia, accompanied by the Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, Bishop of Dunedin, Rev. Dr. Farrelly (Secretary to the Delegation), and Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., returned to Dunedin from Queenstown and the Lakes District on last Wednesday evening. At the principal railway stations passed on the trip to the Lakes, notably Milton, his Excellency was very cordially greeted by large assemblages of the townspeople, not the least pleasing being the children of the Catholic school, who were present on the platform, and who received, with much appreciation, a few kindly words addressed to them by his Excellency.

Passing through Gore on his return, his Excellency was met by Very Rev. Father O'Donnell, and, together with his Lordship Bishop Whyte, paid a hasty visit to the beautiful church and to the Catholic schools of the town. On Thursday morning the Apostolic Delegate celebrated Mass for the Dominican Nuns in their chapel at St. Dominic's Priory. Shortly afterwards his Excellency and party left by motor cars for the north.

Visit to St. Patrick's College, Teschemakers

Thursday, November 10, was a day of special rejoicing with the Dominican Sisters and pupils of St. Patrick's College, Teschemakers, the occasion being the visit of his Excellency the Most Rev. Archbishop Cattaneo, Apostolic Delegate to Australasia. Promptly to time, his Excellency, accompanied by the Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, Bishop of Dunedin, Rev. Dr. Farrelly (Secretary to the Delegation), and Very Rev. Father Coffey, arrived at the convent. The college grounds were decked in their brightest spring garments; the house and surroundings were decorated with his Excellency's crest and colors, the Papal flag, and Dominican flags; the pupils, dressed in white, each held a small flag of white and gold. Nature, assisted by art, had succeeded in making a glorious setting for the reception, and the distinguished visitor, on alighting from his car, received a most cordial welcome. A dainty luncheon had been prepared by the Sisters, and seated at the table with the guest of honor were the Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, Right Rev. Mgr. Mackay, Rev. Dr. Farrelly, Very Rev. Father Coffey, and Rev. Fathers Herring, Morkane, O'Connell, Kaveney, and Foley. After luncheon his Excellency inspected the building, and later was entertained at a concert by the boarders. A very effective musical programme was rendered with a skill and artistry characteristic of all the productions of the Dominican pupils. Miss May Ayson then read the following address:—

Address to the Apostolic Delegate, the Most Reverend Bartholomew Cattaneo, Archbishop of Palmyra, from the Pupils of St. Patrick's College, Teschemakers, New Zealand.

May it please your Excellency,

While in New Zealand you may be received with more splendor and ceremonial, but we venture to say that nowhere will there be a welcome for you from more loyal and devoted Catholic hearts than those of the Sisters and pupils of St. Patrick's College, Teschemakers.

We deeply appreciate the signal honor done us by your Excellency, in whom we venerate the representative of the Holy Father, Benedict XV., Christ's Vicar on earth, and we hail this opportunity to pledge him through you our filial love and our Catholic fidelity.

Your Excellency's experience as head of the great Missionary College of the Propaganda warrants us in believing that this visit to St. Patrick's will have a special interest for you, since so many years of your illustrious career were devoted to the training of students for the missions which have borne all over the globe the standard of the Cross; and we know it will please you to be assured that nothing is here left undone by our teachers to make us worthy of the pioneer priests who brought the faith to New Zealand.

This day will be like a thread of gold in the tenor of our lives, and remembrance of it will in future years inspire us to pray that God may bless and protect the illustrious Apostolic Delegate whose presence amongst us binds

us closer than ever in vital union with the Holy See.

Begging your Excellency's blessing, and with profound esteem, we are, your Excellency's devoted children, the Pupils of St. Patrick's Dominican College, Teschemakers.

His Excellency, in a particularly happy speech, thanked the children for the entertainment and address, expressed his delight over his visit to Teschemakers, and assured the Sisters and children that he would remember them and their work when making his report to his Holiness, Benedict XV.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was then given by the Apostolic Delegate, and as a final gracious act of fatherly affection he distributed sweets to the delighted pupils.

At 5.15, amid the hearty cheers of the children, his Excellency departed for Oamaru. Thus ended one of the happiest and most memorable occasions in the history of St. Patrick's College, Teschemakers.

At Oamaru

His Excellency arrived at Oamaru in the evening, and attended a conversazione given in his honor at St. Joseph's Schoolroom, where he was welcomed by a crowded assembly (says the *North Otago Times*).

Monsignor Mackay said that it was his privilege and pleasure to welcome Archbishop Cattaneo. Any words of his failed to give expression to his feelings, but he would call on Mr. P. C. Hjorring to speak on behalf of the congregation.

Mr. P. C. Hjorring said that it afforded him great pleasure to welcome the Apostolic Delegate to the town of Oamaru. The speaker was pleased that his Excellency could come to a small town such as Oamaru. He wished to assure the Archbishop that although they were far from the Holy See, they had the same regard for it as those who resided near it. The Delegate would see that the people had built churches and schools in order that the faith would be kept up. The speaker trusted that the Archbishop would have a pleasant time while in the Dominion and on behalf of the congregation extended to him a hearty welcome.

His Lordship Bishop Whyte stated that they would see that his Excellency was in excellent form and that they were sending him to the diocese of Christchurch under the most favorable conditions. It was exactly a fortnight since they left Sydney and, if necessary, he could give his Excellency a diploma as a good travelling companion. He had travelled a good deal while in the diocese of Dunedin and had done well while under the care of the speaker and Father Coffey. Having the true artistic soul of an Italian, his Excellency was interested in art, music, and scenery, and during the stay of his Excellency in Otago, they had supplied him with that. He had heard the music of the boys and girls at the schools and they had shown him Lake Wakatipu. These did not satisfy, however, until the Archbishop had evidenced the faith and piety of the people. The Archbishop had won a place in their hearts by his affability and the speaker was glad that the people had an opportunity of honoring him.

His Excellency, on rising to speak, was greeted with applause. In a happy speech, interspersed with anecdotes, he referred to his pleasure at meeting the congregation of Oamaru. He was extremely thankful to Bishop Whyte and Father Coffey for the attention that they had shown him. The speaker never anticipated seeing such a beautiful structure as their church, indeed, it could hold its own with the churches of Rome. He thanked Mr. Hjorring for his address and was pleased with the expressions of loyalty which were, he felt, authentic. With reference to the musical programme, being an Italian and appreciative of art, he was extremely pleased with the performance.

Upon the conclusion of the Archbishop's remarks, the audience were presented to him individually.

During the evening a musical programme was provided by Miss A. Magee (song with violin obbligato by Miss Leslie), Miss T. McGrath (song), Misses A. Molloy and M. Cartwright (piano duet), Miss Leslie (violin solo), Mr. W. Watters (song), Mr. J. Roxburgh (song), Misses Leslie, Cartwright, and Mr. Hedges (instrumental trio).

A much appreciated supper was then handed round by the lady members of the congregation.

On Friday his Excellency celebrated Holy Mass at the Basilica in the presence of a large congregation, and subsequently met the pupils and teachers of St. Thomas's Academy and of the other parish schools.

The Apostolic Delegate was met at Oamaru by his Lordship Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, accompanied by Rev. Fathers Peoples and Herring, of Waimate. Motor cars decorated in the Papal colors were in waiting and his Excellency departed for Timaru, visiting Morven and Waimate *en route*.

VISIT TO TIMARU: A WARM WELCOME

His Excellency Archbishop Cattaneo, direct representative of the Pope in Australasia, arrived in Timaru on Friday, and was given a cordial welcome at the Priory. Later in the afternoon a garden party was held, when he was tendered a formal welcome. The distinguished visitor was accommodated on a dais with Bishop Brodie on his left and the Mayor of Timaru on his right. The ground was nicely decorated, the Papal colors predominating. During the afternoon an efficient orchestra under the baton of Mr. T. J. O'Connor, played pleasingly after the speeches of welcome and the reply.

Rev. Father Hurley, welcoming the Apostolic Delegate on behalf of the clergy and parishioners, said that they were very pleased that in a hurried tour his Excellency had found time to call in at Timaru. His Excellency was recognised as a distinguished personage and also as the personal representative of our Holy Father the Pope. Father Hurley referred to the solidity of Catholicity in Timaru, and the progress made since their forefathers came there. The material prosperity of Catholicity was eclipsed only by the spiritual sincerity which was manifested by the large attendance at Mass. He could assure his Excellency that the prosperity in Timaru was due to the foresight of the pioneer priests who moved about and selected suitable sites for the buildings of the future, and the speaker contrasted the old mode of travel with their trip that day. He would also like to welcome to the gathering the Mayor of Timaru, Mr. F. J. Rolleston (applause), whom he called upon to speak.

Mr. Rolleston, after thanking Father Hurley for his last remarks, extended to the Delegate a welcome on behalf of the citizens of Timaru, and expressed the wish that their stay would be enjoyable. He would welcome his Excellency not only as an ecclesiastic who was entitled to all the respect they could show him, but also as a representative of a country which stood side by side with the British Empire during the war. The Mayor spoke of his visit to "beautiful passionate Italy," its scenic beauties and its art and architectural treasures, mentioning particularly St. Peter's, Rome, and said he hoped their visitor would find some compensation in natural beauties in this new country for what he would miss in his own, and that they would remind him of the beauties of Naples and the Mediterranean. Mr. Rolleston concluded by again expressing words of welcome on behalf of the town generally.

His Lordship Bishop Brodie thanked Mr. Rolleston for the kind compliment he had paid the Catholic body of Timaru by welcoming their distinguished visitor. It was a compliment which was deeply appreciated and would not be forgotten. The speaker admired the fine progress of Timaru, and the civic pride which was always exhibited, and he expressed the hope that his Worship's regime in the Mayoral chair would be one of the brightest spots in the progress of the town, and that it would be a long one. Turning to his Excellency, Bishop Brodie said he came as a personage entitled to the profoundest respect of the Catholic body. He would not hear of passing Timaru by, especially as his predecessor, Archbishop Cerretti, had not visited Timaru, and the speaker was sure the visit would be a great encouragement to the Marist Brothers and to the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, with whose work he wished to be brought into touch. His Lordship traversed the early days when the pioneers established the Church in South Canterbury, and referred in particular to the Rev. Father Chataigner, whose name should be honored by every Catholic member of the community. He felt deeply gratified as Bishop at the reception given to the Apostolic Delegate and to the Holy Father through him. It spoke for the loyalty and attachment to the Holy Father.

Dr. J. R. Loughnan then read the following address to his Excellency:—

To His Excellency the Most Reverend Bartolomeo Cattaneo, D.D., LL.D., Apostolic Delegate to Australasia.

May it please your Excellency,

It is with no mere formality or conventional phrase that we bid you welcome. Not only as a distinguished visitor and revered prelate do we greet your Excellency, but most of all do we appreciate the inestimable honor of having in our midst the direct representative of our deeply venerated Father, Benedict XV.

Your coming amongst us helps to strengthen the link of love and faith that binds us to the See of Peter, and through you do we in these most uttermost ends of the earth pledge our unfailing devotion and loyalty to the Holy See.

But while we greet your Excellency first as Apostolic Delegate, we wish to extend a hearty welcome also to your Excellency in your own person, and the one small shadow in the sunshine of our joy in your presence here to-day is the knowledge that your time amongst us is so brief.

With no little pride we beg to direct your Excellency's attention to our beautiful church, our fine schools, and splendid convent, as evidence of the zeal of the Fathers of the Society of Mary, and the devotedness of the religious of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Marist Brothers, and of the loyal and generous spirit of the people of Timaru.

With renewed expressions of allegiance and personal greetings—Signed on behalf of the people of Timaru by representatives of the various guilds and societies—Sacred Heart Men's Society, N. D. Mangos; Sacred Heart Women's Society, Elizabeth Cunningham; Hibernian Society, W. G. Stirling; Children of Mary, Catherine J. Collins; Celtic Club, M. J. Hyland; St. John's Tennis Club, J. G. Venning; Altar Society, Esther H. Doyle; St. Anne's Guild, Flora Leeming; choir, T. J. O'Connor; parishioners' representatives: J. R. Loughnan, J. Venning, sen., J. O'Rourke, J. P. Leigh, D. Scannell, T. Brosnahan; D. H. Hurley, S.M.

Mr. J. G. Venning, secretary to the reception committee, also presented a splendid album of photographs to his Excellency, which included views of the church and parochial buildings, and a bird's eye view of Timaru. The photography was artistically done by Mr. H. Williams.

Responding to the welcome, Archbishop Cattaneo said he would like to have fuller use of the English language to express his sentiments, for he felt extremely glad at the reception given him. He had seen and admired the beautiful church and buildings, and he felt it would be a sin not to stop a few hours to see them and the beautiful town of Timaru, and to admire their progress. They might easily understand the great pleasure it gave him to stay and he had to thank their Bishop and those who had arranged the programme. To quote from the address just presented to him, the only shadow of his great joy was in not being able to stay longer, but it was his intention to come back as soon as possible so that he would be able to make longer sojourns in places at which the previous Delegate had not been able to pay prolonged visits. (Applause.) He had also to thank the Mayor of the town—or city he should say—for so very kindly coming to the function, and he would much like to be able to express in better English his sincere feelings. He was really pleased and thankful for the Mayor's welcome on behalf of the community over which he presided. He would also like to tender his thanks for the kindly references to Italy. It was no fault of the people of New Zealand that they did not have Italy's art treasures, because it was a young country, but time would pass, and with the great spirit of progress which prevailed and the aesthetic sense of the people, the time would come when New Zealand would compare with Italy from an artistic point of view. He had seen a refined sense of music in New Zealand which told well for future artistic development. Referring to scenic affairs, there was some, he said, in New Zealand which surpassed that of Italy. He spoke of the magnificent church in Timaru and the schools, and congratulated the Catholic body on their possession. In conclusion he thanked Father Hurley for the welcome.

After the ceremony, his Excellency mingled with the
(Concluded on page 27.)

Selected Poetry

Connemara

The wind in Connemara is soft and light and low,
I'll make away at dawn of day and speed me westward ho!
Across the Connacht border a wanderer I'll be—
The wind in Connemara is calling, calling me.

The sky o'er Connemara is blue and dappled o'er
With fleecy clouds like silver shrouds on some enchanted shore;
The grey mist rising, rising above the red sunset—
That sky o'er Connemara is heaven's parapet!

The homes of Connemara are scattered far and few,
The incense sweet of burning peat as fresh as morning dew;
The wide Atlantic waters have reaped a harvest rare
From lonesome Connemara—O Connemara fair!

God's sun on Connemara is shining, shining down;
With gentle showers of vanish'd hours the earth is warm
and brown;
And daylight dies reluctant to quit that land divine;
O lovely Connemara! O Connemara mine!

The wind in Connemara is soft and light and low,
I'll make away at break of day and steer me westward ho!
I'll cross the plains of Leinster and face me toward the sea—
The wind in Connemara is calling, calling me.
—CATHAL LALLY, in the *Irish World*.

Lament of a Man for His Son

Son, my son!
I will go up to the mountain;
There I will light a fire for the feet of my son's spirit,
And there I will lament him,
Saying,
Oh, my son,
What is my life to me now you are departed?

Son, my son,
In the dark earth
We softly laid thee,
In the chief's robe,
In warrior's gear.
Surely, there,
On the Spirit Road,
Thy deeds are walking.

Surely,
The corn comes to the ear again.

But I, here,
I am the stalk the reapers left standing.

Son, my son,
What is my life to me now you are departed?
—Translated by MARY AUSTIN, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Antitoxins

When psychoanalysis vexes
The feminine novelist's heart
And she thinks the discussion of sex is
The ultimate triumph of Art,
I return to the simple romances
Of ante-Victorian Jane,
Or I find a new charm in the fancies
Of Cranford again.

When the decadent Georgian poet
Composes unmusical tosh,
And importunes the public—to show it
The linen he sends to the wash,
I reflect that, unmoved by the ages,
The mighty are still in their seats,
And take comfort once more from the pages
Of Cowper or Keats.

If the twentieth-century flapper
My sense of what's fitting annoys
With the garments that weirdly enwrap her,
Her glances and dances and "boys,"
From her manners and modes (which are shady)
I get some relief when I dine
With a really delightful old lady
Of seventy-nine.

—By AN OLD FOGY, in *Punch*.

Duetto: Summer

The wind when the stars awaken,
The place where at dawn you stood;
Here where the stream is shaken
In silver folds through the wood,
All are now as they once were,
Color and cloud and sound:
The iris starts from the ground:
Nothing is new but my heart; O heart!
Nothing is old but my heart.

Noon; and the corn-flower starring
The warm deep green of the grass,
And the shadow of lupin barring
The shadow of clouds that pass.
Day is a drowsy faring,
Purple and rich with bees:
Clover is ripe to my knees:
Nothing is old but my heart; O heart!
Nothing is new but my heart.

High on the hills the aspen
Turn in their luminous arc;
Whisper with dusk and soften
As the moments move to the dark:
Stir in their pinioned running,
Turn in the luminous wind:
The moments turn in my mind:
Nothing is new but my heart; O heart!
Nothing is old but my heart.

II.

In all still places,
Places in the hills,
Small winds ripple, go rippling through the grass,
And the shadow of the hours,
And the shadow of the flowers,
Ripple with the moments as the warm days pass.

In all high countries,
Blue, and valley starred,
Lichened slopes are warm to smell, and juniper and fir;
In the cups between the rocks
Carrots grow on sturdy stalks,
And columbine and Never-Die and fireweed occur.

In all mountain meadows,
High above the fields,
Noon is filled with silence, infinite, and wise;
Cool and blessed lapse of sound,
Never a murmur, save around
Green and hidden hollows where the clear streams rise.
—MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT, in *Scribner's Magazine*.



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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Principles, p. 25. Notes—A Jack of All Trades; What Einstein Saw; Novel-Reading, p. 26. Topics—The Curse of Pride; Liberty and Licence; Retreats for the Laity; The Christian Home, pp. 14-15. Education and the Rampart of Freedom, p. 9. Religious Fanaticism of the Bolsheviks, p. 11. The Antiquity of Irish Freedom, p. 13. The Partition of Ireland, p. 17. English Methods of Government in Ireland, p. 19. Centenary of St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, p. 30. Visit of the Apostolic Delegate, p. 22.

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, NOVEMBER 17, 1921.

PRINCIPLES



AUL BOURGET, that great master of French prose, never achieved a more successful study of the soul of man than when he wrote *Le Disciple*, a terrible book which sets forth powerfully what dreadful results for humanity the metaphysical speculations of some benevolent and short-sighted attic philosopher may produce when followed out to their conclusions. The theme is an old one. St. James comprehended it when he spoke of the evils of sins of the tongue. The poet knew it when he wrote,

Principiis obsta: sero medicina paratur.

Shakespeare had it in mind when he said,

We have scotch'd the snake, not killed it,
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

It lives in the homely philosophy of the people who have a saying that a word cannot die. If we look round us for concrete examples, there are classic cases in abundance, besides those which every man can recall from the records of his own experience. Immanuel Kant undermined the foundations of rational religion by his *Kritik der Reinen Vernunft*, and tried in vain to buttress them again in the *Kritik der Praktischen Vernunft*. He established the philosophy of scepticism to his own satisfaction; being a believer in God he saw he was wrong, and then, instead of admitting his error, made an irrational attempt to safeguard religion and morality by placing them outside the pale of pure reason altogether. His followers had no such scruples. They accepted his principles and pursued them logically. Fichte begot Hegel, and Hegel begot Nietzsche, and Nietzsche begot the Superman who was the incarnation of Lucifer who rebelled and said to God, "I will not serve."

*

Protestantism made the avenue easy for such a welter of opinions. Protestantism dethroned authority, both divine and human, and made an idol of every man's reason. It preached the doctrine of private judgment, and no fool failed to avail himself of the privilege of measuring all things by the feeble light of his own intelligence. Kant became a recognised teacher in Protestant England. Carlyle glorified the other German progenitors of the Superman. The

Editor of the *Times* and Lord Rosebery rose to the occasion and prated of the divine mission of the Anglo-Saxon race and advocated what Brithuns call nowadays Prussianism, just as fiercely as any Nietzsche or Bernhardt of them all. The net result of the movement was that both England and Germany became godless, material nations, having no religion higher than Utilitarianism, Rationalism, and Pragmatism. Religion became a matter of individual concern, or perhaps a thing to be decided by a Referendum of a people who have for many years been "mostly fools." Out of such insanity were born to humanity the modern monsters of Malthusianism, Christian Science, Prohibition, Secular Schools, and such other foolish things as afford a common ground for fools and bigots who wish to enforce their views on sensible people. But it is Democracy, they cry! Democracy that disregards the rights of God and man, and establishes a tyranny worse than that of the Czar, if you please; but sound, honest Democracy, never! Religious opinions, the dictates of conscience no longer matter. Dogmas and first principles must be abolished because the milkman or the chauffeur does not agree with them, and makes noise enough to persuade the Government that it is safer to support him. The rights and liberties of mankind come from God, but if a gang that follows the lead of a horsewhipped cad who is notorious as a defamer of a dead woman, wishes to abolish rights and liberties, what does God matter? A parson who has one day walked from the plough or the cart into the pulpit, a fanatic old lady who has more cash than brains secure a following, and if they only ask loudly enough the sanest laws will be abrogated in order to please them and silence them.

*

Elections are decided by the amount of pornographic literature a howling rabble can scatter among hysterical women; "literature" is equivalent to books that only a low blackguard would admit into his home; the mission of the daily press is to tell lies as boldly as Luther himself lied, and to manufacture calumny as fast as fools will swallow it. Dishonesty in trade, enormous profits, blood-money wrung from the workers and their wives and children, are the royal roads to high positions in the Empire. You can trade with the enemy in war time; you can be implicated in fraudulent companies and wild-cat schemes, but if you only make money enough you may sit at a Prime Minister's table and help him to fool the people for a short time yet. Truth does not pay; efficiency is a bar to advancement; humility is a millstone round one's neck. The liar, the perjurer, the profiteer, the brainless millionaire's sons, take the top places and eat and drink merrily at the cost of the nation over which they ride rough-shod. This is precisely the state of affairs to which Protestantism, with its German philosophy, has brought the world. To this a mad monk and a dreamer living apart from realities brought the Saxons of the Empire and their cousins of Prussia.

There is another stage in the evolution of modern society: it is the stage known as Revolution. It has come in Russia, as it came years ago in France. The conditions that led to it in both countries were exactly the same as obtain in every British country to-day. Anarchy, Bolshevism, and Reigns of Terror follow from injustice and oppression and profiteering just as inevitably as the latter follow from the denial of God and the suppression of human rights and liberties. Our Protestant parsons, our Protestant politicians, our publishers of "literature" have for the present given profiteering and plutocracy a new lease of life among us, exactly as a campaign of lies prolonged the political existence of the Monds and Speyers and Isaacs in England. But the example and the teaching of such divines also fertilised the mind of Democracy for such seeds as bore bloody fruit in France yesterday and in Russia to-day. As surely as unchivalrous foes have in the past poisoned wells of spring water, so surely have our blind guides poisoned the wells of thought, with the result that spiritual death abounds and spiritual madness is an endemic.

Chaos, cosmos, cosmos, chaos! Who can tell how all will end?

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NOTES

A Jack of all Trades

The scholars of the Middle Ages were men of study, and what books they wrote were produced slowly and as the result of deep and vast learning in at least the subject with which they dealt. Often one book was the fruit of a lifetime of labor and thought, and such a book was sent forth as nearly perfect as genius and industry could make it. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Nowadays the majority of authors throw off books as lightly as they change their hats, and it has become a rare thing to find a truly scholarly and profound work on any subject. *Timeo hominem unius libri*—I fear the man of one book—may be variously interpreted; but if it means that the man who devotes himself to the mastery of a single subject is to be respected it is a sound principle. Equally true would it be to say: *Timeo hominem plurimum librorum*—I fear the man of many books—in the sense that persons who turn out books without study and without sincerity are dangerous people. Of these the most notorious is Mr. Wells. Yesterday he gave us a novel about burglars, to-day a romance about Mars, to-morrow he publishes a study of Socialism, and for the day after he has ready a history of the universe. It goes without saying that no thinking man can pay the slightest attention to what so volatile a writer has to say on any subject; but that does not prevent the venal race of reviewers from lauding as the greatest work of the year each new business venture of Mr. Wells. With reference to his latest production, *America* says: "Many Americans are like him. But that this romancer gains acceptance as an historian is a sad commentary on American scholarship."

What Einstein Saw

The famous scientist, Einstein has visited America. When asked for his impressions this was among the things he said: "Your girls dress like aristocrats. I saw one attired in the most up-to-date style. I thought she must be the daughter of a millionaire, but she turned out to be the typist. Even your working girls dress like countesses." His observation holds good for New Zealand also. Thousands of our girls put all their earnings into clothes, often into shoddy, with disastrous moral and economical results. Their training is all in the direction of extravagance. Thrift, self-denial, foresight are forgotten; and no money is saved for a rainy day. Girls who imagine such display is likely to catch for them good husbands make a serious mistake. A sensible man thinks twice before undertaking the support of a woman whose clothes' bill is evidently of large proportions. Common sense will tell him that the fine feathers do not guarantee a fine bird, and he will look round when it comes to the selection of a partner for life for a girl to whom character means more than complexion, and who is more solicitous for the things that matter than for those that she wears. The philosophy of clothes is a subject that modern girls do not study. They are foolish if they think that the modern man neglects it as they do. Here and there one will leap in the dark, but for the one there are ten who will hesitate and weigh ways and means well before proposing to a girl who carries all her worldly goods on her back. Hence, some unhappy marriages and many late marriages. In the old days of long ago when children were trained to honor their parents an appeal to fathers and mothers might be effective; now the girl with the latch-key who reads books which she does not consider fit for mother is beyond parental control and, like thrift, reverence, manners, and morals are considered old-fashioned.

Novel-Reading

We remember the time when it was considered "fast" to read a novel with a yellow back. We remember when Miss Braddon was near the edge and

Ouida beyond it. There was no self-respecting woman then who would read books such as girls read nowadays without scruple if not without sin. Times have changed and not for the better. Yet, it is unwise to condemn novels too sweepingly. Like most things, there are good and bad novels and a reader of sound judgment and good taste will know where to draw the line between them. First of all it ought not be forgotten that Catholics are forbidden by the law of the Church as well as by the law of nature to read obscene works. In the next place, they are forbidden to read books that are likely to prove a source of temptation for them. And what is dangerous for one may not be at all dangerous for another. Persons who can read objectively and with a detached mind may well read books which would be fraught with danger for persons of a neurotic disposition. No general rule can be laid down regarding books that treat of sex, but it is safe to say that as a rule they are not worth reading by those who might safely read them, and for others they are not to be recommended. It used to be the custom to denounce "penny dreadfuls." We could never see very much wrong in them. It is not the stories of Deadwood Dick and of Colorado Pete that do the harm. They merely fascinate the minds of the young much as a good detective story fascinates their elders, and as far as our memory serves us they are at least clean. Certainly, compared with the daily papers they are admirable. Contrasted with the works of certain female writers of to-day they are positively edifying. And, with all due respect be it said, apart from style, they are in the same class as many romances by writers of good repute, such as R. L. Stevenson and Rider Haggard. One class of novels may be recommended safely. The following extract from the Bombay *Examiner* deals clearly with them:

"There are novels whose chief aim is to portray the character and conduct of human beings as such. These are perhaps the highest form of novel-writing. The theme must be something serious and worth while, the characters true to life, the ethical issue elevating and instructive. Without assuming the character of a sermon or moral treatise, they skilfully serve the purpose of one; presenting the virtues and vices in concrete lives, and making one feel the attractiveness of the one and the repulsiveness of the other, thus doing us good in an unobtrusive and welcome way, under cover of entertainment which refreshes and amuses us at the same time."

As a general rule for guidance the same writer says:

"In the selection of novels, therefore, I would recommend the reader to select such books as give ethical or informational or moral value combined with healthy entertainment. Still I would never wish to exclude any story or novel which is merely entertaining in the way of clean sensationalism or healthy amusement; books which contain the weird and uncanny, such as ghosts and magic; the fascination of a tangled plot; the gruesome sensationalism of crimes, such as murder, robbery or fraud; hair's breadth escapes and the like."

Lastly, he adds:

"I do not condemn these things, but define their functions. They are like pegs and cock-tails, concentrated stimulants at the time, but of no permanent value."

Hence, while reading of such books as *San Celestino*, *When We Were Boys*, or *Loss and Gain* is to be recommended, it would be wrong to condemn temperate indulgence in Sherlock Holmes and the novels of William Le Queux. One thing that we can recommend with certainty is the cultivation of the reading habit, even if only novels be read. It is a remedy against idleness and as such invaluable.

For the first time since before the war, Mass was celebrated at the High Altar of the Cathedral at Verdun on June 23. Former President Poincaré attended the services which were held in commemoration of the battle of Verdun.

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CONGRATULATIONS

It is with unfeigned pride and satisfaction we offer our congratulations to the *Otago Daily Times*, on attaining its sixtieth birthday. Sixty years is a long period in newspaper life, and no journal reaches that venerable age unless it has made itself a literary necessity to the community. The discerning public of this province would not have supported the *Times* so loyally and so long had they not found in its columns the light and guidance that well-edited papers undertake to furnish. Newspaper men take a professional pride in the advances made in journalism, and the literary achievements of one journal shed a reflected glory upon all. It was, therefore, with keen satisfaction we read on November 15 the encomiums pronounced by our public men upon the valuable work done for New Zealand by the *Times* during its sixty years, and we wish to echo the words of praise bestowed upon the past and present heads of its several departments.

At such a time in its long history, no discordant note should be heard in the chorus of congratulations. Hence, we wish to remember only the happy occasions when we saw big issues eye-to-eye with it and when the powerful daily magnanimously supported the few against the many.

No student of Otago's past can ignore the materials for history in the columns of our jubilarian. The *Times* has watched this province almost since Otago was in swaddling-clothes and has recorded faithfully every development that gave Otago its pride of place in New Zealand.

The Diamond Jubilee issue of last Tuesday is a literary triumph of which any newspaper might well be proud and, of itself, forms a document that is no small contribution to the history of Otago. To all who have taken part in making the *Otago Daily Times* the great organ that it now is, we tender our sincere congratulations.

EDITORIAL NOTE

In connection with the present visit of his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate to the Dominion, a special illustrated supplement to the *Tablet* will be presented next week. This issue will have particular reference to Christchurch, and will contain a full report of Archbishop Cattaneo's visit to that city. In due course similar supplements will be issued having reference to his Excellency's visit to Wellington and Auckland. The whole series, when complete, will form an admirable souvenir of one of the most important events in the history of the Church in this Dominion.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The members of St. Joseph's Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society gratefully acknowledge the receipt of £1 from a friend at Lawrence.

St. Joseph's Cathedral parish committee of the Catholic Federation met at St. Joseph's Hall on last Sunday evening after devotions, the president (Very Rev. Father Coffey) presiding. It was arranged to make a final effort on next Sunday and the Sunday following to complete the membership enrolment for the year.

The heads of the various stalls in connection with the projected carnival in aid of the building fund for the extension of the St. Vincent de Paul Orphanage, South Dunedin, are busily engaged planning money-getting schemes to assist the candidature of their respective selections for the "Queen of the Carnival" competition. The functions so far arranged will provide a variety of entertainment, and cover a wide range of carefully-thought-out events.

A meeting of Christian Brothers' old boys was held in the assembly hall of the Christian Brothers' School on Tuesday last to organise the old boys' activities in connection with the forthcoming monster fair in aid of St. Vincent de Paul's Orphanage. Rev. Brother Bowler (principal of the school), who presided, expressed his pleasure at the representative attendance, and said that he felt proud to think that the old boys were willing to take a share in the raising of funds for such a worthy object. After a free discussion as to the best means to forward the movement, a strong committee, with Messrs. D. Keys and A. Tarleton as secretaries, was appointed to carry on the work. The stall will be in charge of Mesdames G. F. Baker, E. J. O'Neill, A. J. Hall, and M. J. Hade. Among the early

activities of the old boys is the promotion of a moonlight marine excursion fixed for December 14, and a garden party to be held in the beautiful grounds of Mr. S. Solomon, Belleknoves.

By kind permission of Sir Benjamin and Mr. John Fuller, a monster charity matinee will be given in the Princess Theatre on Wednesday afternoon, December 7, in aid of the St. Vincent de Paul's Orphanage, South Dunedin. This benefit is being given in connection with the refreshment stall at the forthcoming carnival. An elaborate programme will be contributed to by the principal Fuller's artists and leading local performers. Tickets are now on sale, and it is fully anticipated that a very large number of sympathisers with the worthy object in view will avail themselves of the opportunity of being present at this unique entertainment.

The gift afternoon held at St. Vincent's Orphanage, South Dunedin, on Saturday last was a wonderful success, despite the fact that the weather was not all that could be desired. The splendid spirit of Christian charity displayed by the good people of Dunedin and suburbs and other parts of the diocese was beyond all praise. In these trying days of financial depression their generosity is doubly appreciated by the Sisters of Mercy. Many and varied were the gifts brought and sent by the never-failing friends of the orphans. To one and all the Sisters of Mercy desire to tender their sincere thanks.

VISIT OF THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

(Concluded from page 23.)

people conversing here and there, while the orchestra played their part. An excellent afternoon tea was served in a marquee, and a pleasant function ended about 5 o'clock.

Evening Ceremony

The Church of the Sacred Heart was crowded in the evening when Pontifical Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Archbishop Cattaneo. Afterwards he addressed the congregation, and imparted the Papal blessing. In a short address Bishop Brodie said that he had been to Timaru on a good many occasions, but that had been the greatest one of all. The Bishop expressed his sincere recognition of what the priests and the people had done to give Archbishop Cattaneo a fitting welcome, and also referred in high terms to what had been done by the Sisters and Brothers. In conclusion Bishop Brodie said that his Excellency keenly felt the extreme warmth of his reception in Timaru. Archbishop Cattaneo then thanked the people whole-heartedly for the great reception they had given him as the Apostolic Delegate. He would be back in Rome again in about six months, and he would not forget to mention to the Holy Father the fealty of the people of the Church in Timaru.

The ceremony was a most impressive one throughout, and music appropriate to the occasion was given by the choir. Mrs. T. W. Lynch sang Mangos's "Ave Maria" very effectively.

Visit to the Schools

On Saturday morning Archbishop Cattaneo, accompanied by Bishop Brodie and the local clergy, visited the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and the children of the parochial schools.

At the convent the reception hall was effectively decorated with oaten sheaves to represent the Parable of the Sower. The grain which fell by the wayside on thorny ground, stony ground and on good ground was represented in each case by two children. The scene was a particularly telling one in its setting, and a choir of the pupils occupied the background. A fine programme was presented, which included a quartette, welcome chorus, and dialogue. An address was presented to the Archbishop, and a hymn terminated an interesting ceremony.

The boys and girls of the two parish schools assembled in the main room of the girls' school, which had been nicely decorated for the occasion, and on the arrival of Archbishop Cattaneo and the clerical party, the children sang a song of welcome. A short musical programme followed, the boys singing "List to the Convent Bells," while as a combined chorus "Ring Out Wild Bells" was given. Another notable item was the recital of "St. Peter's Chair" by five girls. Lawrie Daly made a little speech of welcome on behalf of the scholars.

His Excellency thanked the children for their hearty receptions, and expressed his pleasure at the arrangements which had been made in his honor.

Archbishop Cattaneo left for Temuka at noon.

DEATHS

O'BOYLE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Hilda, dearly loved wife of John O'Boyle, jnr. (nee Hilda Treacy), of Lakeside, who died at Lewisham Hospital on October 31, 1921.—R.I.P.

SLOWEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Annie Maud Slowey, wife of Edward Slowey (N.Z.R.), and youngest daughter of Mr. P. Carmody, Grey Lynn, Auckland, who died at Paekakariki on October 15, 1921; aged 35 years.—Oh, Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

JOYCE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Marguerita Mary Joyce, dearly loved youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Joyce, who died at West Plains, Southland, on November 2, 1921; aged 24 years.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

IN MEMORIAM

McKAY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Maud Teresa McKay (nee Parker), who died at Christchurch on November 19, 1920.—Jesus mercy, Mary help!—Inserted by her sorrowing husband.

WILLIAMS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Richard Williams, who died at Temuka on November 20, 1918.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his sorrowing wife and daughter.

WOODS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of my husband, G. W. Woods, who died at Invercargill, November 18, 1918.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on him.

SMALL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Kate Small, who died at Ohangai, on November 23, 1918.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

QUINN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John, dearly loved husband of Margaret Quinn, who died at Temuka on November 18, 1918.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

HESLIN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Bessie Heslin, who died at Matura on November 19, 1918.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

MACLACHLAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Katherine Cecelia MacLachlan, who died on November 24, 1918.—Eternal rest grant unto her, Oh, Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon her.—May she rest in peace.—Amen.

SULLIVAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James Sullivan, who died on November 19, 1918.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

GRAHAM.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Thomas Graham, who died at Auckland on November 16, 1918.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

TABOR.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Helena Tabor, who died at Palmerston North on November 16, 1918.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by her sorrowing mother and sister.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Kindly permit me to thank kind friends (lay and clerical), for their generous sympathy on the occasion of the death of my beloved mother.

Yours sincerely,
(Rev.) N. MOORE.

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Invercargill.

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ISLAND BAY, WELLINGTON.

The ANNUAL SPIRITUAL RETREAT FOR LADIES (given by a Jesuit Father) will begin at 6 p.m. on FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, and end on the morning of WEDNESDAY, 18th.

By applying in time to the Reverend Mother Superior, ladies wishing to make the Retreat can obtain accommodation at the Convent. A special invitation is not necessary.

A SPIRITUAL RETREAT FOR LADIES

will begin at St. Patrick's Dominican Convent, Teschemakers, on December 27.

The Director of the Retreat will be Rev. Father Vincent, S.M.

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

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Dear Friend,—Our Missions have suffered severely financially through war, famine, and disease. The distress and poverty existing in some of our Missions are heart-rending. As cash is hard to procure, we ask all charitable persons to gather and send to us all the cancelled stamps they can. The stamps thrown away daily in a large city would keep a Mission for a whole year. These should be sent to Mr. Bert Gallien, Chemist, North-east Valley, Dunedin, who has been appointed agent for New Zealand, and thus save excessive charges now being made (to the mission) on small parcels of stamps sent direct.

Sincerely in Christ,
(Rev.) HENRY WESTROPP, S.J.

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

PERIOD FROM OCTOBER 15 TO 21.

PERIOD FROM OCTOBER 22 TO NOVEMBER 3, 1921.

AUCKLAND AND HAWKE'S BAY.

Rev. M. M., Onehunga, 30/10/22; Mrs. K., c/o. M. M., Onehunga, 23/11/22; Rev. Z., Whangarei, 30/9/22; A. E. McM., Hotel, Whangarei, 15/11/22; J. R., Mt. Eden Rd., Auckland, 23/10/22; J. McC., Te Mata, 30/9/22; Mrs. C., Te Hoiwai, 30/10/22; W. H. Weber, Dannevirke, 30/3/22; M. S., Te Mahanga, 8/11/22; M. J. M., Keddell St., Frankton Junction, 30/10/22; G. D., Nuhaka, 23/4/22; E. O'C., Trafalgar St., Onehunga, 15/10/22; E. H., Curran St., Auckland, 30/9/22; Mrs. P. Box 314, Hastings, 30/10/22; F. G. J. T., Railway, Maungaturoto, 30/9/22; A. J. K. Nurses Bureau, Napier, 23/6/22; M. H., Pukekohe, 30/9/22; J. O., Kenneth Av., Morningside, 23/4/22; E. McK., Cr. London & Victoria Sts., Hamilton, 15/8/19; Rev. K., Hokiang, 23/10/22; H. C. McC., Sylvan Rd., Hastings, 8/11/21; M. C., Albert St., Onehunga, 30/4/22; T. H., Taradale, 15/11/20; J. A. G., Hastings, 30/9/22; Mrs. F., Eden Vale Rd., Mt. Eden, 30/9/22; Rev. K., Box 38, Takapau, 23/4/22; P. J. N., Grey St., Auckland, 15/5/22; W. Y. D., E. Queen St., Hastings, 30/9/22; Rev. J. O'B., Onehunga, 30/9/21; D. T., Kaitieke, 30/9/23; Mrs. S., Tennyson St., Napier, 30/4/22; R. M., Tennyson St., Napier, 30/10/22; G. D., Hyderabad Rd., Napier, 30/4/22; P. M., Taradale St., Napier, 30/4/22; J. B., Kennedy Rd., Napier 30/4/22; G. B. A., Kennedy Rd., Napier, 30/4/22; C. B., Kennedy Rd., Napier, 30/4/22; E. G. H., Kennedy Rd., Napier, 30/1/22; J. F., Hastings St., Napier, 30/9/22; D. O'K., Marine Parade, Napier, 30/10/22; Mrs. McC., Carlyle St., Napier, 23/8/19; Mrs. B., Munroe St., Napier, 30/10/22; Mrs. D., Hastings St., Napier, 15/11/20; E. D. C., Emmerson St., Napier, 30/10/22; W. J. M., McVay St., Napier, 30/4/22; W. H., McVay St., Napier, 30/10/22; P. S., McDonald Street, Napier, 30/4/22; J. S., Bowen St., Napier, 30/10/22; T. K., Vautier St., Napier, 30/4/22; C. McL., Chaucer Rd., Napier, 30/10/22; J. A., Edward St., Napier, 23/2/22; J. R. A., Nelson Crescent, Napier, 15/10/22; J. W. C., Corry Av., Napier, 30/4/22; J. M., Carlyle St., Napier, 30/4/22; Miss B., Shakespeare Rd., Napier, 30/1/22.

WELLINGTON AND TARANAKI.

M. S., Adelaide Rd., Wgton., 30/7/22; J. W., Balance, 30/9/22; W. Q., Box 849, Wgton., 30/9/22; C. P. C., Kanonga, 30/9/22; T. T., Oxford St., Levin, 30/9/22; J. L. C., Liverpool St., Wanganui, 30/9/22; M. M., Taihape, 15/6/21; R. D., Empire Hotel, Wgton., 30/10/22; J. C., Police Station, Palmerston North, 8/9/22; E. B., Box 8, Waverley, 30/10/22; F. W. O., Waverley, 30/10/22; J. L., Waitatara, 30/4/22; P. D., Egmont St., Patea, 30/10/22; J. L., Clarendon Hotel, Waverley, 30/10/22; J. B., Egmont St., Patea, 30/10/22; D. M., Central Hotel, Patea, 30/10/22; J. B., Whenuakura, Patea, 30/10/22; J. L., Kakaramea Hotel, Patea, 30/4/22; P. T., Whenuakura, 30/10/22; D. C., Middlesex St., Patea, 30/4/22; D. P., Patea, 30/4/22; T. D. M., Egmont St., Patea, 30/1/22; S. W., Albion Hotel, Patea, 30/10/22; Mrs. E., Egmont St., Patea, 30/9/22; M. C., West End Store, Hawera, 30/4/22; P. O'D., Solicitor, Hawera, 30/5/20; J. B. N., Victoria St., Hawera, 30/10/22; L. O. H., Box 99, Hawera, 30/10/22; C. T., South Rd., Hawera, 30/10/22; H. C. McC., Argyle St., Hawera, 30/4/22; W. B., Wilson St., Hawera, 30/4/22; J. B., Vogel St., Hawera, 30/10/22; Mrs. G., Royal Hotel, Hawera, 30/10/22; P. J. M., Police Station, Hawera, 30/10/22; A. E. H., Buckle St., Wgton., 15/4/22; C. S., Box 109, Hawera, 30/10/22; C. R., Ohakune, 8/10/22; Mrs. W., Alhambra Hotel, Wgton., 23/11/23; T. M., Seddon St., Aramoho, 30/10/22; Mrs. R., Awatea St., Aramoho, 30/10/22; Mrs. R., Awatea St., Ohakune, 30/10/22; P. K., Washington Av., Brooklyn, 23/4/22; S. M. G., Convent, Ohakune, 15/11/22; F. D., Kaimata,

G. McM., Owen St., Newtown, 15/1/22; Mrs. S., Salisbury Terrace, Wgton., 15/10/22; C. H., Pirie St., Wgton., 8/10/22; Mrs. K., Wanganui, 30/10/22; Mrs. D., Hargreaves St., Wgton., 30/4/22; D. B., Contractor, Campbell Terrace, Petone, 8/10/22; M. H., Cr. Church & Alexander Sts., Palmerston North, 15/9/22; E. O. M., Nelson St., Wanganui, 15/4/22; J. H., Broad St., Palmerston North, 30/9/22; M. O'H., Masonic Hotel, Palmerston North, 15/10/22; T. B., Tonks Grove, Wgton., 30/10/22; J. G., Porirua, 15/4/22; E. T., P.O., Hawera, 30/9/22; T. P., Clive St., Nolaustown, Hawera, 30/4/22; W. M., St. George St., Hawera, 30/4/22; W. C., High St., Hawera, 30/1/22; M. B., Egmont Hotel, Hawera, 30/4/22; J. A. C., Box 87, Hawera, 30/4/22; J. M. N., Box 39, Hawera, 30/10/22; J. P., High St., Hawera, 30/4/22; R. F., Empire Hotel, Hawera, 30/4/22; T. G., Egmont Hotel, Hawera, 30/10/22; M. L., Egmont Hotel, Hawera, 30/10/22; T. B., Campbell St., Hawera, 30/10/22; G. V., Disraeli Street, Hawera, 30/10/22; J. E. O'S., Ohangai, 30/10/22; P. S., Ohangai, 8/11/22; J. O'C., Railway Station, Hawera, 30/10/22; D. H. E., Disraeli St., Hawera, 30/4/22; D. M., Waihi Rd., Hawera, 30/1/22; M. A. B., Box 122, Hawera, 30/9/22; A. T. S., Morrissey St., Hawera, 30/10/22; E. T., Box 151, Hawera, 30/10/22; J. J. G., Cambria St., Hawera, 30/4/22.

CANTERBURY AND WEST COAST.

W. J. C., Warrington St., St. Albans, 23/9/22; P. McD., Armagh St., Chch., 30/10/22; P. S., Sutherlands, 15/10/22; M. J. B., Ohapuka, 23/4/22; J. B., Highbanks, 30/9/22; D. C., Mayfield, Ashburton, 15/3/22; J. McC., Hastings St., Sydenham, 30/4/22; J. R., Cameron St., W. Ashburton, 30/10/22; P. W., Peel St., Westport, 8/9/23; J. T., Bankside, Rakaia, 30/9/22; T. E. B., Manchester St., Chch., 8/4/22; Mrs. H., Box 50, Greymouth, 30/9/22; T. Bros., Morven, 30/9/22; P. T., Co. T. Bros., Morven, 30/7/21; D. S., Coal Merchant, Greymouth, 30/9/22; W. B., Wilkie St., Temuka, 30/11/22; E. McC., West St., Ashburton, 30/9/22; P. B., Mt. Fife, Kaikoura, 15/1/21; A. McD., York St., Timaru, 15/10/22; D. M., Fairlie, 30/9/22; P. M., Hook, Makikihi, 30/9/22; I. C. O'C., St. Andrews, 30/9/22; Mr. G., Division Rd., Lr. Riccarton, 30/9/22; D. Bros., Herbert St., Greymouth, 30/9/22; J. B., Colombo Rd., South Chch., 30/9/22; M. O'C., Adair, 15/11/22; P. H., Holmes St., Waimate, 30/3/22; J. M., Waitohi, 30/10/22; P. McK., Sherbourne St., St. Albans, 8/3/23; G. O., Queen St., Westport, 8/11/22; A. O'B., North Rd., Waimate, 30/10/22; G. F. B., Police Station, Dunollie, 8/4/22; W. G., Co. Harbour Board, Greymouth, 30/9/22.

OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.

Mrs. N., P.O. Lawrence, 30/9/22; Mrs. G., Halfway Bush, 30/9/22; Mrs. S., MacLaggan St., Dn., 30/9/22; A. G., St. Bathans, 8/11/22; J. R., Chambers St., N.E.V., 30/3/22; B. F., Store, Ophir, 30/9/22; T. McL., Kauroo Hill, Maheno, 30/9/22; D. O'B., Clifden, 30/10/22; D. D., Co. Dr. Y., Don St., Infill, 15/4/22; P. C., Mataura, 30/9/22; F. D., Longbush, 30/10/22; J. C., Oamaru St., Oamaru, 8/10/22; M. & E. S., Aln St., Oamaru, 15/10/22; M. C., Eden St., Oamaru, 15/10/22; P. R., Abbeyvale, Oreti, 30/10/22; J. McD., Bald Hill Flat, 30/9/22; D. McC., Young St., St. Kilda, 8/3/22; C. K., Waimatuku, 30/9/22; T. M. C., Leven St., Roslyn, 30/9/22; M. B. B., Seaciff, 30/3/23; W. H., Makarewa, 8/9/22; T. S., Windsor, 8/12/22; J. H., Arun St., Oamaru, 30/10/22; E. F., Dunback, 30/9/22; J. F., Ota Creek, 30/9/22; S. S. S., Princes St., Infill, 8/10/22; T. N., Chesnev St., South Infill, 30/9/22; J. G., Anderson's Bay Rd., Dn., 8/3/22; J. C., Dunearn, Winton, 30/10/22; T. K., c/o. C. T., Milburn, 8/5/22; M. F., King Edward Rd., Sth. Dn., 30/9/22; M. H., Ellis Rd., Infill, 30/10/22.

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St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney

CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS.

The celebrations in connection with the centenary of St. Mary's Cathedral, which concluded on Monday last (says the *Catholic Press* for October 27), will be recorded as one of the brightest pages in the history of the Catholic Church in Australia. Never before has there been such a brilliant and distinguished gathering in Sydney of prelates and clergy from all parts of the Commonwealth and New Zealand as that which assisted in the memorable centenary celebrations. Never before has the mother Church of Australia witnessed more inspiring scenes. Huge and devout congregations attended all the ceremonies at the Cathedral, which commenced on Friday morning, and concluded on Monday morning, when his Grace the Archbishop of Sydney pontificated at a Solemn Requiem for all the benefactors of St. Mary's during the past hundred years.

The prelates and clergy who attended the memorable celebration included his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, his Grace the Archbishop of Sydney, his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne (Most Rev. Dr. Mannix), his Grace the Archbishop of Brisbane (Most Rev. Dr. Duhig), his Grace the Archbishop of Adelaide (Most Rev. Dr. Spence), his Grace the Archbishop of Perth (Most Rev. Dr. Clune), his Grace the Archbishop of Wellington, N.Z. (Most Rev. Dr. Redwood), his Grace the Coadjutor-Archbishop of Hobart (Most Rev. Dr. Barry), his Lordship the Bishop of Armidale (Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor), his Lordship the Bishop of Goulburn (Right Rev. Dr. Gallagher), his Lordship the Bishop of Lismore (Right Rev. Dr. Carroll), his Lordship the Bishop of Maitland (Right Rev. Dr. P. V. Dwyer), his Lordship the Bishop of Wilcannia-Forbes (Right Rev. Dr. Hayden), his Lordship the Bishop of Wagga Wagga (Right Rev. Dr. J. W. Dwyer), his Lordship the Bishop of Bathurst (Right Rev. Dr. O'Farrell, C.M.), his Lordship the Bishop of Rockhampton (Right Rev. Dr. Shiel), his Lordship the Vicar-Apostolic of Cooktown (Right Rev. Dr. Heavey, O.S.A.), his Lordship the Bishop of Dunedin (Right Rev. Dr. Whyte), his Lordship the Bishop of Ballarat (Right Rev. Dr. Foley), his Lordship the Bishop of Sandhurst (Right Rev. Dr. McCarthy), the Bishop of Port Augusta (Right Rev. Dr. Norton), the Right Rev. Monsignor P. L. Coonou, P.P., V.G., Right Rev. Monsignor J. P. Moynagh, P.P., V.F., Rev. Mgr. J. O'Gorman, P.P., Right Rev. Mgr. H. McDermott, P.P., Right Rev. Mgr. P. Byrne, P.P., Right Rev. Mgr. J. Collins, P.P. (Archpriest), Right Rev. Mgr. O'Haran, Right Rev. Mgr. Hayden (President of St. Patrick's College, Manly), Right Rev. Mgr. T. King, Very Rev. Fathers Malachy (Provincial of the Passionist Fathers), Bertrand (Superior of the Passionist Fathers), J. Chevreuil (Provincial of the Marist Fathers), J. Barry, Adm. (St. Patrick's Melbourne), Very Rev. Dean Carey, P.P., Very Rev. Dr. M. J. O'Reilly, C.M. (Rector, St. John's College, within the University), Very Rev. Fathers W. J. Lockington (Provincial of the Jesuit Fathers), F. S. McNamara (Commissary-Provincial of the Franciscan Fathers), P. Cullen (Provincial of the Vincentians), A. Perkins (Provincial of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart), Rev. Dr. Kelly (Editor of the *N.Z. Tablet*), and clergy from various parts of the Commonwealth, Tasmania, and New Zealand.

Friday Morning's Ceremonies

His Grace the Archbishop of Sydney presided at High Mass at 10 o'clock on Friday morning. The celebrant was his Grace the Archbishop of Adelaide (Most Rev. Dr. Spence). He was assisted by the Very Rev. Dean Carey, Adm. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne); the deacon was Rev. J. Cleary, and the sub-deacon, Rev. F. O'Toole (students from St. Patrick's College, Manly). Rev. Father P. Crowley was master of ceremonies, and he was assisted by Rev. J. Morrissey and Rev. J. Gellie (St. Patrick's College, Manly). His Grace the Archbishop was attended at the throne by the Very Rev. Father P. Cullen, C.M., Very Rev. Father Treacy, C.S.S.R., and Rev. Father P. B. Kennedy, O.F.M.

A choir of 150 voices, under the direction of Mr. John B. Doyle, sang Beethoven's Mass in C, with orchestral accompaniment. Miss Winifred Howard (soprano), Miss

Addie Macinnes (contralto), Mr. Edmund O'Ryan (tenor), and Mr. H. Cosgrove were the soloists. At the Offertory, Mr. Cosgrove sang Neukmon's "Confirma Hoc Deus," which the late Mr. F. J. Hallewell sang in the Cathedral on the opening day. In addition to the Mass music, the choir was heard in Stadler's "Ecce Sacerdos," and in the Handel "Hallelujah Chorus." The Intriot, Gradual and Communion, were Gregorian. Mr. H. B. Dawkins was at the organ, and Mr. W. J. Grieve was the leader of the orchestra. Signor Pagnotti, the flautist, was one of the players at the Triduum under the late John A. Delany in 1882.

Father Thorry and Pioneer Priests.

Taking as his text "Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit" (John xii., xxiv), his Grace the Archbishop of Perth (Most Rev. Dr. Clune) delivered a masterly discourse on the pioneer priests of Australia.

Saturday Morning's Ceremony

At 10 o'clock on Saturday, his Lordship the Bishop of Maitland (Right Rev. Dr. P. V. Dwyer) pontificated at Solemn High Mass. The Archbishop of Sydney presided, being assisted at the throne by the Very Rev. Father Dunne, P.P. V.F., and Very Rev. Father Perkins, M.S.H.; Very Rev. Father P. B. Kennedy, O.F.M., was assistant-priest at the throne. His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate occupied the throne on the Epistle side of the sanctuary, and was attended by Rev. Father Gatzemeyer and Rev. Father P. Piquet, S.M. The deacon was Rev. V. Cleary; Rev. J. McGovern, sub-deacon; and Rev. Father P. Crowley, master of ceremonies.

The sermon was preached by the Most Rev. Dr. Barry, Coadjutor-Archbishop of Hobart. Choosing the following text, "When your children shall ask you what mean these stones, you will answer them that they were set as a monument of the children of Israel for ever" (Book of Joshua, 4th chapter, 6th verse), he spoke at length on the subject of the centenary of St. Mary's.

Sunday's Ceremonies

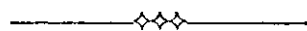
Sunday was the really big day of the celebrations. An immense congregation filled the stately Cathedral at 11 o'clock, when his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate celebrated Pontifical High Mass, with the Rev. Father R. Collender, P.P., as assistant priest. The deacon was the Rev. M. Morrissey, and the sub-deacon, Rev. J. Leonard. His Grace the Archbishop of Sydney presided, and was attended at his throne by the Very Rev. Father W. J. Lockington, S.J., and the Very Rev. Father P. Treand, M.S.H. The assistant deacons of the Mass were the Rev. Dr. Farrelly and the Rev. Father Gatzemeyer. Rev. Father P. Crowley was master of ceremonies, assisted by Rev. O. Steele and Rev. T. Considine. The procession from the presbytery, around the Cathedral, to the College street entrance, in which archbishops, bishops, prelates, priests, and Papal knights took part, was very imposing.

After the Gospel, his Grace the Archbishop of Brisbane preached on the text: "Lift up thy eyes round about and see. All these are gathered together; they are come to thee. . . Thou shalt be clothed with all these as with an ornament; and as a bride thou shalt put them about thee." (Isaiah, c. 49, v. 18.) The theme of his fine discourse being the religious progress of one hundred years.

The Cathedral was again crowded in the evening, when his Grace the Archbishop of Sydney gave Pontifical Vespers. The assistant priest was Rev. Father Gatzemeyer; the assistant deacon, Rev. J. Leonard, and Rev. J. Gellie. Rev. Father P. Crowley was master of ceremonies, assisted by Manly students.

Rev. Father J. Egan preached the sermon. Taking for his text: "Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed, because He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and holy is His name." (Luke 1, 48-49.)

In conclusion of the ceremonies in connection with the greatest commemoration in the history of Australasia, the choir rendered Romberg's "Te Deum."



Our Lord has for us a love so unsearchable, so tender, that He wishes us to share in all He does. The Creator of the Universe awaits the prayer of a poor soul to save a multitude of other souls, ransomed, like her, at the price of His Blood.—The Little Flower.

Our Sports Summary

AUCKLAND.

The following were the results of the various events in connection with the Sacred Heart College annual sports, held on the 29th ult.:—

Senior Cup Events.—Senior Marathon (5 miles)—E. Leydon, 4½m. 1; P. Delehanty, 5m. 2; R. Nightingale, 2m. 3. R. Nightingale fastest time, 30m 50s. Broad Jump—W. Kalaugher, ser. 1; T. Vangioni, ser. 2; C. O'Regan, ser. 3. Distance, 18ft 2½in. High Jump—W. Kalaugher, ser. 1; R. Lander, ser. 2; C. O'Regan, ser. 3. Height, 5ft 2in. 50yds.—E. Reid, 3yds, 1; T. Lanigan, 4yds, 2; E. Stone, 4yds, 3. Time, 6s. 100yds.—E. Reid, 4yds, 1; J. Fox, 5yds, 2; E. Griffin, ser. 3. Time, 10 2-5s. 220yds.—J. Dunbier, 7yds, 1; E. Griffin, ser. 2; E. Reid, 5yds, 3. Time, 24 2-5s, is a record put up by E. Griffin. 440yds.—E. Reid, 15yds, 1; W. Kalaugher, ser. 2; R. Lander, ser. 3. Time, 54 2-5s. 880yds.—C. Nicholls, 12yds, 1; W. Kalaugher, ser. 2; A. McMahon, 20yds, 3. Time, 2m 12 2-5s—a college record. One Mile—A. McMahon, 50yds, 1; C. Nicholls, ser. 2; P. Kennedy, 80yds, 3. Time, 5m 12 2-5s—a college record by C. Nicholls. 120yds Hurdles—R. Lander, ser. 1; C. O'Regan, ser. 2; W. O'Connor, 6yds, 3. Time, 16 1-5s—a college record.

Junior Cup Events.—Junior Marathon (4 miles)—J. Hannan, 3m. 1; W. O'Regan, 3m. 2; M. Hannan, 3m. 3; R. Keenan, fastest time, 25m 49s. High Jump—W. Miller, ser. 1; A. Boyd, ser. 2. Height, 4ft 5in. Broad Jump—W. Miller, ser. 1; W. Levin, ser. 2; R. Keenan, 3. Distance, 15ft 6in. 50yds.—W. Miller, ser. 1; W. Walsh, 4yds, 2; A. Bailey, 1yd, 3. Time, 6 1-5s. 100yds.—W. Miller, ser. 1; A. Bailey, 3yds, 2; W. Levin, ser. 3. Time, 12s. 220yds.—W. Miller, ser. 1; W. Levin, ser. 2; J. Farrell, 5yds, 3. Time, 27 1-5s. 440yds.—R. Keenan, ser. 1; W. Levin, ser. 2; J. Porteous, 9yds, 3. Time, 62 2-5s. 880yds.—R. Keenan, ser. 1; W. Levin, ser. 2; G. Hannan, 8yds, 3. Time, 2m 30s. 880yds (walk)—W. Miller, ser. 1; B. McGuire, 20yds, 2; W. O'Regan, 15yds, 3. Time, 4m 18 2-5s. 120yds Hurdles—W. Levin, ser. 1; W. O'Regan, 3yds, 2; A. Boyd, 6yds, 3. Time, 21 2-5s.

Open and Non-Cup Events.—Throwing the Cricket Ball—E. Reid, ser. 1. Distance, 103yds 2ft. Putting the Shot—R. Lander, ser. 1. Distance, 35ft 4in. Senior Half-mile Walk—L. Foley, 60yds, 1; R. Nightingale, 75yds, 2. Time, 3m. 25 2-5s. Junior Manx Race (75yds)—W. O'Regan and R. P. Smyth, 2yds, 1; J. Hand and J. Sheridan, 2yds, 2; C. Burke and F. Parata, 10yds, 3. Senior Manx Race (75yds)—C. Stone and W. Wright, 3yds, 1; D. Franklin and T. Vangioni, 3yds, 2; E. Reid and F. Molloy, ser. 3. Stepping the Chain (22yds)—E. Tobin, 1; H. Stowes, 2. Exact distance. Thread-the-Needle Race—Form IV.b (T. Vangioni), 1; Form IV.a (G. O'Farrell), 2; Form VI.b (E. Griffin), 3. Junior Relay Race (560 yds)—Standard VI.a, ser. 1; Standard Va, ser. 2; Standard VIc, 15yds, 3. Senior Relay Race—Form Va, 3yds, 1; Form VIa, ser. 2; Form IVb, 7yds, 3. Time, 1m 4 1-5s. 50yds Committee Race—E. Reid, 2yds, 1; E. Griffin, ser. and W. O'Connor, 4yds, 2. Time, 5 3-5s. 50yds Old Boys' Dash—M. Flynn, 1; M. Hatton, 2; L. Gunn, 3. Time, 6 2-5s. Small Boys' Race (50yds)—A. McDonald, 1; C. Burke and F. Parata, 2.

The cricket season for the Auckland secondary schools was opened on a recent Saturday, when Sacred Heart College made a good start. Two matches were played against King's College, both of which were won by the Sacred Heart College. In the higher grade Sacred Heart College made 73 for 9 wickets in answer to King's total of 61. For the winners W. Smyth (16 not out) played a good innings, as did F. Terry (15 not out), while T. Lanigan scored 15. Con O'Regan secured 6 wickets for 26, and W. Kalaugher 4 for 27. S.H.C. junior team also did well, for they dismissed King's for 27, thanks to W. Levin, who secured 5 wickets for 8, and E. Leydon, 4 for 7. S.H.C. scored 88, towards which W. Muir (20), Dunbier (15), T. Vangioni (14), and W. Flynn (11) were the chief contributors. Playing in the grade cricket, S.H.C. junior team was also victorious in their match against Onehunga. Onehunga made 69 and 64, and the college boys 88 and 61. For the college the best work with the bat was done by B. White (43 and 12) and T. Vangioni (23), and with the ball by J. McMahon who bagged 10 wickets for 39, L. Moore four for 28, and T. Vangioni five for 14. Playing in the second grade of the Auckland Association, the college senior team made a good start for the season. They are playing the University team, which by the way, is captained by Stan Johnston, an ex-captain of the college team of 1914-15. University

were dismissed for 20 in the first innings, and 62 in the second. Sacred Heart College made 48 in the first innings, and were to have the second innings on the following Saturday. E. Reid, of the Sacred Heart College, was in great form with the ball. He got 7 wickets for 7 and 3 for 15; C. O'Regan secured 2 for 13 and 1 for 16; W. Kalaugher 2 for 14; and E. Griffin 1 for 14.

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NAPIER.

The Hawkes Bay Cricket Association commenced its senior and junior competitions on Saturday afternoon, October 29, in beautiful weather. The grounds were in excellent condition and the wickets for the beginning of the season, were good, being in favor of the batsmen. Results are as follows:—Junior Marist Brothers' Old Boys v. Technical Old Boys. Taking the crease first against Technical Old Boys, Marists knocked up 134 runs, Reylings being responsible for 40, Callaghan 19, Kearney 17, Whitley 18, and Mareroft 12 not out. E. and A. Elliott secured the wickets. Technicals reply was a poor one and they could registered only 55 runs.

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CHRISTCHURCH.

The annual smoke concert of the M.B.O.B. Association, held last week, was made the occasion of a welcome to one of its most popular members, Mr. Brian McCleary, who for the second time in succession has won the amateur heavy-weight boxing championship of Australasia.

Mr. B. McKenna (club captain) presided. There were over 100 members present.

One of the principal toasts of the evening was "Brian McCleary." This was proposed by the chairman, who said that Mr. McCleary, in winning the Australasian heavy-weight boxing championship two years in succession, had put up a splendid record and had reflected glory on the association. On the last occasion he had met men much taller than himself, and had defeated an opponent who was two stone heavier. Not only was he a champion boxer and a first-class footballer, but an example to all men of what the right kind of citizen should be. Brian McCleary and J. Griffen, in the speaker's opinion, stood out as the two best amateur boxers New Zealand ever produced.

Mr. S. Wilson, president of the Canterbury Rugby Union, proposed the toast of "The Marist Old Boys' Association." He hoped that the association's ventures in the realms of sport would meet with the same amount of success as it had in football. Rugby football had made the Marists' Club, and the St. Patrick's Athletic Association the live sports institutions which they were. He concluded by congratulating Mr. McCleary on having twice in succession won the amateur heavy-weight boxing championship of Australasia.

The toast was replied to by Messrs. G. P. Payne, D. McCormick, C. Merchem, and W. Brittenden.

Mr. C. Dobbs, in proposing the toast of "The Marist Brothers," referred to the live interest the Brothers manifested in their old boys.

Rev. Brother Phelan responded to the toast. He congratulated Mr. McCleary on his successes, and said that, while the Christchurch Marist Brothers' School could not claim him as an old boy, the Marists could claim Purdie and O'Neill as "old boys." The example set by the Marist senior football team was a fine one for the lower grades. It was a pleasure to the Brothers to take an interest in the old boys and their sports, because they were such a fine lot of young men, but the pity was that after the football season was over the Brothers saw them only occasionally. He would like to see club rooms established, and he appealed to the old boys to set this scheme in operation and have club rooms established before another football season had passed.

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INVERCARGILL.

The Marist old boys of Invercargill are entering three teams in the cricket competition this season—senior, junior, and third grade. Last season the junior team won the premiership, winning the 12 matches it played. Several prominent players have offered their services to the M.B.O.B. this season, and the senior team hopes to give a good account of itself. Mr. Ted Kavanagh, one of the best all-round players in Southland, is captain of the team. The members are showing great enthusiasm in attending to the practices. The school team also is showing splendid form, and the standard of play has been favorably commented upon.

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Faith of Our Fathers

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Second Article: Actual Grace.

9. Regarding actual grace five questions may be put: (1) What is meant by actual grace? (2) How far is it necessary? (3) What effects does it produce? (4) How is it distributed? (5) How may we obtain it?

(1) Actual Grace.—We mean by actual grace an interior supernatural help, which the Holy Ghost gives us to accomplish the works of salvation. Widely differing from exterior graces, such as sermons and other means of salvation that fall under the senses, actual grace is purely interior, spiritual, and invisible: it is like a ray from the Holy Spirit, penetrating the soul and affecting it in all its faculties.

The principal effects produced by it in the soul are these four: (1) it enlightens the understanding; (2) it inflames the will; (3) it increases the strength of the soul; (4) it raises our actions to a superhuman dignity. Because of these effects it is called, sometimes the light of the Holy Ghost, sometimes inspiration or unction, or, again, virtue from on high, or divine assistance which fortifies and elevates the soul.

Grace shines as light on the understanding, showing it the truth, the duty to be fulfilled, the good to be done: as unction it causes good to be appreciated; as help and strength it aids in the doing of good: as elevating power it ennobles the action of the creature, and invests it with the lustre of a divine action, worthy to be regarded by God. A writer having only common ink can only write in ordinary characters; but give him liquid gold and the writing he produces will shine with the brilliancy of gold. In like manner it is that man, provided with the grace of the Holy Spirit, and corresponding with that grace, produces works that are of heavenly value and brilliancy.

(2) Necessity of Actual Grace.—The interior grace of the Holy Ghost is absolutely necessary to man to enable him to perform the works of salvation; without the interior help of grace he is incapable of doing anything good for heaven, or of taking a single step in the way of salvation. If a bird cannot soar into the air without wings, still less can man ascend to the ineffable heights of salvation—in other words, to God Himself—without grace.

Although by the simple powers of nature man, fallen by sin, is still capable of distinguishing good from evil, and of leading a good life in conformity with the dictates of the natural law within certain limits, he nevertheless requires the help of God to know that natural law, to observe all its precepts, and to overcome all the temptations that incline him to violate it.

All men have need of grace: sinners that they may rise from their sins, and the just that they may persevere in good.

Final perseverance is a grace apart, a grace of especial value and necessity: but God does not refuse it to those who humbly pray for it.

3. Efficacy of Grace.—The grace of God is all-powerful. Without it, and left to ourselves, we are weakness itself; but by its help we can do all things. "I can do all things," says St. Paul, "in Him who strengthens me" (Phil. iv. 13). Without the hand of God, who sustains him by grace, man is like a tottering child, that can neither walk nor stand without the help of its mother's hand. And on the other side, with the help of this same grace, if they will only correspond with it, the greatest sinners can return to God, break the chains of their evil habits, tear themselves away from the occasions of sin, and regain the friendship of God by a sincere conversion. The just also, fortified by grace, triumph over all temptations, all persecutions, all obstacles in the way of good, and practise the eminent virtues we admire in the saints and martyrs.

Notwithstanding its power, grace leaves man perfectly free: he may, if he chooses, accept it and render it fruitful by his co-operation; or he may, if he chooses, reject it and render it sterile.

(4) Distribution of Grace.—Grace is a gift of God perfectly gratuitous in itself, and so excellent, that no created being can merit it by his own works. But Our Lord Jesus Christ has merited it for us by His Blood; and in consideration of His infinite merits, the divine mercy bestows on all men at least a sufficient degree of grace for their salva-

tion: "For God," says the Apostle, "will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth" (Tim. ii. 4). The greatest sinners, even those most hardened in their guilt, receive graces, from time to time, to lead them back to God. At the same time, it is true that God distributes this precious gift unequally, granting more grace to some, and less to others, according to the inscrutable designs of His wisdom and mercy.

The goodness of God prevents souls, gratuitously granting to all a first grace, by which they may produce good works and thus obtain further graces. Generally speaking, the first grace given is the grace to pray, in order to obtain more abundant help. It is like money given in alms to a poor hungry beggar; with this money he must buy the bread he wants to support him. We see by this the necessity of prayer, even independently of the precept given by Our Lord.

(5) Means of Obtaining Grace.—The means by which to obtain further graces are prayer, the Sacraments, and good works of every kind. By employing these means we receive powerful helps to observe the commandments of God, to overcome all temptations and all obstacles. Therefore no man will be lost for want of grace, but purely through his own fault; it is in the power of all to obtain graces from God and to gain eternal life by co-operating with them.

The Pope and World's Peace

A remarkable speech setting forth the need of cultivating the good graces of the Holy See, if the League of Nations wished to do effective work in the cause of peace, has been delivered during the meetings of the League at Geneva by a representative of Belgium, Senator Keesen (says the *Catholic Times*, London, for September 24). He dwelt on the need of the Holy Father's aid felt by the different nations. War was a costly game, and if in ten years Belgium were engaged in a fresh war she would become bankrupt. Let them not cherish illusions. Germany contemplated reconquest. Before the lapse of ten years she would have an army stronger than she had in 1914, in spite of the Treaty of Versailles. When there would be a rent in the western "block" she would enter on a campaign all the fiercer owing to the recollection of her defeat. The best way to avoid the danger would be to form an alliance between England and France, upon which they could not count, and to strengthen the League of Nations, which was at present as weak as a silk thread that might be broken at any moment. If the Pope had been admitted to the League of Nations, of what advantage his services would be! His power was recognised by the majority of the Protestant and schismatic nations. England, Holland, Prussia, Switzerland, Russia, Finland, and the Ukraine made or renewed diplomatic relations with the Vatican. In doing so they were not influenced by religious motives. If the French Ambassador resumed his position at the Vatican it was because France considered the Pope the great arbiter of the world's peace. The Pope was excluded from the League of Nations so that the susceptibilities of Italy might not be hurt, but was not the selection of a Catholic for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Italy a sign that the Quirinal was about to approach the Vatican? The people of the world were more and more convinced that the Pope was the personage designed by God to be the soul and the inspiration of the peace movement.

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IRISH NEWS

IRELAND UNITED FOR INDEPENDENCE. THE TESTIMONY OF AN ENGLISH JOURNALIST.

The special correspondent of the *New York Times*, cabling from Dublin under date September 25, says:—

On the other hand, during the waits by the road caused by our numerous punctures I have always found the women ready to give us tea or milk without any charge. In spite of the general terror of helping a Saxon, the old Irish spirit of hospitality prevails.

Passing through the villages along the Dublin road we saw strange sights. Most of the little towns have run up the Sinn Fein flag. At Durrow House was a crowd in front of the courthouse marshalled by men with Sinn Fein armlets. A Sinn Fein court was proceeding.

A little later on we met some 50 cyclists in plain clothes, but moving along in "close formation." It was not till we came abreast of them that we realised their formation was military and that they were a Sinn Fein cyclist company out for practice. These things come on you suddenly in the peaceful grazing country and they remind you of the shadow before the sunshine.

I have investigated the conditions in many villages and it is my sober judgment that to-day there is no party in the South of Ireland that counts at all except the Republican Party. The whole of the South of Ireland is out for independence from British rule, some by peaceful means, some by violent. I entirely accept the Archbishop of Cashel's reminder that he said he was a man of peace. Of course he is. So are we all. Here all on both sides begin by saying that, but there is a terrible fatality about Irish affairs. From my many talks with the people by the wayside I fully believe they all persistently desire peace. None of them can possibly desire a recurrence of the events of last year and this spring.

"It was hell," they all say, as they tell me of houses wrecked and friends mysteriously arrested and spirited away. "It was hell," say the soldiers also as they tell me of comrades foully murdered and their candor horribly betrayed.

They all desire peace. Yes, but always on their own terms. He who really desires peace must have the spirit of peace in his mind. But I find nothing of that over here. The two sides stand absolutely apart. On one side are the soldiers and police, now with absolutely nothing to do and already tired of the idleness of the truce. On the other side are the Irish people. There is a gulf of blood fixed between them, and it will flow again and flow far more freely and terribly unless the civilian statesmen can find a way out.

Do not have the smallest doubt about it that every man of clear judgment here on both sides expects the incidents of warfare will be far more horrible and the devastation far more extensive if the struggle is renewed.

Ireland stands poised on the edge of a volcano and all her life is arrested by doubt of peace or war.

My information suggests that de Valera and his colleagues refuse to be drawn into any verbal commitments, possibly to be used against them hereafter. The Republican leader told me to-day such private and verbal communications had trapped Redmond and other Irish leaders into false positions and the mistake was unlikely to be repeated to-day.

"A plain question," he says, "requiring a plain answer was put to the Premier: whether he requires us to surrender our claims before they are discussed. We know he is anxious to avoid a direct reply by finding a new formula which expressly or tacitly would involve expression of allegiance to the Crown Government in advance. We are not going to be trapped into that though we desire peace probably more sincerely than he does.

"We have no wish to prejudice the course of negotiations, hence we avoid individually expressions of opinion which in a way have that effect, but you can take it there will be no truckling to intimidation in the form of a demand for preliminary conditions, whatever may follow."

The opinion one learns to be firmly held in Sinn Fein circles here is that the Premier's delay in replying is explained by his desire to manoeuvre Dail Eireann into a position where blame for a breakdown in the peace negotiations could be fastened on Ireland. I am told, as a point in favor of continuation of the peace negotiations, that the Crown Ministry has considered an estimate of the cost of a war of reconquest in Ireland, and that figures for troops and finance closely approximate the cost of the South African War. It is wished to avoid this huge task,

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ARTHUR GRIFFITH'S FIRM STAND.

A Dublin message to the press of the United States, under date September 20, said:—

The Dail Eireann Cabinet sat all afternoon awaiting a reply from Lloyd George to de Valera's telegram.

Arthur Griffith, Vice-President of the Irish Republic, said to-night:—

"I question now whether England is seeking peace or just trying to sell Ireland a gold brick. If England seeks to impose preliminary conditions before the conference it will be conclusive proof that Lloyd George is trying to impose upon Ireland the same tricks that his predecessors imposed upon O'Connell, Butt, and Redmond.

"Any Irish representative who would sit down to a conference with British representatives with his hands tied would be as helpless as a fly in a spider's net, and less deserving of sympathy.

"It is obvious that no settlement can be reached unless there is an unfettered conference. If the British Government does not allow us free entrance to the conference, it does not want a settlement and is only playing acting to deceive the world.

"If this long conflict is to be ended permanently by treaty with the British it must be done along the broad issues of a navy and free trade. That is the only chance of ending our latest war with Great Britain and establishing unity between the two countries.

"There will be no chance to-morrow if Britain plays false."

An attache of the Premier's office who came to Dublin on Sunday on a personal mission from Lloyd George to-day sounded our Arthur Griffith as to whether there is any possible chance for a backdown by the Sinn Fein. He was informed that there was none. Griffith said: "We never will go back upon our present position."

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

THE NEW YORK NATION ON DOMINION STATUS.

At a time when peace depends on straight thinking and straight speaking, it does not help matters for British and American papers to represent Lloyd George's offer to Ireland as equivalent to what is enjoyed by Canada or Australia. Lloyd George has conceded much; he has not conceded what the Dominions enjoy. They can and do (whether wisely or not is another matter) lay protective tariffs against British goods. Ireland has no such right. They fix their own taxes. So may Ireland, but she is required to accept a portion of the Imperial debt, and arbitration as to the amount has been rejected. It could be set so high as to leave nothing for a constructive internal programme of education and national development. This debt is to be imposed on a nation which believes that from the days of Henry II. to the days of the "Black-and-Tans" it has found in the British connection only sorrow, exploitation, and depopulation. The provisions for naval and air stations and for recruiting Irish regiments have no parallel in the Dominions. They put Irish strength, now alienated, entirely behind the Empire, and deny Ireland a foreign policy of her own at the very time the Dominions are asserting their right to such a policy as a condition of true self-government. But none of these difficulties, from an Irish standpoint, is as serious as the British failure to put pressure on the six-county Ulster Parliament in the interest of Irish unity. Irish leaders, to their everlasting credit, will not try to coerce Ulster by force of arms; they will grant large autonomy; but they have a right to resent a British division of Ireland. This is the position of Home Rulers, like Sir Horace Plunkett, no less than of Sinn Feiners.

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IN MEMORIAM CARDS

The Tablet makes a specialty of In Memoriam Cards, including pictures of "Mater Dolorosa," "Ecce Homo," etc. (with space for name of deceased, date of death, indulgenced prayers, etc.). These are thin cards, very suitable for prayer books. Samples and prices will be forwarded on application to the Manager.

"DOMINICAN STAR"

The Past Pupils and Friends of the Dominican Nuns will be pleased to learn that the

JUBILEE NUMBER OF THE "DOMINICAN STAR" is now available, and may be obtained either at the Priory, Dunedin, or at the Tablet Office.

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NOTES ON HEALTH

The question of Health is one Nobody can afford to neglect, yet many people will risk their Health by buying inferior food when they can get the very best at the same price. More particularly does this apply to Bread.

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Obituary

MRS. CATHERINE MACDONALD, INVERCARGILL.

Quite a wave of sorrow passed over the Catholic community of Invercargill (writes our own correspondent) when it became known that Mrs. Catherine Macdonald had passed away, after a short, but distressing illness. The deceased was the second daughter of Mrs. Hannah and the late John Shepherd, one of the oldest Catholic families in this town. She had been a most popular girl in this parish, was a prominent member of the local sodality of the Children of Mary for many years, and had been actively connected with the Altar society, St. Mary's Tennis Club and other Catholic societies, where her straightforward manner and bright disposition endeared her to all. Two or three weeks ago her infant child died, and at that time sympathy was extended to Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald from a large circle of friends, who were shocked a few days ago to know that the mother had gone in the prime of life to her great reward. During her illness she was constantly attended by Rev. Father Ardagh, who administered the last rites of Holy Church. The funeral cortege was very large, and was thus another testimony to the popularity of the deceased. The Hibernian Band, St. Mary's Tennis Club, and many others sent beautiful floral tributes as expressions of sympathy. Very Rev. Dean Burke, V.F., officiated at the graveside. To the young husband and the little two-year-old daughter, besides her mother, brothers, and sisters who mourn their loss the sympathy of very many friends is extended.—R.I.P.

MRS. ELLEN WILSON, AUCKLAND.

On Friday the 28th ult. there passed away at a private hospital in Auckland, Ellen M., wife of Mr. Edward Wilson, late superintendent N.Z. Police, and now residing at Panmure Road, Ellerslie (writes our Auckland correspondent). Deceased was the only daughter of the late Bernard and Ellen McManus, of New Plymouth. She was born in Dublin, and came to New Zealand with her parents about 1866. She was married in New Plymouth in 1879, and lived in Wanganui, Christchurch, Akaroa, Palmerston North, Auckland, Greymouth, and for the last four years in Auckland. In all these places she was well known for her charity, benevolence, and intense zeal in all works for our Holy Church. In addition to her husband, deceased is survived by her son Edward V. Wilson, who is following the profession of chemist at Bulls. The interment, which took place in the Waikaraka cemetery, on Sunday, October 30, was attended by a large number of sorrowing friends. The funeral obsequies were conducted by Right Rev. Mgr. Hackett, assisted by Rev. Fathers Doyle and Lyons.—R.I.P.

MISS JULIA KEELTY, LOWER HUTT.

The death of Miss Julia Keelty which occurred on the 13th ult., has removed a much-respected settler of the Dominion. Deceased, who was born in Co. Tipperary, Ireland, was the eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Keelty, and came to New Zealand in the early days, settling in Christchurch. Later she lived on the West Coast, afterwards in Wellington, and finally took up her residence with her brother-in-law, Mr. P. Casey, of Lower Hutt, where she lived up to the time of her demise, at the age of 75 years. The late Miss Keelty took a prominent part in the work of the Church and of charity, and her loss will be keenly felt by those who have been associated with her. Her parents and her sister, the late Mrs. Patrick Casey, predeceased her years ago, and the only sister left to mourn her loss is Miss Bridget Keelty, of Ireland. The funeral was largely attended by the local and Wellington residents. The cortege left the residence of Mr. P. Casey at 2.30 for the Catholic Church, where Very Rev. Dean Lane officiated, assisted by Rev. Father Walsh. The interior of the church was crowded with sympathisers and Sisters and scholars of the Sacred Heart College. The "Dead March from Saul" was played by Miss P. Connelly as the coffin was carried from the church. The principal mourners were Mr. P. Casey (brother-in-law of the deceased), and members of his family. Very Rev. Dean Lane officiated at the interment, assisted by the Rev. Father Walsh. Among those in attendance at the graveside were

Rev. Father Connolly and Mr. J. J. McGrath, of Wellington, also the members of the Hutt branch of the H.A.C.B. Society.—R.I.P.

New Plymouth

The monthly meeting of the New Plymouth branch of the Catholic Federation was held in the Rolland Hall on the 30th ult. (writes a correspondent). The committee decided to donate £10 to the Sisters towards the school picnic, held at Ngaere Gardens on the 1st inst., also £10 towards school prizes. The secretary was instructed to write to the Sisters congratulating them on the excellent results of the recent school examinations, and the committee's appreciation of the good work they are doing in our schools, also to hand them the circular received re Trentham scholarships.

Music Examinations

Lyttelton

The following number of candidates from the Convents of Mercy (Lyttelton), and Akaroa, passed successfully at the practical music examinations held at Lyttelton on the 29th ult.—Professional Diploma, Licentiate violin 1; senior grade piano 2; Intermediate piano, honors 2, pass 2; junior piano, honors 1, pass 3; junior violin, honors 1, pass 1; preparatory piano, honors 2, pass 2; preparatory violin, pass 3. At the recent Trinity College theoretical music examinations results were as follows:—Intermediate grade, honors 2; junior grade, honors 7.

Foxton

At the recent Trinity College (London) examination held by Mr. Myerscough, Mus. Bac., all the candidates presented by the Brigidine Sisters were successful. The following are the results obtained: Senior honors 1, pass 1; intermediate pass 1; junior pass, singing 1, piano 3; preparatory violin, honors 1, piano, honors 2; first steps 1; elementary, R.A.M. 1. The examiner expressed himself pleased with the efficiency of the tuition imparted to the pupils.

The Principle of Eternal Justice

No matter into what sphere a man enters, he never ceases to be a moral agent, never ceases to be accountable to the Supreme Court of all peoples (says *Catholic World* for October). Whatever our freedom, we are not free from God. Whether, through the inheritance of citizenship, a man is called to fill an office or simply to exercise the right of the ballot, there is ever a tribunal before which he must give answer for his actions, the court of conscience. A traitor to the best interests of his country is a traitor to conscience. The question is not whether his deeds square with the bare requirements of social and civil laws: the question is not whether his actions are such as to render him safe from the indignity of prison bars, but the question is whether his actions as a citizen square with God-given moral principles, the principles of eternal justice.

St. Patrick's Church, Raetihi

Ireland's Crisis

Ireland's delegates in London to decide Ireland's future. Who with Irish blood and faith is not in breathless anxiety? Who does not hope that Ireland's rights will be fully recognised, and who does not fondly hope and pray that Ireland's women (the bravest of the brave) who stood on Ireland's Calvary, will witness the glory of Ireland's resurrection?

Send an offering to-day to Ireland's Patron, St. Patrick. Ask him to intercede in this crisis and secure freedom for Ireland. Send an offering for St. Patrick's Church, Raetihi.

Donations acknowledged in the *Tablet*.

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Catholic World

IRISH FRIAR IS ELECTED PROVINCIAL.

For the first time in many years the English Province of the Franciscans has held its triennial Chapter at the Friary of Gorton, near Manchester. The President of the Chapter was Father Leo Sheehan, of the Irish Province, who acted as representative of the Minister-General in Rome.

By the vote of the Chapter, Friar Anselm, a native of Co. Kerry, was elected as Provincial of the English Province. The new Provincial made his novitiate at Manchester, where he was also ordained to the priesthood. At the Chapter held in 1918 he was appointed to the Guardianship of the Gorton Friary, where he has also served as Vicar.

THE POLISH CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

Cardinal Kakowski, Archbishop of Warsaw, opened the Catholic Congress of Poland by the celebration of Pontifical Mass in the Warsaw Cathedral. The Cardinal of Posen and the Archbishops and Bishops of all the Polish Sees were present at the ceremony. An official tone was added to the proceedings by the presence of the President of the Republic, who attended in state with the Catholic members of his Cabinet and escorted by a guard of honor furnished by a detachment of troops.

According to the new Polish Constitution the President of the Republic is obliged to be a member of the Catholic Church.

The first public session of the Congress was largely devoted to the welcoming of foreign delegates. The French delegation was greeted with particularly warm applause, and hearty greetings were extended to the delegates from Belgium, Hungary, Switzerland, and the United States.

Mr. Korfanty, the Polish leader, who also appeared on this platform, came in for a great deal of cheering.

CATHOLICS IN LITHUANIA.

Out of a total population of about two millions the number of Catholics in the new Republic of Lithuania are said to be close upon half a million, according to the statistics which the Government has just published.

Before the Russian Revolution the whole of Lithuania came under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Mohilev, whose territory included the whole of the then Russian Empire. But owing to the disruption of the Empire some re-arrangement of the dioceses will take place, and an autonomous ecclesiastical Province of Lithuania will possibly be created. At present there are 40 priests in the Republic, and a new seminary has been recently established.

Under the Tsarist Government Russian was the official language, but the ancient Lithuanian tongue has been preserved, and under the fostering care of the clergy steps are being taken for the wider diffusion of the old national tongue, which is used in the churches for the vernacular parts of divine worship.

BRITISH COLUMBIA CHURCH EXEMPT FROM LAND TAXES.

The final chapter in a long legal battle waged by Right Rev. Alexander MacDonald of Victoria, British Columbia, to protect church property in his diocese from seizure for taxes, was written in London when the Privy Council dismissed the appeal of the corporation of Vancouver against the Bishop.

More than two years ago the corporation of Victoria endeavored to sell the site of St. Andrew's Cathedral for \$13,000 for taxes alleged to be due. The supreme court refused to grant a writ of injunction against the city, and Bishop MacDonald appealed. The appeal court reversed the lower court and granted the writ of injunction. This action has now been sustained by the Privy Council in London. In future Church lands cannot be taxed in British Columbia.

British Columbia some years ago adopted the single tax on land without exempting church property. The tax was ruinous, as the total income of some churches did not suffice to pay the one item of taxes. This was the reason for the court case which Bishop MacDonald fought to a successful conclusion.

CATHOLIC PHYSICIANS IN ENGLAND ATTEND SPECIAL MASS.

The Catholic medical men who attended the recent annual meeting of the British Medical Association, in Newcastle (England), were present in body at the special service for Catholic doctors which was held in the Catholic Cathedral of Saint Mary on the Sunday during the sessions.

The scene was one of great academic brilliance. The visiting doctors wore their gowns and hoods, representing the Universities of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and as they made their way to the front seats in the Cathedral that had been reserved for them they made a perfect blazo of color.

The sermon, which was preached by Very Rev. Dr. Aidan Elrington of the Dominican Order, who is a Doctor of Science in the University of Louvain, was an eloquent appeal to the medical practitioner, reminding him that in medical science the saving of the human soul is of far greater importance than the health of the body.

The Catholic doctors met later on in the day, under the presidency of Dr. Colvin, a distinguished Catholic medical man of Glasgow, when an important discussion took place on psycho-analysis, a subject which was brought up at the larger meetings of the British Medical Association, when the subject was well aired in connection with mind-healing.

DANTE CELEBRATIONS IN ITALY.

The sixth centenary of Dante's death in Ravenna, was observed as a national holiday throughout the whole of Italy. But in Ravenna itself the celebrations extended over several days. His Holiness the Pope was represented by Cardinal Lafontaine, Patriarch and Archbishop of Venice, who attended in the capacity of Papal Legate. With all the solemn ceremonial pertaining to his high office the Cardinal Legate, assisted by an imposing assembly of bishops and high prelates, celebrated Pontifical Mass in the Church of San Francesco, the church in which Dante worshipped in Ravenna. During the Mass Cardinal Lafontaine preached a short discourse in which he said that Dante, in the "Divine Comedy," had exalted the Holy Cross. At the conclusion of the Mass the Cardinal, in his Legatine capacity imparted the Papal Benediction to the vast crowd that thronged the church. Then, accompanied by the brilliant assembly of bishops and prelates, he proceeded to the tomb of Dante. The municipality of Rome presented a bronze door to the city of Ravenna, and this has been erected at the little church where the bones of the great poet lie. The silver bell, which has been given by all the communes of Italy, has been hung in the belfry in the courtyard of this shrine, and a marble staircase erected that leads up to the belfry.

The Dante memorials in the city have taken practical forms. The Church of St. Francesco, where the poet was buried, and the great Basilica of St. John the Evangelist have been in part restored, and an iron railing is to be placed around the latter church.

The part taken by Florence in the celebration was to send vast quantities of flowers and laurels, with which the Dante zone of the city was lavishly decorated.

When the celebrations in Ravenna ended those in Florence began, and lasted three days. The commune arranged a historic pageant representing the return of the ancient Florentine militia with Dante from the Battle of Campaldino in 1289. The costumes of those taking part in the pageant were copied from old models, and the artistic arrangement of the pageant was entrusted to the Italian painter, Signor Bonafedi.

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TO MY PEOPLE

(Lead, Kindly Light)

Doubtless you are aware England is now in the throes of her free trade policy—i.e., the open door. Prior to the war she was the receptacle for our enemies' goods and undesirables, thus allowing the latter to creep into every crevice of the Empire, to England's peril.

To remove past anomalies "Champion" suggests reasonable protection and a closed door to our enemies, which would enable England to be a much larger manufacturer, with better working conditions and wages for her workers, who have so nobly responded to the Empire's call.

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Domestic

By Maureen

ROYAL ICING.

For either Christmas cake or sandwich, 1lb of icing sugar, white of 1 egg, juice of 1 lemon. Beat the white quite stiff, add the sugar, which has been passed through a hair sieve, and the strained lemon juice. Work with a wooden spoon until the icing looks very white, then spread on the cake with a knife dipped in hot water, and dry in a cool oven.

SUET PUDDING.

Mix together 12oz of flour, 6oz of finely chopped suet, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of salt. Make into rather a stiff paste with cold water. Shape it into a roll, wrap it in a pudding cloth which has been scalded and well dredged with flour, and secure the ends with string. Plunge it into a saucepan of boiling water and boil steadily for at least 2½ hours. Serve with jam, treacle, or, if preferred, good gravy. As an accompaniment to a joint of roast beef it economises the meat and is in itself very nourishing.

GOLD AND SILVER SANDWICHES.

For gold sandwiches, 2oz each of self-raising flour, castor sugar and butter, the yolks of 2 eggs, a little yellow coloring. For silver sandwiches, 2oz each of self-raising flour, castor sugar, and butter, the whites of 2 eggs. Method (for both cakes): Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the flour and either the yolks or whites beaten very light. Bake in two round buttered tins for about 10 minutes. When cold, put the cakes together, sandwich fashion, with a layer of jam between. If wanted very nice, ice over with royal icing.

RICH PLUM CAKE.

This cake should be made in November for Christmas, when it could be iced and decorated. 1lb each of self-raising flour, raisins (stoned and halved), and currants: 12oz each of butter and castor sugar, ½lb mixed candied peel (thinly sliced), 2oz ground almonds, 6 to 8 eggs, a wineglassful of brandy. Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar, yolks of eggs, flour, etc., lastly the whites beaten very stiff, and the brandy. Line a tin with two or three thicknesses of greased paper, pour in the mixture, and bake 3½ to 4 hours in a moderate oven. The mixture should not be too moist or the fruit will sink. When cold, cover with waxed paper and store in an air-tight tin until required for icing.

ROLLED BEEFSTEAK.

Take about 2lb of steak, cut in one piece and flatten it with a rolling pin, spread with 6 to 8oz of veal force-

meat rather highly seasoned, roll up tightly and bind firmly with tape. Heat 1½oz of butter in a stewpan, put in the meat, and fry quickly until the whole surface is browned, then add a pint of stock, cover closely and cook slowly for about two hours. Place on a hot dish, thicken the gravy with a tablespoonful of flour, boil for three or four minutes, season to taste and strain over the meat. This dish could very well be cooked in an earthenware casserole in the oven, while a simple forcemeat of bread-crumbs, chopped suet, or fat bacon, herbs and seasoning, might be substituted for the veal.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If the hands become chapped or roughened after having them in water for a long time, rinse them well and apply a little vinegar, letting it dry on.

Candle-grease on a carpet may be removed by means of blotting-paper and hot irons.

Grass stains on clothing should be soaked in paraffin. The garment may then be washed as usual.

Equal parts of resin and beef suet melted together make an excellent wax for sealing bottles containing fruit or pickles.

To keep cheese fresh, wrap it in a cloth that has been dipped in vinegar and wrung as dry as possible. Keep in a cool place.

When toothbrushes become soft it is possible to make them new again by cutting with scissors an eighth of an inch off the bristles.

To remove ink stains from linen, pour melted tallow on the marks. Then wash the article, and the ink and grease will both disappear.

To whiten and soften the skin, parboil a few medium-sized potatoes, remove the skin, and use them as you would a piece of soap for washing the hands.

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A word about "Mistral," the incomparable hair dye. We have proved beyond a doubt that it is the one and only dye which positively restores the lost color to grey or fading hair. It differs from the old style, which merely put color on the hair. "Mistral" is absorbed by every hair on the head, thus making the color so beautifully natural and permanent. Price, 18/6; posted (plain wrapper), 19/6.

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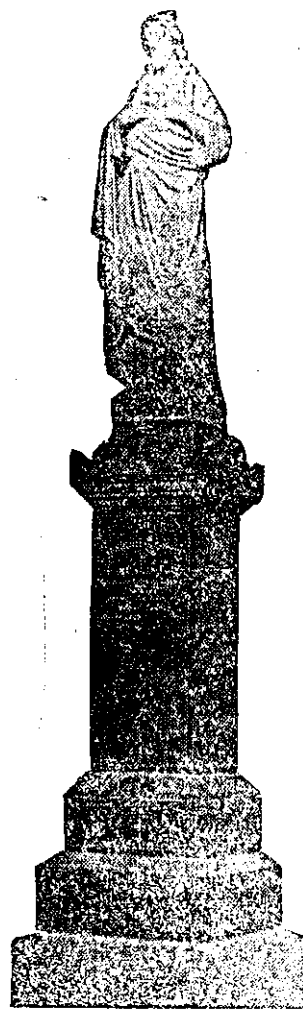
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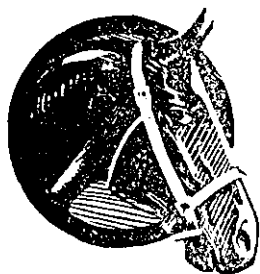
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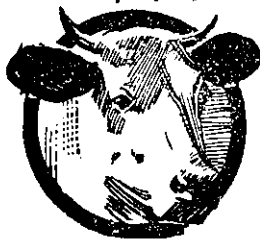
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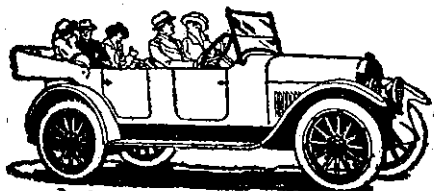
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MARKET REPORTS.

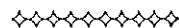
A large yarding of fat cattle came forward for last week's sale at Burnside, 280 being penned. Prices opened firm at the previous week's rates, but as the sale progressed showed a decline of from 10s to 15s per head. This drop was most noticeable in medium and unfinished sorts. Extra heavy-weight bullocks sold to £19 15s, prime £14 15s to £16 5s, medium from £12 to £13 2s 6d, lighter kinds from £9 17s 6d upwards, best cows and heifers to £10 15s, medium from £6 5s to £8 10s, others from £6 12s 6d upwards. Fat Sheep—There was an extra large yarding of sheep forward for last week's sale, 4418 being penned. No outside buyers were operating, and as the number forward was much in excess of butchers' requirements prices showed an average drop of about 2s and 3s per head. The drop was not so noticeable in heavy sheep, but medium and unfinished sorts suffered most. Prices for these in some cases were 4s per head below the preceding week's level. Extra prime heavy-weight wethers sold from 27s to 30s 9d, prime wethers from 23s 9d to 26s, medium from 17s to 20s, lighter kinds from 14s upwards. A pen of shorn wethers realised 21s 6d. Others sold at from 16s to 19s. Extra prime heavy-weight ewes sold from 18s 3d to 20s, prime ewes from 15s 9d to 17s, medium sorts from 12s to 14s 3d, lighter kinds from 11s upwards. Spring Lambs.—There was a larger yarding of lambs forward than on the previous week, 217 being penned. The quality was very ordinary, and, on the whole, the sale was not very brisk. Prices showed a decline on the preceding week to the extent of about 2s. Extra prime lambs to 26s 3d, prime lambs from 18s to 20s 3d, medium from 14s to 16s 6d, others from 10s upwards. Pigs.—A small number of pigs was offered. There was not sufficient for butchers' requirements. Competition was very keen, and prices showed an advance of fully £1 per head.



PLANTS AND MOISTURE.

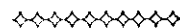
The plant is a living organism which derives its supply of moisture from the soil and dissolved in this the nutrient elements on which it lives; further, through its foliage or leaves, it, under the influence of sunlight, transforms the air which it breathes into food for its sustenance and for its reproductive system in producing seed. A plant in bright light mutates the carbon dioxide of the air into starch and distributes it to this part or that part which needs it, or, as in the case of the potato, stores it up in tuber form, and so passes on a vegetative stock, which, like a cut slip, will under favoring conditions of temperature and moisture, bud forth anew and give existence to a derived plant. Yet plants in the day time, while they drink in air through the fine openings or stomata which are scattered over the upper, but more especially on the under surface of the leaves, also pass it out—in other words, they breathe. Thus, while they assimilate strongly during the day, they in consequence freshen the air to animal life by the removal of carbon dioxide. This is the chief excretory product of all things living, whether animal or vegetable, which pollutes the air and needs constant removal if, as in the case of animals, at least a fully oxygenated blood supply is to be borne to the heart to keep the machine working effectively. Thus plants have a normal constructive process, and they have also an exhaust pipe or pipes through which they can, and do, dissipate the broken down remnants of their structure entailed by the very act of living. These twin processes of building up and breaking down wax and wane in sympathy towards each other as the night passes into the day and the day into the night. Building up or the production of starch is strong during the day hours of sunlight, and the ordinary breathing process or exhalation of carbon dioxide is reduced to the minimum, though the function never ceases, however it may dwindle. On the other hand, during the night hours there is a complete check to the manufacturing or assimilating functions of the plant, and breathing is then as normal as in the human being, who takes in the fresh air charged with oxygen to sustain his blood supply and breathes out the

broken-up products of his working system. These two functions of the plant are all-important so far as its relationship to the air goes; but its relationship to the soil and the mineral food which the soil conveys through the tiny rootlets which hug and intertwine the fine soil particles is as equally essential. Some plants and families of plants are great soil grubbers; their root system explores every corner of the soil layer in which by nature they prefer to forage, and suck up every trace of decayed organic or nitrogenous matter it contains, and also take full toll of whatever soluble mineral matter chances to be there.



DAIRY COWS REQUIRE GOOD PASTURE.

It must not be expected (says the *Farmers' Union Advocate*) that good stock can be produced on poor and scanty herbage, or milk either, and therefore it is most essential from every point of view to do our utmost to improve the quality of our poorer grass lands so that the work of our live stock improvers may not be rendered nugatory. Nature's law of equivalents lays it down that "something must be paid for everything, for it is impossible to produce anything from nothing." With regard to dairy cows, then, how can we expect them to maintain condition and give a reasonable quantity of milk on grass land which is so poor in quality that the animals can barely live. In this case we look to them to produce milk and flesh from food so poor in nature as to be in reality "nothing." Cows must, first of all, live before they can produce any milk at all from the food they eat, and about two-thirds of the food goes to keep them in fair condition before any milk at all can be made from it, and therefore if cows are grazed on pastures which carry only a poor and scanty herbage, they cannot supply the wants of the system, leave alone give any milk, and so with young growing animals when they are on poverty-stricken land and they lose their calf-flesh, their frames become stunted, their skins hard, and the only part of the body which makes any growth is the horns. All profit that comes either from a dairy cow or a grazing beast is derived from the food over and above that which is necessary to sustain life, and so a cow which gives no more than 300 gallons of milk in a season is kept at a loss, and a grazing animal which weighs no more at the end of the summer than when turned out in spring cannot possibly leave any profit; so that the quality and condition of our pastures has everything to do with the profitable breeding and raising of commercial stock and with economic milk production.



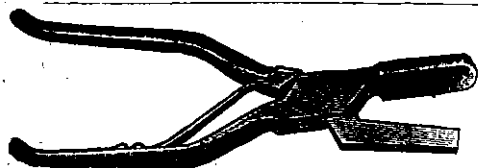
CARE IN THE HANDLING OF MILK.

No product demands to be handled with more punctilious cleanliness and care than milk. In the following paragraphs in a recent *Agricultural Gazette* (Australia) a cheese-making expert urges the importance of straining and cooling:—

After the milk is drawn it should be thoroughly strained into either cans or a vat placed over a pipe-cooler. Various kinds of strainers are in use. Those with one piece of gauze only in the bottom are of little value, as they do not collect small particles of dirt. The best strainer to employ is that with two gauze strainers, and a piece of lint placed between them. A fresh piece of lint should be used for each milking and the used one destroyed by burning. At a cheese dairy, if four thicknesses of cheese cloth are tied to the bottom of the strainer, good filtration will be effected. It is very necessary, if this method is practised, that the cloth be thoroughly washed and boiled, otherwise it becomes foul and contamination is sure to occur.

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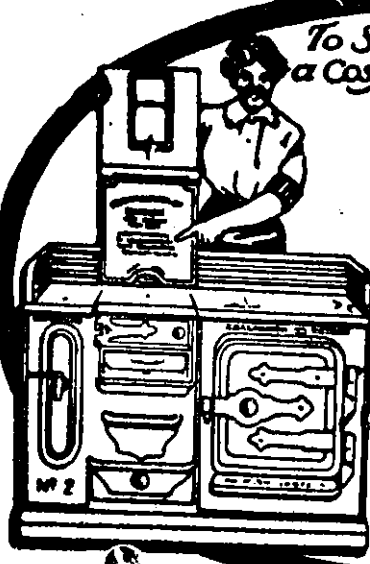
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The Family Circle

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night, the sun is setting,
 "Good-night" the robins sing,
 And blue-eyed dolls and blue-eyed girls
 Should soon be following.
 Come! lay the Lady Geraldine
 Among the pillows white;
 'Tis time the little mother kissed
 Her sleepy doll good-night.

And, Willie, put the cart away,
 And drive into the shed
 The pony and the mooly cow;
 'Tis time to go to bed.
 For, listen! in the lilac tree
 The robin does not sing;
 "Good-night!" he sang, and tucked his head
 Beneath his weary wing.

Soon all the world will go to rest,
 And all the sky grow dim;
 God "giveth His beloved sleep,"
 So we may trust in Him.
 The Lord is in the shadow,
 And the Lord is in the light,
 To guard His little ones from harm;
 Good-night, dear hearts, good-night!



COURTSHIP.

A well-known Western pastor in a sermon on "Courtship," said recently: "Know the person you are going to marry. Know the family you are going to marry into. . . . You can't tie yourself for life to the drunkard, or courtesan, or the gambler, or the blasphemer of God, or the associate of thieves, or the hater of your religion, or the person to whom morality is a joke. You might just as well hitch up with the devil. Things will be made as hot, if not hotter, if you pick out a life partner from the above list of misfits.

"Don't try to love the man who doesn't love his own mother and sister; if he hasn't practised this virtue at home, you may be sure he will not have much of it to spare abroad. Don't waste your time in loving good looks, divine forms, heavenly tresses, nice manners, generous purses. These are all external and superficial. They change and perish with time. Go deeper, and you will fare better. Don't fall into love. Go at it slowly. Those who fall into love find often a will-o'-the-wisp and marshy ground, instead of the real thing and solid footing. Violent love is like a violent, tempestuous temper—it will engulf you in all kinds of misery. If you crawl down the precipice slowly you will be able to come up again; if you roll down headlong, you may break your neck and have to be buried there.

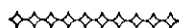


DECAY OF HOME LIFE.

"M.D.," in the page devoted to "The Catholic Mother and Her Home" in the *Southern Cross* of Capetown, puts forth this powerful plea for a better understanding of the needs of youth:—

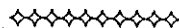
In the press and rush of outside engagements and easily accessible pleasures there is rapidly dying out the old idea of a home as a place for social intercourse and mutual entertainment. The present tendency of home life is towards entire selfishness and self-expression. Each young member of a family circle to-day has his or her own special interests—they are in no way bound to contribute in the slightest degree towards the well-being or the happiness of the home. It is no longer a centre round which is focussed all the social life, the mental, intellectual good which the mutual and sympathetic exchange of ideas and the discussion of common interests entails. Each member of a family is in these days a complete unit—an independent entity. The home is a place of convenience and of

residence merely; as a social centre it no longer stands as a recognisable factor. And so, insidiously, the young people of the day have learned to look upon the claims of the home as an entirely negligible quantity—finding pleasures, intellectual satisfaction, congenial companionship, and sympathy outside. Now, the contributory causes to this sad and undesirable state of things are many and of gradual growth. But it means that there has been little, if any, protest from the heads of families, who have watched the flitting of the young ones from the paternal nest and tried very ineffectively to keep them within the sheltering protection of the home. It's a time-old struggle, Age v. Youth, and often a pitiful one. The claims of youth are so little understood by the older generation that youth levels a general charge of intolerance and unreasonableness against age, shrugs its pretty young shoulders, and goes its own way. And that is when the trouble begins.



THE MARVELS OF LOURDES.

Mgr. Schoeffer, Bishop of Lourdes, recently delivered a very eloquent lecture to some French pilgrims who were visiting the Grotto. His Lordship related most interesting facts during the course of his address. The first was that on the outbreak of the war and the first mobilisation of the French troops, two regiments of cavalry assembled before the Grotto to ask the protection of Mary Immaculate in the fray into which they were compelled to enter. His Lordship said it was an impressive sight to see the hussars, encouraged by their mounted commander, consecrate their perilous future to Mary's maternal care. It would seem as if the faith and confidence of these five squadrons were rewarded, as in the hour of battle their losses were relatively few. Mgr. Schoeffer also said that during the war he offered the very perfectly equipped hospitals which have been erected at Lourdes for the accommodation of invalid pilgrims to the French Government for the gratuitous use of the wounded soldiers. The latter availed of this offer in large numbers, and the Bishop stated that most of these men were animated with Christian sentiments, even those who had been negligent previous to hostilities. However, there was one exception. This was a soldier whose wound had become absolutely dangerous from incurable gangrene. His case was a sad one. It was pronounced hopeless by the doctors in charge, and the man, an unbeliever, had arranged for his civil interment. The doctors informed the nun infirmarian in the hospital that they could do nothing further for the sufferer; that all human remedies had proved ineffectual. "Then I may have sole and entire charge?" the Sister asked. This request was speedily granted, and the nun started her treatment, which was entirely non-scientific. It consisted simply in bathing the severe wound with Lourdes water. The following day the man whom the medical faculty had pronounced incurable was perfectly well. Mgr. Schoeffer informed his interested audience that one of the most eminent and distinguished Parisian doctors, since dead, had told him that he had signed the attestation of this marvellous cure without any hesitation, so evident was it. To the joy of the pious infirmarian, her patient was also cured of his spiritual malady as the light of faith illuminated his mind and heart. In presence of such facts thanksgiving must be rendered to Mary and her Divine Son.



NUTS TO CRACK.

Why is a crow like a lawyer?—He likes to have his caws (cause) heard.

Why does a duck go under water?—For divers reasons.

Why is the fly one of the grocer's best customers?—Because it settles on the spot.

Why does an aeronaut dislike speaking about his trips?—It is a soar point with him.

What is unable to think or speak, yet tells the truth to all the world?—A pair of scales.

When will there be only 25 letters in the alphabet?—When U and I are one.

What river is that which runs between two seas?—The Thames—between Chel-sea and Batter-sea.

What islands would form a cheerful luncheon party?—Friendly, Society, Sandwich, and Madeira.

S. F. Aburn

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What would happen if a colored waiter dropped a platter with a turkey upon it?—The humiliation of Africa, the fall of Turkey, the destruction of China, and the overflowing of Greece.

◆◆◆◆◆

AMBITION.

"You will never get anywhere unless you have higher ideals than this," preached the woman at whose door the tramp had applied for assistance. "Are you really content to spend your life walking around the country begging?"

"No, lady," answered Weary Willie. "Many's the time I've wished I had a motor car."

◆◆◆◆◆

TOO LATE.

Mr. Johnson was wending his way home, after a tiring day house-hunting with no result. Passing along by a river he heard a splash. Horrors! There was a man struggling in the water. Could it be? Yes—it was his friend Mr. Robson. Disregarding his appeals for help, Johnson made a rush for Robson's house agent.

"Excuse me," he said, breathlessly, "but can I have Robson's house? He has fallen in the river and is drowning."

"Sorry," said the plaster-faced house merchant, "but you're too late. I've already let it to the man who pushed him in."

◆◆◆◆◆

INDUSTRY REWARDED.

The richness of the Yorkshire coalfield is such that, in some places, coal may be unearthed by digging down a few feet. This prompted one Mr. Jones to try his luck as a coal-getter. To keep it quiet he decided to sink his shaft under his own house. After digging away in the gloom of the cellar for a couple of hours he came on a fine crop of coal.

"Maria! Maria!" he shouted excitedly to his wife. "Come down. I've come on a splendid coal seam."

Maria rushed down the stairs.

"Why John," she cried, after surveying the ruins, "that's not a coal seam; that's next door's coal cellar!"

◆◆◆◆◆

SMILE RAISERS.

"Sages tell us that the best way to get the most out of life is to fall in love with a great problem or a beautiful woman."

"Why not choose the latter and get both?"

"I can't play billiards in the winter-time at all."

"Why not?"

"Every time I get to knocking those three balls around it reminds me of my overcoat."

✻

"Terribly rough," said the stranger on board the ocean liner.

"Well," said the farmer, "it wouldn't be near so rough if the captain would only keep in the furrows."

✻

Irate Sergeant: "Want yer ticket, do yer? And ain't yer been in the Army long enough to know as it's a soldier's dooty to cultivate patience? Patience with a capital P. Now be off; I ain't got no patience with the likes o' you!"

✻

"Bertie," said his mother, sorrowfully, "every time you are naughty I get another grey hair."

"My word!" replied Bertie; "you must have been a terror. Look at grandpa!"

✻

Professor (in the middle of a joke): "Have I ever told the class this one before?"

Class (in a chorus): "Yes."

Professor (proceeding): "Good! You will probably understand it this time."

PILES

Can be instantly relieved and quickly cured by the use of **BAXTER'S PILE OINTMENT**. This excellent remedy, has been a boon to hundreds of sufferers all over New Zealand. Sent post free on receipt of 2/6 in stamps or postal notes by **WALTER BAXTER :: CHEMIST, TIMARU.**

SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT"

AN ELECTRIC ROSARY.

In St. Mary's Church, Quincy, Ill., U.S.A., there has been installed the only thing of its kind in the world, an electric rosary—a mammoth rosary with the beads formed of miniature light bulbs of different colors. The rosary was first exhibited to the public on a recent Sunday afternoon when it was unveiled by Rose Zwick the 10 year old daughter of the inventor and patentee. The effect of the illuminating of the rosary is startlingly beautiful.

The electric rosary at St. Mary's Church surrounds the figure of the Virgin Mary painted by Sister Engelberta, the venerable member of the staff of St. Mary's academy teachers who has devoted her life to the giving of instruction in the art of painting. The pendant cross is flanked by lines and in scrolls are the words, "Sancta Maria" and "Ora Pro Nobis," the whole enclosed in a heavy frame. The inventor, Frank Zwick, worked on the idea of an illuminated rosary for use in churches for several years before reaching that degree of perfection that warranted him in applying for a patent, and the papers were only recently received from the patent office in Washington.

The electric rosary is in dimensions 6 x 2 feet and the illumination is done by 66 miniature bulbs, the lights switched on and off by a button as in all such clustered lamps. the effect in a darkened auditorium is really beautiful as well as impressive in forming part of the church devotions. Mr. Zwick has given to the Church and to the world the first electric rosary and is proud of the fact and hopes to live to see it introduced in all Catholic churches located where electric current is available.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE RAISIN INDUSTRY.

The Department of Agriculture of the United States of America has invited attention to the waste in the raisin industry, no use being made of the seeds, and advises that the waste from the seeding machine has been found to average ten per cent. of the yearly crop.

As they come from the machines the seeds are covered with a sticky mass of pulp that cold water easily dissolves. When it is concentrated, the pulp yields a syrup something like strained honey. This syrup has a redish color, and is slightly tart, owing to the grape acids, but has all the delicious flavor of the raisins.

The syrup, however, is not all, for the seeds still remain. When they have been screened, dried and ground it is possible to extract from them about one-seventh of their total weight in a pale, gold-yellow oil that has a delicious, nut-like taste. The oil dries rapidly, and can be used in paints and varnishes. The oil also makes a compact soap, with a pleasant, aromatic odor.

From the residue, tannin can be extracted, and there still remains a substance known commercially as "meal," that makes good stock food.

BIRDS AND THEIR BILLS.

The birds do not have hands, but they have something that answers as well. Their bills are as useful to them as your hands are to you.

They are not all made alike or used in the same way. The duck has a very queer bill. It is made so because this bird has to find its food under water; it cannot see what it gets and must feel instead.

So this bill is filled with nerves for the purpose. It has a row of little points, too, all around the edge, something like teeth. But how does the duck use it? Let us see.

When searching for food, it thrusts this bill down, and brings it up full of mud. Now, in the mud are the very things the bird lives upon. These little nerves tell it just what is good to eat. What is not good is sent out through these queer points, just as if it were a sifter. The nerves in this funny sieve take good care that nothing shall be lost that is worth eating.

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.**