

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

December 4, Sunday.—Second Sunday of Advent.

" 5, Monday.—Of the Octave.

" 6, Tuesday.—St. Nicholas, Bishop and Confessor.

" 7, Wednesday.—St. Ambrose, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

" 8, Thursday.—The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

" 9, Friday.—Of the Octave of the Immaculate Conception.

" 10, Saturday.—Octave of St. Francis Xavier.

ST. NICHOLAS, BISHOP AND CONFESSOR.

St. Nicholas, Bishop and Confessor, was born at Patara, a city of Lycia, in Asia Minor. In his youth he made a pilgrimage to Egypt and Palestine, and shortly after his return he became Bishop of Myra, in Lycia. He was persecuted under Licinius and restored to his See by Constantine the Great. His veneration is widely spread in the East. He is the patron Saint of scholars of Russia.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

Her Immaculate Conception was the first of the privileges by which the Blessed Virgin was prepared for the dignity of Mother of God. This privilege signifies that Mary never contracted the stain of original sin; that her soul, in the first moment of its union with her body, was pure and spotless. She was thus excepted from the universal doom in virtue of which every member of the human race enters the world stained by Adam's sin. This doctrine, so admirably in keeping with what the holiness of Mary's Son required, though expressed more or less explicitly in every age of the Church's history, was not formally defined until the year 1854.

GRAINS OF GOLD IMMACULATE.

"Pure as the snow" we say. Ah, never flake
Fell through the air
One-tenth as fair

As Mary's soul was made for Christ's dear sake.
Virgin Immaculate,

The Whitest whiteness of the Alpine snows
Beside thy stainless spirit dusky grows.

"Pure as the stars." Ah! never lovely night
Wore in its diadem
So pure a gem

As that which fills the ages with its light.
Virgin Immaculate,

The peerless splendors of thy soul by far
Outshine the glow of Heaven's serenest star.

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THE HOLY HOUR.

The spiritual values of the Holy Hour are countless. Living in an age of indifference and materialism, the Holy Hour will serve to draw our thoughts from worldly cares and anxieties and set them on that more lasting city where we shall dwell in endless adoration of the Most High. In becoming an adorer of Jesus Hostia the faithful Catholic is permitted to be enrolled among Jesus' friends. What greater gift than a friend? But to have God for our friend! Who can fathom this immeasurable prodigality! "You are no more strangers and foreigners; but you are fellow-citizens with the saints, and the domestics of God" (Eph. ii., 19).

The fruits derived from an hour's communion with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament are numerous. Just as we cannot be near a fire without feeling its warmth, so when near the altar we receive an increase in faith, hope, charity, and all the graces and gifts which are necessary for our spiritual life.

REFLECTIONS.

We know by experience that the silence of the night is a good counsellor.—St. Hugh.

He prays always, who prays at fixed intervals.—St. Augustine.

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The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)

The moment, of course, arrived when Mat Murrin got on his legs to announce the discovery that "there is one to-night among us—or, rather, there are two to-night among us." The latter circumstance obliged him to divide his remarks into two flights—in one of which he gracefully took Mr. Mahon on his roe-like pinions and deposited him upon one of the most purple heights of Parnassus among the greatest poets of ancient and modern times—and in the second taking unto himself the wings of the American bald eagle, he rapidly skimmed the history of the Great War from the day when the fall of Fort Sumter threw a live coal on the heart of the American people, until the day when Sherman completed his programme of "smashing things to the sea"; wisely considering that the exploits of the General (of which he was as ignorant as of his name) must come in somewhere, and gently insinuating that they came in everywhere, and that the entire war was a drama produced under the sole management of our mysterious and invincible General. Both flights, of course, ended in a clinking of glasses, and a yell of "Hip, hip, hurrahs!" that must have disturbed the pillow of any dead man whose sleep was not of the most irrevocable character.

Mr. Mahon shambled through a few sentences of blushing acknowledgment; but was plainly delighted. This scene of the mess-tent on the eve of battle for Ireland was just one of those his imagination had a thousand times pictured; the adventure, and the contagious gaiety of the youngsters, made his old heart fresh.

Not so the General. What impressed his practical mind most was the amazing indiscretion of this noisy revelry—with lives, perhaps with the fate of the revolution, at stake. Still the situation was somehow too strong for him. "Gentlemen," he said, with grave courtesy, when a wild demand for "the General" forced him to his feet, "You must allow me to postpone my speech until the night we shall have done something to brag of—if I happen to be in a position to respond. I am not in command as yet; but, though it may seem a rough answer to your toast, I warn you that if I were this would be an affair for court-martial."

"The General's right," said Captain Mike, gravely. "It's not necessary to raise the dead on the present occasion."

"Divvel a haporth to fear, General, Con Lehane's on guard," said Mat Murrin, with the assured emphasis with which a German sings "The Watch on the Rhine"; and, though the voices for a time waxed timid under the General's rebuke, Mat's incorrigible example soon again carried all before it, and he had Ken singing a little rebel war-song wrapped in fire, and he set Captain Mike to follow with the rollicking Federal chorus of—

In Sixty-one the war began—

Hurrah! hurrah!

In Sixty-two we'll pull it through,

Hurrah!

In Sixty-three the nigger'll be free,

In Sixty-four the war'll be o'er,

And Abe's eyes will gleam with glee,

When Johnny comes marching home!

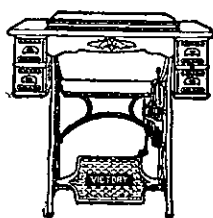
This was the chorus which—vastly deadened, no doubt, by the thick walls of the Tower—had startled Monsignor McGrudder in his room. The strains of the last verse were still vibrating, when a low knock on the iron door announced Con Lehane with the report of his encounter with the Monsignor in the graveyard.

"Blood alive!" exclaimed Mat Murrin, who felt himself to be the guilty author of the mischief.

The General smiled quietly, but only said: "Gone to alarm the police, I suppose?"

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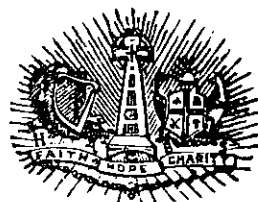
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"No, no," said Con Lehane, earnestly. "He's not so bad as that. He gave his word. He may curse us as a matter of duty; but his word of honor is pledged, and he won't break that, my life on it."

"Hum! I've met some slippery gentlemen of his cloth, said the General, bringing his revolver to half-cock, and burying it somewhere about his breast. "I presume, gentlemen, it is only necessary to say good-night," he added, with a significant glance towards the door. "I think you might keep young Rohan, on the look of him." This in an undertone to Captain Mike, as the others filtered out. "Now that we're alone," he proceeded rapidly, "let me say what brought me and what you've got to do. I am nominated to the command of the Southern District, and am on my way to Dublin to receive my instructions from the Directory, and to inquire for myself how matters stand. The expedition from the other side is ready. The first of our cruisers was to start four days after me. Barring accidents of weather, she is timed to be off Cooiloch Bay the eighth night from this."

"And I guess we're to be thar on time?" asked the Captain.

"You're to direct them which of the creeks it may be safest to run into. The password will be 'Celts with a vengeance.' You're to be responsible for the arrangements for transporting the arms and ammunition they'll bring secretly to Cork, after which you're to cut the telegraph wires, arrange for the landing of the men, and go for Bantry Barracks in concert with our friends in red. After that—the deluge!"

"General, I chirp in," said the Captain, caressing his moustache with much contentment. "The first point is not to get jailed meanwhile. This place ain't safe after to-night, even with Con Lehane on guard. I suspect this grizzly knows his way to a well with any mocassin'd son of a Soo. I have my eye on a spot where I can lie low this moment. And you?"

"I hope to cover half the ground to Cork before day-break," said the other, burying himself in the mountainous frieze coat, with which he equipped himself after landing. "Mr. Mahon is not a riding man, and will travel more slowly. I hope he will forgive me for suggesting that he should throw off that cloak and hat. Nothing could be more picturesque, but that's just it—it's so picturesque there is not a policeman with half an eye that won't fall admiring it."

"And there is a warrant out against you for high treason?" said Ken Rohan, tenderly. "I saw that they searched your house."

"Yes; but you see I am a born conspirator," replied the poet, who really believed it, and to whom any suggestion to the contrary was as bitter aloes. "I really am."

"So is a bed of posies homshells," whispered Captain Mike in an aside to the General. "But that's brother Mahon's way—he'd give up his life before he'd give up that ridiculous poet's uniform of his."

"If Mr. Mahon will stay here, he will be quite safe, and he will have my bed at the Mill with more welcome than a king," said Ken Rohan, timidly, as if there were really a crown of gold rounding Mr. Mahon's temples.

The poet put his hand upon his head again, affectionately, but shook his own head with a sad smile. "I must be going, like the General," he said.

"Then, I shall get out the pony and trap, and put you as far on your road by daybreak as the General himself," cried Ken Rohan with delight.

"That being settled, gentlemen—good-night. "We'll meet again, I dare say, if there's anything worth meeting for." And the General passed out at the iron-door among the graves, where Con Lehane was waiting to pilot him to his horse.

The next morning, while the woods and waters were shivering in cold silence under the bloodshot lights of a wintry dawn, Joshua Neville was taking his usual early walk in the high-terraced gardens behind Clanlaurance Castle, when he saw the American Captain walk out of one of the arbors to meet him.

He could not have been more amazed if the Prince of Darkness had started out of the ground in burning full-dress. "You here!" he exclaimed, tortured with all sorts of vague visions of celebrated outlaws from Jack Cade to Rob Roy McGregor, and unable to settle

in the least whether his own duty as an English liegeman required him to deal with the intruder, sword-in-hand, after the manner of "Alexander Iden, an Esquire of Kent," upon a like historic occasion—even if there was a sword immediately procurable.

"I guess so," said the American Captain. "You once mentioned that you never missed this sunrise walk of yours in the gardens. I've been three frozen hours waitin' for you in yonder bower o' roses by Bendemeer's stream. I went within a stave of getting my ankle cracked in one of them blamed steel-traps under the wall yonder, only, like everythin' belonging to old man Clanlaurance, the thing was slightly out of order."

"So like Lord Clanlaurance!" exclaimed the ironmaster, whom anything that jarred on his sense of the practical and orderly recalled for the moment from more abstract considerations. "But—er—ah—"

"What brings me here, you naturally ask?" said the Captain, charitably glossing over the fact that he had not asked. "Wal, not to burn fireworks over it, fact is there's Injuns around, an' I've made tracks to your stockade for shelter."

"To me! An Englishman!" cried Joshua Neville, who was making a rapid mental comparison between Captain Miko's brawny frame and his own shrunken Sunday-citizen figure, and darkly considering whether, nevertheless, Duty might not call upon him to disregard the odds.

"I guess I ain't the first hunted refugee from the nigger-drivers that found a friendly lighthouse in an Englishman's eye! 'Taint the English we're in grips with: it's with the swell mob that stole your flag an' run this island in the Pirate business. Anyways, Englishman or Choctaw, you seemed to strike me as a kind of whole man, an' I jest said I'd step 'round an' bore."

"It's High Treason, is it not?" asked Neville in a miserable state of indecision. The word "Treason," which falls on Irish ears like hushed music, laden, as were once the names of Balmerino and Kilmarnock, with associations which melt the gentle and fire the brave, conjured up in Joshua Neville's well-ordered English mind hateful notions of traitors taken in some treacherous deed of guilt against their Queen and country—of subterranean dungeons, and streaming blocks, and ghastly heads held up by the blood-clotted hair.

"High treason—that, I am given to understand, is the legend," said Captain Mike.

"And the penalty is—Death?"

"That always is about the penalty, unless you get the erect drop on the enemy first."

"It would be misprison of treason on my part to harbor you—involving imprisonment—involving perhaps penal servitude."

"Seems to me 'most everything in this island is Treason that is not Robbery," the Captain remarked with a sigh. He had been travelling all night, and looked sufficiently spent and haggard. "Wal, I daar say you're right—it's no affair of yours—it's our business to do our dying and penal-servituting for ourselves. Good-bye, boss—hope there ain't no offence given or taken—an' only hope in conclusion old man Clanlaurance ain't left no more o' them idiotic man-traps foolin' around that wall."

"Stay—you mistake me," said the ironmaster, who, having made up his mind on any subject, did not fear to shock a world in arms. "An Englishman finds some difficulty in placing himself at your point of view; but I think I understand. You are welcome to make my home your own, if you will give your word to use it only as a sanctuary, and in no other way than for the purpose of securing your escape from the country. On these terms you can command my home and me."

"Wal, boss, this is fair—it's generous—it bears out my ideas in boring in this gulch. But it won't do. I don't propose—by no manner of means—to use your house 'cept as reverently as if 'twor a church to cover my head for seven nights from the present; but as to what I may do outside it, after, or meanwhile—I can't allow my hands to be tied by your kindness, no more'n by Queen Victoria's handcuffs—no Sir! Thankee all the same, Honorable Joshua Neville, and, as a plain Amurrican citizen—put the hand there." Whereupon he crunched the ironmaster's hand in a grip like that of his own relentless steam hammers, and turned to go.

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"Be it so. You shall stay—and stay on your own terms," said Neville, a wondrous beam of deep grey philanthropy playing over his strong face like a Quakerly nimbus. "I came to Ireland determined not to be drawn by a hair's breadth into partisanship on either side; but I find it's impossible to escape the infection. One has only to choose between the rebel-fever and the cruel mania for mastering the people, and upon the whole—I've chosen. Come in to breakfast."

The American Captain stood for a moment on the garden-path, watching the play of the Quakerly nimbus over Joshua Neville's rugged features, and thinking how really beautiful this hardened old Sheffield steel face looked this wintry morning. "Wal, boss," he remarked, as he walked on towards the Castle, "if they sent over a few more Englishmen of your streak, I guess they'd do more execution among our boys than as many regiments of redcoats, in a permanent sort of way."

(To be continued.)

The Story of Ireland

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

LXXXV.—How the Horrors of the Famine had their effect on Irish Politics. How the French Revolution set Europe in a Flame. How Ireland made a vain attempt at Insurrection.

Amidst the horrors of "Black Forty-seven," the reason of strong men gave way in Ireland. The people lay dead in hundreds on the highways and in the fields. There was food in abundance in the country,* but the Government said it should not be touched, unless in accordance with the teachings of Adam Smith and the "laws of political economy."

The mechanism of an absentee Government utterly broke down, even in carrying out its own tardy and inefficient measures. The charity of the English people towards the end generously endeavored to compensate for the inefficiency or the heartlessness of the Government. But it could not be done. The people perished in thousands. Ireland was one huge charnel pit.

It is not wonderful that amidst scenes like these some passionate natures burst into rash resolves. Better, they cried, the people died bravely with arms in their hands, ridding themselves of such an imbecile regime; better Ireland was reduced to a cinder, than endure the horrible physical and moral ruin being wrought before men's eyes. The daring apostle of these doctrines was John Mitchel. Men called him mad. Well might it have been so. Few natures like his could have calmly looked on at a people perishing—rotting away—under the hands of blundering and incompetent, if not callous and heartless foreign rulers. But he protested he was "not mad, most noble Festus." An unforeseen circumstance came to the aid of the phrensied leader. In February, 1848, the people rose in the streets of Paris, and in three days' struggle pulled down one of the strongest military Governments in Europe. All the continent burst into a flame. North, south, east, and west, the peoples rose, thrones tottered, and rulers fell. Once again the blood of Ireland was turned to fire. What nation of them all, it was asked, had such maddening wrongs as Ireland? While all around her were rising in appeals to the god of battles, was she alone to crouch and whine like a beggar? Was England stronger than other governments that now daily crumpled at the first shock of conflict?

Even a people less impulsive and hot-blooded than the Irish would have been powerless to withstand these incitements. The Young Ireland leaders had almost unanimously condemned Mitchel's policy when first it had been preached; but this new state of things was too much for them. They were swept off their feet by the fierce billows of popular excitement. To resist the cry for war was deemed "cowardly." Ere long even the calmest of the Young Ireland chiefs yielded to the epidemic, and became persuaded that the time at length had come when Ireland might safely and righteously appeal for justice to God and her own strong right arm.

Alas! all this was the fire of fever in the blood, not the

strength of health in that wasted famine-stricken nation!

Nevertheless, the Government was filled with alarm. It fell upon the popular leaders with savage fury. Mitchel was the first victim. He had openly defied Government to the issue. He had openly said and preached that English government was murdering the people, and ought to be swept away at once and for ever. So prevalent was this conviction—at all events its first proposition*—in Ireland at the time, that the Government felt that according to the rules of fair constitutional procedure, Mitchel would be sustained in a court of justice. That is to say a "jury of his countrymen" fairly empanelled, would, considering all the circumstances, declare him a patriot, not a criminal. So the Government was vain to collect twelve of its own creatures, or partisans, and send them into a jury box to convict him in imitation of a "trial." Standing in the dock where Emmet stood half a century before, he gloried in the sacrifice he was about to consummate for Ireland, and like another Scaevola, told his judges that 300 hundred comrades were ready to dare the same fate. The court rang with shouts from the crowding auditors, that each one and all were ready to follow him—that not 300 hundred, but 300,000, were his companions in the "crime" of which he stood convicted. Before the echoes had quite died away in Green Street, John Mitchel, loaded with irons, was hurried on board a government transport ship, and carried off into captivity.

He had not promised all in vain. Into his vacant place there now stepped one of the most remarkable men—one of the purest and most devoted patriots—Ireland ever produced. Gentle and guileless as a child, modest and retiring, disliking turmoil, and naturally averse to violence, his was, withal, true courage, and rarest, noblest daring. This was "John Martin of Loughorne," a Presbyterian gentleman of Ulster, who now, quitting the congenial tranquillity and easy independence of his northern home, took his place, all calmly, but lion-hearted, in the gap of danger. He loved peace, but he loved truth, honor, and manhood, and he hated tyranny, and was ready to give his life for Ireland. He now as boldly as Mitchel proclaimed that the English usurpation was murderous in its result, and hateful to all just men. Martin was seized also, and like Mitchel, was denied real trial by jury. He was brought before twelve government partisans selected for the purpose, convicted, sentenced, and hurried off in chains.

Seizures and convictions now multiplied rapidly. The people would have risen in insurrection immediately on Mitchel's conviction, but for the exhortations of other leaders, who pointed out the ruin of such a course at a moment when the food question alone would defeat them. In harvest, it was resolved on all sides to take the field, and the interval was to be devoted to energetic preparation.

But the government was not going to permit this choice of time nor this interval of preparation. In the last week of June a Bill to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act was suddenly hurried through parliament, and the Young Ireland leaders, scattered through the country in the work of organisation, taken utterly by surprise, and without opportunity or time for communication or concert, were absolutely flung into the field.

The result was what might be expected: no other result was possible, as human affairs are ordinarily determined. An abortive rising took place in Tipperary, and once more some of the purest, the bravest, and the best of Irishmen were fugitives or captives for "the old crime of their race"—high treason against England.

The leader in this movement was William Smith O'Brien, brother of the present Earl of Inchiquin, and a lineal descendant of the victor of Clontarf. Like some other of the ancient families of Ireland of royal lineage, O'Brien's had, generations before his time, become completely identified with the Anglo-Irish nobility in political and religious faith. He was, therefore, by birth an aristocrat, and was by early education a "conservative" in

*So distressingly obvious was the callousness of the Government to the horrors of the famine—so inhuman its policy in declaring that the millions should perish rather than the corn market should be "disturbed" by the action of the State—that coroners' juries in several places, empanelled in the cases of famine victims, found as their verdict, on oath, "Wilful murder against Lord John Russell" (the premier) and his fellow-cabinet ministers.

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politics. But he had a thoroughly Irish heart withal, and its promptings, seconded by the force of reason, brought him in 1844 into the ranks of the national movement. This act—the result of pure self-sacrificing conviction and sense of duty—sundered all the ties of his past life, and placed him in utter antagonism with his nearest and dearest relatives and friends. He was a man endowed with all the qualities of soul that truly ennobles humanity; a lofty integrity, a proud dignity, a perfect inability, so to speak, to fall into an ignoble or unworthy thought or action. Unfriendly critics called him haughty, and said he was proud of his family; and there was a proportion of truth in the charge. But it was not a failing to blush for, after all, and might well be held excusable in a scion of the royal house of Thomond, filled with the glorious spirit of his ancestors.

Such was the man—noble by birth, fortune, education, and social and public position—who, towards the close of 1848, lay in an Irish dungeon awaiting the fate of the Irish patriot who loves his country “not wisely but too well.”

(To be continued.)

Back to Tribalism

In his letter to President de Valera dated September 7, 1921 (says the *Irish Bulletin* for September 21), Mr. Lloyd George stated that the principle of government by consent of the governed is “the foundation of British constitutional development,” but added that the British Government could not accept an interpretation of that principle which would give Ireland national independence and separation from the British Empire.

“You must be aware that conference on such a basis is impossible. So applied the principle of government by the consent of the governed would undermine the fabric of every democratic State and drive the civilised world back to tribalism.”

Obviously government by consent of the governed does not mean that each individual has the right to choose his own government, or that each group of individuals has the right to choose its own government. It means that each nation has the right to choose its own government. Ireland is a nation, as Mr. Lloyd George has again and again admitted, and it is as a nation that Ireland claims the right to self-determination.

The Creation of the Tribal State

It is certainly desirable that any settlement that may be arrived at as a result of the present negotiations should not undermine the fabric of any democratic State, and should not tend to drive the civilised world back to tribalism. The independence of Ireland would have no such effect. It is the attempted partition of Ireland which makes for tribalism, for tribalism enters in when self-determination is applied to something which is not a nation. Ireland has declared her willingness to meet any legitimate claims Mr. Lloyd George may put forward, though these claims may have the effect of limiting to some extent the exercise of her indefeasible right. In spite of this Mr. Lloyd George says that the nation of Ireland demands more than she has the right to demand, but at the same time he gives to North-East Ulster, which does not pretend to be a province still less a nation, the right to refuse any settlement whatever which does not conform to her wishes in every particular. And to reinforce her in this position he arbitrarily establishes a portion of Ulster as a State.

This partition policy is not proposed by Ireland but is proposed by the British Government. In establishing this State Mr. Lloyd George departed from the national basis. He ignored the laws of history, tradition, and geography. “Northern Ireland” as his absurd effort in nation-building is absurdly called, consists of six of the 32 counties in Ireland. The historical province of Ulster consists of nine counties, but though this province has some claim to a geographical and historical unity within Ireland and as part of an Irish Commonwealth, Mr. Lloyd George durst not select it as the area of his new State because its population is almost equally Nationalist and Unionist, and any Government set up for the whole province would have no stable Protestant majority, which was primarily what he sought. Mr. George, therefore, chose

an unnatural unit having no boundaries, having no previous historical existence, and having no claim to separation from the rest of Ireland on any grounds that would convince an impartial judge.

The Geographical Position of Northern Ireland

It is worth while to consider the geographical position of the Six-County State. Although named “Northern Ireland,” Donegal, one of the counties included in Mr. Lloyd George’s “Southern Ireland,” is more northerly than any portion of it. Fermanagh, which is included in the area, has a majority of Republicans, and is geographically propinquitous to none of the five other counties except the county of Tyrone, which also is and has been Nationalist in politics and Catholic in majority. Fermanagh lies across the inland route between the rest of “Southern Ireland” and the county of Donegal, with the result that this maritime county is cut off from the main portion of the nation by a Nationalist county forced against its will under a Parliament foreign to it in faith, ideals, needs, and interests. By whatever argument the conversion of the other four counties of North-East Ulster into a separate State may be superficially justified, the inclusion of Tyrone and Fermanagh has not one sound argument to support it; unless it be that if these two Catholic counties were, as they should be, attached to “Southern Ireland” the insignificant size of “Northern Ireland” would itself have killed the Partition scheme with ridicule—for Tyrone and Fermanagh, both Republican, form no less than a third of the whole of the six-county area.

The Four Counties not Homogeneous

But even the four-county area is not homogeneous. The protests already made by the counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh are being taken up by the electoral constituencies of South and East Down and South Armagh. These districts about the counties of Louth and Monaghan, both of which have Republican majorities and are included in the area of “Southern Ireland.” Both in South and East Down and in South Armagh the majority of the population is Catholic and Nationalist, and any boundary drawn with regard to the wishes of the people would have placed them in Southern Ireland.

In the whole area of South and East Down every elective body with but one exception has been returned with a majority opposed to Partition, and this despite every effort made by the British Local Government Board in Ireland to arrange the constituencies so that the Unionist party would have control of the county. Downpatrick, the capital town, has elected Republicans as the chairmen of its three public bodies, the Town Commissioners, the Board of Guardians, and the Rural District Council. One of the Parliamentary representatives for the county is Mr. Patrick O’Neill, who appeared before the Cabinet of Dail Eireann on September 8 to protest against the inclusion of South and East Down in the Partition area.

Again of the two cities within the Four-County area—Belfast and Derry—one, Derry City, has a Republican majority, and has elected as its parliamentary representative Dr. Eoin MacNeill, Speaker of Dail Eireann, and as its City Council a Corporation in the majority vehemently opposed to partition.

Of the four counties Down, Derry, Antrim, and Armagh, the Catholic population in Derry and Armagh is greater than either the Presbyterian, the Episcopalian, or the Methodist, and in Down the Catholic population is greater than the Episcopalian and the Methodist and is only six per cent. less than the Presbyterian. In the six counties taken together the Catholic population is 41.3 per cent. of the whole, the Presbyterian 26.7 per cent., the Episcopalian 25.4 per cent., the Methodist 3.3 per cent., and all others 2.3 per cent.

Ulster and the Irish Nation

This then is the area that Mr. Lloyd George would partition from the rest of Ireland, forcing upon it a separate statehood it has never demanded and now accepts with unconcealed reluctance. At the same time he preaches the doctrine that self-determination cannot be exercised by a nation five times as great as North-East Ulster without resulting in the destruction of all democratic States and the revival of prehistoric barbarism. On the very

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grounds on which the British Premier unjustly limits self-determination for Ireland, Ireland must in justice to herself limit self-determination for North-East Ulster in so far as the exercise of that self-determination would lead to a disappearance of Ireland's ancient unity. But in all matters which are not vital to the existence of Ireland as a nation, Dail Eireann is ready, and has many times publicly stated its readiness to give Ulster a more generous local autonomy than that conferred upon her people by the British Partition Act.

Mr. T. J. Meade Honored

There retired on October 31 from the Post and Telegraph Department on superannuation, Mr. T. J. Meade, after a little over 37 years' service. Mr. Meade was educated at the Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin, and the old-time Jesuit College at Wakari. Early in 1885 he joined the Post and Telegraph Department, and was appointed to Mataura as telegraphist, where he was stationed for some time. He also acted as relieving-postmaster at various offices in the Southland district. During 1891 Mr. Meade was transferred to the Dunedin Telegraph Office, where he remained for a period of over 30 years, he having had the unique experience of serving with three generations. Although promotion was offered him on several occasions, he declined, preferring to remain in Dunedin. The officers of the local Telegraph Office, with whom Mr. Meade had been associated, could not let him part from them without presenting him with a small token of the esteem in which he was held. Mr. D. Faulks, Acting Superintendent, eulogised the many good qualities of the departing officer, and expressed the staff's wish that the recipient would be spared for many years to enjoy his well-earned rest. He then presented Mr. Meade with a handsome gold Albert and medallion, suitably inscribed. Mr. Meade in reply thanked those present for their much appreciated gift, and the speaker for his kind remarks. He said it was hard leaving all his old associates, but as he had the service which entitled him to retire he did so willingly. The singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and three cheers for Mr. Meade, brought a pleasant little gathering to a close.

St. Mary's Memorial School, Christchurch

St. Mary's new Catholic school, Manchester Street, Christchurch, which was blessed and opened on a recent Sunday by his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, is a handsome structure, designed and equipped on modern lines. It has been erected on the site of the old primary school, and will serve also as a memorial to the 300 men of St. Mary's parish who fought in the great war. The organising work was commenced about 18 months ago by the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., parish priest, and on his departure at the beginning of this year on a trip to Europe, Rev. Father Seymour, S.M., assisted by a parish committee, of which Mr. M. Prendergast is secretary, carried on the task of raising funds. The building is a two-storey one of brick, with the lower portion plastered.

When the 250 pupils of St. Mary's primary school remove into their new quarters they will be housed in one of the most up-to-date school buildings in the Dominion, and the Sisters of Mercy will have reason to feel gratified to the parishioners for their generosity and zeal in providing such a fine school. Except for the back and front walls of the old school, the building is new throughout. There are 15 rooms, including an assembly and social hall 100 feet by 32 feet, and eight class-rooms. With the exception of the infant room, all of the class-rooms are on the upper floor. Entrance to the class-rooms is given by two stairways, one each for the boys and girls. Every class-room is well ventilated, and the windows are all equipped with patent fittings by Messrs. Bradley Bros. This is the first building to be so fitted. A hot-water heating system has been installed, and in this connection, in the hat and cloak rooms for the boys and girls the racks are so constructed that wet clothes may be dried while the children are at their lessons.

In the frontage of the social hall there is a marble slab, bearing the inscription:—"Soldiers' Memorial School. Erected in honor of the brave men of this parish who fought in the great war, 1914-1918." In the social hall there will be placed two rolls of honor on each side of the

dais, containing the names of the 300 soldiers who went from the parish. The fitting-up and plastering of the hall is not yet completed, but it is hoped that the work will be finished by the end of the month. The hall is 82 feet by 32 feet at the back, and there are to be folding doors erected to partition off the infant class-room, and these will be removed when the full floor space is required for parish meetings and socials.

"God's Law Above Man's"

Rebellion by the Church against constituted civil government, when civil government conflicts with the moral teachings of the Church, was suggested by Prof. Harry F. Ward, of Union Theological Seminary, New York, to the Rock River Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church to-day (states a Chicago message, under date October 7, to the Brooklyn Tablet).

Prof. Ward had described conditions in the West Virginia coal-fields where he said one man as military dictator had been given supreme power of life and death.

"He would not even let the churches hold religious services," said Prof. Ward. "The thing to do there was for your missionary societies to organise every minister in the land, send them into the district and keep them at work until every gaol was full."

"We should have let the world know that there is a power above that of the autocratic democracy. If the proclamation of a new industrial order is declared treason, the answer of the pulpit which was long ago stated is, 'We must obey God rather than man.'"

In proportion as ye have been sparing in your own chastisement, will God spare you.—St. Pacian.

Collect Old Stamps

Rev. Father Westropp (per Mr. B. Gallien, North-East Valley, Dunedin) begs to acknowledge parcels of stamps from the following:—

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The Meaning of Education

Religion must be an essential part in the child's training if the child is to be really educated (says *Truth*, N.Y.) Education is defined as a preparation for "complete living." Now, man lives not merely as an intellectual, but as a moral being; and you cannot teach morality to the child without teaching religion—morality's source and sanction. And so, the child-training which neglects or weakens religion is no education at all. Religion is a vital element in every civilised nation. Religion is the source of all our civilisation, and its altar has been the cradle of the arts. Weaken religion and you relax the bonds that knit a nation together. Uproot it and you will have to encounter the wildest forces of human passion. Nothing can take the place of religion in education. The philosophies of Plato, of Cicero, the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, or the *Discourses* of Epictetus did not, and could not, purify the spirit of the inner man. So-called ethical culture, apart from religious dogma, is merely the rattling of dry bones. Religion alone supplies a reasonable basis for civilised morality. And so, the secular knowledge imparted to the child should have poured into it the vivifying spirit of a higher knowledge, so that the progress and elevation of the child's mind may be a movement in the right direction—towards its last end, God.

The second principle we Catholics hold in the question of education is that the religious education the child ought to receive should be the religious education desired for it by its parents. We claim this by natural right, not to speak of divine right.

The education of the child is as much a natural parental right and duty as is the feeding and clothing of it; and from the moment the State assumes the parents' right it is bound to administer it in all its integrity.

We want our children educated as good, practical, well-instructed Catholics. We have a national right and duty of conscience that our religion shall be an essential element in, shall be the warp and woof of our child's training.

Undenominational Instruction

What are we to say to this system? Well, it seems to please the majority of our Protestant fellow-citizens. It would appear to give them the kind of religious education they desire for their children. By all means, let them have it. Our conscientious religious beliefs and the discipline of our Church forbid us to have part in it. Why?

Firstly: We recognise no such thing as "common" or "fundamental" Christianity. It is a concept based on one of the most fatal errors of Protestantism—the distinction between essentials and non-essentials in religious doctrines.

Secondly: We deny the right of any State to formulate this "Common-Christianity" religion as a foundation for subsequent specific denominational teaching. Can you build a house on water? As well may you try to build Catholicism on this "Common-Christianity" foundation. These two things are opposed on first principles; and we repudiate the notion that distinctive Catholic doctrines are a kind of extra. Each one of them is fundamental.

Thirdly: We deny that the State, as such, is competent to pronounce on the validity of a creed. And in a community so mixed as ours, when the State discriminates in favor of this so-called "common" or "undogmatic" religious teaching, and makes it a State-endowed religion to the exclusion of all others, it does a cruel injustice to, and oppresses the conscience of, those who do not hold that form of teaching. With Catholic money the State builds and maintains schools which please the majority of non-Catholics, but which we cannot in conscience use without grave fears that our children will grow up alienated from the faith of their fathers. This money is lost to us. We are under a further obligation in conscience to provide and maintain schools of our own. We demand that you must not take our money to ruin the faith and the souls of our children.

Fourthly: A truly national system of primary education does not consist in beating flat to the ground all religious difference by an arbitrary device like "Common-Christian" teaching. It consists in recognising national facts; in respecting conscientious differences and the

honesty which persists in holding to them; in embracing fairly and reasonably the main elements in the community; and in not penalising any one for religious convictions.

Fifthly: And so, Catholic parents, equal in all things to their fellow-citizens, as rent and taxpayers, as sharers in all the privileges and burdens of the same State—possess in justice the right to have their children educated in schools in conformity with their religious convictions. Otherwise Catholics are treated not as Christian freemen, but as political slaves, and by the material and financial benefits of the public school system our children are bribed to apostasy.

Educated "Pagan America"

Some few months ago the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Philadelphia made a statement to the effect that the United States of America as a nation had turned definitely away from Christ. There is a marvellous agreement between Pope Leo XIII. and Bishop Rhinelander. The great Pontiff, with the unfailing instinct of Christ's Vicar, pointed out the inevitable consequences of the underlying principles of modern secular education; Bishop Rhinelander simply bore witness to these consequences which thrust themselves upon his observation in this country.

And he concludes his arraignment of American secular education with these words:

"I know of no great university in this country where even among the elective courses the student can find any definite instruction in the historic Christian faith, as though it were to-day a living reality with a claim on modern intelligence and thought. It is probably a fact that at any of our leading colleges the student can get more definite instruction in Mohammedanism or Buddhism or almost any other of the ethnic religions than he can in Christianity."

So much for the bishop's first test: Education in its ideals and results.

His next gauge of the nature and trend of American civilisation is one that, all will agree, is obvious and adequate: Literature, as popularly current.

In this connection he says:

"In literature the highest place is, for the first time in history, freely given to the novelists. Writers of fiction are hailed as prophets of the truth and the best guides of conscience. In the pages of these 'best sellers' and high priests of public morals you will find the most sacred Christian institutions treated with scorn and ridicule. And in particular the ideals of purity and continence and holy marriage are frankly thrown in the dust heap."

He admits that in current literature, howsoever salacious and subversive of Christian standards it may be, "there is a certain refinement of taste which shrinks from the brutal frankness characterised by earlier ages." "But" of those earlier ages he remarks with great justice, "along with that frankness there was present and was recognised a very definite idealism and an influencing recognition of Christian standards as being of unquestionable validity and requiring the homage of all right-minded men and women." While in modern literature, "most of the popular writers frankly lay the axe at the root of all Christian standards and advocate the right of each man to be a law unto himself and to be governed by his own unbridled passions."

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.

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Current Topics

A Farce

According to the *Otago Daily Times*, November 25, Mr. Witty asked the Prime Minister when New Zealanders returning from business or holidays in a distant land were to be saved from the annoyance and futility of having to sign a long form, answer ridiculous questions, and take an unnecessary oath of allegiance. He very properly described the entire procedure as farcical, to which of course many of the Members who have made the New Zealand Parliament a laughing stock objected. Considering that Mr. Massey and his friends have by their support of godless schools done their best to destroy all reverence for God's name in this Dominion their belief in the efficacy of an oath is childish. Such an oath would be treated lightly by people who have been taught by New Zealand schools that religion is a matter of indifference. Even Mr. Massey, who admits that he was Grand Master of a society once rightly condemned by the British Government, seems to have taken the oath without scruple. Mr. Witty was quite right. It is a farce, and a costly one too. A traveller recently returning to Auckland tells us that when the boat came to an anchor he saw a strange-looking craft laden with uniformed men, making for the steamer. He asked a bystander if New Zealand had been taken by the Japanese during his absence. "No," was the reply. "These are only Massey's navy, and you are going to have a demonstration of how a fool-Government wastes public money." Another said it was nearly as hard to get into New Zealand now as into heaven. A third said he could not understand how anybody who had not urgent business came near the country. Somebody else asked whether tourists were not catered for. "Tourists!" said the first speaker, "why everything is done to drive them away. We have dirty trains, with first-class carriages worse than the third at home: we have a rotten steamer service, and very little of that left in action at all nowadays, and a tourist office is the last place a sensible person would go to for information."

A Note from Ireland

The last mail brought us a note from a prominent Sinn Feiner, and some of it is worth quoting for the sake of the (authoritative) view it gives of events at the date at which it was written. Speaking of a training camp, the writer says: "The maintenance and training of the I.R.A. is of vital importance whether the future brings us peace or war. Too often did Ireland throw aside her arms and put her trust in John Bull's sense of justice and honor. To-day we intend to keep a grip on our rifles until the bargain is clinched and till long after the ink has dried. The conference is sitting as I write. Of its final issue none can speak with certainty. Personally I am not without hope, but mindful of de Valera's warning in a proclamation to the nation published this morning, in which he said: 'The prospect of further sacrifices does not cause me to quail or falter for a moment. The threats that could force surrender in one particular would be relied on to force surrender in another and another till all were gone. Of necessity Ireland must stand where she is, unyielding and fearless on the rock of right, or be outmanoeuvred and defeated in detail. The peace that will end this conflict will be secured, not by the skill or statesmanship of leaders, but by the stern determination of a close-knit nation steeled to the acceptance of death rather than the abandonment of rightful liberty—a peace guaranteeing a freedom worthy of the sufferings endured to secure it.' That address is pitched in the right key. Don't think it too high. Young Ireland is well able for it. Only cowards and croakers find fault with it." Of such mettle are the men in whose hands are the destinies of Ireland to-day. Not without good cause did

the American Hierarchy congratulate the Irish bishops on the leaders who are winning victory for the old land at last. And it is victory. We too have had our cowards and croakers, but to-day our stand is justified.

What about Ulster?

There is no denying the fact that the British Government has made no serious attempt to prevent the murder of Catholics by the Orangemen. While whole streets of houses have been burned down and while Catholics have been persecuted for their religion the Lloyd George Government that professes such pity for minorities has given no proof that it cares one whit for the lives or property of a minority that happens to be Catholic. This is at the present time a very significant fact. Another is the charge by Eoin MacNeill that the Government is secretly organising in Orange Ulster a sectarian army. Professor MacNeill is an Ulster man and he is not in the habit of making rash assertions. Taking his statement with the undeniable fact that the Government has tacitly approved of the slaughter of the Catholics there is some reason for doubting how far Lloyd George is sincere in his alleged desire to make peace with Ireland. An American writer thinks the present Conference is but another scheme on the same lines as the Convention, the findings of which Lloyd George disregarded once he succeeded in getting America into the war. It is not indeed impossible that the wily Welshman is once more scheming and marking time in view of the Washington Conference. But we may be sure that the fate of Ireland is in good hands and that the Sinn Fein representatives will not be fooled. We do not go so far as to say that the British Prime Minister is again attempting one of his old tricks. But the existing facts and his own bad record in the past are enough to make Irishmen watch every move of his with suspicion. Therefore, the I.R.A. is drilling and organising still just as if the worst had to be faced; and the leaders are determined that they will not trust this time to British pledges or scraps of paper. If there is treachery on this occasion they will at least have their rifles and their army. Ireland is wide awake and calmly facing the facts while anxious for a real peace. As for Ulster, it is not all plain sailing in Sir James Craig's realms. Day by day there are deputations from Tyrone, Fermanagh, Derry City, Derry County, County Down, and even from Belfast, demanding that Ulster should come in with the rest of Ireland. And in the little Parliament the members are not a very happy family. The egregious Coote has turned on Craig, accusing him of giving jobs to many people in order to secure their votes. Craig retorts that Coote's statements are disgraceful and that they constitute a charge of bribery and corruption. Poor Mr. Pollock, the Ulster Minister of Finance, complains that the whole Act is a fraud, and that the British Parliament has left him to carry on with an overdraft. Altogether, in the midst of the slaughter and arson in Belfast, the little Ulster conclave provides a laughable farce for the rest of Ireland and even Ulster Protestants are beginning to get disgusted with it. The *Dublin Leader* says of the situation:

"It is impossible to take Craig's Parliament seriously. It has its serious and tragic side like the pogroms, for the pogroms are all parts of the English game of 'Ulster.' But for the most part we think Craig and his team will provide good light comedy. We are not sufficiently interested in this English farce in Belfast to read about it in close detail, but from what we have read we gather that it is at present living on an overdraft from mother England, and that quarrels have already broken out there as to the spending of the money."

Poor old England which never in her prosperous days paid back to Ireland the three hundred odd millions which she stole through over-taxation, is in such sore straits nowadays that she has no money to spare even for her pet game of "Ulster." And poor Craig is sorely afraid that he will be the next victim betrayed by Lloyd George. With reference to the Conference, he says: "I have a feeling that we will be let down if there is nobody there to speak for Ulster."

The "Stop My Copy" Man

Apropos of an Indian gentleman who issued to the editor of the Bombay *Examiner* a "Stop my Copy" order because a contribution of no general interest or merit was not published, the *Examiner* for June 11, has something to say that deserves consideration in other places besides India. The "Stop my Copy" man takes one of the following lines, according to Father Hull:—

(1) The editor must insert in his paper anything which I take a fancy to send him, or else I shall order him to stop my copy.

(2) If the editor does insert anything I send, he must insert it wholly, verbatim and at once, otherwise I shall stop my copy.

(3) The editor must never express any view contrary to mine on any point in which I feel keenly interested; otherwise I stop my copy.

(4) He must not even reproduce from other papers any news-item or expression of opinion contrary to mine on such subjects—otherwise 'I stop my copy.'

(5) The manager must never remind me that my subscription has fallen into arrears, no matter how far. If he does I must stop my copy.

(6) If I make any complaint against the despatching staff, that my copy did not arrive, or my postcard was not attended to, the office must at once acknowledge the mistake and apologise profusely for it. If on the contrary the manager clears his office from blame and makes no apology, then there is only one course: I must stop my copy.

About twice a year we find ourselves confronted with persons of this type, with the same result each time. Our average we believe, is a lower one than falls to the lot of many other editors. About half of them we get up against are persons who have for years been writing most eulogistically to the editor saying how much they value the *Examiner*, how much good it does them, how they look forward to it week by week, and feel quite disappointed if a copy misses; and in short they would not be without it for the world. And yet as soon as there occurs any one of the five or six pettifogging incidents just enumerated above, back like a flash of lightning comes the watchword of the situation: "Stop my copy!"

One's only further interest in such a *quondam* subscriber is to try and analyse his mentality. Does he really imagine that anyone, merely by paying his subscription, thereby acquires a sort of proprietary right over the paper, with power to put into it whatever he likes? Does he really imagine that his subscription is a sort of favor which the editor is down on his knees for, ready to grovel and offer bribes of free publication of whatever is sent in, in eternal gratitude for the honor of having such a person on his register? Does he really imagine that the high importance which he attaches to his own private affairs, private opinions and feelings is the objective measure of their importance in the eyes of the universe, to be recognised and conformed to as a law by all and sundry whom it may concern? Does he really imagine that he is promoting the cause of civilisation, culture, liberty, progress, or any of those other things which we prize so highly nowadays, by assuming the swollen proportions of a despot, and dictating to the journalistic world what it shall do or shall not do, under the appalling and calamitous penalty of having his name removed from the subscription list? Has he ever asked himself what would happen if places were changed: if he himself were editing a newspaper of a certain type and kind, with a certain outlook, and found himself besieged by contributors asking him to publish "in his next issue" items which, in view of common sense and the sense of proportion, he would never dream of inserting freely?

Catholics and Socialism

At the session of the Catholic Confederation of England and Wales, held in Sheffield about the first of October, a resolution was passed which brought about a cleavage between Catholic Trade Unions and the British Labor Party. Objecting to the socialisation of the Labor Party, which was brought about at its

convention of 1918, the Sheffield Convention called on Catholic Trade Unionists to withhold their levy to the Parliamentary Funds, and to oppose anything in the shape of affiliation with the Socialist International. The sense of this resolution was not to call on Catholic workers, to leave their unions but to oppose the jockeying of the Trade Unions into the Socialist Party under the mantle of the Labor Party.

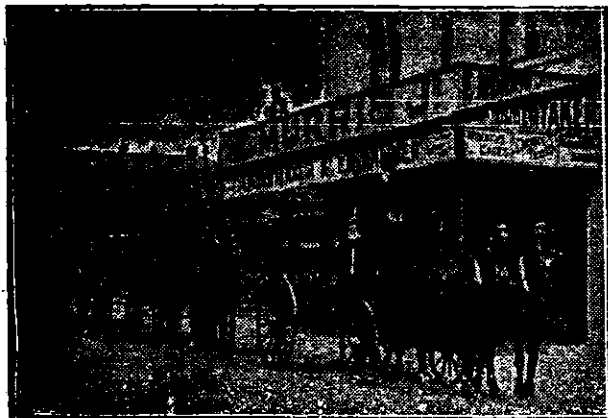
In connection with the foregoing report issued by the Catholic News Service, a correspondent invites an exposition of the aims of the Confederation. If the report is correct it indicates the purpose of the Confederation's resolution clearly, when it says that "the sense of the resolution was not to call on Catholic workers to leave their unions, but to oppose the jockeying of the Trade Union into the Socialist Party under the mantle of the Labor Party." That defines the aims of the Catholic Confederation in so far as this particular resolution is concerned; as to its aims in general it may be said that they are similar to those of our own Catholic Federation in New Zealand. The resolution would have no greater authority than a resolution passed by our own organisation. It has a certain weight, but from a doctrinal point of view it is no more than a forcible expression from a large body of Catholic laymen. In order to make the action of the Confederation more clear it is well to quote in full the main resolution proposed by Mr. Thomas Burns of Salford:

"This conference draws attention to the following facts: (1) That a Catholic cannot be a Socialist; (2) That the Labor Party became a Socialist Party in 1918; (3) That Catholic Trade Unionists are voluntarily joining, paying an individual levy to the Labor Party; (4) That Catholic Trade Unionists and non-Trade Unionists are voluntarily joining the Labor Party; (5) That the Trade Unions are affiliated to the Labor Party and to the Socialist International; (6) That Catholics since 1918 have in effect accepted the Socialist position, and suggests the advisability of Catholic Trade Unions withholding their payment of the Parliamentary levy."

Commenting on this resolution, the *New Witness* says: "Of course there will still be Catholic Socialists, for there are stalwarts like Mr. Joseph Clayton who do not hold that Socialism is the absolute negation of private property, and that therefore Catholics are bound by their faith to say that a Catholic cannot be a Socialist. We ourselves are ready to concede, for example, that Socialism does not imply the nationalisation of a man's pine and carpet slippers. Nevertheless the passing of the resolution does mean that Catholic Trade Unionism declares itself irreconcilably opposed to the politico-economic creed to which the Labor Party stands committed." The following editorial from the *Catholic Times* shows that the chairman and others were not in favor of having such a resolution passed:

A VEXED QUESTION.

"In his Encyclical on the condition of Labor Pope Leo XIII says that the discussion of the question of Socialism is 'not easy, nor is it free from danger.' The Sheffield Confederation's proceedings afforded an illustration of the truth of the Holy Father's words. Mr. Edward Eyre, who presided, seemed to be alarmed at the inopportune of the resolution of the National Executive Council, moved by Mr. Burns, advising Catholics to keep aloof from the Labor Party as a body who had become Socialists, and urging that Trade Unionists should withhold payment of the levy and oppose the affiliation of their Trade Unions to the Labor Party and the Socialist International. Evidently Mr. Eyre was troubled by the thought of the difficulties in which compliance with the motion would involve the Catholic working man, who believed that the Labor Party had looked after his political and economic interests. If the Catholic Trade Unionist refused to pay the levy, the Labor Party would regard it as a scurrv requital for services rendered, and he would be held to be acting against his own interests. These and similar arguments evidently occurred to Mr. Eyre, and they were strongly emphasised by Mr. Fitzgerald. Moreover, the chairman objected to an attempt on the part of laymen to usurp the authority of the bis-



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hops and to restrict the liberty of their fellow-Catholics, which was not interfered with by the prelates. The chairman's amendment that the matter be referred back for further consideration was lost, but it would seem that the last has not been heard of the arguments by which he supported it."

Answers to Correspondents

O.U.L.—Just returned from Australia and got your note. *Go mairir thu.*

INQUIRER.—There is no truth in the assertion about Lincoln and the Irish in New York. The secular clergy are the priests who are doing ordinary parochial work under the direct jurisdiction of the bishops. They are the priests who do not belong to Orders or societies such as the Dominican Order or the Society of Mary.

CATHOLIC LABOR.—See our Current Topics in this week's issue for reference to your question. What we have said there may give you the information you want regarding the meaning and scope of the action of the Catholic Confederation of England and Wales.

G.G.M. (Kaitawa).—Thanks for your letter. Have been absent for some weeks. Will write shortly with reference to the books you ask about. I am afraid your description of the kind you want is so vague that if I sent you some they might not suit.

GRAND ABEILLE.—Please give us a rest. We have said all there is to say about cup-tossing. It seems as if the blessed thing is becoming an epidemic in certain institutions. Personally we have not the slightest objection to peacock feathers in the house, to thirteen at table, to starting on a Friday, etc., and if you tell us anything else that is unlucky we will take the first opportunity of doing it even though the catastrophe brought down Bill Massey himself. And that would be as bad as Humpty-Dumpty's fall, wouldn't it now?

READER.—Thanks for your kind remarks. Others also said the same sort of thing. We take it as a compliment. It is a sign you missed us anyhow. But surely you would not expect a human machine to run for ever without a rest. As for the Klu-Klux-Klan we will deal with it later on. For the present it is enough to say that if you could imagine a whole society that was a cross between Nosworthy and Howard Elliott you would have something like the American abomination.

BOOK NOTICES

London C.T.S. Publications:—

I am a Catholic Because I am a Jew, by Hugh I. Angress; *Pascal's Provincial Letters*, by Hilaire Belloc; *Buddhism in Europe: The Beginning and End of Man*, by Rev. Ronald Knox, M.A., all twopence each.

A Doctrine of Hope, by Bishop Bonomelli. Burns, Oats, Washburne, 3/6 net. The name of the late Bishop of Cremona is always a pledge that a book that bears it is worth reading. The scope of the present volume is indicated thus by Father Martindale, S.J.: "Numbers of men have a sort of knotted web of thought, tightly pegged down above their true selves, which are not free to energize. And these thoughts they take to be themselves, and what is really their prison they take to be their life. Then, when their thoughts are in defiance of their faith they believe themselves to be unbelievers. Bishop Bonomelli applied himself industriously to unknotting these entanglements. . . . Anguish was in his heart and love; and these it was that inspired him to write this. Read then, no cold argument, but pages whose very sobriety is inspired by a passionate love and a patient faith."

The Norman and Earlier Medieval Period, by Earnest Hull, S.J.

We would, as would most people who know them, gladly see every one of Father Hull's books in the library of every educated Catholic layman. In handy manuals, exceedingly low in price considering their real value, he has given us a library of doctrinal and apologetic books. The present volume, complete in itself, is a sequel to *The British and Anglo-Saxon Period*. It deals with a period

during which the Church has been misrepresented by English historians, writing with a Protestant bias. It gives us the truth concerning the long struggle of Church with State which culminated in the murder of Becket which brought the contest to a close. If you want an antidote to the misrepresentations that are current in English literature concerning that period you must get Father Hull's little book. Most Catholic booksellers keep his works in stock, and if they do not your order will remind them that they ought to.

A Catholic History of Great Britain, by E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, F. R. Hist. Soc. Burns, Oates, Washbourne, London, 5/- net.

This volume aims at doing for juniors what Father Hull is doing for their seniors. The author tells us that its standard is about the level of the knowledge expected in Middle and Upper Classes in Secondary Schools. The work is scientifically written, arranged on the method of grouping important events and tracing cause and effect, as the true philosophy of history demands. The book is done in the modern spirit which has ousted the old fashioned system of dealing out facts and dates with which the memories of the pupils were too often only uselessly laden as waggons are laden with inert impedimenta. The author does not think as so many who have written history, and so many who have not even read it, do, that England and Englishmen are the hub of the universe. Attempts were made at various periods to cut England off from European civilisation but they did not wholly succeed, and an effort is made in this book to review English history in its proper perspective. We are not taught that the Empire is the first and last thing in the world but we are reminded that England is just a little bit of the globe, just as the hand or foot is part of the body. This volume is probably the best compendium of its kind yet published.

Our Roman Letter

(By "STANNOUS.")

The news of the appointment of Dublin's new Archbishop was received with joy by all of us here. The event was of special interest to those in the Irish College; for the new Archbishop spent many years there, first as a student, and subsequently as Vice-Rector. But there were not a few outside the college who hailed with pleasure the news of his advancement. By his winning manner, his ripe accomplishments, and his general culture, he won the hearts of us all in the period of three years during which he lived here as Vice-Rector of the national college.

It is all 20 years ago, but it seems like yesterday. He came to us on November 20, 1901. He left us on May 16, 1904. During those three academic years he earned the esteem of the students whom he governed, and I am sure that many a fireside tale has been told by priests in Ireland of the gentle courtesy and kindly strength of his collegiate rule. In a very special way he won the heart of his Rector, the late Monsignor Murphy, who often loved to dwell with words of affection on the help and sympathy and companionship afforded in those three anxious years of office. They had arrived to take up their duties almost at the same time. Together they had to set about the prosaic task of unravelling complicated finances and of establishing a new regime. Through many causes they got but little credit for their work; for one thing, their labors were without ostentation or advertisement. But thanks to the regime then inaugurated, they started the college forward on fresh lines of growth which by process of normal development has enabled it to attain a unique position among the national colleges of Rome, a position which sometimes calls forth the unwilling testimony of such an impartial critic as the *Morning Post*.

Those of us who remember Monsignor Murphy recall him as one who was no mean judge of human character and human capacity. It was not my good fortune to know him well. But I have found some written words of his which bear witness, after all this lapse of 20 years, to the current report of the estimate he held of his young subordinate. It has been my privilege recently to get a glimpse of two of the annual reports sent to the Irish bishops by Monsignor Murphy. The first of these refers to the arrival of Dr. Byrne. The second speaks of his resignation and departure. Here are the written words:—

"On November 26, 1901, Rev. Edward J. Byrne, of the diocese of Dublin, was appointed Vice-Rector. An experience of now practically two years shows that a more admirable appointment could not have been made."

"As several bishops, Irish and colonial, were in Rome while Father Byrne was Vice-Rector, nothing need here be said of his singular fitness for the position, nor of the diligence with which all the interests committed to him were guarded. His term of office was a short one, but it was rich in varied service for the college."

Words like these, written in the full light of contemporary experience, are of far more value than mere personal recollections, in testifying to Monsignor Murphy's opinion of him who is now Archbishop of Dublin.

No one who has ever met Dr. Byrne can fail to be won by his personal charm and his gentle suavity. But for all his suavity, he can be uncompromising enough at times, at least, to judge from the reputation he gained here 20 years ago. Like many another official of the Irish College before and since, he was not infrequently brought up against the insolent assumption that it is a sort of crime for an Irishman to believe that his country is as good as anyone else's country and that it is a grave social misdemeanor to act according to that belief. In this regard, a friend of mine still relates with gusto a piquant little story as to the manner in which the charming Vice-Rector once disposed of a certain legal luminary who once cast his light on the Irish colony here.

It seems that the gentleman in question was a well-known Irish judge, whom I shall call Judge X. He was a very good Catholic, but a very harmless sort of Irishman. It was his constant pleasure to sneer at the Old Irish Party. One of the most prominent of the Irish Members of Parliament had recently visited Rome, had been cordially received by the Irish here, and with the usual hospitality had been entertained at the Irish College. The learned Judge was distressed and dissatisfied thereat, and one day in the midst of a small company he gave expression to his wonder how men like that could be received in an institution of the kind. Dr. Byrne was in the room and heard the complaint. "Oh, that is quite all right," he smilingly observed, "we entertain all sorts of visitors at the college: why we have even entertained Judge X."

Those who remember these and similar incidents have no difficulty in making up their minds as to the new Archbishop's views with regard to his country and that country's aspirations. Keen indeed was their indignation, and keen the indignation of every Irishman here, when they read in some of the Italian newspapers one of the usual inspired paragraphs by means of which the dirty work of English propaganda is carried on here in Rome. The paragraph was to the effect that Dr. Byrne's appointment had the sanction of the British Government, implying of course that the appointment would not have been made without the approval of the British Legation to the Holy See. It reminds one of the cock in the fable thinking that the sun rose because he crowed. The *Morning Post* has been good enough to tell us for what real purpose that British Legation exists. Unhappily for its promoters, it has been a miserable failure in all its chief undertakings. It tried to make or unmake a Rector of the Irish College and failed. It tried to secure a condemnation affecting Sinn Féin and failed. It tried to have the hunger-strike condemned and failed. It tried to have Dr. Mannix sat on and failed. And if reports are true and if it really tried to interfere in the Dublin appointment, it failed. The Orangemen and Kenuitites periodically protest against the British Legation to the Vatican. Of course, they are bigoted in their protest. Perhaps some day they may put their objections in the hands of the Anti-Waste Party, as an economic venture. The Legation has been such a failure in achieving the chief purposes for which it was made, that an Anti-Waste vote would suppress it within half an hour.

The letters of negotiation preparatory to a conference on the Irish question are providing much comment here. Irishmen in Rome are wondering what political outcast has been supplying the British Premier with extracts from Davis and O'Connell. The Davis extract is particularly misleading. The only place I ever found it was in Sir Chas. Gavan Duffy's *Life of Davis*. It may be read there in the chapter describing Davis's conflicts with O'Connell.

After the failure of Clontarf, Davis was inclined to consider Federalism as a temporary and honorable compromise of the Irish difficulty. It was at this time that he wrote, under the title of a Federalist, an anonymous letter to the Duke of Wellington expounding the Federalist position. The extract employed by the British Premier is taken from that letter, without any reference whatever to the context itself or to the temporary expedient with which it was concerned. It is a misleading extract, giving an utterly wrong view to those unlearned in the history of the movements with which the name of Thomas Davis is associated. It neither represents the mind of Davis nor in the original letter was it signed with his name. To employ it with the sanction of that name in an official note such as Lloyd George wrote to the supreme representative of our people under date August 26 last—to employ it as a sort of verbal smoke-screen—seems to be dishonest in principle and slanderous in fact.

Recently, I came across a French appreciation of the British Premier. It is a brochure published three years ago, and founded on a conference given in Paris on October 18, 1918. In more senses than one such a warm appreciation of the Welsh Wizard would be a little bit out of fashion among Frenchmen now. The author, Gaston Rageot, has interesting things to say on his hero. Treating of the struggle with the House of Lords of 1910, he gives the following from a speech delivered by Lloyd George in the beginning of that year:—

"I have Celtic blood in my veins. There is more Celtic blood in the veins of the Englishman everywhere than is commonly admitted, and if you were to drain all the drops of Celtic blood from his veins the Englishman would be sufficiently anaemic. The Celt has an irresistible love of liberty. He can be trodden underfoot, and he has been. He can be oppressed, and God knows he has been. But you can never extinguish his passion for liberty. Tread him in the mire, and his children's children will rise with the shouts of liberty upon their lips. I come before you as the descendant of a race that has combated Caesar."

It is a long cry from all this to the speeches of Lord Macaulay. Lately I have been looking out some of that nobleman's pronouncements. The following extract from a speech made by him in 1833 on Repeal of the Union may not be without interest:—

"If, on a fair trial, it should be found that England and Ireland cannot exist happily together as parts of one empire, in God's name let them separate. I wish to see them joined as the limbs of a well-knit body are joined. In such a body the members assist each other. They are nourished by the same food. If one member suffer, all suffer with it. If one member rejoice, all rejoice with it. But I do not wish to see the countries united like those wretched twins from Siam, who were exhibited here a little while ago, by an unnatural ligament which made each the constant plague of the other, always in each other's way, more helpless than others because they had twice as many hands, slower than others because they had twice as many legs, sympathising with each other only in evil, not feeling each other's pleasures, not supported by each other's ailments, but tormented by each other's infirmities and certain to perish miserably by each other's dissolution."

The value of this extract is enhanced by the fact that Macaulay was so fundamentally anti-Irish and anti-Catholic despite his Liberal professions. As an instance of the latter feature it may be recalled that he supported the Maynooth Grant because he desired above all things to get the Irish clergy eventually under the complete control of the British Crown.

The long summer is drawing to its close. In a couple of days we welcome here a Franciscan Tertiary pilgrimage from Ireland. After that the students come back to the city, and within a few weeks academic Rome will be itself again. There will be few changes to record among my friends. One such, however, has left us, after many years' sojourn here. Rev. Michael Connolly, the genial Prior of the Augustinian Church of St. Patrick, has been transferred to the house of his Order in Cork. By his departure Irishmen in Rome lose one who was held in esteem and affection by us all.

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ELOQUENT DISCOURSE BY BISHOP MacSHERRY.

In the course of his sermon in Drogheda, recently, on the occasion of the enshrining of the relics of Blessed Oliver Plunket, his Lordship, Bishop MacSherry, Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern Districts of the Cape of Good Hope, said:—

Holy Church, dear brethren, in her great public celebrations wishes to remind us of some great truth, or inculcate some practical lesson. It seems to me that one outstanding lesson may be learned from to-day's function, and it is that we owe a debt of gratitude to those who, under God, have handed down to us the priceless heritage of our Holy Faith. Our country's greatest glories have ever during our long history been associated with our religion—Malachy of the "collar of gold" dies wearing the habit of the monks; Brian at Clontarf holds up the Crucifix before the army; O'Neill and O'Donnell die and are buried in Rome; O'Connell bequeaths his heart to Rome. Ten generations of our forefathers preferred exile, confiscation, and (like the Blessed Oliver) often death itself rather than deny their faith. How many gruesome tales could be told, even in this town and district, of oppression, relentless cruelty, massacre, fury of persecution under the sanguinary edicts of Henry, of Elizabeth, and Cromwell.

Contrast the state of religion in Ireland and England then and now. Then Ireland was almost like the corpse on the dissecting table—bound and lying helpless at the foot of her conqueror. Her nobles banished or slain—her people starving—her religion proscribed—the law did not assume the existence of a Papist—her bishops mostly in prison or exile, those that remained hunted fugitives, not having anywhere to lay their heads. To-day never did Ireland's faith shine with a brighter lustre—magnificent churches cover the land, and are filled to overflowing with devout congregations. And Ireland's sons are spreading the faith over all these vast regions overseas that either once owned England's sway like the United States of America, or do own it still. Nineteen years ago I had my last audience with Leo XIII. On that occasion three bishops were received in succession by his Holiness—the first being Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, the second Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, the third myself from Porth Elizabeth, on the Indian Ocean, at the southern extremity of the dark Continent of Africa. What an idea of the world-wide dispersion of our race is evoked by the simple mention of these localities, presided over by Irish pastors of Irish flocks, though separated by such vast spaces from the mother-land and from each other. Truly may we say with the Psalmist—"Their sound hath gone forth in all the earth, and their words into the ends of the world." And truly now as ever "the blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church." Never in all her sad history was the Catholicity so flourishing in Ireland at home, or in the greater Ireland overseas as it is in our own day. And the same is true of the Universal Church, with its three hundred millions of believers united under its visible head on earth, enjoying the protection of her Divine Founder Who is with her, and will be with her "all days even unto the consummation of the world."

And, oh, the contrast between the condition of Protestantism at the death of our martyr and its present state. Then it was seated in pride of place and power, in possession of the magnificent cathedrals erected in Catholic days; wealthy, arrogant, and intolerant, hating and despising and ever persecuting the few remaining adherents of the old Church. The Protestant judge who presided over Blessed Oliver's trial addressing him, said:—"The bottom of your treason was your setting up your false religion, than which there is not anything more displeasing to God, or more pernicious to mankind in the world—a religion that is ten times worse than all the heathenish superstitions, the most dishonorable and derogatory to God."

These words of that intolerant and unjust judge, epitomise the sentiments of the haughty self-satisfied Protestant of that epoch. His was the true religion, freed at the glorious reformation from the contaminations

of Popery, and destined to diffuse the light of pure Gospel Truth throughout the world—a light that was never to be extinguished.

But let us see what is the position of Protestantism to-day. Why, its rapid disintegration is one of the phenomena of our age. Of the 200 or more sects into which it is split up, not one teaches the same doctrine for 30 years in succession. Not one of them that does not bewail year by year an immense falling off in membership. England is no longer a Christian country. Not one-third of its population ever enters a place of worship. Protestantism and its resulting Rationalism has snatched from the poor the only comfort left in their misery, from the rich the only curb of their passions.

Two days ago I stood at Tyburn, in the heart of fashionable London, watching for a moment the flow of that ceaseless traffic, the roar of which is heard all day long and most of the night. From North, South, East, and West of that vast Metropolis, the most populous city in the world after New York, there passed and repassed swiftly gliding vehicles filled with richly-attired people, all engaged in worship of Mammon or pleasure. Newsboys sold papers; I bought one. Its contents reflected the thoughts of these people. What were these contents? Reports of races, regattas, prize fights, sports of all kinds, alternating with accounts of strikes, of millions unemployed and starving, of disgusting divorce cases and filthy crimes of all kinds. Of real news there was but little, and that mostly unreliable and likely to be contradicted next day. Truly, I said to myself, this people is dancing on a volcano. The words, "Happy, Christian England," are a mockery.

The late Cardinal Manning, before his consecration, made a retreat at the Passionist Monastery at Highgate, overlooking London. Some notes he then made have been published, amongst them the following:—"When I look down upon London from this garden I know that there are before me nearly three millions of men, of whom only 200,000 are nominally in the faith; that hundreds of thousands are living and dying without Baptism in all the sins of the flesh and spirit, in all that Nineveh and the Cities of the Plain and Imperial Rome ever committed; that it is the capital of the most anti-Catholic power of the nominally Christian world, and the head of its anti-Catholic spirit; that in a moment it might be set afire with fury against the Catholic and Roman Church. I confess I feel we are 'walking on the waters.'"

Since that great and gifted Englishman who knew his countrymen so well, penned these words, the population he referred to has more than doubled, and the conditions he depicted so faithfully have become ten times worse. What a picture, my dear brethren, of spiritual and moral conditions after four centuries of Protestantism! And if we turn to Germany, the cradle of the Reformation, what do we find? That about three per cent. of the people of Berlin go to any church—that it is the most immoral city in Europe, and that before the war about 30,000 of its population annually gave formal and official notice that they renounced membership of any church.

If our Irish people have escaped all this appalling spiritual ruin and moral rottenness we owe it under God to the prayers of St. Patrick and the faith he brought to our shores, and to those who, like Blessed Oliver, transmitted that faith to us, and sacrificed their lives in so doing.

◆◆◆◆◆
• Throw yourselves into God's hands, and be sure that if He wants anything of you, He will give you all that is needful for the purpose for which He wishes to use you.—St. Philip Neri.

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friend and to give only
really good and



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Obituary

MISS MARGUERITE MARY JOYCE, WEST PLAINS.

With very deep regret the death is recorded of Miss Marguerite Mary Joyce, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Joyce, of West Plains, Southland. As a pupil at the Dominican Convent, Invercargill, the late Miss Joyce had shown conspicuous ability, and her studies for Matriculation were interrupted by an accident she unfortunately sustained, resulting in an illness which had incapacitated her during the long period of nine years, and entailing sufferings which she endured with great fortitude. Requiem Mass for the repose of her soul was celebrated by Very Rev. Father O'Neill at the church in Waikiwi, the interment afterwards taking place in the Eastern cemetery, Father O'Neill officiating at the graveside.—R.I.P.

MRS. MARIA CROSBY, PAEROA.

Mrs. Maria Crosby, a very old colonist, passed away recently, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. Bertelsen, Paeroa, at the ripe age of 88 years (writes our own correspondent). The deceased was born in Co. Cavan, Ireland, and came to Melbourne in her early womanhood. Two years after her arrival in that city she was married at St. Francis's Church to the late John Crosby, who at that time was employed as foreman on the Albany and Darlington section of the Melbourne railway, and later on coming to New Zealand, saw service during the Maori war, eventually settling at Hamilton, where he remained until his death about 17 years ago. Shortly after the death of her husband, the late Mrs. Crosby came to reside with her daughter at Paeroa. The remains of deceased were conveyed to Hamilton East cemetery for interment, remaining over night in the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary. A Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Bleakley next morning, and Right Rev. Mgr. Hackett officiated at the graveside. In a brief address to the mourners present, Mgr. Hackett said his officiating on the occasion was in fulfilment of a promise he made to the deceased that should he survive he would conduct the last rites of Holy Church over her remains. The deceased leaves four sons, one daughter, and 25 grandchildren to mourn their loss. Another daughter (Margaret), in religion Sister M. Hubert, of the Institute of Notre Dame des Missions, predeceased her mother two years ago.—R.I.P.

MRS. MARY WEIGHT, WELLINGTON.

There passed away at her residence, in Wellington, on November 5, an old and respected parishioner of St. Joseph's, in the person of Mrs. Mary Weight. Born in Co. Roscommon, Ireland, she came to New Zealand with her parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. John McManaway, of Makara, in the early 'fifties, and had resided in Wellington ever since. Although of a retiring disposition, she endeared herself to all; and her genial manner won for her many friends. She was a devout and fervent Catholic, and died fortified by the rites of Holy Church. During her long and painful illness she was constantly visited by the Sisters of Mercy and Sisters of Compassion, Sister M. Francis of the latter Order being her sister. Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Joseph's Church, Buckle Street, by Rev. Father O'Donnell, who was untiring in his attention to her during her illness. In the sanctuary were his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, Rev. Fathers F. Cullen and McDermott. The children from the convent schools sang appropriate hymns. There was a large gathering of relatives and friends of the deceased, showing the esteem in which she was held. The interment took place at Karori, Rev. Father O'Donnell officiating at the graveside, assisted by Rev. Fathers Cullen, McDermott, Walsh, and M. Devoy, S.M. She leaves a husband, one son, six daughters, and six grandchildren to mourn their loss. Her eldest son (Gordon) was killed on Gallipoli. The daughters, four of whom are religious in various convents, are—Sister Mary Clement, Convent of Mercy, Palmerston North; Sister Mary Columba, Home of Compassion, Jerusalem; Sister Mary

Xavier, St. Mary's Convent of Mercy, Wellington; Sister Mary Agatha, Convent of Mercy, Newtown, Wellington; Mrs. H. Staveley, and Miss Prissie Weight. Mr. O. J. Weight, of Wellington, is her son. To Mr. Weight and family is extended the sympathy of a large circle of relatives and friends in the loss of a devoted wife and mother.—R.I.P.

MRS. MARY KEARNEY, RANFURLY.

The death occurred at the Naseby Hospital recently of one of the fast disappearing band of pioneers in the person of Mrs. Mary Kearney, Ranfurly. The deceased was the eldest daughter of Mr. Hugh McErlane, Co. Derry, Ireland. She left for New Zealand in July, 1877, in the ship James Nicol Fleming with her brother, Mr. Pat McErlane, of Ranfurly. After landing at Port Chalmers in October of the same year, she came on to friends in Naseby, and in 1881 was married to Mr. John Kearney, who had taken up a section of land in what was then known as "Chapman's Swamp," where after hard toil, industry, and perseverance they carved a home for themselves out of the wilderness of scrub, maori heads and tussocks, which today is one of the most beautiful homes on the Maniototo Plains. The deceased was of a very genial and kindly disposition. In her home she was most hospitable, and where there was sickness or trouble was always the first neighbor to offer her sympathy and services which were always of a practical nature. Her many good qualities made her highly respected. The deceased was a fervent Catholic, and passed away fortified by the last rites of Holy Church. The funeral, which was attended by a large number of friends, left St. John's Church on Monday for the Ranfurly cemetery, Rev. Father McMullan officiating at the interment. Very sincere sympathy is extended to the husband (Mr. John Kearney) and members of the family, including Mrs. Laloli (Roxburgh), Mrs. McKay (Gisborne), the Misses Dolly and Vera Kearney, and Mr. Hugh Kearney (Ranfurly), who are left to mourn their loss.—R.I.P.

Irish Society, Dunedin

The monthly meeting of the Irish Society was held on last Thursday evening, and was largely attended.

Mr. J. Robinson, in a forceful and interesting lecture, dwelt on the history of the Irish people for the last seven hundred years. During all that time, he said, numerous efforts had been made to bring about an understanding, but all attempts had been futile and vain because the will of the great majority of the people was either completely ignored or looked upon as a last unimportant consideration. The Irish did not want concessions or favors of any kind; they wanted their country, and they meant to have it.

In moving a vote of thanks to Mr. Robinson, the president (Mr. Edmund Nolan) said he felt sure they had all enjoyed what the lecturer had so ably spoken. The Irish leaders of to-day were the guardians of a trust which had been handed down to them from the days of Thomas Davis, John Mitchel, and Robert Emmet. The Irish people loved above all others the man who fought and died for his country. The vote of thanks to Mr. Robinson was carried by hearty acclamation.

The musical part of the programme was contributed to by the following, who were warmly applauded:—Misses Carter, Green, Keligher, Kilcarey, Spillane, Mrs. Sandys, Messrs. Rodgers and Hughes (songs), Mrs. and Miss Coughlan (duet), Miss McGrath and Master Coughlan (recitations), and Miss Nees (Irish jig). The accompaniments were played by Mrs. Murdoch, Misses Hughes, Meade, and Sandys.

Miss Victorine Ruscoe, a pupil of the convent, St. John's Hill, was successful in passing her Terms in the recent examination at Victoria College (writes our Wanganui correspondent). The subjects taken were Advanced Latin (second year), Advanced French (second year), and History. Miss Ruscoe will continue her studies at the convent for another year, and is working in the direction of her B.A.

His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate

Tour of the Archdiocese of Wellington

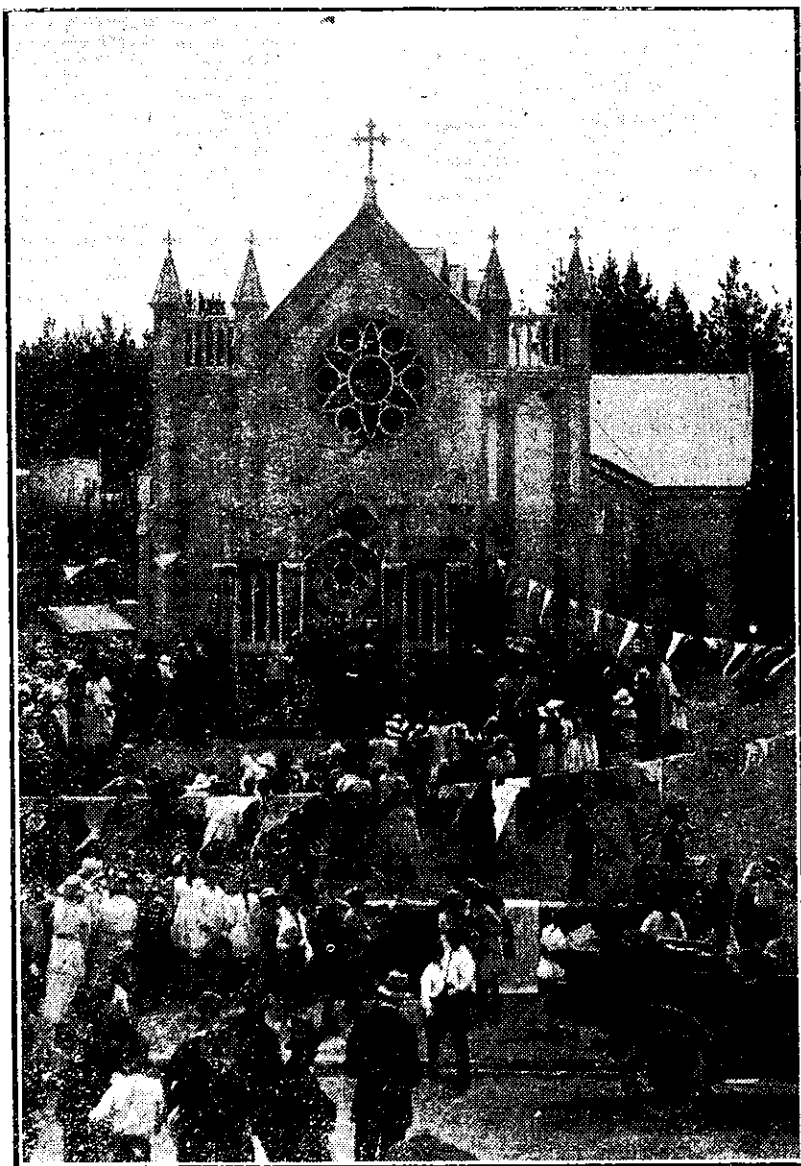
His Excellency the Most Rev. Archbishop Cattaneo, Apostolic Delegate to Australasia, returned to Wellington from the South on last Saturday morning (writes our own correspondent under date November 24), and was the guest of his Grace Archbishop Redwood. His Excellency celebrated the 7 o'clock Mass at the Basilica on Sunday, and afterwards left by motor car on a visit to the principal inland centres of the Archdiocese, accompanied by his Grace Archbishop O'Shea. The route northward was by way of the Wairarapa, the towns visited being Carterton, Masterton, Eketahuna, Pahiatua, and Dannevirke, his

panied by his secretary (Rev. Dr. Farrelly), his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, Mgr. McKenna (Vicar General), and Rev. Father O'Connell, his Excellency was met on the outskirts by a goodly number of motor cars, and was escorted by them through the town. Members of the congregation having cars of their own turned out almost to a man, and many others made up parties in hired cars for the occasion. They didn't come through the town at funeral pace either, but briskly covered the length of the Avenue, down Dublin Street, along the River bank, up Guyton Street and into the presbytery gates. Here, of course, the escorting cars ranged themselves alongside, or dispersed. The children had assembled in the school ground adjoining the presbytery, and after welcoming his Excellency with a fine waving of yellow and white flags, settled themselves for the short interval before he could address them.

His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate at Waipawa



Reception at St. Patrick's Church



Excellency and party spending the night at the latter town. On Monday visits were made to Takapau, Waipawa, Hastings, and Greenmeadows, where the night was spent. Leaving Greenmeadows on Tuesday at 10 a.m., a short time was spent at Napier, Palmerston North being reached at 5 p.m. Resuming the tour on Wednesday at 9.30 a.m., brief visits were made to Feilding and Marton, Wanganui being reached in the evening. His Excellency and party left Wanganui next morning, visiting en route to New Plymouth, Waverley, Patea, Hawera, Eltham, Stratford, and Inglewood. His Excellency left New Plymouth on Friday for Onehunga.

The Apostolic Delegate at Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

Evangelia Sua Eccellenza Il Delegato Apostolico. His Excellency Most Reverend Archbishop Cattaneo has been, and we are left with happy memories of his short visit.

Arriving by motor on Wednesday afternoon, accom-

In a few minutes, during which all the available space in the grounds had been filled with grown-ups, the party re-appeared, and amid much cheering and more flag-waving, took their places at the front entrance of the "Villa Maria." The children sang their songs of welcome; Master Arthur Cronin read and presented an address to his Excellency and little Miss Mary Morton presented a bouquet of beautiful white and yellow lotus-blooms. His Excellency addressed the people and particularly the children, gave us the Papal Benediction, gave the children two days' holiday, was photographed with us, and, after the children had sung "God Defend New Zealand," retired. We hurried home to get ready for the evening ceremony.

Most people were in church bright and early on Wednesday night, and by starting time there were not many vacant sittings. As the organ pealed out the first notes of the "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus" the congregation rose, and remained standing while our honored prelate was escorted through the church to the sanctuary. Here he vested. Rev. Fathers Ginisty, S.M., and Venning, S.M., being

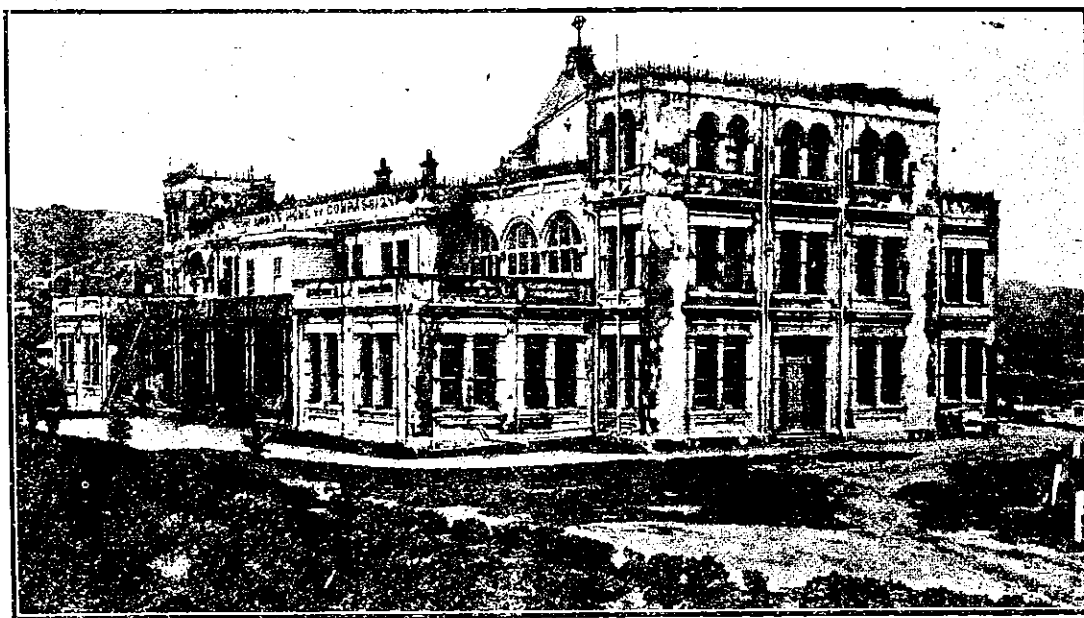
Jack Metcalfe

Nice assortment of Xmas presents—Pipes,
Pouches, Cigar & Cigarette Holders, Cigarette
Cases. —STUART ST., DUNEDIN.

Hairdresser & Tobacconist

deacons of honor at the throne, and, assisted by Rev. Fathers McGrath, S.M., and Outtrim, S.M., proceeded with Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Benediction over, the Blessed Sacrament was removed from the tabernacle, and Rev. Father O'Connell officially welcomed the Delegate, and presented him with a little souvenir of Wanganui—a photographic history of our church and schools here, right away back to the first establishment in the early fifties. His Excellency replied, and once more we received the Papal Benediction. Then we scurried up to the "Villa" for the civic reception, and, in the big schoolroom which had been transformed into a reception-room, we lined up in twos and twos, for presentation. It was a lengthy performance, but even when it was over,

visit to the meeting house. This, by the way, has been transformed into a permanent chapel, and is no longer put to any other use. In replying, his Excellency asked Father Ginisty to convey to the Maoris his great appreciation of their welcome, and to tell them how he admired their action in giving over the meeting-house for the exclusive purposes of devotion, in making it a place where Europeans and Maoris could receive, each in his own tongue, religious instruction. All received the Papal Blessing, and the little function, hurried as it was and necessarily stripped of all formality and display, was undoubtedly a joy to his Excellency and Kai Iwi. The party then took the road for Waverley, Patea, and the Taranaki trip generally.



Home of Compassion, Island Bay, Wellington.

his Excellency lingered among the people chatting to them. I should have mentioned that the Hibernians acted as guard of honor at the church door and at the "Villa," and they came in for a special little word of commendation. Everything went off very easily and nicely, thanks in large measure to the very good arrangements by Father O'Connell and the help given by the Sisters and the Brothers. This finished the ceremonies in town, and, as I said at the beginning, our memories of Archbishop Cattaneo are happy indeed.

Early on Thursday morning, a visit was paid to the Sacred Heart Convent, St. John's Hill, and Mass was celebrated in the chapel by his Excellency. The great honor conferred on the community was appreciated in full by them, and everyone, Sisters and students, as well as the Catholics who live on the Hill, received Holy Communion at the hands of his Excellency. After Mass, the party, consisting of his Excellency, Archbishop O'Shea, Monsignor McKenna, Dr. Farrelly, Fathers O'Connell, Outtrim, and Venning, were entertained to breakfast at the convent, and then they adjourned to the hall for a very short entertainment. An address of welcome was recited by Miss Victorine Ruscoe, there were one or two musical items, the children sang once more "Pastor Bonus," and the whole thing was over in a brief quarter-hour or so. His Excellency spoke to the children, and captivated their hearts as he did ours, gave them a holiday, said good-bye, and went his way.

Followed an impromptu visit to Kai Iwi, where a gathering of local Maoris and Europeans took place. His Excellency arrived at about 10 o'clock, and was welcomed by Rev. Father Ginisty, who interpreted the words of the Maoris. "Greetings to you, the shepherd of the flock," they said, and his Excellency, much interested, made a

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

November 25.

St. Mary's (ladies) branch of the Hibernian Society will hold a social on December 8, at the Alexandra Hall.

The address from the Catholic Federation presented to his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate on the occasion of his first visit to Wellington was from the Diocesan Council, and not, as erroneously stated, from the Dominion Executive of the Federation.

Rev. Father Gondringer, S.M., M.A., of St. Patrick's College, Wellington, who is going on an extended tour of the Continent and the United Kingdom, will leave New Zealand by the s.s. Ulimaroa, on December 9 en route for Sydney, where he will connect with the s.s. Omar.

Rehearsals are progressing apace for what promises to be an exceedingly beautiful pageant in connection with the coronation of Miss Mary McEvedy, the small daughter of Dr. McEvedy, who was the successful queen candidate in the recent bazaar held in aid of the St. Mary's Church rebuilding fund. The coronation will be followed immediately by a plain and fancy-dress children's social and will be held in the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall on Tuesday evening, December 6.

Miss H. McMahon, a popular member of the St. Mary of the Angels' Choir for some years, was presented, on the eve of her marriage, with a handsome silver table centre, suitably engraved, by the members of the choir. Rev. Father Mahony made the presentation.

The half-yearly meeting of the Wellington Diocesan Council of the Catholic Federation will be held at New Plymouth on Friday, February 10, and not in January as first proposed, owing to that time not being suitable.

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Selected Poetry.

Ships That Pass

From out the gloomy darkness a boat came down the stream;

It paused a while in sunlight, a vivid, wondrous dream;
The slanting sunrays, lingering, so tenderly enfold
It, lying there at anchor, in gleaming magic gold.
But as I watched, admiring, it quickly slipped away,
And down the misty river it vanished with the day.

How many ships adown the stream, the dawn and dusk
between,

Pass from the shadowed silence, into the golden sheen?
How many ships adown the stream, ere morning's dew
have flown,

Pass from the glowing sunlight, into the Great Unknown?
Some ships there are that pass by day, and others pass by
night,

Out of the dreary darkness into the welcome light.

And some there are that may not pause, and some may
linger long—

For some the air, is gladdened by breath of flower and
song.

Yet all alike, from that fair place, some time the veil
must lift,

And soft as falling rose leaves, into the daylight drift;
And all alike, or great or small, what time their day is
o'er,

Like shad'wy, silent phantoms, pass, to return no more.

From outer darkness vague they come, to darks as deep
they go;

And whence they come we know not, nor whither bound
we know.

But Hope and Love the sails have set to catch the breezes'
swell,

By Faith each barque is guided—where, only God can tell!
Q. O. H., in the *Irish Weekly*.

The Maiden Philomay

In the country of Saint Mary of Love, beneath the worn
grey towers,

That are carven all over with harp-players, and lute-players
and flowers,

And in the shadow of shining stones, that stand up straight
in the sun,

I found my Maid at a still window before the day was
begun.

I found my Maid, but she was no maid of flesh and breath
and bone:

She smiled, the Spirit of Philomay, serene on a secret
throne,

At the ivory gate of Mary's Town, with a crown on her
head like stars;

Her eyes smiled into my soul and snote through the dull
world's aching bars.

Stand up straight in the sun, ye stones, carven from hem
to waist,

Richer than robes on a Queen's body, splendidly strange
and chaste:

I hear the sound of your golden bells across still waters
borne,

Stealing down from the Abbey's towers through the dim
cool mists of morn.

Come to my arms, Maid Philomay, ere the innocent dawn
go by,

While still the soft blue pulse of bells is beating within the
sky,

Over the hushed waves thick with ships, and the brown
sails, and the oars,
And the Norsmen crews, and the white-winged gulls that
scream by the windy shores.

—W. R. C., in *The New Witness*.

Sons of Battle

Let us have peace, and Thy blessing,
Lord of the Wind and the Rain,
When we shall cease from oppressing,
From all injustice refrain;
When we hate falsehood and spurn it;
When we are men among men.
Let us have peace when we earn it—
Never an hour till then.

Let us have rest in Thy garden,
Lord of the Rock and the Green,
When there is nothing to pardon,
When we are whitened and clean
Purge us of skulking and treason,
Help us to put them away.
We shall have rest in Thy season;
Till then the heat of the fray.

Let us have peace in Thy pleasure,
Lord of the Cloud and the Sun;
Grant to us eons of leisure
When the long battle is done.
Now we have only begun it;
Stead us!—we ask nothing more.
Peace—rest—but not till we've won it—
Never an hour before.

—B. L. T., in *A Line o' Verse or Two*.

To the Woman Who Gave Me Back My Soul

Fate seemed to have prepared for me
A banal ending to a banal play.
The dreams and hopes that filled my soul at twenty,
Were but a memory, dim and far away.
I grew content with empty nothingness,
Spending my days sans hope, sans dreaming, and sans
God,
Recalling with mean smiles, the hard-edged stones
On the ascending path I might have trod.

Thick curtains, woven on the looms of hell,
Covered the windows of my arid soul,
That not a single quickening sunlight ray
Into the dry dead silence ever stole.
For a mere whispered devil's pledge
Of easy peace and laughter through my days,
I had surrendered all myself to him
Who promises men much and never pays.

And in my piteous poverty, I danced
To the loud measures of the world's shrill life,
And at its feastings and its merriment
Almost forgot that living might be life.
Almost—but God ever remains persistent,
He did not call to me in thund'rous roll,
But I could often hear His fingers tap
Upon the curtained windows of my soul.

Then, dear, you came to me and held my hand.
And in your sweet eyes' sheen
I saw the picture of the man
I might have been.
Bitter regret and sorrow held me till I heard
You bid me raise my head and see
Another picture, painted in your eyes,
Of him that, with hard striving, I might be.

Man has the gift of life from the deep mystery of a
woman's pain,
And by a woman's faith and eager love, a weary man may
find his soul again.

—SIDNEY DARK, in the *English Review*.



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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—"How Does She Stand?" p. 25. Notes—The Hero's Grave; Emmet; Daniel Corkery, p. 26. Topics—A Farce; A Note From Ireland; What About Ulster? The "Stop My Copy" Man; Catholics and Socialism, pp. 14-15. The Apostolic Delegate in Wellington (Supplement). Back to Tribalism, p. 9. The Meaning of Education. Roman Letter, p. 17. Catholic and Protestant Ireland, p. 19. Irish News, p. 25.

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, DECEMBER 1, 1921.

HOW DOES SHE STAND?



OR some weeks circumstances prevented us from offering our readers a current criticism of the progress of Ireland's cause, and while we may be inclined to think that owing to the silence preserved concerning the Conference not much comment was needed, the fact still remains that criticism is still necessary in order to correct the false ideals so assiduously spread by the daily press. The facts are that secrecy is observed and that the only data on which the writers of daily editorials can fall back are certain vague utterances of British politicians and unreliable cables which sensible readers promptly discount as worthless. Nevertheless we are told that Ireland is compromising, that de Valera climbed down, and that this or that solution is more or less probable. However, people who remember how consistent Sinn Fein has been, and how clearly enunciated its principles were from the beginning, will pay but scant attention to prophets who tell us what they would like to believe rather than what sound reason warrants them in saying.

*

To begin with, de Valera did not climb down. He insisted on entering the Conference on the basis of existing facts: that is, that he and his colleagues must be recognised as the elected representatives of the Irish nation, as the existing Irish Government appointed by the free will of the Irish people. Lloyd George objected and with some lapse from his usual acuteness protested that such recognition would mean that the Conference must begin by admitting everything that Sinn Fein demanded, in a word, the absolute independence of Ireland. De Valera repeated that facts were facts and that on no other basis than upon a recognition of these facts could Ireland allow her delegates or plenipotentiaries to explore the possibilities of a settlement which would secure an honorable and an abiding peace. The Conference began, as Frank Walsh, the American envoy, put it, with a victory for the man who stood fast on the bed-rock of principle and a defeat for the Machiavellian politician. What has happened since the beginning is shrouded still in silence. From de Valera, speaking to the Irish nation on the eve of the sessions, we know that whatever Ireland will accept will be won by stern determination and not yielded with a good grace by England: "The

struggle on our side has always been simply for the maintenance of a right that is in its nature indefeasable and that cannot therefore be either relinquished or compromised. The only peace that in the very nature of things can end the struggle will be a peace consistent with the nation's right and guaranteeing freedom worthy of the sufferings endured to secure it. Such a peace will not be easy to obtain. A claim that conflicts with Ireland's right has been ruthlessly persisted in through centuries of blood; it seems unlikely that this claim will be abandoned now. . . . Of necessity Ireland must stand where she is, unyielding and fearless on the rock of right, or be outmanoeuvred and defeated in detail. During the negotiations, then, the slightest lowering of the nation's moral would be fatal. . . . The power against us will use every artifice it knows in the hope of dissipating, dividing, weakening us. We must all beware. Unity is essential and will be best maintained by unswerving faith in those deputed to act in the nation's behalf and a confidence manifesting itself as hitherto in an eloquent discipline." These noble words give us a rule by which we may measure and reject as worthless most of the cables that come through our daily papers. They assure us of the Irish point of view. And we are in a position to assure our readers that the people are gladly giving the faith and the confidence for which de Valera appealed, while they are also with him in their determination that the sacrifices of MacSweeney, of Pearse, and Connolly shall not be in vain. Therefore it is wise to disregard all the cables that represent Sinn Fein as being willing to bargain for half a loaf.

*

Let us now look at the other side of the picture. We remind our readers once again that there is always a possibility of English duplicity to be taken into account. For a discussion of that aspect of the case we refer to a note in our "Current Topics" this week. Taking it for granted for the present that Lloyd George means business and that he is really anxious to secure peace with Ireland, we find the English position expressed strongly by Lord Birkenhead in the following words cabled from London on November 23: "The prospects of the Irish negotiations are subtly interwoven with the issues of the Washington Conference. I cannot describe the relief there would be in the whole international atmosphere, especially the atmosphere of Anglo-American relations, if the negotiations were brought to a harmonious conclusion, promising the loyal continuation of Ireland as a free partner in the Empire, removing the sole chronic and permanent cause of Anglo-American antagonism. The problem of all problems is bound up with the historic discussions at Washington. Judged by historic perspective this is the greatest moment in the history of the world if the conference fails, but it presents better prospects of success than any similar gathering in history. *If this attempt fails—I am choosing words deliberately—I see little alternative to international bankruptcy.*" There we have a frank admission from an enemy so powerful as "Galloper" Smith that a hostile Ireland is the ruin of the Empire, and at the same time a splendid testimony to what our friends in America have done and will do for Ireland. We have also a confession that the reason why England climbed down is that strongest of all reasons where England is concerned—her own selfish interest. In a word we have an admission of the victory of Sinn Fein so far as the fight has gone up to date. Meantime, we hope and pray for peace. We know that if it comes it will be peace with victory for Ireland. And if it does not come in the immediate future it is bound to come later. Sinn Fein has made Ireland the greatest of international questions: Sinn Fein has wrung a reluctant recognition from the very enemies that once boasted that they would have no dealing with the "murder gang" which they so often "had by the throat." We may be permitted to find some reason for pride in reflecting that we have been amply justified in our unbroken faith in de Valera and his friends; and we congratulate our many supporters who manfully stood by us when our cause seemed forlorn and enemies both open and secret prophesied disaster for the one paper in New Zealand that had the courage

to face the truth and stand fearlessly by the Irish Nation in her day of travail. We know the end is not yet; but our oft reiterated confidence in the triumph of right over might; our faith in the destiny of the old land; our prophecy that liberty will come, because it is good and just and God's own gift to a faithful people, stand surely to-day on firmer grounds than ever before in the history of Ireland.

NOTES

The Hero's Grave

Where the marble monuments in Waverley Cemetery stand above the sea, looking towards the rising sun, you will find the grave of Michael Dwyer and his "Mountain Mary." It is marked by a stately mausoleum, worthy of the honored dead, and worthy of the faithful exiles whose hands raised it here for a lasting memorial of the deathless cause that is dear to us all. On the monument there are the names of the heroes of '98, and one cannot fail to notice nowadays that very many of them were Ulster Presbyterians. In those days Ulstermen were Irishmen; they had not degenerated into Prime Ministers of New Zealand. Remarkable, too, is the Gaelic inscription on the eastern side of the pedestal:

FAGAID NA LAOCRA BAS ACHT MAIREANN
AN CUIS COIR GO DEO

(The heroes die but the just cause is eternal).

And when you think it over in your heart you will find that there is no grander proof of the truth of these words than the history of Ireland.

Emmet

Among the heroes' names there is one blank space. Of course it is left for the name of Robert Emmet, and of course it is going to be filled in one of these days. Recall Emmet's Rising. He was little more than a boy. His movement was hardly more than a local storm. He failed, and was soon in the hands of the foes of his country. Then they hanged him and thought all was over. All over, indeed! Down the years, in accents that never falter, never lose their ringing appeal, come the words he uttered when he stood in the dock in Dublin, face to face with his tyrants. From father to son they have been handed on as sacred words. They have been recited in every college, in every school; they have burned in the hearts of boys dreaming among the heather on Irish hillsides; they have shone like a lamp through the peaty smoke of many a cabin on whose walls was hung a treasured print of that far-away trial; no boy or girl that ever grew up in Ireland has been unmoved by them for the past century. The dead hero who lies in his nameless grave has never died for Irishmen: he has had a greater influence than any other man has had living. There have been mysterious forces at work in all times to keep alive the Irish spirit of freedom, but excepting religion there has been no force comparable to the inspiration that flows perennially from Emmet's speech from the dock:

"Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace; let my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character."

When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, not till then, let my epitaph be written.

Emmet prayed that his memory might be a guiding light for future generations of Irishmen:

"When my spirit shall have joined those bands of martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the

scaffold and in the field in defence of their country, this is my hope, that my memory and name may serve to animate those who survive me."

His prayer was granted. The two men of the last century who did most to hand down the torch were Robert Emmet and John Mitchel—both Protestants.

Daniel Corkery

Some few years ago the appearance of *A Munster Twilight* announced the arrival of a new writer of genius. Daniel Corkery who wrote it was hailed by literary critics as a powerful writer of short stories and men looked forward eagerly for more of his work. His first novel, *The Threshold of Quiet*, was a notable book. It had its crudities. It was not a masterpiece but rather a wonderful performance for a 'prentice hand. But undoubtedly it was inspired by true Celtic genius and it made no small stir in the world of letters. It had arresting qualities, and the nameless spirit of the deathless race was stirring in its pages. Even they who did not consider it a great novel welcomed it as a herald of remarkable promise. Some there are who put the author of it on a very high pedestal. We remember reading a review by Maurice Francis Egan in which the American critic, referring to Padraig Colum's verdict that Carleton's *Fardarógha the Miser* was the greatest Irish novel, asks in parenthesis, if Mr. Colum had read *The Threshold of Quiet*. We note that Katharine Tynan does not agree with Mr. Egan, and we should be surprised if she did. The novel has qualities that the snobbish soul of Katharine could never appreciate. Corkery has also written several Irish plays, all of them on a high level. In them he proves that he is a master of beautiful language. His prose runs as sweetly and as musically as some of the passages in Synge's *Deirdre*. He has the Celtic magic in addition to the sweetness and light that are the hall marks of the best prose.

"The Hounds of Banba"

The latest book of his that came into our hands is *The Hounds of Banba*. It is the real thing. We know of nothing of its kind so thoroughly good. Form and content are all that a critic could desire. We can imagine what correspondence would have passed between Schiller and Goethe had they lived to read it. The *perfidum ingenium Scotorum* burns on every page. It lays bare the soul of Sinn Féin. It reveals to us the minds and hearts of the young men of Erin who have beaten England, displaying in all the unequal struggle a purity of courage that seems hardly mortal. And Mr. Corkery here and there dwells on the spirit that, almost submerged, almost forgotten, survived in the breasts of the old men who had fought through the land wars or perhaps hidden a pike during the Fenian days. It was there all the time, and it awoke joyously when the drilling and the fighting began again. It had come down through such long, sad years. All that was mortal in it had been killed and there remained only the undying soul of it—the deathless soul of Erin to which those words on Michael Dwyer's grave so beautifully refer:

Maireann an cuis coir go deó!

Every boy brought up in Ireland knows that the spirit came to him with his mother's milk, and perhaps the great attraction of this book is that it brings back vividly thoughts that we all nourished and dreams that we all dreamed in days when it seemed hopeless to think that they would ever become more tangible than thoughts and more real than dreams. The chapters that tell of the experiences of the boys "on their keeping," of the welcome they got throughout the land, of the pride of the old people—both men and women—in their doings, of the wonderful courage of the girls, concerning many a one of whom some volunteer of the I.R.A. could say with Dante: *Beatrice in suso ed io in lei guardavo*, teach us to know the new Ireland, teach us to understand why she is invincible. We are not going to tell you the stories he tells. Get the book and read it.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The concluding social of the series in aid of the piano fund will be held in the Sacred Heart Schoolroom, N.E. Valley, on Monday next. This being the final social it will be an extended one, and a special late car to Cargill's Corner has been arranged for.

His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, Bishop of Dunedin, will officiate at an ordination ceremony at St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday next, when, at the nine o'clock Mass, he will confer the Order of Priesthood on Revs. J. Fenton, J. Martin, and P. O'Meehan, students of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel. The two former are for the diocese of Dunedin, and the latter for the diocese of Christchurch.

At a meeting of the congregation of the Sacred Heart Church, North-east Valley, held in the schoolroom after devotions on last Sunday evening, a committee was appointed representative of that portion of St. Joseph's Cathedral parish to participate in the carnival now being promoted in connection with St. Vincent's Orphanage extension fund. Mesdames Thompson, Smith, Creighton, and Banks were appointed heads of the local stall.

On Sunday, 20th ult., 15 little children of St. Michael's Convent School, Mornington, received their first Holy Communion in the Church of St. Francis Xavier. During Holy Mass the first Communicants recited aloud the Acts of preparation and thanksgiving, and they and their companions sang several appropriate hymns very devotionally. The happy first Communicants were afterwards entertained to breakfast by the Sisters of Mercy.

On behalf of the children of St. Vincent's Orphanage, the Sisters of Mercy acknowledge with gratitude the following donations to the institution: A lamb from Mr. John Coyle, Kyebrun, Central Otago; £1 from "Grateful" as a thanks offering for grant of intentions for which a Novena was offered some weeks back; 10s from "G.I." whose request for a Novena is being complied with.

A rare treat is being afforded the music-loving people of Dunedin this week in a series of three recitals by Miss Kathleen Garven, the distinguished dramatic contralto. The first recital was given last evening at the Burns Hall, and met with the whole-hearted acceptance of a large and enthusiastic audience. Miss Garven gives her second recital to-night (Thursday), and her concluding one on Saturday evening. This noted artiste is supported by Miss Agnes Cunningham, a lyric soprano of considerable repute; Mr. Max Scherek, solo pianist; and as accompanist by Miss Nellie Hayward, of Christchurch, the well-known exponent of voice-culture and music. Miss Garven's recitals, highly artistic as they are, also provide instruction of infinite value to students.



SUCCESSFUL GARDEN FETE.

Mr. S. Solomon's garden in Belleknowes has become recognised as one of the show places of Dunedin, and his willingness to permit the public to enjoy its beauty was again evidenced on Saturday last, when it was placed at the disposal of the St. Vincent's Orphanage for the purpose of raising funds for the new building. The attendance was very large, numbering considerably over 2000, and with the many activities carried on, all of which were well patronised, a great financial success was achieved. The expenses incurred were extremely light, and the fund consequently will benefit by practically the whole of the returns. The gardens were in fine order, the rhododendrons in particular making a great show. A strong grounds committee was set up under the direction of Mr. J. McKeefry and Mr. A. Heffernan, with the object of protecting the gardens from unnecessary injury, the consequence being that after the function everything was left in excellent order. Mr. Solomon himself was much about, taking great interest in the proceedings and being an extensive purchaser.

The fete was organised by the committee of the Christian Brothers' Old Boys' Stall, the burden of the work falling upon Mrs. G. M. Baker, who had associated with her Messrs. D. Keys and A. Tarleton, joint secretaries. There was quite an unusual display of bunting, particularly at the entrance, and a further display at the head of Michie Street gave a clear indication of the route to the grounds. Music was supplied by the St. Kilda Band,

which turned out at only a few hours' notice, and although short of its proper muster, contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the afternoon. The children of the orphanage sang a number of choruses on the lawn, and Mr. Tate attended and gave an exhibition of his mastery in the art of juggling. A number of guessing competitions were held. All the stalls did good business, and there were additional activities, such as fortune-telling, tea-cup reading, an organ-grinder and monkey, the "wonderful arrow," and such-like. Tea was obtainable in a big marquee erected on the tennis-court, and soft drinks and ice creams in the summer-house.

The stalls and stallholders were as follow:—Produce: Mrs. G. M. Baker and assistants; jumble stall: Mrs. E. J. O'Neill and assistants; sweets: Mrs. A. J. Hall and assistants; lucky dip: Mrs. Beaumont, Messrs. J. Burke and L. Toomey; soft drinks: Messrs. Walsh and P. Wilson; tea rooms: Mrs. J. Hade, Miss C. Carr, and assistants.

The orphanage children were conveyed to and from the grounds in motor cars lent by Mrs. Samson and Messrs. Flanagan, Ross, and Winders.

The committee desire to very sincerely thank Mr. Solomon for his great kindness in granting the use of his gardens on the occasion.



DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

November 28.

The Catholics of Halswell are to hold a "gift and coin afternoon" on next Saturday, the 3rd inst., in the beautiful grounds of Mr. Hayward, Lincoln Road, in aid of their stall at the garden fete, which is to be held in February, in the show grounds, for the purpose of liquidating the debt on the Sacred Heart presbytery.

A working committee, under the direction of Rev. Father Seymour, S.M., has been busily engaged for some time in promoting a garden fete to raise funds with the object of reducing the liabilities of St. Mary's parish consequent on the erection of the new school. The fete is to open on Thursday, the 8th inst., and the attractions continued over the following Saturday evening. The new hall will be utilised for the first time in this connection, and the grounds of St. Mary's will be illuminated nightly by electricity. Stalls, well provided with wares, will be a feature of the fete, while amusements, numerous and varied will be given full scope. The proceedings will be enlivened by performances by Derry's Brass Band.



DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

November 18.

His Lordship Dr. Liston has been on visitation to the Coromandel district for some time. He has visited Whitianga, Kuaohina, and all the out-stations, travelling about 130 miles. Then the Bishop proceeded to the Thames and Paeroa. On Sunday, December 4, Dr. Liston will administer Confirmation in St. Benedict's Church at 7 p.m.

A grand juvenile plain and fancy-dress social was held on Wednesday, November 16, in the Town Hall in aid of the rebuilding funds of the Grey Lynn Convent. The function was a splendid success from every point of view. The children, who were trained by the Misses Beresford, took part in marches and lancers, the various schools competing for prizes. In addition to these items and the grand march there was a Swiss dance, while other pupils danced an exhibition gavotte. Those who were fortunate enough to be present at the gorgeous display of color and costumes, and witnessed the splendid performance of 600 children from our schools, will not easily forget the memorable event.

The appeal for the new church building at St. Helier's Bay, in the Remuera parish, reflects great credit on Rev. Father Doyle, the parish priest, and his energetic parishioners.



[Reports of the Apostolic Delegate's visit to Napier and Waipawa only reached us on going to press, and, as a consequence, could not be included.—Ed. N.Z.T.]

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

Deaths, Marriages, Wanted, etc., will be charged as follows:—Up to 20 words, 3/- minimum; up to 30 words, 4/-; up to 40 words, 5/-. *Strictly Cash in Advance.* Wedding reports will not be inserted unless accompanied by a marriage notice, cash paid.

In order to insure insertion in the following issue, the copy for above advertisements must reach the office by noon on Tuesdays.

MARRIAGE

McGLOIN—MORRISON.—On September 1, 1921, at All Angels' Church, Darfield, by the Rev. Father J. J. Hanrahan, assisted by Rev. Father Seymour, S.M., Gilbert John, eldest son of Mr. Hugh McGloin, Spreydon, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr. Patrick Morrison, The Oaks, Darfield.

JONES—HAAR.—On Wednesday, November 9, 1921, at St. Joseph's Church, Temuka, by the Rev. Father Kimbell, Benjamin, sixth son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Jones, Ashwick Flat, to Lilian, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Haar, late of Winchester.

DEATHS

CROSBY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Maria Crosby, relict of John Crosby, of Mount Pleasant, Hamilton, who died at her daughter's residence, Paeroa, on November 9, 1921; aged 88 years.—R.I.P.

MACDONALD.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Catherine Gertrude, beloved wife of John Macdonald, and second daughter of Hannah and the late John Shepherd, who died at Invercargill on October 31, 1921; aged 32 years.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

PRENDERGAST.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Edmond Prendergast (late of Bayswater, Otautau), who died at Christchurch on November 14, 1921.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

DROMGOOL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Patrick Edward Dromgool, accidentally drowned at Titahi Bay on December 7, 1919.—Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him.

LONG.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Joseph Long, who died at Timaru on November 27, 1918.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loving parents, sisters, and brother.

RICHARDS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Henry Richards, who died at Invercargill on November 26, 1918.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

WANTEDS

WANTED.—KITCHENMAID for Holy Cross College, Mosgiel. Particulars apply Manager *Tablet* Office, Dunedin.

WANTED.—Strong capable COOK-GENERAL for country station; no objection widow with child; good wages suitable person. Apply Box 129, Fairlie.

WANTED.—A HOUSEKEEPER or Catholic Presbytery, North Island; only one priest; light work. Apply for address to "Easy," *Tablet* Office.

GREYMOOUTH CONVENT REBUILDING FUND

MISS M. PHELAN QUEEN.

Donations for the above will be gratefully received and acknowledged in the *Tablet*.

JULIA GREANEY,

Secretary No. 1 Stall.

THE CATHOLIC GIRLS' HOSTEL, CHRISTCHURCH

now have several vacancies for young lady boarders. Applications should be made at once to The Matron, 245 Cashel Street, Christchurch.

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART, TIMARU

A SPIRITUAL RETREAT FOR LADIES will begin on the evening of MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1922, and end on the morning of SATURDAY, JANUARY 7.

The Retreat will be preached by Very Rev. Albert Power, S.J.

For further particulars intending retreatants should apply promptly to Rev. Mother Superior.

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.

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART

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.

SISTERS OF THE MISSION CONVENT, KAIKOURA

The drawing of the KAIKOURA ART UNION has been postponed from December 8 to TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20.

All holders of books are requested to send their subscriptions and butts of tickets on or before December 15 to CONVENT, KAIKOURA.

AN APPEAL

For some years the local Sisters of Mercy have been living in the original convent, a wooden structure, now about forty years old, and consequently almost unfit for the use of the Sisters. The splendid work done by the Greymouth Sisters in the interests of education, is well known throughout the Dominion, and such work alone would entitle them to sympathy and support from all classes. At present they stand in need of practical support in their efforts to build a convent, which will enable them to continue the good work they have begun. The Greymouth people are truly generous, but in this huge undertaking—the raising of funds for a new convent—the need of outside help is felt, and an appeal to old friends and well-wishers of the Sisters to aid them is now being made. Any help, no matter how small, will be most gratefully received, and it is felt that the generosity of *Tablet* readers will not fail the Sisters on this occasion.

The grand bazaar will take place during the Christmas week.

JULIA GREANEY, Hon. Sec., No 1 Stall.

DR. R. P. THOMSON

(Late of Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford)

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"TABLET" SUBSCRIPTIONS**Subscription: 20/- per annum; 10/- per half-year (paid in advance, no booking.)**We beg to acknowledge subscriptions from the following, and recommend subscribers to cut this out for reference.
PERIOD FROM NOVEMBER 15 TO 23, 1921.**OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.**

Mrs. K., Harbor Ter., Dun., 30/3/22; T. D., Thames St., Mosgiel, 15/3/22; Mrs. H., Elm Row, Dun., 30/3/22; W. L., Roxburgh, 15/11/22; M. G., Waiwera South, 15/9/22; Rev. M., Convent, Bluff, 23/10/22; B. O'K., Waitahuna, 30/5/22; Mr. L., Gala St., Ingill, 30/9/22; W. G. B., Barr St., Williamsborough, 23/11/21; Mrs. D., Wright St., Roslyn, 8/5/22; Mrs. B., Waipori, 30/10/22; Bro. P., Marist Bros., Ingill, 15/10/22; J. H., Alexandra Sth., 15/5/22; Mrs. G., Box 16, Roxburgh, 30/11/22; J. H., Clyde, 15/5/22; H. J. H., Hotel, Luggate, 23/10/22; P. S., West Plains, 15/11/22; Mrs. T., Wendonside, 15/2/22; P. R., Trent St., Oamaru, 8/5/22; M. L. H., The School, Wairio, 23/11/22; W. L. Q., Import Stores, Balclutha, 23/4/22; M. P., Highcliff, 8/5/22; J. M., McQuarrie St., Ingill, 23/5/22; P. K., Leet St., Ingill, 8/11/22; J. C., Galloway, 15/11/22; A. G., Shamrock Hotel, Ophir, 15/11/22; P. F. S., Cardrona, 8/11/22; W. T. K., Waimunu, 23/10/21; J. O., Seacliff, 30/9/22; Mrs. McG., Mosgiel, 30/4/22; J. O'C., Macraes Flat, 30/9/22; T. McG., Limehills, 30/9/22; W. C., Clyde St., Dun., 30/9/22; Mrs. M., Castle St., Dun., 23/9/22; Mrs. M., Port Chalmers, 8/4/22; Miss H., Dun., 15/4/22; T. F., Macandrew Rd., Sth. Dun., 8/9/22; Mrs. L., Lawrence, 30/9/22; R. G., Carr St., N.E. Valley, 30/5/22; Mr. M., Earn St., Ingill, 15/5/22; S. F., Redfern, Otautau, 15/4/22; A. K., Mortons Mains, 8/10/22; C. T., Golden Age Hotel, Bluff, 15/10/22; J. J. M., Tainui, Dun., 15/9/22; Mrs. A., To Wae Wae, 15/6/21; W. O'M., Plains Station, Lumsden, 15/11/22; P. K., "Derry Farm," Ranfurly, 30/9/22; Mrs. B., Macandrew Rd., Sth. Dun., 30/3/22; W. D., Andersons Bay, 30/9/22; P. D., sen., Greenhills, Otarehua, 15/11/22; K. A., Lawrence, 30/11/22; Mrs. W., Brown St., Dun., 30/3/22; W. O'M., Box 40, Queenstown, 8/5/22; T. McN., Queenstown, 8/2/22; Mrs. C., Neville St., Parkside, Dun., 30/4/22; C. B., Test St., Oamaru, 30/3/22; W. G., Thames St., Ingill, 15/10/22; Mrs. D., Lawrence, 30/11/22; M. H., Evans Flat, 30/9/22; T. O'B., Stuart St., Dunedin, 23/11/22; Mrs. W., Bay View Hotel, Dun., 15/10/22; Mrs. H., Taieri Rd., Kaikorai, 30/4/22; J. C., Brydone, 30/3/23; J. E., Private Bag, Outrehua, 15/11/22.

CANTERBURY AND WEST COAST.

J. C., Karamca, 8/10/22; P. B., Brunnerton, 30/9/22; J. S., Custom-house Hotel, Nelson, 30/11/22; T. M., Spring Creek, Blenheim, 30/9/22; J. R., Derby St., Westport, 30/9/22; Rev. M., Convent, Rangiora, 15/11/22; Mrs. K., Fitzgerald St., St. Albans, 23/5/22; C. D., St. Asaph St., Chch., 15/5/22; M. T., Southbridge, 30/10/22; P. T., Box 32, Rakaia, 30/10/22; G. D. S., Box 36, Kaikoura, 15/11/22; G. H., East Takaka, Nelson, 15/11/22; R. F., Rathmore St., Timaru, 8/5/22; G. A., Waimca West, Nelson, 23/10/22; D. M., Spring Creek, Blenheim, 8/11/22; W. O. C., Reefton, 30/9/22; M. C. K., Nile st., East, Nelson, 30/4/22; M. C., Arney St., Greymouth, 30/3/22; P. O'B., Leeston, 30/9/22; J. R., Eiffelton, 30/4/22; J. D., Denmark St., Temuka, 8/4/22; V. P., Police Stn., Pleasant Point, 15/11/22; M. L., Aberdeen St., Chch., 15/5/22; J. N., Matainui, 23/10/22; M. O'C., Pleasant Point, 15/10/22; F. M., Stafford, 30/4/22; P. D., Devane's Hotel, Ashburton, 30/10/22; J. W. S., Baker, Ashbourne St., Chch., 30/9/22; J. T., Overdale, Rakaia, 23/11/22; Mrs. O'N., Cath. Girls' Hostel, Timaru, 23/4/22; N. R., c/o H.M., Winchmere Rural, 8/10/22; J. & J. M.,

Hari Hari, 30/9/22; Miss McA., Rogers Street, Chch., 30/3/22; P. J. R., Springston, 30/11/22; W. J. E. J., Inangahua Landing, Reefton, 15/10/22; P. O'D., Empire Hotel, Waiuita, 15/11/22; Mrs. McC., c/o T. J. G., East Belt, Rangiora, 8/2/22; M. McC., Addisons, 30/3/22; J. W., Wakefield, Nelson, 23/10/22; J. J. L., Leeston, 8/10/22; Mrs. Le F., Francis Av., St. Albans, 30/3/22; D. F., Wakanui, Ashburton, 23/5/22; H. H. N., Francis Av., St. Albans, 30/3/22; M. McG., c/o E. O'C., Chch., 15/10/22; Cath. Women's Hostel, Chch., 30/9/22; Miss G., Bookseller, Chch., 23/5/22; H. McK., Box 156, Greymouth, 15/11/22; P. K., St. Andrews, 8/5/22; J. B., Donoghues, Ross, 30/10/22; J. J., Okeover St., Woolston, 23/5/22; F. L. H., Fitzgerald St., St. Albans, 23/5/22; J. J. R., Scargill, 23/11/22; M. B., Westminster St., St. Albans, 8/10/22; P. C., P.O., Mitcham, 23/5/22; J. R., Stationmaster, Lincoln, 30/11/22; M. H., Clandeboyne, 30/10/22; M. S., St. Andrews, 30/3/22; W. T., Craigie Av., Timaru, 23/4/22; H. B., jnr., Kotinga, Takaka 8/10/22.

WELLINGTON AND TARANAKI.

Mrs. K., Cumberland St., Wgton., 15/11/22; E. McK., Egmont St., Patea, 15/11/22; E. E. K., Somme Parade, Up. Aramoho, 15/5/22; Mr. O'D., Police Stn., Johnsonville, 15/11/22; A. M. W., Pirie St., Wgton., 30/5/22; E. L., Opua Rd., Opunake, 23/11/22; Miss O'S., Hotel, Pahiatua, 30/11/22; J. M., Makino, 8/9/23; Mrs. K., Railway-house, Ohakune, 23/11/22; K. Bros., Warea, 23/10/22; J. D. K., Pungarehu, 23/11/22; W. L., Warea, 23/5/22; R. F., Rahotu, 23/5/22; J. J., Hotel, Rahotu, 23/11/22; P. J. P., Victoria St., Petone, 23/11/22; Fr. D., Opunake, 30/9/22; Mrs. G., Hotel, Oeo., 23/5/22; E. J. M., Ngati St., Manaia, 23/11/22; J. D., Ngati St., Manaia, 23/11/22; J. C., Ngati St., Manaia, 23/5/22; E. J. B., Otakeho, 23/11/22; J. F. D., Box 17, Manaia, 23/11/22; W. J. B., Town Clerk, Manaia, 23/11/22; W. O., Manaia, 23/11/22; W. B., Manaia, 23/11/22; F. McP., Sutherlands Rd., Manaia, 23/5/22; T. J. L., Waimate Hotel, Manaia, 23/11/22; J. A. G.E., Saddler, Manaia, 15/10/22; E. V., Ngati St., Manaia, 23/5/22; T. J. W., Main Sth. Rd., Manaia, 23/11/22; Mr. R., Clyde St., Island Bay, 15/11/22; E. T. L., Toko, Stratford, 30/10/22; Mrs. C., Devon St. W., New Plym., 23/5/22; J. B., Okato, 30/10/22; A. G., Pungarehu, 15/11/22; Rev. D., Island Bay, Wgton., 23/12/22; F. T. O'N., Mt. Erin, Johnsonville, 15/11/22; J. L., Warea Rd., Warea, 30/11/22; M.B., Manakau, 30/9/22; W. M., Awapuni, 30/10/22; P. McD., Wangaehu, 15/11/22; W. R. S. H., Brougham Avenue, Wgton., 30/9/22; D. Q., Rahotu, 30/9/22; J. C. McC., Duntoe Farm, Mataroa, 23/11/22; M. J. McK., Regent St., Pahiatua, 30/5/22; A. H., Antico St., Melrose, 23/11/22; J. J. B., Oakura, New Plym., 30/9/22; Mr. R., Union St., Hawera, 23/5/22.

AUCKLAND, HAWKES BAY AND FOREIGN.

R. L., Randolph St., Newton, 15/11/22; Miss McC., Albion Hotel, Gisborne, 15/6/20; A. R., Te Rore, Waikato, 30/9/22; W. L., Waverley St., Waipawa, 30/3/23; A. M., Bath St., Parnell, 15/11/22; Mrs. H., Pukeata Rd., Otahuhu, 8/5/22; J. A. D., Leighton St., Grey Lynn, 15/5/22; P. J. H., Nuhaka, 23/11/22; M. O'S., Manakau Rd., Parnell, Auck., 23/5/22; J. F., Terena, Kakahi, 30/11/22; M. F., Pirongia, 23/5/22; J. S. H., Te Kuiti, 15/5/22; Mrs. B., Paeroa, 30/10/22; R. J. P., Methven St., Hastings, 30/9/22; H. K., Pollock Settlement, 15/11/22; J. E. G., Nelson St., Westfield, 15/7/21; A. L. O'B., Colville Bay, Coromandel, 23/11/22..

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Commonwealth Notes

NEW SOUTH WALES.

The Very Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, C.M. (Rector of St. John's College, within the University), left Sydney on Tuesday, the 16th ult., by the R.M.S. Orvieto, to represent Australia at the Irish World Sinn Fein Conference, to be held in Paris in January. Dr. H. M. Moran and Mrs. Moran and their little son Paddy were also passengers. Dr. Moran will represent Tasmania at the conference. There was a great gathering of priests and laity to see them off, and the wharf and boat were bright with Sinn Fein flags and emblems. As the boat moved from the wharf, the two distinguished delegates were enthusiastically cheered.

The reunion of ex-students of St. Vincent's College, held at the college on Sunday, the 14th ult., was one of those successful events that encourage the members to further efforts to do honor to their *alma mater*. A Mass for deceased members opened the programme of the day; it was celebrated by Rev. Father P. J. Murphy (Adm. St. Mary's Cathedral). Later, came the presentation of a cheque for £100 to the library that at present finds its home in St. John's College. This library belongs to the Catholic girls who attend the University. The Very Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, C.M., has undertaken to buy the most suitable books for it while he is in Ireland, so he was, of course, present to receive the cheque.

The Very Rev. Dr. M. J. O'Reilly, C.M., having been selected as National Delegate by the Federal Council of the Irish Self-Determination League, Mr. P. S. Cleary was, on the 9th ult., chosen by the N.S.W. State Council to be the State representative. Mr. Hugh Mahon is to be the State representative from Victoria, and Mr. T. O'Dea from West Australia. Mr. Cleary is well known throughout New South Wales as president of the Catholic Federation and as sub-editor of the *Catholic Press*. He will probably travel by the Osterley, which is to leave Sydney on December 13.

In the course of his address at the blessing and opening of the magnificent new Church of St. Brigid, at Coogee, Sydney, on Sunday afternoon, the 13th ult., his Grace the Archbishop of Sydney said that the new church at Coogee was really wonderful. Last March his Grace was at Coogee, and the work was then already started. Now he was present to bless the church. He was surprised at its beauty when he entered it that day for the first time, and he asked God to bless Father Gilbert and his generous helpers, so that the wonderful success attending this spiritual enterprise might be continued, until it was free of all responsibilities. There was nothing like love, if we could only direct our love rightly, and love what was really good. But we are often deceived. We are not deceived when we love God, even when our love was tested by sacrifice; and when our sacrifice was accepted by God, we are none the poorer for what we gave to God. We were all the happier. We were free from many evils, and filled with a consolation that the world would not give us, and we have laid up riches in heaven, where the rust doth not consume. These were the returns that God makes for a sacrifice, and love of God had led the parishioners of Coogee to sacrifice in erecting this church. It was not through avarice that contributions were sought for church purposes. They should believe that they were putting it up in store in heaven; and they should believe that God was the giver of all these things. He gave us our health. He gave us love and peace and rest in society, and it was only God who could do that. A person had once said in his Grace's hearing that there was only one Manly in Australia. There was, too, only one Coogee in Australia. His Grace did not believe that Coogee was quite safe on the way to heaven. He knew a certain Minister of the Crown, who at one particular time would not allow the Catholics to meet for Holy Mass, although he allowed people to travel in trams to the beaches. He knew another beautiful spot by the Mediterranean Sea, but it was the home of gambling. Coogee was another kind of Monte Carlo. When blessing the church that afternoon, he had prayed as fervently as he could, and he hoped it would do a lot of good. He hoped that the young people would get sense. Young people must be allowed certain latitude. They only liked what they thought was best. Unfortunately, now they had pioneers in going further and further, and even going too far.

In conclusion, his Grace wished a blessing on the architect of the new church at Coogee, and every other good and sincere citizen of Australia, so that we might all look up to God as the common father. He thanked God for having given them the opportunity of doing what they had done in the erection of their church, and hoped that they would continue on until they had wiped out the debt.

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VICTORIA.

The Rev. Father Durcan is bringing to Australia a replica of the famous processional Cross of Cong, which is to be presented to Archbishop Mannix, on behalf of the Irish priesthood (says the *Catholic Press*). The Cross of Cong, with the Tara Brooch and the Ardagh Chalice, represent the best in Celtic art. The Cross of Cong was made for the church of Tuam. It is likely that some Irish prelate who attended the Lateran General Council in 1123, brought back a relic of the True Cross, which was enshrined in an Irish processional cross, made to the order of King Turlough O'Connor. This view is borne out by an inscription, partly in Latin, partly in Irish, engraved on the Cross of Cong. The shaft of the cross is 2ft 6in; the breadth across the arms, 1ft 6in. It was made of oak, covered with eight copper plates, and one plate of brass, all adorned with a richly interwoven tracery. There were jewels along the edges, and a convex crystal in the centre. The Cross of Cong, which was lost sight of for centuries, was found in an old oaken chest in Cong in 1839.

Rev. Father James O'Connor, S.J., a member of the professorial staff of Xavier College, Kew, Melbourne, for the last 30 years, died at the college on the 8th ult. Father O'Connor was born in 1841, in Co. Wexford, Ireland, and was educated at Clongowes Wood College, Ireland. He was ordained at St. Beuno's College, North Wales, England, and entered the Society of Jesus on September 7, 1861. He arrived in Australia in 1885, and for some years taught at St. Patrick's College, East Melbourne; at River-view, Sydney; and Xavier, Kew. The Solemn Office and Requiem took place on the 9th ult., in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Hawthorn. There was a crowded congregation, including the alumni of Xavier College, and pupils of the P.C.J. Convent, Cotham Road, Kew. Archbishop Mannix presided, and paid a graceful tribute to the dead priest, who, he said, had loved the college, where 30 years of his life had been spent. The burial took place at the Boroondara Cemetery, where the students of Xavier College had assembled.

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QUEENSLAND.

It is gratifying to announce (writes the Brisbane correspondent of the *Catholic Press*) that his Grace the Archbishop has secured the service of three additional priests to cope with the ever-growing work in his vast archdiocese. The steamer *Anchises*, which reached Brisbane on November 7, brought as passengers Rev. Fathers Michael Hayes, Lynch, and McDermott. These priests were recently ordained at All Hallows College, in Dublin. Rev. Father Keane also was a passenger by that steamer, and his mission will be in the Rockhampton diocese. Other priests, who have been chosen to serve in New South Wales and Victoria, arrived by the *Anchises*.

In the presence of a gathering numbering some thousands of persons the new college which has been erected in West Street for the Christian Brothers was officially opened by his Grace the Archbishop on Sunday the 30th ult., in the afternoon. The foundation stone for the new building was laid by a distinguished prelate in the person of Monsignor Cattaneo, the Apostolic Delegate to Australasia, in 1918, but it was some time later before the erection of the building was commenced. Now that it has been completed it forms a fine addition to the architecture of the city. A superb view of the city and its encircling hills is to be obtained from the wide balcony facing West Street, while the roomy and well-lighted classrooms should prove extremely popular with both masters and pupils.

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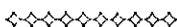
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Our Sports Summary

AUCKLAND.

Playing in the secondary schools' competition, Sacred Heart College gained another victory in the second grade by defeating Grammar School. Sacred Heart College batting first made 119; Stone played a masterly innings for 63 not out, R. O'Connor got 24, and Kalaugher 10. Grammar School's reply was weak, for they got only 56. For Sacred Heart College the bowling was done by O'Regan (3 for 17), McMahon (2 for 17), and Kalaugher (3 for 21). The college senior team playing in the Auckland Association second grade matches are now engaged in a match with the Ponsonby club. Ponsonby compiled 146. Bowling for Sacred Heart College, Kalaugher got six wickets for 41, Griffin (3 for 17), and McMahon (1 for 5). The opening batsmen of the college team made a good start—Lander scoring 41 and McMahon 45, both being run out. R. O'Connor and W. Kalaugher (both not out) are 21 and 11 respectively. The college boys have lost two wickets for 132. The match was to be continued last Saturday.



INVERCARGILL.

On Saturday last the cricket matches played by the Marist teams proved quite an interesting series. The school juniors played their last game, and after a great struggle were beaten by 18 runs. The school fared better in the senior grade for after disposing of the South batsmen for 32 runs the Brothers' boys went to the wickets and played a solid innings for 138 runs; Hallamore (80), Ward (22), Henley (13), being the prominent scorers. The Marist bowling was deadly. Hallamore mowed down six wickets for 15 runs and Gillespie took four for 17.

The Marist Old Boys concluded their first match, and were beaten by I.C.C. on the first innings by 63 runs. The new club showed great keenness in the field, and its bowling was solid, but its players will require considerable batting practice to stand up to the attack of the more experienced players of the older clubs. The second grade were defeated by High School Old Boys B. Batting first Marist made 39 and High School replied with 83. Marist declared their second innings at 95 for six wickets down. High School declared at 54 for three wickets, thus securing an easy win. The thirds again won, this time defeating High School by 26 on the first innings. Pasco (26), Lenihan (15), Hallamore (14). Hallamore again proved himself as a bowler, taking 14 for 45 in the two innings.



DUNEDIN.

A boxing tournament under the auspices of the Otago Boxing Association, in connection with the Christian Brothers' School, was held in the Early Settlers' Hall last Monday evening. Mr. J. Kilmartin acted as referee, Messrs. Stewart and Campbell were the judges, and Mr. J. Isaacs timekeeper. The bouts were of three two-minute rounds. The hall was crowded with spectators.

Mr. T. Gillies, chairman of the Otago Boxing Association, opened the tournament with a brief speech. He said that it must be very pleasing to the management to see such a large number present.

Before the last bout Rev. Brother Bowler said that he would like to thank the Otago Boxing Association for the assistance it had always given them, the officials, and Les Murray, who had come forward quite spontaneously and offered to provide an exhibition bout. He would also like to congratulate Mr. Goodman, the teacher of the boys, on the fine exhibition they had given that evening.

The medal for the most scientific exhibition of boxing was awarded by Mr. Kilmartin to Hayes.

Light-weights (semi-final)—A. Lister beat J. Churstain. A nice clean exhibition of boxing was witnessed, the men trying to score points by cleverness, without introducing too much of the fighting element. Lister was the heavier of the two, and held the advantage right throughout. Final—Lister beat McCormack. Paper-weights (semi-

final)—J. Hayes beat T. Cummins; J. Conley beat D. Paterson. Final—Hayes beat Conley. The spectators witnessed a pleasing exhibition of two-handed boxing. There was not much to choose between the two boys. Fly-weights (semi-final)—J. Paterson beat W. McElevy; J. O'Connor beat C. Campbell. O'Connor did most of the leading, and won comfortably. Final—O'Connor beat Paterson. Bantams (semi-final)—B. Carter beat N. Watersten; F. Columb beat P. Butler. Final—Carter beat Columb. Feather-weights (final)—McCarten beat Sheehan. Exhibition bout—Les Murray, the New Zealand champion light-weight, gave a fine exhibition of boxing, his opponents being T. Harris and A. Goodman. Four rounds were fought, each of two minutes, Harris and Goodman taking two rounds apiece.



THE SUN BATH.

It is almost impossible to over-estimate the value of the sun bath to athletes. The sun bath is no new idea; it is as old as athletics. It formed an important part in the training of the ancient Greek and Roman athletes, and we are told that the gladiators in the old Roman Circus were tanned from basking in the sun. They were trained in regular schools (ludi), by masters called Lanistae; the whole establishment was called a family (familia). According to ancient writers it was no uncommon sight to witness 10,000 pupils from these schools lying naked beneath the fierce glare of the noonday sun. At intervals they would rise and exercise themselves, after which they would return to their sand-bed for further attention from "old Jamaica." Sun bathing was usually indulged in on the sea beaches and old chroniclers tell us that the athletes would lave their bodies in the water and knead their muscles to the bone.

The extraordinary feats of endurance, skill, and agility of which those hardy old Romans were capable have directed the attention of modern athletes to the process of training adopted by the sportsmen of an infant world. The result is that the great performers on the running track appear with skins of the color of a ripe apricot. They have come to recognise what medical men have long recognised: that the sun not only gives out heat but also supplies strength to the body. Medical men order their patients into the sun during the period of convalescence and this is a reason why not only athletes but everybody should take a little of this wholesome and inexpensive tonic. Runners, themselves, always recognise the fact that they will do faster work on a warm day than on a cold one. It is also understood that a sprinter will put up faster times in Australia and South Africa than in England or New Zealand. McManus used to say that he was three yards better over a hundred in Australia than in New Zealand and "Darky" Morris, even when in the North Island of New Zealand, used to sigh for the hot sun of Australia under which "it was easy to keep fit."

What a difference there is in the appearance of the man who trains in the open air, who exposes his body to the sun and wind, and that of the man who never takes his clothes off except to go to bed! The former is bronzed and toughened and protected against those little indispositions which make a person feel off-color and disinclined for strenuous exercise, while the latter is pasty-skinned, fearful of cold, and unequal to the physical strain he could easily endure if his habits were cast in healthier ways.



Keep nothing for yourselves, that He may receive you without reserve, who has given Himself to you without reserve.—St. Francis of Assisi.

SATURDAY, 10th DECEMBER, 1921

Right Rev. Dr. Whyte will open the GARDEN FETE, CONVENT GROUNDS, TESCHEMAKERS, and preside at the "break-up" ceremonies of the College. Visitors may look forward to an enjoyable afternoon.

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Faith of Our Fathers

[A WEEKLY INSTRUCTION FOR YOUNG AND OLD.]

Fourth Article: Merit.

11. Merit is the fruit of grace, in this sense, that grace renders us capable of producing works that are meritorious in the sight of God. Man, when in the state of grace, according to the words of Our Lord, is like a branch of the vine-tree united to the vine itself. This branch bears abundant fruit, because it draws its life-giving sap, which is the principle of its productiveness, from the parent stem. Grace is this spiritual sap, the principle of merit.

12. (1) What is meant by merit? (2) What is the object of merit? (3) What conditions are required for gaining merit?

(1) What we here mean by a meritorious work is a good work done by the help of grace, with reference to God, and worthy in His eyes of an eternal reward.

There is a distinction to be made between the merit of right, *de condigno*, and the merit of fitness, *de congruo*. The former signifies a strict right to reward; the latter, a certain suitableness worthy of consideration, but not a claim of strict justice. It might be designated merit of mercy, because it is founded chiefly on the mercy of God.

We distinguish also the merit of the just man, who is in the state of grace, and that of the sinner, who is in the state of mortal sin. The former can merit in strict justice, as a servant working for his master merits; the latter can only merit as being a suitable object for the exercise of God's mercy, in the same way as a poor man humbly begging alms may deserve to receive them.

(2) The just man, by his works, merits an increase of sanctifying grace, and at the same time an increase of glory for eternity. These two rewards are linked together: every degree of grace in this life has a corresponding degree of glory for the next.

The sinner, by his prayers, penances, and good works, can merit the grace to break away from sin and return to God by a sincere conversion.

All can merit from the divine mercy actual grace, and all the helps necessary to avoid sin, to advance in good, and to persevere to the blessed consummation of a happy death.

Besides merit, properly so called, of which we have spoken, there are satisfaction and impetration, which often accompany merit or the meritorious value in the one work. Satisfaction is a penal work, which God accepts in place of heavier penalties due to sin. Impetration is the constraining power of prayer before God; a most mighty power, because of the promise of Jesus Christ, saying to all, "Ask, and you shall receive."

(3) For all merit there must be the help of actual grace; but this condition, which depends on God, is never wanting. For this reason we only speak here of the conditions on the part of man.

Now, (1) for the merit of fitness, it is sufficient to do any good work with an intention of faith—that is, with reference to God and our own salvation.

(2) For merit, properly so called, or the merit of right—that is to say, in order to merit an increase of grace and of eternal glory—we must be in the state of grace, and offer our good works to God with a holy intention.

A work so offered, be it only a draught of water given to a poor man, is accepted by God as if bestowed on Himself, and receives a divine reward.

The greatness of merit depends (1) on the person or on the dignity and holiness of him who acts. Thus the merit of Jesus Christ is infinite, because the dignity of His person is infinite. The merit of the just man is beyond comparison greater than that of the sinner, because he is adorned with sanctifying grace, which gives him the dignity of the child and friend of God.

(2) It depends on the excellence or the difficulty of the work. Thus a large alms is more meritorious than a small one given by the same person; but the widow's mite is of more value in the sight of our Lord than gold offered by the rich. So, again, an act of charity is more meritorious than an act of faith or hope.

(3) It depends on the perfection, the purity of intention, the fervor, and above all, on the charity of the person

who acts. Fervor and charity give such a value to good works that they change them, as it were, into gold and precious stones for the kingdom of heaven.

The time destined for merit is the present life, during which the sinner can merit his salvation, and the just man can grow in merit, rising higher and higher in holiness and glory, according to that saying of our Saviour, "Lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven."

Home of Compassion, Wellington

(From our own correspondent.)

The committee who are voluntarily raising funds for the Home of Compassion at Island Bay are working enthusiastically to make the appeal a success. Over £90 was added to the fund the other week, £32 being realised by a jumble sale in Tory Street and nearly £60 by Mrs. Dan Burke at an evening given at her home in Brooklyn.

The annual gift tea, held at the Home of Compassion, took place on Thursday, the 17th inst., and there was a very large attendance, the day proving unexpectedly fine and pleasant. General regret was expressed that Mother Aubert was not well enough to receive the guests herself, but the Sisters made ample amends in their attention to all present, and everywhere wishes were expressed for Mother Aubert's speedy return to health. The home was entirely thrown open, and the visitors were shown over it by the Sisters and friends. The nursery, as usual, was a source of the greatest interest. There are now 26 babies there, of whom there are two pairs of twins, all girls. The tiny cots and baths and cupboards were inspected, and appealed to the hearts of all mothers. The new women's ward upstairs was also visited, and much interest shown in it, as this is the first time it has been thrown open to the public. This new ward has been formed by enclosing the large open space near the incurable girls' ward. This has been nearly all glassed in, and made into a bright, sunny sitting-room for the women incurables, who were moved here from Buckle Street. Their night ward is beside it, and beyond is the girls' ward. There are 50 women in this ward now, so that the task of attending to these unfortunates is no light one, and is cheerfully performed by the Sisters, who are giving their lives to such work. At the other end of the corridor a similar space has also been enclosed and made into a boys' dormitory. The home now domiciles 120 people, including the incurables and the children, and the numbers of the latter have increased of late years, so the work has become much more extensive, and the expenses of the home greatly increased. It is to pay for these additions that the appeal for funds now before the public is being made.

After inspecting the rooms, the visitors repaired to the dining-room, where afternoon tea was served, daintily set out at small tables, each decorated with flowers. The Sisters served tea, with the help of friends of the home. Delightful selections were played by Cimino's band, stationed in the hall, and the gifts, of which there were many, both in money and kind, were received in a room near the entrance.

Mother Mary Aubert and the Sisters of the home are very grateful to all those who brought gifts and who assisted them during the afternoon.

Lord! let me know Thee, and let me know myself.—St. Augustine.

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IRISH NEWS

DAIL EIREANN'S COURTS OF JUSTICE.

One cannot be long in Ireland without coming into contact, directly or indirectly, with the Irish Republican courts (writes Rev. James M. O'Connell in the *London Catholic Times*). A recent business trip to Ireland, extending over five weeks, carried me constantly to the offices of a solicitor, and therein I frequently heard—willy nilly—the solicitor and his clerks discuss the preparation of a case or a defence to be presented before a Dail Eireann court.

For two years, in the midst and in spite of the cruel warfare on all things Irish, these Irish Republican Courts of Justice have persistently exercised their functions, in some instances without the interruption of a single day. It will be recalled that the late Terence MacSweeney was presiding at an important sitting of the Cork Republican Court when he was arrested. Up to that time the press of this country had given much prominence to the sittings of these courts; since then it has ignored them, leaving the impression that they had ceased. On the contrary, the Cork Court has continued to sit daily, though the "Black-and-Tans" could never discover its whereabouts. The people know where to find them and always use them when necessity demands legal action.

The success of these courts is due to their strict justice and efficiency, perhaps also to the consequent fact that by the people they are regarded with a confiding trust rather than with fear. Landlords, Unionists, men of every creed and party, have told me that never before in Ireland was justice dispensed so impartially and firmly, and if one thing more than another convinces them of the practicability and reasonableness of Irish Ireland aspirations, it is the Sinn Fein administration of justice unstained, as it is, by religious, class, or political prejudice. In practically every district outside Ulster and even within the frontiers of so-called Northern Ireland, two classes of Republican Courts exist, parish courts and a district court, which roughly correspond to the English police courts and assize court. An appeal can always be made from a parish court to its district court. The decision of the latter is usually regarded as final, but the court may give leave for an appeal to a referee, to be appointed by the Dail Eireann. The British courts in Ireland are out of work. This is the simple fact. Up to the Spring of 1920 they disposed of all litigation in the country, and the Petty Sessions and Assize Courts were prosperous institutions. But a rapid change came. At the County Courts in June, 1920, and at the Assizes in July, it appeared that all the cases had been mysteriously settled, for there was no appearance of the litigants. The explanation is to be found in the Dail's Decree of June, 1920. Since then—and I have been witness to what I write in Munster—the judges have sat idle in deserted courts fortified by sandbags, barbed-wire and machine-guns. They are unemployed, only, unfortunately for the Irish taxpayer, they still continue to receive their plump salaries. On the second day of the Cork Assizes, July, 1920, the Army of Occupation, arriving to occupy the Court House, found the Republican flag floating brazenly over the Court House and held in the hand of the figure of Justice. They have not yet discovered the "boy" who got through the barbed wire, etc., and placed it there.

The story is the same throughout Republican Ireland. Usually the British courts "fall through" after a few hours. Meanwhile the Republican courts are humming with the business and settling the cases which they have taken from their defeated competitor. The position of counsel and solicitors in regard to the Dail Eireann courts presented an initial difficulty. There are legal gentlemen in sufficient number for the purposes of these courts who would not desert their national ideals for all the threats and penalties of the law societies. But an attempt was made to prevent counsel and solicitors from attending the Republican courts. At first, many of the lawyers refused to attend; then they began to attend as a matter of course. Next the Incorporated Law Society had to deal with a

resolution moved before it to prevent solicitors from attending Sinn Fein courts. That resolution drew a trenchant letter from Mr. Maurice Healy, solicitor, Cork, and the I.L.S. discreetly dropped its resolution. A similar resolution was actually passed by the Council of the Bar of Ireland. But counsel and solicitors, unlike judges, are dependent on work for their salaries, and since their client's insisted on going to the Republican courts, they ignored the resolution and also went. Finally, a general meeting of the Bar was summoned to discuss the matter and decided to take no action. Hence, counsel and solicitors regularly appear before the Irish tribunals.

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IRISH RACE CONFERENCE.

Assuming that the approaching parley between the Government and the representatives of Ireland will end in the acceptance by both sides of a peace-contract, it was an excellent idea to arrange an Irish race conference in Paris or Dublin for the early days of the New Year (writes J. F. Boyle in the *London Catholic Times*). The meeting of the representatives of the Irish race will be a fitting opportunity of celebrating the end of a long quarrel notable for unsparing coercion on the one hand and for an irrepressible tendency to revival on the other. It is stated that Mr. de Valera in a recent interview with Miss Hughes, secretary of the Conference, expressed the hope that this convention would become a triennial event, as it would enable the Irish people abroad to keep in closer touch with the people at home and to obtain more reliable information about the country. The Irish are in the position to explain to the world that they have fought a unique political battle. It was a battle which showed the success of moral power contending for centuries against physical force. And whilst engaged in this struggle they were ever foremost in the democratic movement, championing advanced projects for the betterment of mankind, but carefully guarding against excesses. The Irish Self-Determination League of England, which undertook the preliminary work of organising the Conference, has transferred the responsibility to the Irish Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Dublin, and a new secretariat is being opened in Paris and will make arrangements for the Conference, in co-operation with numerous organisations which have sprung up throughout the world to further Ireland's demand for liberty. One of Ireland's great claims to universal gratitude is what she did in the early years of the Christian era to evangelise Europe, and it is to be hoped that measures will be taken to bring to the notice of the public of all nations her memorable work in this respect. Much has been done to bring to light what the records of old monasteries and similar institutions throughout Europe had to tell of Ireland's zeal, but the tale of the wonderful work of the Irish missionaries has never been completely told, and it seems that a conference of this kind is a suitable occasion for letting the world know what it is in its completion. For this purpose it might be necessary to examine and investigate the history of the oldest institutions in Europe—old churches, monasteries, and libraries, but the expense and trouble would be surely repaid in the results of the researches. Then, there is a great deal that might be done to bring to the knowledge of foreign people the early state of civilisation in Ireland itself. Mrs. Green has given glimpses of early Irish skill in brass and art work of which lovers of the old country would like to see more; and more might also be told of Ireland's beautiful illuminated manuscripts. The Irish are, like their Church, though old, ever young, and now that a vision of freedom is presenting itself to their eyes, they feel as a youthful people, before whom lie the possibilities of a brilliant future. I have no doubt that, wherever their lot may be cast, they will do credit to their country in the future and will lead the way in the promotion of all that is best in our civilisation. They may well repeat, "What region on earth is not full of our labor?" And their contribution to the world's progress in the past may be taken as a pledge of what they will do in the future. They may be trusted to act as pioneers of all that makes for progress and prosperity, and, mindful of what their fathers have suffered, they may well say with the authors of England's Great Charter: "We will not deny or delay to any man justice or right." By helping to organise the Irish Race Conference, every Irishman and Irishwoman will render a valuable service to their country.

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Greymouth

(From our own correspondent.)

November 16.

A straw shows which way the wind is blowing, and judging by the magnificent spirit of faith and piety displayed during the mission which ended on Sunday, it is blowing in the right direction on the West Coast. Signs were not wanting to show that the heart of the Coast beats true to the Catholic Church. For 14 days St. Patrick's Church was crowded, morning and evening. Indeed, the Marist Fathers, who conducted the mission (Rev. Fathers T. J. McCarthy and A. J. Herring), are agreed that it was one of the most satisfactory they have ever given. Everything went to prove that the faith that had survived rope and rack and sword, flourishes even under the hand of an un-Christian Government.

During the mission the daily communicants averaged 750, while on the concluding day 1100 approached the Holy Table. Practically every home in the parish was consecrated to the Sacred Heart in accordance with the recent expressed wish of the Holy Father. Two very imposing processions took place, one in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, the other in honor of Our Lady. The guard of honor was composed of school children, Children of Mary, and Hibernians. The Confraternity of the Sacred Heart and the Apostleship of Prayer were inaugurated. Over 500 women and 300 men signified their intention to enter the glorious Apostolate. Besides this 500 handed in their names for the League of Reparation to the Sacred Heart, the members of which pledge themselves to assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion one day a week. The names of members have been set up at the church door as a Roll of Honor, and opposite each name is the day chosen by that person. In regard to this work Father Herring stated that a great feature of the Marist Missions was the organising of confraternities and sodalities in connection with the parish. On another occasion he stressed the great need of a Catholic atmosphere in the Catholic club.

Both priests proved themselves impressive and convincing speakers. The social evils of the day were vigorously attacked. The recent amendments to the Marriage Act met with vehement denunciation, and Catholic teaching in regard to the sacramental character of marriage was clearly explained. Drunkenness, illicit company-keeping, the reading of books against faith and morals, divorce, the violation of the laws that the Creator has ordained in regard to marriage, etc., were strongly condemned. In connection with the marriage law Father Herring showed himself the fearless champion of the teaching of the Church.

On the concluding Sunday of the mission a special men's Mass was celebrated at eight o'clock, at which 500 men received Holy Communion. After Mass a Communion breakfast was held at St. Columba Hall, where the following toasts were honored: "The Missionary Fathers" proposed by Mr. H. F. Doogan and responded to by Rev. Father McCarthy, S.M., "The Hibernian Society and St. Columba Club," proposed by Rev. Father Herring, S.M., and responded to by Messrs. H. McKeown, and A. McSherry; "The Local Clergy," proposed by Mr. M. Daly and responded to by Rev. Father Long, Adm.; "The Ladies," proposed by Mr. T. Barry and responded to by Mr. F. Doogan. The sight at the men's Mass was really edifying and inspiring, and in replying to a toast at the breakfast, Father McCarthy congratulated the men on their loyalty. He reminded them in a stirring address that they were heirs of a glorious spirit which had descended upon them from the pioneers of the Coast, whose name was a symbol of honor and loyalty. He charged them to carry on in the same spirit. They were the trustees of the future, and from them the coming generation would take the spirit which would animate the parish. Father Herring directed an appeal for recruits to the Hibernians and St. Columba Club. The president of the Hibernian Society, Mr. J. Kennedy, presided over the gathering.

On Sunday evening the congregation overflowed into the sanctuary and side chapels. Father McCarthy took for the subject of his final sermon, "The Divine Origin of the Catholic Church," concluding a masterly address with an appeal to his hearers to remain true to the grand old faith of their fathers. The renewal of baptismal vows and the imparting of the Papal Blessing concluded the exercises of the mission, leaving us sad, but strengthened in our spirit of loyalty to Holy Church.

At Brunner Father Eccleton, S.M., conducted a mission from Sunday, October 30, to November 6, and practically 100 per cent. of the Catholics in the district approached the Sacraments. Father Eccleton then proceeded to Cobden, where he conducted a mission from Monday to Saturday. Here again the missionary was edified by the spirit of faith and piety met with. On the 12th inst. Father Eccleton opened a mission at Barrytown.

Rev. Fathers Herring and McCarthy return to Christchurch next Saturday, leaving Rev. Fathers Eccleton and Vincent to continue the country missions.

Rev. Father Long, Adm., who is at present in Christchurch, is to return on Saturday.

MUSIC EXAMINATIONS**Convent of Mercy, Rakaiā-Methven**

At the Trinity College (London) practical music examinations, held at the Convent of Mercy, Rakaiā, on the 12th ult. by Mr. S. Myerscough, Mus. Bac., the following numbers of pupils of the Sisters of Mercy, Methven and Rakaiā, were successful:—Professional diploma: Licentiate (piano), 1; senior grade: Honors 1, pass 1; intermediate: Honors 1, pass 2; junior: Honors 3, pass 4; preparatory: Honors 1, (violin) 1; first steps: Honors 2, pass 1. At the recent examinations in theoretical music, in connection with Trinity College, the Sisters of Mercy, Methven, secured the following successes:—Intermediate: Pass 1; junior: Honors 3, pass 1.

Convent of Mercy, Greymouth

The Trinity College practical examination in music was conducted in Greymouth by Mr. Myerscough on October 26 and 27. All the candidates presented by the Sisters of Mercy were successful—two twelve-year-old candidates (Misses Kathleen Knell and Ethel Wallace) obtaining 95 per cent., the former in pianoforte playing and the latter in violin playing, both in junior division. The following is the summary of results:—Higher local honors, 1; senior honors (violin), 1; senior pass, 1; intermediate honors 4, pass 2; junior honors (violin) 3, piano 5; preparatory honors (violin) 3, piano 6, pass 1. On November 16, Dr. Haigh, examiner for the Associated Board of Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music, London, conducted the practical examination in Greymouth. The following is the list of successful candidates:—Intermediate local centre violin, 1 (130 marks); intermediate local centre piano, 1 (125 marks); higher division piano, 2; lower division, 2; elementary (distinction) 2, pass 9, (violin) 1; primary violin (distinction) 1, pass 2, piano 6.

Dr. Haigh after the examination made the following highly eulogistic comments on the work of the students and teachers:—"Before leaving Greymouth, I should like to place on record the pleasurable surprise I have had examining the music candidates for the Associated Board of the R.A.M., L.R.C.M. The students have, in many cases, acquired not only technical readiness, but a real musical feeling, which, combined, have made their interpretations very convincing. The greater number of candidates were presented by the convent. During my lengthy tours in all parts of the Dominion, I have rarely met with such consistent teaching in any one school. I leave the West Coast feeling satisfied that the young students of Greymouth have opportunities of which parents may feel justly proud."

God gives us diseases in this world for the salvation of our souls, and when we endure them patiently they are the fountain of great merit to us.—St. Francis of Assisi.

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We have one of the largest stocks of All-wool Tweeds, Worsteds, etc., for you to choose from.

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"Beag's"

Accordeons and
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We have just opened a fine selection of the above instruments of genuine Bohemian makes. The value is remarkably good, and the prices very moderate. Accordeons. No. 1021. A fine instrument, in ebonised case, 3 sets of reeds, 3 stops, 10 mother o' pearl keys; bellows corners metal-bound. Possesses a full, rich, low tone. Price, £3 10s 6d. No. 1038. A similar instrument to above, but not quite so good in quality. Price, £2 18s. Something New in Mouth Organs! The "Invicta." Double reeds, nickel case, 5s 6d. The "Astrophon." 20 double reeds, nickel case, 6s. The "Concert-Harmonica." Doublesided, beautiful tone, nickel case, 7s 6d. Each Harmonica is supplied in a neat box. : : :

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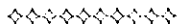
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Catholic World

LUTHERANS COPY CATHOLIC FORMS.

Authorities of the Evangelical Church of Germany, in an effort to stop desertions from its membership, have in many instances adopted Catholic liturgy and forms of worship. The "High Church Union" of the Evangelical clergy—so often brought to public notice since 1918—frankly expresses the belief that the salvation of the present generation lies in a return to the externals of the Catholic cult.

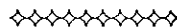
Quite recently several prominent Protestants have declared in favor of introducing in the Evangelical Church a liturgy similar to that of the Catholic Church. They have been brought to this view, apparently, by a superficial survey of the situation and a hasty quest for the causes of the defection from their ranks. In general, they claim that the religious services of Professor De Wulf, but it is privately stated that his selection has been confirmed. As the chair of scholastic philosophy is not to be called a permanent institution, but represents a departure from past policies and traditions, certain final authorisation is necessary for the expenditure required for its temporary withholding of the formal announcement of Professor De Wulf's appointment.



THE POPE AND PALESTRINA.

The city of Palestrina has erected a monument to the memory of its great son, Pierluigi, the great composer of sacred music of the sixteenth century. The Pope was represented at the inaugural ceremony by Cardinal Vannutelli, and a sum of 10,000 lire was given towards the construction of the monument in the Pope's name.

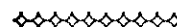
At the same time the Pope addressed a Pontifical Letter to Cardinal Vannutelli, in which he recalls the ordinances of the late Pope Pius X. regarding music in the churches. In some quarters these instructions are beginning to be looked upon in the light of a dead letter, but, as Benedict XV. points out to Cardinal Vannutelli, the reformations and decrees of Pius X. on church music are still in force.



MALTA CATHOLICS DEMAND BRITISH FULFIL PROMISE.

When Malta was united to the British Empire, England promised freedom to the practice of the Catholic religion, and granted her official recognition of this religion as the only one of the island. Now, however, England is taking advantage of the movement in favor of a revision of the constitution to suppress the article in question.

The Maltese Catholics are profoundly indignant over this effort to abolish century-old rights and solemn treaties, especially in view of the increasing sympathy manifested by England toward Zionism. The Catholics are demanding that the article of the constitution on religion be respected. Mgr. Maura Caruanna, Bishop of Malta, and Archbishop of Rodi, has made a solemn protest against the action of the British Government.



CONVERSIONS IN ENGLAND.

Interesting statistics are now available regarding the number of conversions to the Catholic Church which took place in the archdiocese of Westminster alone during last year. The number is 1877, an increase of over 150 on the previous year. Farm Street leads the way, having almost doubled any other parish, the Oratory and the Cathedral being the next on the list, while St. Dominic's Priory comes fourth. These statistics show that the faith continues to make progress, and the fact that the four leading parishes are as above is proof that the Church is making particular appeal to the educated and intellectual classes. It may be noted also that the religious Orders have the preference as instructors, but this may be partly due to

the fact that as each of their houses contain a number of priests they have greater time and opportunity for dealing with converts than the hard-worked parish priest who has perhaps one assistant, and has in addition to the spiritual cares of his actual flock all the secular cares of the mission and its upkeep. The Jesuits, as always, are in the vanguard of the Church's victories.



NEW ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

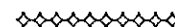
From all parts of Ireland Most Rev. Dr. Byrne, the new Archbishop of Dublin, has received congratulations upon his appointment on behalf of Cork and the South of Ireland. The Lord Mayor of Cork, Mr. de Roiste, and J. J. Walsh, two of the deputies for the city, conveyed to him in person the good wishes of the Catholics of the Southern province.

In the Archdiocese of Dublin itself the principal public bodies have taken steps to present his Grace with formal addresses of congratulation. Expressing the views of the citizens of Dublin at a special meeting of the Corporation of Dublin, Lord Mayor O'Neill said:

"Dr. Byrne was selected by the clergy of the diocese as Archbishop Walsh's successor, and he was undoubtedly the choice of the people of that vast diocese. We all know, and we all believe that the mantle of Dr. Walsh has fallen on a worthy successor."

The Lord Mayor went on to relate how Mr. de Valera on behalf of the people of Ireland and Alderman Cosgrove and himself on behalf of the citizens of Dublin, called upon his Grace to offer their congratulations. In the course of that interview the Archbishop addressing Mr. de Valera said:

"I will do what I can for Ireland. I will do what I can for my people, and if I am permitted; I will do what I can to help you."



THE SEE OF BAGDAD.

France is very happy at the choice of the Holy Father for the vacant Archbishopric of Bagdad, which is now filled by the appointment of Rev. Father Berre, of the Order of Friars Preachers (writes the Paris correspondent of the *Catholic Herald of India*). This See has stood vacant since 1917 and in filling it by a French priest the Holy See shows its continuing interest and adherence to the arrangement made on June 4, 1638, which was confirmed on June 11, 1781, and endured from century to century, whereby this See was always confided to a French Prelate and the French protectorate of the Christians in the East maintained. The origin of this custom is the generosity of a woman, Mlle. Ricouart, who sent to Pope Urban VIII. the then large sum of 6000 Spanish doubloons for the foundation of a church in this country. The first occupant of the See, or Mons. de Babylone as he was then called, was a Carmelite, Pere Bernard de Ste. Therese. The last Bishop, Mgr. Altmayer, who has retired to Besancon, was born in the diocese of Metz in 1844, and became a German subject under the Treaty of Frankfurt but was restored to French nationality after his nomination to the Archbishopric, an unusual occurrence. In the present situation in the East, politically the choice of a French prelate by the Pope is very significant and welcome. The new Archbishop is a great missionary and a very patriotic Frenchman despite his exile in Syria for 36 years. As head of the Dominican mission of Mossoul he was taken prisoner and held by the Turks during the War, during which sad time he gave much hope and encouragement to his fellow-prisoners. The Government of the Republic recognised his services by appointing him Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in February of the present year. He comes to rule over a Mesopotamia he knows well and which is sown with dispensaries and schools, founded and kept up by the French missions and which have certainly prepared the way during the last three centuries for those important Oriental projects which Pope Benedict XV. is realising. Mgr. Berre is well known in Paris and has given conferences in France regarding the present position of the French missions and missionaries in the East. He was one of the suite of Cardinal Dubois on his memorable mission to the Orient which was such a great success. It is considered this important appointment is one of the first fruits of the diplomatic conversations between France and the Vatican.

The Constituents of Wheat

BRAN (the outer covering)—Indigestible fibrous matter

FLOUR MATERIAL—Starch and glutun, low in food value.

GERM (the embryo plant)—Containing vitamins and natural salts.

WHITE BREAD

Is made from the starchy, glutenous portion of the wheat grain, containing NO Vitamines.

WHOLEMEAL BR

Is the product of the complete grain, including bran and fibre, containing only 1.5 per cent. of Vitamines.

PAVIS

The Vitamine Bread

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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.

Meantime—

Fortify on "CHAMPION" Muscle and
Courage-Raiser Flour

I have spoken—V., AUCKLAND.

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Reinforced Concrete Walls, Granite and Marble Kerbs. All kinds of Cemetery Work executed.
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Domestic

By Maureen

YORKSHIRE TEA CAKES.

Take one pound of flour, add to it two teaspoonsful of baking powder and two ounces of white sugar. Dissolve one ounce of butter in a cupful of warm milk, and beat into it one egg. Work all into a light dough, and bake in patty-pans for about a quarter of an hour.

BOILED SUET PUDDING.

Ingredients: Half a pound of flour, three ounces of suet, half a teaspoonful of baking-powder, a pinch of salt, cold water. Method: Chop the suet finely, and put it into a basin with the flour, baking-powder, and salt. Mix the dry ingredients to a stiff, dry dough with cold water. Form the mixture into a round, and tie firmly but loosely in a cloth, which should previously be dipped in boiling water, squeezed dry, and dredged with flour. Place the pudding in a pan of boiling water, and allow it to boil for two hours. Then turn it out, and serve with jam.

BEEF-HASH PUDDING

Cut into thin slices cold cooked meat. Peel two large onions and cut them into the thinnest of slices. Melt two tablespoonsful of butter; add the onions and cook over a fire, shaking gently from time to time, until they are a golden brown; then add one tablespoonful of flour, and cook until browned; add gradually two cupsful of stock or water, stirring all the time; then add one tablespoonful of tomato ketchup, and cook for five minutes. In a casserole or fireproof dish place alternate layers of onions and meat, cover with half a cupful of breadcrumbs mixed with one tablespoonful of melted butter, and brown in a hot oven.

HOW TO MAKE PINEAPPLE AND RHUBARB JAM.

Allow four pounds of rhubarb to one tin of pineapple chunks. Cut the rhubarb small and put it into a basin with two pounds of sugar, and leave all night. Next day, put the rhubarb juice and sugar into your preserving pan with the pineapple chunks, adding the syrup. Boil for 10 minutes; add the rhubarb, and boil for another 10 minutes. Put into pots, and, when cold, tie down. It is a delicious jam.

PINEAPPLE FILLING FOR LAYER CAKE.

Tinned pineapple, cut up and drained from the syrup, spread between the cake layers, makes a very good filling. The syrup may be used for making the icing.

Or the pineapple, syrup and all, may be thickened with a beaten egg (one egg to a cup of pineapple), and cooked together like soft custard.

Or two tablespoonsful of butter may be rubbed together with two tablespoonsful of flour, and cooked with

one cup of chopped pineapple until thick enough to spread in a good, deep layer.

In every case a little sugar may be added, if desired. The sliced tinned pineapple should be chopped fine; and fresh pineapple should be grated when you wish to use it for a cake filling.

MAGNESIA AS A CLEANSER.

Powdered magnesia is splendid for cleaning white felt or beaver hats and many small light garments belonging to the children. All soiled parts should first be rubbed with the powder, and then thoroughly shaken and fresh powder applied. This should remain in the garment, or hat, for at least 24 hours, when it may be beaten out with a light cane or small rug-beater.

HOW TO MAKE PERFUME.

It is not generally known that exquisite perfume can be made at home with very little cost and far superior to the chemically made scent sold at a high price. Here is the method:

Procure some fresh blossoms of your favorite flower when in full bloom, but not wilting; get a small sheet of cotton wool and some Florence or Lucca oil and a wide-mouthed bottle or jar of glass, such as jam is sometimes sold in. Cut the cotton wadding in circles to fit evenly in the jar. Dip one of the circular pieces into the oil, just saturating it, place in the bottom of the jar, on this put a layer of the petals plucked from the blossoms, sprinkle over lightly with fine salt, repeat alternate layers of cotton wool with the flower petals sprinkled with salt until the jar is full.

Tie the mouth close with a bladder or a piece of white paper dipped into the white of an egg. Place the jar in a window, or out of doors, in the sun. After fifteen days uncover, and express the scented oil from the contents and pour into glass-stoppered scent bottles.

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68in White Satin Damask—9/6	For 5/11 yd
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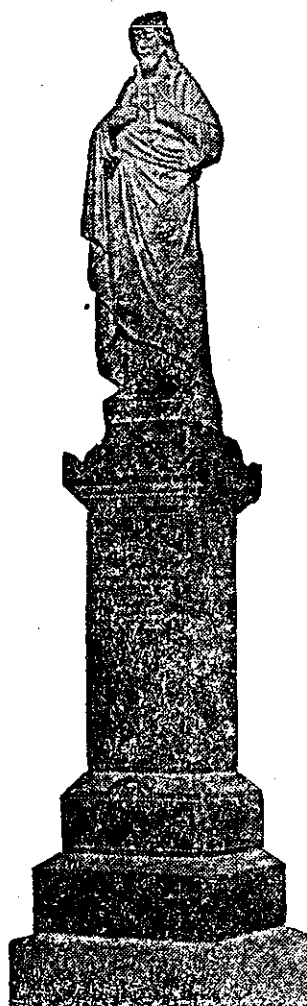
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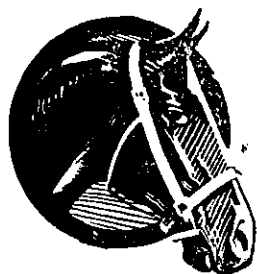
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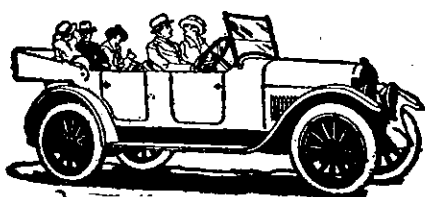
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ON THE LAND

MARKET REPORTS.

At Burnside last week there was a very heavy yarding in all classes of stock; and this, following on the previous abnormal supplies that have been obtaining for some time, resulted in a further drop in value of fully 2s to 3s in sheep, and £1 to 30s per head in cattle. In fact, sometimes the position was so accentuated that it was with great difficulty that the auctioneers obtained bids. Fat Cattle.—There was an altogether too large yarding of 327 head, that number being far more than was required. The bidding was very poor, and prices show a reduction of from £1 to £1 10s per head on the previous week's sale. Prime bullocks made up to £17 2s 6d, medium to £14, light and unfinished from £6 upwards. Prime heifers realised up to £12, medium to £9 10s, light and aged from £5 upwards. Fat Sheep.—There was a large yarding of 2980 head, mostly all good quality and well finished, a fair proportion being newly shorn. The number was quite in excess of that required by the local butchers, to whom the buying on the day was confined. No outside buyers being in evidence, a recedence of prices by fully 2s to 3s per head resulted. Extra prime woolly wethers made up to 26s 6s, prime to 24s 3d, medium to 20s, lighter sorts up to 15s, woolly ewes up to 17s, extra prime heavy shorn wethers up to 24s 9d, prime to 21s 9d, medium to 18s, light and unfinished from 12s upwards, and shorn ewes to 14s 6d. Fat Lambs.—There was a very large yarding of 400—a record for this season. Bidding was fairly brisk, and prices were about on a par with the market a fortnight ago. Prices were from about 14s to 32s 3d, the top prices being for specially well-finished and heavy lambs. Fat Pigs.—In consequence of an over-supply prices were down 15s on the prices ruling last week. Best baconers realised up to 7½d, and best porkers up to 8½d.

The yarding last week at Addington was slightly smaller than on the preceding week in the bulk of the sections. Fat cattle and fat sheep were again easier in price, and fat lambs recovered the previous week's drop. Fat Sheep.—Between 10 and 11 races were penned, including Southland and Chatham Island sheep. An irregular sale and some passing. Values all round were 1s to 1s 6d per head easier. Butchers showed a preference for sheep of extra prime quality. Woolly wethers, 23s to 25s 3d, extra prime shorn wethers 21s 9d to 26s 3d, prime woolly wethers 19s to 22s 9d, prime shorn wethers 17s 9d to 20s 6d, medium woolly wethers 17s to 19s 3d, medium shorn wethers 16s 9d to 17s, inferior shorn wethers 14s to 15s 9d, prime woolly ewes 16s to 20s, prime shorn ewes 14s to 16s 10d, medium woolly ewes 14s 3d to 15s 9d, medium shorn ewes 11s to 13s 9d, inferior woolly ewes 11s 3d to 14s 6d, inferior shorn ewes 9s to 11s 3d. Fat Cattle.—Values were easier by about 20s per head. Prime beef made up to 32s 5d per 100lb, and good to 30s. There was a good clearance of the yarding, vendors accepting the market price. Prime bullocks £12 to £15 12s, medium £9 to £11 15s, light and unfinished £6 to £8 17s, prime heifers £7 10s to £9, ordinary £5 to £7 5s, prime cows £6 10s to £10 2s, ordinary £3 5s to £6 7s 6d. Vealers.—Runners up to £5, good vealers £3 to £3 10s, medium £2 to £2 17s 6d, good calves to 27s 6d, small calves 6s to 20s. Fat Pigs.—The largest yarding of the season. Prices were the lowest for months past. Choppers £3 to £4 15s, extra heavy baconers to £5, heavy £4 5s to £4 17s, light £3 7s 6d to £4 (average price per lb 6d to 7d), heavy porkers £3 to £3 10s, light £2 10s to £2 17s 6d (average price per lb 7d to 8½d).



PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

In addressing farmers there is surely no need to insist on the necessity of applying phosphate of lime to the soil for the production of crops, both bulky and profitable. Phosphate of lime, nitrogen and potash form the trio of vital elements of crop nourishment, and of the three phosphate is probably the most important. It has been well named the bread of plants, and the phrase, attributed to the great chemist Liebig, "no phosphate, no life," represents a pregnant fact.

Every intelligent farmer knows that large quantities

of phosphate are extracted from the soil every year by the corn crops, in the milk and meat and other farm products, and that unless this continual drain is replaced, arable and grass lands become impoverished, with the inevitable result that crops and stock suffer. Farmyard manure cannot be counted on to make good the loss of phosphate, because there is not enough to go round, and farmyard manure, splendid manure as it is known to be, is deficient in the vital element, phosphate; a ton of ordinary farmyard manure contains about 10lb of nitrogen, 10lb of potash, and only 5lb to 6lb of phosphoric acid.

Therefore, recourse must be had to commercial phosphate of lime, and what farmers have to consider is, what kind can be depended on to produce the best results. He will not be guided simply by the cost price of the manure, but by the returns which may be reasonably expected; a low-priced manure may be dear judged by results. A farmer acts on the principle "safety first," leaving experiments to agricultural stations.

The forms in which phosphate of lime are offered are: Superphosphate, in which the phosphate is "soluble in water"; basic slag, containing the phosphate chiefly as "citric soluble," and occasionally ground raw mineral phosphate, in which the phosphate is classed as "insoluble."

Superphosphate was introduced about seventy years ago, and from that time has been in general use for all kinds of crops and on every type of land; so completely has it proved its remarkable fertilising qualities that its employment has spread throughout the globe, constituting a victory for "water-soluble phosphate." The world-production of superphosphate, i.e., water-soluble phosphate, just before the war was estimated to be 10,000,000 tons, and in the United Kingdom about 1,000,000 tons.

This fact is the most eloquent testimony in favor of water-soluble phosphate, and fully justifies the high opinion of its merits by scientific agriculturists.

Sir A. D. Hall, chief scientific adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture, in his book, *Fertilisers and Manures*, wrote, "For nearly all normal soils superphosphate is the most effective phosphate fertiliser when equal amounts of phosphoric acid are compared," and Dr. Russell, the present director of Rothamsted Experimental Station, in *Manuring for Higher Crop Production*, written during the war, makes this remark: "Of all phosphatic fertilisers superphosphate is the most soluble and the quickest in action."



PLANTS IN THE HOUSE.

Nothing brightens up a room so well as a few good flowering or foliage plants in pots, but they must be, at any rate, in fairly good condition to be really ornamental (says a writer in *Farm, Field, and Fireside*).

Plants in rooms require a little care and management to keep them in good condition, and in this connection I trust the following hints will prove useful to a number of readers who take pride in the decoration of the house with plants.

The plants should be only watered when the soil becomes slightly dry, and the pots ring hollow when tapped; then afford a full supply. A pinch of damp soot, or guano, dissolved in water occasionally during the season of growth and flowering is excellent.

Re-pot the plants at least once a year in fresh loamy soil, making this fairly firm, and afford good drainage. Most plants are best re-potted in the spring.

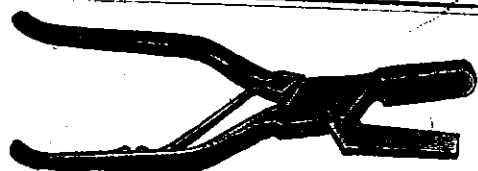
Keep them as far as possible in full light, but with shade from hot sun in summer, and away from all draught, giving a little fresh air daily.

Keep the foliage free from insects by some means, such as a little tobacco powder or an infusion of quassia chips and soft soap.

The foliage should be kept free from dirt and dust by an occasional syringing or overhead watering. A good plan is to stand the plants out of doors when warm, gentle rain falls. Again, plants with smooth foliage should be gently sponged occasionally.

During the winter, when watering the plants, tepid water should be used.

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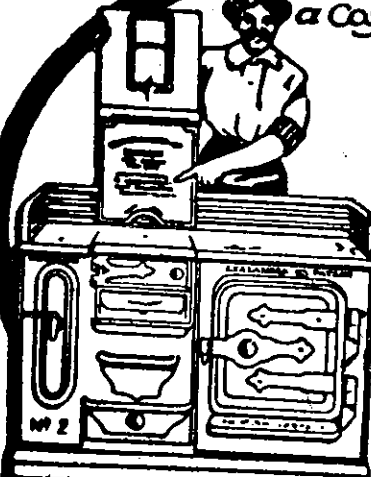
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The Family Circle

THE THINGS WORTH WHILE.

Som'times I get to thinkin'
An' it kind o' seems to me
Th' things worth while in this old world
Jest simmers down to three.

A lovin' heart's the first thing,
An' the sweetest part o' life
Is when you come at end o' day
To kiddies, home, an' wife.

Th' appetite fer hard work
An' fer trudgin' to'rds th' goal—
That's second in my little plan
For happiness of soul.

An' last a smilin' count'nance
Jest to chase away the blues
An' paint on other peoples' souls
Them shinin' rainbow hues.

If you'd make life worth livin'
Try these big things worth while;
They're three (I'll sum 'em up ag'in)
Jest love an' work an' smile.

— D. T.

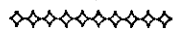
IS THE WORLD LOSING RESPECT FOR WOMANHOOD?

Correspondence from time to time in the daily papers gives strong grounds for the opinion that the world is losing respect for womankind. The harrowing experiences of conflict have lulled the finer sensibilities, and the men have lost what Burke called the "chastity of honor" that characterised the day of chivalry. There is much that is true and much that is untrue in this indictment. Surely from signs appearing around us, there has been a sad derogation from the former ideals of men in regard to womankind.

Woman comes into the world with the dignity of a queen. Her power is boundless if only she will not misuse it.

Women who have consistently cherished the ideal of honor will never have to complain that the world is losing its respect for them. The Church places before Catholic women the model of the Blessed Virgin, the sinless one, before whom the world is bowed in admiration. Painters and sculptors have produced the masterpieces of their genius in trying to portray the perfections of her beauty. Poets have sung her praises. The pure in heart of all generations have called her blessed. In her footsteps tread the glorious army of true womanhood.

But women who have failed to grasp the true secret of their power have made shipwreck of their own lives, and have lost the ideal womanhood in depths where a materialistic world seeks to place it. As in other cases, the woman pays the cost every time. She may win the vote, or smoke and drink with her cronies, or dress in the freest pagan styles, but she will find them all Dead Sea fruit if she steps from her place of honor.—*Catholic Bulletin of St. Paul, U.S.A.*



HOME.

"Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

How familiar are the words of the song; how true, how deep, the meaning they convey? To every heart there are certain places around which cluster memories that endure through life. Foremost and above all there is one place the memory of which never dies; it is the place that bears the simple title of home. What is home? It is the place where one passes life's happiest years, years of childhood so sweet in their innocence. It is at home that one learns the provident kindness of a father's affection, and the fathomless depths of a mother's love—an affection and a love of which all others of earth are only a shadow.

The actual surroundings of home do not constitute its happiness; rather is it centred in the depth of love, the warmth of affection which exists between hearts that move within its circle. The angel of happiness lingers in the home of the poor peasant in the humble cottage away in the secluded valley, on the mountain side, or by the beach where the sweet, sad song of the sea never dies, as often as within the precincts of the home of the rich, furnished with all the luxurious appointments that wealth and cultured taste can command, but despite these advantages not seldom devoid of the spirit of sweet contentment and happiness that wealth in itself can never give.

Home is surely a sacred place. What is it that consoles the poor soldier wounded on the field of battle? Is it not the thought that he may come home once more, and there be nursed back to health with a tenderness and a love that none can equal? What is the gleam of sunshine that illumines the dark cloud of sorrow in the exile's heart, as he utters the parting good-bye to his loved ones, ere he embarks on the great Cunarder at Cobh, for distant Boston or New York? Is it the pleasure that the prospect of "seeing life" affords—is it the hope of success, even fame, in the land of his adoption? Ah! these are but minor and ineffective consolations; the great consolation lies in the hope that some day he will come home again, even if it be but to die—that when life's dream is over his bones will rest in Irish soil, and his dust mingle with the dust of those who were united to him by the closest ties of earth.

There are two scenes familiar to the Irish people, particularly those acquainted with Cobh—one, intense in its sadness, the exile's parting; the other, exquisite in its joy, the exile's return. Oh! the pain of the exile's good-bye, the lingering embrace, the loving kiss, the fond good-bye—a good-bye for many, alas! until the great reunion after the Grand Assize. The exile's return! How eagerly the poor wanderer alights from the tender at Cobh; the warm greeting between friend and friend! How sweet to gaze once more on the old familiar scenes, to cross the threshold of the old home of long ago! Alas! the loved of old may be no longer there; the parents' hearts are now stilled in death. Ah! it is now the returned exile feels the joy of having sent even a letter, the message of affection binding together hearts severed by distance. How the memory of those letters now arises, and with it the thought that one act of kindness to the living is worth more than a deluge of tears over the dead.

Many a home is broken up by death or by adverse fortune, but the memory of the place remains undimmed, and as one grows old there may be no memory so sweet as the memory of the old home, sweet home of childhood's days.

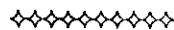
Those who have now no home only really understand what home means—those whose years are spent in boarding-houses, which, no matter how comfortably appointed, ever lack the atmosphere of even the humblest home. To the homeless as they see but in dreams childhood's home—dearer now than ever because it has been lost, the value of many a treasure is often realised only in its loss—there remains the consolation that beyond the grave there is a land where none will be homeless, and where the loves of the home of earth will be united again to part no more. Those who are possessed of a happy home should realise that from the treasury of God's best gifts they have been given earth's dearest blessing, for nothing can exceed the blessings found in a happy home.—W. MacLean, Killorglin, Co. Kerry, in the *Irish Catholic*.



A BOY'S PASSPORT.

The Germans have a proverb we'd do well to understand; 'Tis this: On can go anywhere, if the hat is in one's hand. Nothing, perhaps, is truer, and the saying isn't trite, A boy is welcome everywhere, providing he's polite. As well within our country, as in lands beyond the sea, Politeness is his passport to good society. So don't forget the proverb, boys; 'twill stand you well in hand.

All doors will swing wide open, if your hat is in your hand.



VERY LIKELY.

The old gardener had watched the children grow up from the time they first picked his choicest blooms, ran on his borders, and hid his syringe.

S. F. Aburn

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He had his favorites in the family, and when he was told of the engagement of one of the daughters of the house, his only comment was: "Well, it's as I've always said: it's usually the least loikely as is more loiklier than the most loikliest!"

A GENEROUS OFFER.

A farmer went to a dealer to purchase a horse.

"Here's a beauty at thirty-five pund," said the dealer, "and here's another yer can hev for twenty pund. Too much? Step this way, sir. Here's as fine a hanimal as yer ever saw—strong as a helephant. He dragged Wellington's heaviest cannon all over the field of Waterloo, an' he's a bargain at a guinea."

"I'll hev him," said the farmer; but gi' me a shillin' back fer luck."

"No," answered the dealer. "I'll tell yer what I will do, though. I'll gi' yer another hoss."

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

An old Scotsman had been ill for a long time, and it was agreed by the family that the minister should be called in. When he came he told the old man he would have to cast his worldly cares aside, and prepare for the terrible visitor who was waiting at the door.

"And who's that, minister?"

"That greatest enemy of ours, Death."

"What a fright ye gi'ed me," said the patient "Aw thoct it was the wife's mither."

A SILLY IDEA.

"My dear, don't you intend to invite Mr. and Mrs. Green to your party?" asked Mr. Biller.

"Certainly not."

"Why not? They are good friends of ours."

"What if they are? I am going to invite Mr. and Mrs. Brown."

"Well, can't you invite the Greens as well?"

"Why, John, you shock me with your taste. Brown and Green in my house together? Why, you'll be asking me to wear blue and yellow next. Men have no idea of harmony."

SMILE RAISERS.

Caddie (watching unsuccessful golfer miss her third swing): "Wouldn't cost her no more if she played with new-laid eggs."

Miss Stevens: "Albert, will you please run up that curtain?"

Albert: "I'm not in very good training, but I'll try."

Mrs. Maggs: "Yes, my husband goes out each evening for a little constitutional. Does yours?"

Mrs. Knaggs: "No; he always keeps a drop in the house."

"Very well, Henry," said Mrs. Newbryde, petulantly, "if you will go skating and you happen to get drowned and are never heard of again, don't come running to me for sympathy."

Green: "What did poor old Steve leave his son?"

Keen: "Oh, he left him the capacity for hard work which he himself had inherited from his father. It was quite as good as new; Steve himself had never used it."

Mrs. Banks: "Do you think it is right for a wife to go through her husband's pockets?"

Mrs. Binks: "I don't know about it being right, but I do know if all husbands are like mine it is a waste of time."

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT"

THE HYGIENE OF SLEEP.

The majority of people in this country do not have sufficient sleep (says a British contemporary).

Eight hours of sound sleep is enough for the average adult in good health. This does not mean simply eight hours in bed, but that amount of solid sleep night after night. To be sure there are persons who apparently do well on six or seven hours of sleep in the twenty-four, but these are rare exceptions to the rule. Many persons in good health cannot be at their best without nine hours of sleep every night. Yet very few in active life get as much as six or seven hours.

If this amount is required for one in health who is not exhausting more nervous and muscular force each day than his organic capacity can restore, then it is rational to conclude that when there is unusual strain of emotion, intellect or muscle, more rest and sleep are needed to maintain the economy against wear and tear.

It seems to be an accepted fact by physiologists that ultimate nutrition—that is the actual conversion of the blood elements maintained by food into the various structures of the body as nerve cells, muscle fibre, bones, etc.—takes place mainly while these structures are in a quiescent state, or, so to speak, "off duty." Hence, unconsciousness represents the best condition for nutrition; and normal unconsciousness is sleep. It is, therefore, when the brain and whole cerebro-spinal nervous system are in repose that exhausted force and the power to direct its expression can best be renewed.

While then it is true that simply resting will often enable one to recover from fatigue, still the more profound rest secured by sleep is needed, especially in order that the brain and spinal nervous system may be rehabilitated each twenty-four hours to such a degree that health and strength are maintained and not slowly wasted away.

There are some false notions afloat regarding sleep, and persons are sometimes considered lazy and shiftless if inclined to sleep more than is the custom. The truth is, the faster the pace—and in these days it is becoming so hurried that many good people are compelled to withdraw from the race—the greater the need for long hours of recuperation. Our forefathers did not need as long hours of sleep as do their descendants. They tired more slowly. Then there were no railroads, bicycles, automobiles, no telegraphs, telephones, stenographers, and typewriters, no Stock Exchange excitements, no vast monopolies against which the individual must too often throw away his life in competition. All was comparatively serene and placid, and men had time to live serenely without perpetual nervous strain.

It must be borne in mind that to spend more nervous energy each day than can be evolved from rest and food is to become sooner or later physically bankrupt. There is but little danger that any one in active life will sleep too much. To you who are exhausted, worn out, sick, the plea is made that you set to yourselves the task of adding faithfully one or two hours more to your sleep each night, and in this way gain enough in nervous power and control to enable you to live without stimulation of one kind and another.

One often hears it said by people who like to sit up late at night and lie in bed late in the morning that the morning nap is particularly refreshing. This may seem so, but it is a fact that for purposes of best recuperation the old adage of "an hour before midnight is worth two after it," points unerringly to the better way, and for this reason: rest comes from an upbuilding of the nerve centres and muscular structures, and a general reconstruction of the tissues, including the fluids of the body. This ultimate nutrition or exchange between the tissues of the body, the blood and excretory fluids takes place more rapidly and thoroughly before midnight, because then there is a more rapid and thorough circulation of the blood carrying new material to and removing waste matters from the tissues.

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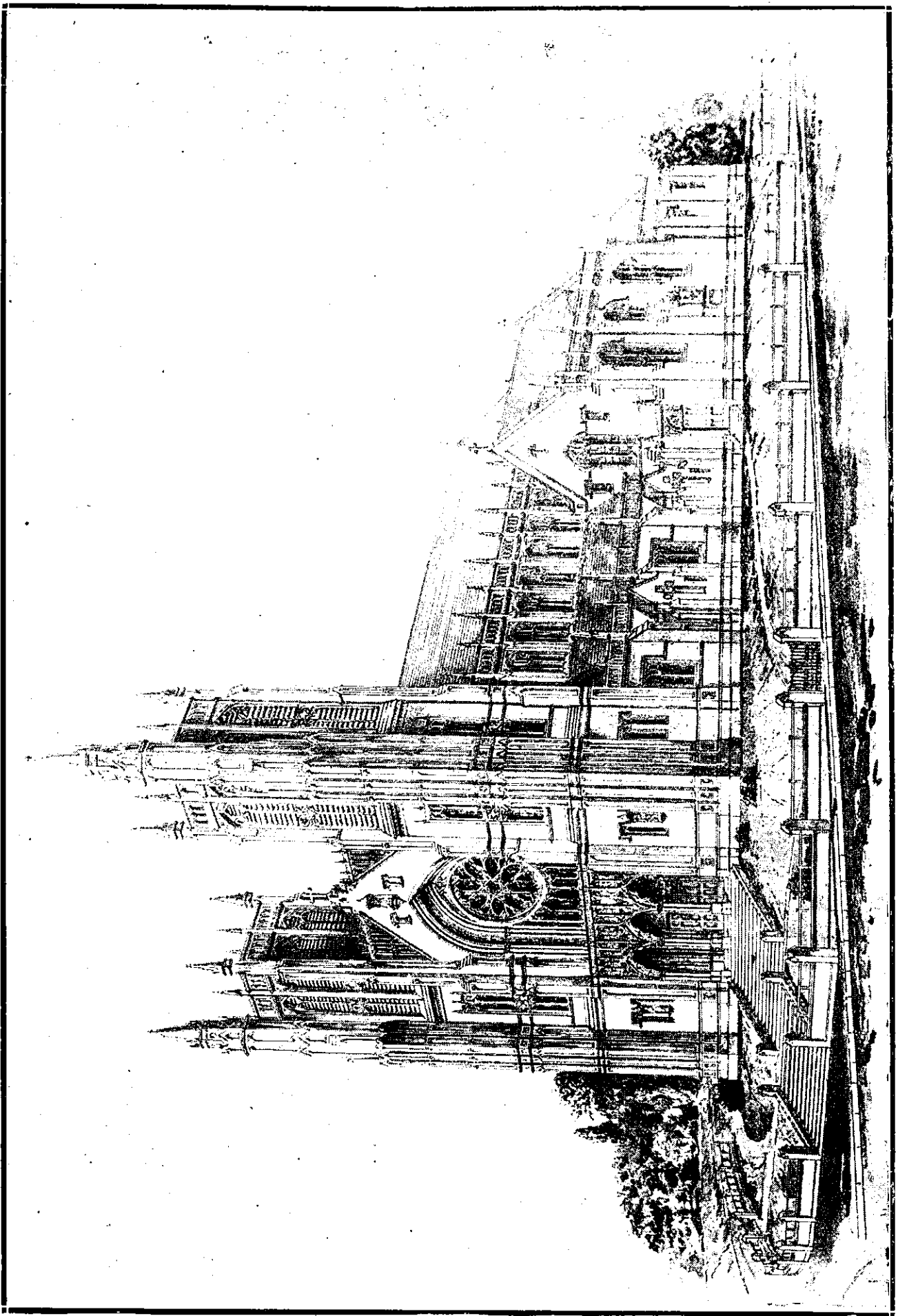
Visit of His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate to Wellington.

Supplement to "N.Z. Tablet," December 1, 1921.



RECEPTION AT ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE.

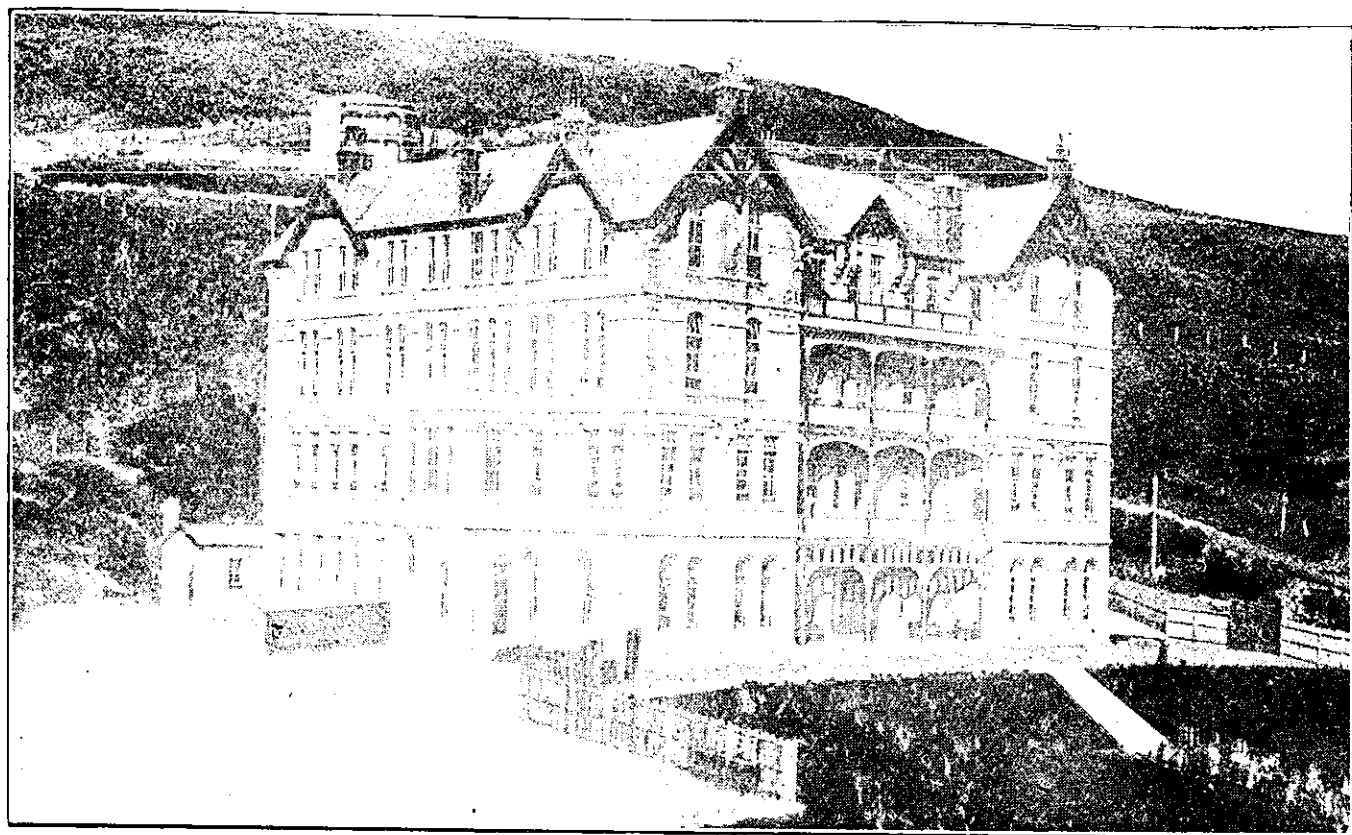
Left to right.—Rev. Dr. Farrelly (Secretary to the Delegation), Right Rev. Dr. Whyte (Bishop of Dunedin), His Grace Most Rev. Dr. Redwood (Archbishop of Wellington), His Excellency Most Rev. Archbishop Cattaneo (Apostolic Delegate to Australasia), His Grace Most Rev. Dr. O'Shea (Coadjutor-Archbishop of Wellington), Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M., Very Rev. Dean Lane.



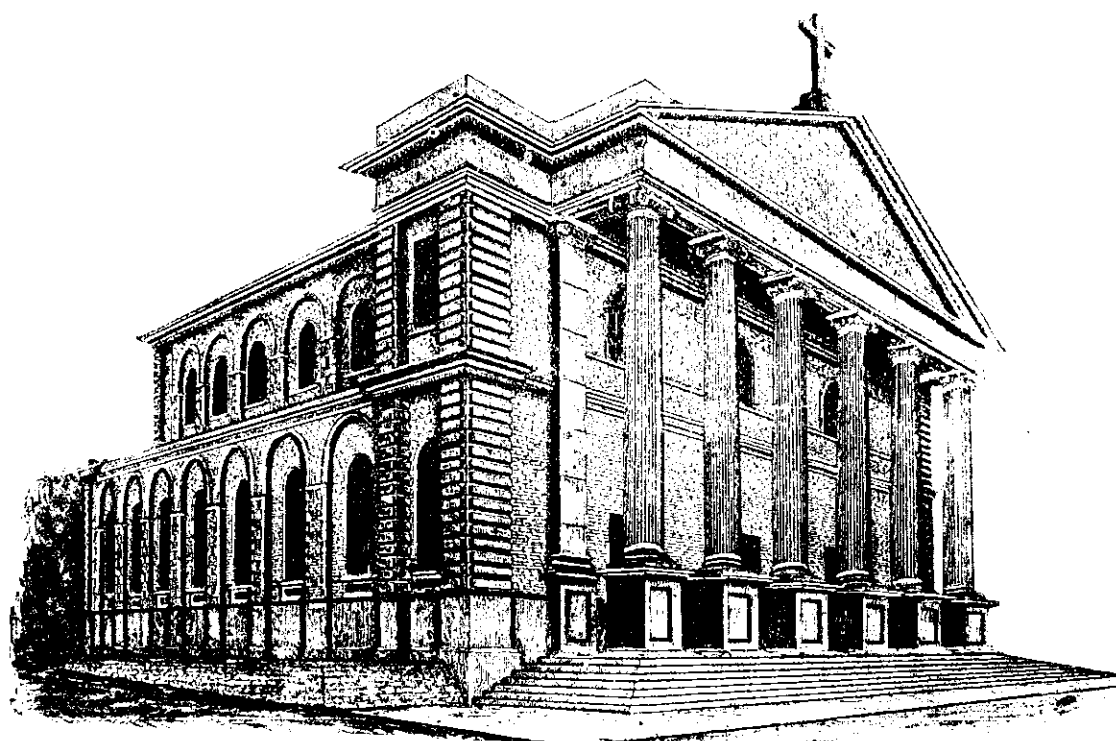
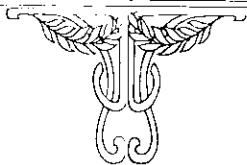
St. Mary of the Angels' Church, Boulcott Street Wellington.

The Catholics of Wellington, under the able and energetic leadership of Rev. Father S. Mahony, S.M., hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing this magnificent ecclesiastical structure completed. The parish of St. Mary of the Angels' has been in existence since the very early days of settlement in Wellington. The present beautiful building occupies the site of the original church, which was destroyed by fire on May 28, 1918.

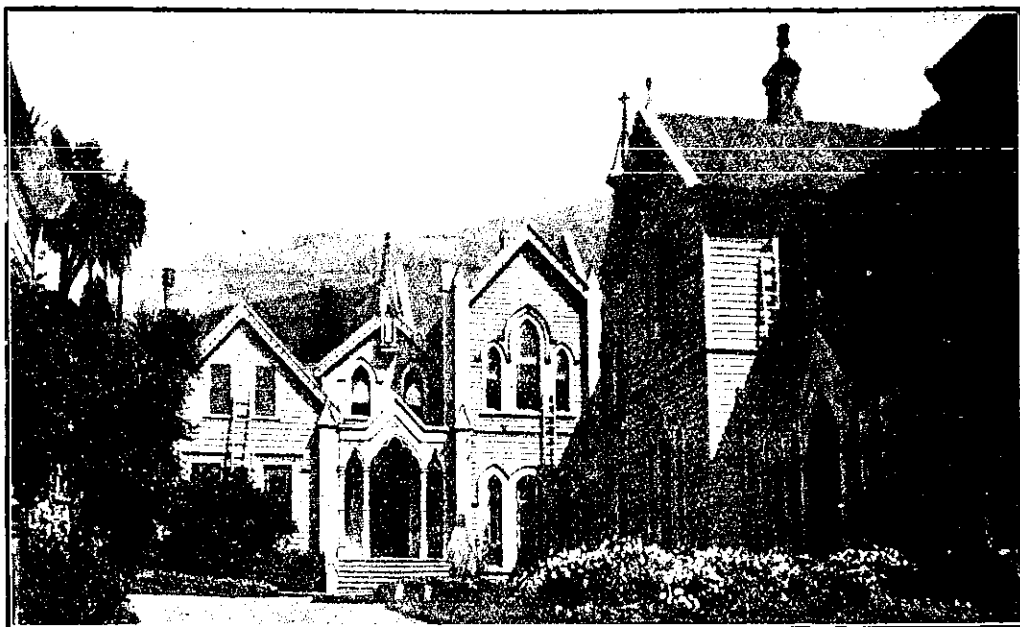




Sacred Heart Convent, Island Bay, Wellington.



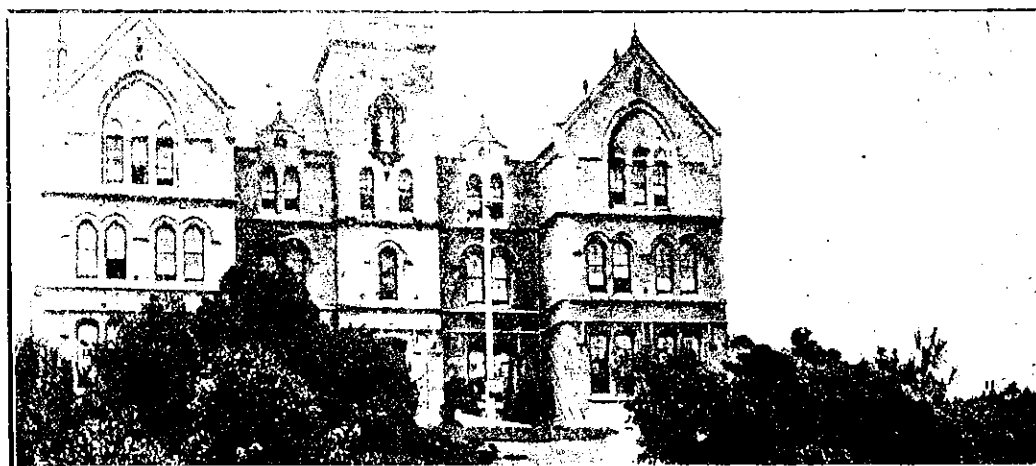
Basilica of the Sacred Heart, Wellington.



*St. Mary's Convent
of Mercy, Hill Street,
Wellington.*

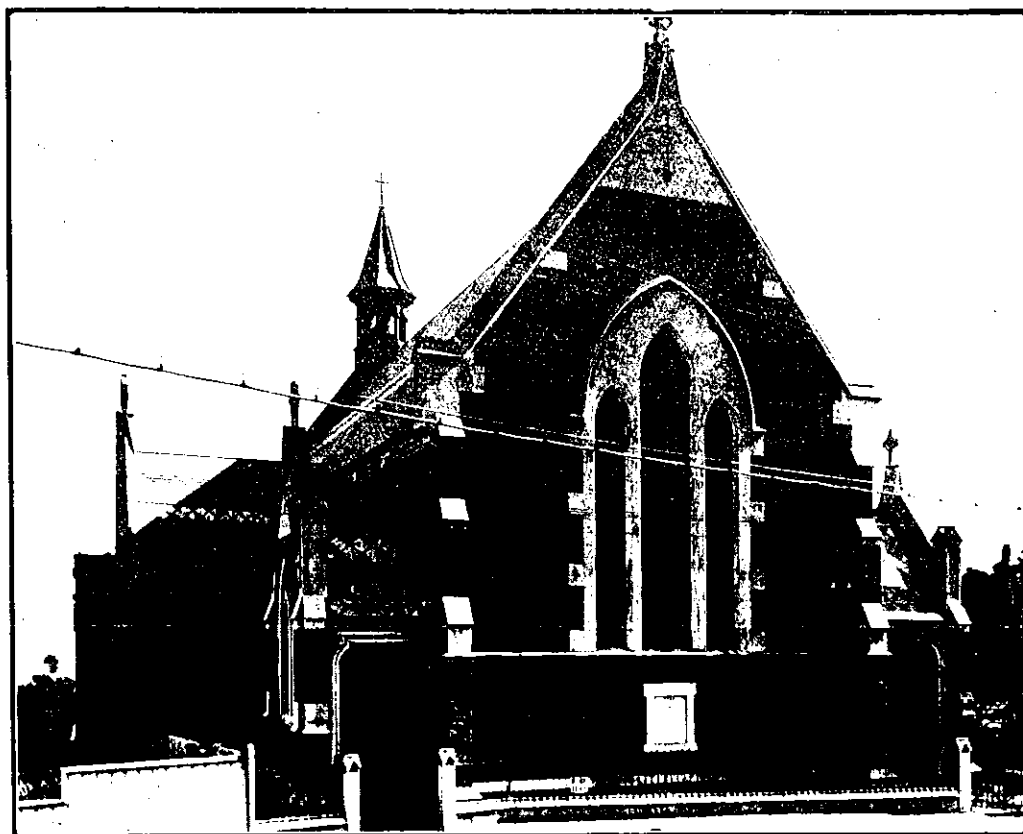


②



*St. Patrick's College
Buckle Street,
Wellington.*

②



*The Church of St.
Gerard
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