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No. 40

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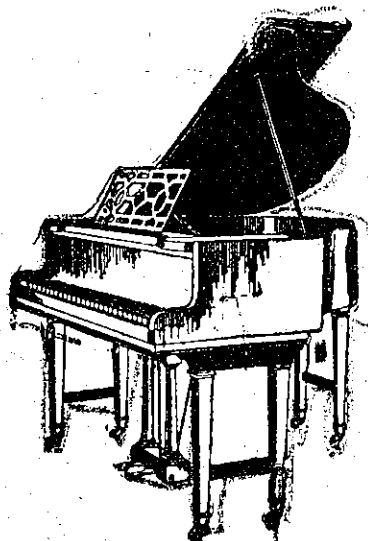
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CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- October 15, Sunday.—Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 16, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 17, Tuesday.—St. Hedwige, Widow.
 „ 18, Wednesday.—St. Luke, Evangelist.
 „ 19, Thursday.—St. Peter Alcantara, Confessor.
 „ 20, Friday.—St. John Cantius, Confessor.
 „ 21, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. Luke, Evangelist.

One of the four Evangelists, and a disciple of St. Paul, whom he joined at Troas in the year 53. He was a native of Antioch, in Syria, a physician by profession, and a painter of no mean skill. St. Luke shared the travels and trials of St. Paul, and was with him in his second imprisonment. He afterwards returned to Macedonia and Achaia, and died a martyr at Patrae, at the age of 74. St. Luke is the author of the third Gospel and of the Acts of the Apostles. He wrote both works in Greek.

St. Peter of Alcantara, Confessor.

St. Peter was born at Alcantara, a town in Spain. While still a mere youth he entered the Order of St. Francis. His life in the Order was a perfect example of humility, meekness, obedience, and almost incredible austerity. He died in 1563, in the 64th year of his age.

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The cruellest dart
 That ever pierced a human heart
 Is the Love of God!
 He exacts our love—
 We freely give it;
 He demands our love—
 We bestow it;
 He desires our love—
 We offer it;
 He craves our love—
 We overwhelm Him with it!

The prayer-bell at matins
 Is as music to the ear,
 The Angelus at eventide
 As the calling of Angels;
 The cold step of the Altar,
 A downy cushion;
 The hard oak seat of the cloister
 Is as a couch of soft lamb's wool;
 The cold marble of the chapel floor
 Is as a yielding Persian prayer-rug.

The grey dawn filtering through stained window
 Glitters as the light of many lamps,
 The coarse woollen habit of the Sisterhood
 Is as the silken robe of the courtier,
 And the feet of the servants are shod
 As the feet of princesses.

His silence is as the dawn before sunrise;
 The invisibleness of Him
 Is as a veil of impenetrable purple;
 The humble Tabernacle where He abides
 But the outer portal to His royal throne;
 The flowers, the candles, the incense,
 The gold, the silver, the silken curtans
 That mysteriously hide the Holy of Holies,
 Are but the visible offerings
 Of God's lovers!

To wear out a heart in longing for His service,
 To turn one's face from everything one holds dear,
 To lay down life willingly on the altar of sacrifice—
 These are His measures.

Wherefore, ye who do not understand,
 The friends of God are many;
 His lovers Few!

—MAIRE HARTNETT, in the Irish Catholic.



The Storyteller



Alice Riordan

(By MRS. J. SADLER.)

CHAPTER IX.

All the next day the servants made merry over the occurrence of the preceding night, and many a hearty laugh was Alice compelled to hear at her own expense. Even Bridget ridiculed the idea of her taking out her beads and attempting to say her own prayers, and in the afternoon, when they were alone together, she began to represent to her the folly of such conduct.

"Folly!" said Alice; "do you call that folly? Well, the way I'll do to-night, an' every other night, I'll not go in at all—do you hear that, now, Bridget?"

"I do; but I don't b'lieve a word of it. I suppose you mean what you say, but you'll not get leave to do it. If you want to live in the house you must do what the master bids you, in joining in the prayers. He wouldn't have anyone in the house that wouldn't go in to worship."

"No!" cried Alice. "Well, then, no Catholic ought to live in his house; for we're forbidden to join with any other people in their worship; an', you know if we don't obey the Church we're not God's children. I'll not go in, at any rate, for I got enough of their prayers last night. How in the world, Bridget, could you listen to such talk as Mr. Finlay had in the room above about our Church?"

"Oh!" said Bridget, with a laugh, "I'm so used to it now that I don't care a pin about it, though at first I used to be very angry, just as you are now. When you get used to it you'll not care either."

"I'll never be used to it," returned Alice; "for, with God's help, I'll let them pray by themselves; not a foot I'll set upstairs to-night."

"Well, you'll see," said Bridget; "if you don't go to worship, out you go."

"Very well!" replied Alice, "you'll see, too. God is stronger than the devil; they may put me out, but they'll not get me to go in, anyway."

Mrs. Finlay never spoke on the subject all the day, and Alice thought that she looked coldly upon her. It might be fancy, but still it made her feel very uncomfortable, for already she began to love Mrs. Finlay, and to set a high value upon her approbation. Several times she was on the point of attempting a justification of her conduct, but as often did her courage fail, and so the day passed away, night came on again, and at last the clock struck, and the bell rang for worship.

"Come, Alice!" said Bridget, as she prepared to follow the others upstairs. "You may as well come at once, for the master will only be sending for you."

"No," said Alice, "I won't go; I'm just goin' to say my prayers where I am. I've no beads now, but I can count the decades on my fingers when I'm at the rosary."

Bridget went up. In a few minutes the dining-room bell rang; Alice went up to the door, opened it half-way, and held it in her hand. "Were you wantin' me, sir?"

"My good girl," said Mr. Finlay, "why did you not come up with your fellow-servants?—you must always be ready to come with the others. Come in now, and sit down. For this time I will overlook your fault."

But Alice did not move a step. She looked at the big book wherefrom Mr. Finlay had read about the bad woman in scarlet, about the ugly beast, and then she looked at the long, grave face of her master, and it required a muster of all her courage to say what she wished to say. "If you please, sir, you'll let me say my prayers below in the kitchen; I can't say the same prayers that you do, an' I don't like to hear the things that you told us last night."

"Sit down, I tell you!" said Mr. Finlay sternly, "sit down, unhappy girl, and listen to the word of God."

"I can't, sir," said Alice, stoutly, though her heart throbbed violently, and her tongue almost refused to articulate the words, so great was her fear of Mr. Finlay.

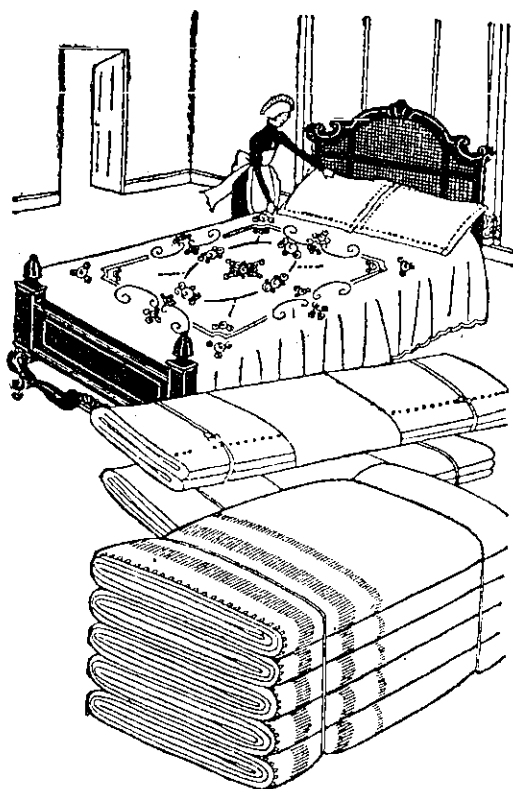
"You cannot!" he repeated, still more sternly; "and why not? Wherefore do you give way so far to the prompting of the devil?"

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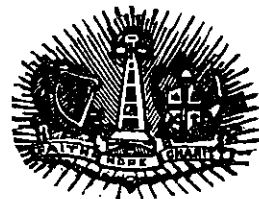
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"It isn't the devil, sir—the Lord stand between me an' him;—it's because I'm a Catholic, an' we're not allowed to join in worship with any but ourselves."

"And how is it that Bridget and other Romanists that we have had here have not refused to join us in prayer?"

"I don't know, sir; that's their own affair, but I can't do it without committin' sin, an' that I'll not do for anyone, with the help of God."

"You are a most impudent girl," said Mr. Finlay, endeavoring to restrain his rising passion. "I fear the Evil One has your soul firmly bound."

"Oh! Cross of Christ between us and harm!" cried Alice, and she blessed herself most solemnly. A general laugh followed, in which even Mrs. Finlay had to join. But her husband waxed more angry still. "May I go down, sir?" asked Alice.

"No, you poor misguided creature! you shall remain here."

"Well, sir, if I do, mind, I'll not join in the prayers, nor I didn't last night either; an' for the readin' an' preachin' I'll not hear a word of them, for I'll stop my ears as I did last night. So you may as well let me go!"

"My dear, I think you had better let Alice go down stairs," said Mrs. Finlay; "you know if she does as she says, her conduct will only be a scandal to our young people. Do let her go!" Mr. Finlay was silent, but there was a thundercloud lowering on his brow. His wife nodded to Alice, and the latter was very glad to make her escape to the lower regions.

When worship was over, and the servants returned to the kitchen, Alice was ordered up stairs again: "Now you'll catch it," said Bridget, and the others all laughed. "I guess she will!" said Bill, the coachman; "she'll be lowered a peg, or my name's not Bill Rogers."

Meanwhile Alice was again confronted with her master. "Girl," said he, "I wish you to understand that if you are to remain in my service you must join us in our family worship. I cannot have anyone in the house who refuses to perform that Christian act."

"Then you'll not have me, sir," returned the little girl, quickly, "for I've told you already that I can't join in your worship. I'm a Catholic, sir; so there's no use in tryin' to get me to do what our Church forbids."

"Your Church!" said her master, contemptuously; "and, pray, my good girl, what right has your Church, or any Church, to forbid you to worship God?"

"She doesn't forbid me to worship God, sir; she commands me to worship Him and to pray to Him ever an' always; but she forbids her children to join in worship or in prayer with them that don't belong to our religion, or haven't the same faith that we have. That's the reason, sir; an' if you don't like to let me say my prayers as I was taught to say them, or if you don't want to have any about you that won't come in to worship, I'm ready and willin' to go back to Mrs. Dempsey."

This cooled Mr. Finlay down somewhat, for he feared to lose his chance of making a convert. "Oh! I did not exactly mean that you should leave us on that account, my little girl. I believe Mrs. Finlay is pleased with you in every respect, so for the present I will dispense with your attendance at family prayers, hoping that the Holy Spirit may speedily enlighten your mind, and dispel the shades of bigotry and superstition wherewith your priests have obscured it. You can go down now."

"Bedad, then, if that's the way," said Bridget, who had come in unobserved by another door, on pretence of asking the mistress a question about something, "if that's the way of it, Mr. Finlay, I'll not worship anymore either; for if you give one lave to stay out, you can't refuse it to another, bekase I'm a Catholic, too, an' will be, plase God."

"Bravo, Biddy, bravo!" cried Archy, clapping his hands and jumping from his seat; "that's the girl can talk."

"Dear me," said Cecilia, raising her hands in horror, "what strange people these Romanists are; they do so hate to pray or to listen to the blessed word of God."

As for Mr. Finlay, he was far too indignant to vouchsafe an answer, so he requested his wife, with forced composure, to send "those impertinent hussies" downstairs. A sign from their mistress was quite enough, and both instantly withdrew.

"Now, Mrs. Finlay," said her husband, suddenly stopping in front of her, for he had been striding to and fro, up and down the room, "now I think you will agree with me that your pet is a most mischievous creature?"

"Really, I do not think so, Charles," replied Mrs. Finlay, in her sweetest tones. "I have seen nothing by her as yet that could induce me to coincide with your opinion. She is a most industrious, faithful girl."

"But do you not see what mischief she has already wrought?"

"I see no mischief that she has effected," was the calm reply.

"How so, madam?" demanded her husband, sternly. "Has she not twice disturbed the harmony of our worship, though scarcely two days in the house? Has she not given a bad example to our servants by her want of reverence for the holy Bible; and, finally, has she not openly and audaciously braved my authority?"

Before Mrs. Finlay would attempt a reply she sent Archy and Cecelia to their respective chambers, being unwilling that they should hear anything approaching to contention between their parents. Then she said: "Now, Charles, listen to me: in the first place, I deny that Alice has given bad example to the other servants, for I think she treated you, all things considered, with proper respect; not one impudent or improper word I heard her say throughout the whole affair. In the next place, it was not her fault if the general peace was disturbed, since it was wrong in you to attempt forcing her to do what her conscience forbid her to do. Lastly, I deny that she was wrong in disobeying you, since she must either disobey you or her Church; and as she believes the latter to have authority from God, she must obey her commands. She had to choose between your commands and those of her religion, and for my part I think all the more of her for having done as she did. You need not look so astonished, Charles; you ought to know that I never hesitate about giving my real opinion."

"Oh, undoubtedly, Mrs. Finlay," replied her husband, with a sneer; "I ought to know that you are generally on the side of Popery. I give you joy of your Romish propensities."

"Nay, that is unfair, Charles," returned the lady; "I profess no partiality for the Church of Rome, or her tenets, but I like to see everyone fairly dealt by—the only difference is, that I can see virtues in a Catholic, and can respect their scruples—that is all."

The conversation went on in a similar strain till the timepiece over the fireplace chimed out the eleventh hour, yet even then Mrs. Finlay had not succeeded in convincing her husband that Catholic servants ought to be left in submission to the decrees of their Church, nor could Mr. Finlay get his wife to acknowledge that in proselytism, as in war, every stratagem is allowable.

(To be continued.)

Evening Memories

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XIV.—THE FIRST THUNDERCLAPS.

To those for whom the invasion of Canada was the adventure of a mad Knight of La Mancha, one or two answers have to be given. It was a reprisal for Mr. Balfour's Quixotic invasion of Ireland, and results, as it happens, prove that his was the more madcap adventure of the two. The Luggacurran evictions were his first battleground. Success for his battering rams and coercion warrants there would mean convincing Britain that the Irish tenants' combination was an organised swindle, and that the back of Ireland's resistance was broken. Which of the two was to go down—the master of many legions, or we?

In one strange respect his plan and ours coincided. For him it seemed obviously good policy, with, perhaps, a spice of cynical good fun as well, to single out the leaders for his first blows, and beat them mercilessly down by frightfulness, ridicule, or what not. With ourselves, the first condition on which we could hope to keep cautious peasants up to the pitch of self-sacrifice required to quit their homes and cast away their last shred of legal property as against the embattled power of Landlordism and of England, was by making them feel that their leaders would be the first to lead the way of suffering and self-

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sacrifice, and the last to flinch before the force of their tyrants. For myself, as it happened, the last condition was so easy of fulfilment that I had constantly to question myself closely whether my indifference to personal consequences was not the sheer recklessness of one for whom the world had become an empty place rather than the fortitude of a responsible leader of men. For many years all home ties had been tragically cut off, and no new ones formed, or even dreamt of. My mood was due not to any morose quarrel with the world, which, indeed, had shown a hundred kindly faces to me in a self-willed solitude. It was a settled view of human life as a place of immeasurable loneliness and all but predestined oppression for the poor and weak, and for the under-dog—the legacy, and also the vindication of a religion which adjourned all higher hope and happiness to other spheres. To find that this disregard of personal comfort or craving of any sort might actually grow into a patriotic virtue and become an instrument of not inconsiderable achievements for ennobling the lives and stirring the blood of millions of men was the most delightful of surprises and made me the least promising of subjects for Mr. Balfour's policy of striking at the tall poppies. Hence a negation of danger, rather than a temperate contemplation of it, which will account for many a passage of seeming foolhardiness.

And then the contest was not so unequal as it appeared. Let pedants bandy their *distinguos* as they liked, Sir Redvers Buller and the Royal Commission had attested the essential justice of the tenants' combination, and the Government were about to enact their demands by law. The splenetic outburst of Coercion was but a paltry vengeance upon those who had forced them to be just. Here was an issue on which the judgment of the world might safely be challenged, with crushing effect both as against landlordism and against the enemies of Home Rule. And, happily, Mr. Balfour had dared the issue and poised his lance under the flag of mere brute force in its most offensive colors. We had already ranked steadfastly on our side an English leader and an English party who represented all the rich promise of progress and of the future. Mr. Morley's prognostication that the Liberal Party would shy at the Plan of Campaign was rendered a little silly by the discovery that the Unionist Government themselves were coerced to steal its thunders. Nearly all the potent Liberal members of Parliament and newspaper men were flocking over to Ireland with ardent proffers of assistance. If the Orangemen of Ontario should prove as bloodthirsty as they promised to be, for madly irrelevant sectarian motives of their own, so much the better for the purpose of making Lord Lansdowne's evicting crowbar, and Mr. Balfour's ferocious Coercion code, odious in the eyes of the liberating democracy of free America.

Finally, there comes the *ex post facto* consideration that, as a matter of fact, the Canadian expedition succeeded. When the accounts were closed, the homes of Luggacurran were re-tenanted, and Mr. Balfour was brought to reconsider the wisdom of his Irish "flatter," as Earl Spencer by sore experience, and the Earl of Carnarvon by humane intuition, had been before him, and as the Earl of Dudley and George Wyndham were brought after him in the fulness of days.

And so we sailed away from Cork Harbor on May 1, in a mingled whirlwind of blessings and curses. As we passed Thurles by the American Mail to Queenstown, I received a parting message from Archbishop Croke, which had for me the sacredness of the *Domhnach Airgid* (the Silver Shrine) with which the Tirconail clans used to go out to battle:

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MY DEAR WILLIAM,

I cannot tell you how disappointed I feel at not seeing you before you leave for Canada.

But, I suppose it must be so. I can imagine easily how many things you will have to attend to, and set in order, before starting on your trip. Being under the impression that the American Mail was to arrive here at 10 o'clock, I had made up my mind to go to the Station House at that hour and give you a true friend's

greeting on your way, and a Bishop's blessing on your undertaking. But, I have just learned that the train gets here about 9.10. and as I always say the first Mass at Cathedral on Sunday, which Mass is at 8 o'clock, it will now be impossible for me to see you, and shake your hand and wish you God speed.

But, I'll pray for you—that the God of our fathers may watch over you on the deep, crown your patriotic mission with success, and bring you back to us, soon, in health and triumph.

Father Arthur Ryan will have a word with you and hand you this line from

My dear William,

Your very faithful friend,

* T. W. CROKE.

Wm. O'Brien, Esq.

A frantic crowd was in possession of the landing-stage from which the tender left with the mails for the Cunard liner Umbria. Hence, the first rumble of the wrath of the Commander (Mr. McMickan) which was destined to make our voyage the overture, as it were, to the demon music of our Canadian Tannhauser. It was the time when a fast record was to an Atlantic liner what office is to a hungry statesman—power, glory, ecstasy, and money—and the Umbria was the favorite "Atlantic greyhound" of the moment. Due allowance must, therefore, be made for the profane fury of the sea-dog on the bridge, as he saw, at the outset of his trip, a golden hour or more was lost ere the tender dared start, while the Lord Mayor and Corporation, and the brass bands, were pouring forth their eloquence, and this deponent striving to edge in a word of reply to a national farewell, which had much of the blare of a battle, and something of the wailfulness of a wake. When Mr. Kilbride and I stepped on board the liner, we were already the two most unpopular men on board, both with the fuming captain and with the population of the saloon smoking-room whose passion in life was betting on the day's record, in the intervals of the game of poker—to say nothing of our reputation as sons of Lucifer in the eyes of the lady-politicians of the music room. Their temper was not improved by the demonstrations that saluted us as we coasted all along the magnificent headlands of West Cork. It was a wonderful summer day, and from one bay or creek after another, the people sailed or rowed out to wave their flags, and shout their blessings, while from mountain to mountain bonfires shot up from the glowing purple distances in a series of better than royal illuminations.

(To be continued.)

A Century of Brazilian Independence

"Independence or Death," the cry of Dom Pedro Primeiro on the banks of the Ypiranga, was the Brazilian declaration of independence; and in commemoration of the centennial anniversary of this event, distinguished representatives of all the principal nations will meet in Rio de Janeiro on the seventh of September of this year to extend felicitations to Brazil, and to inaugurate an international exposition (writes John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., in the September *Catholic World*).

Napoleon was the "provoking cause" of independence throughout South America. His invasion of Spain broke the hereditary succession to the Spanish throne, and the American colonies, which were crown property, felt that rebellion, long cherished as a sweet, but wicked, thought, would be stripped of its sacrilegious character if directed against a usurper. The general movement for independence came of the protest of the *cabildos*, or local governments, against the recognition of Napoleonic rule.

Brazil, after a hundred years of independence, occupies an honored place, not only among the American republics, but in the family of nations. In Europe, where South America is better known than in the United States, the Brazilian is looked upon as a man of refinement, a lover of the best in art, music, and literature, and a suave diplomat. Brazil has set a noble example in the use of arbitration, by settling its numerous boundary disputes by arbitral award in every case where direct negotiation failed of its purpose. In such assemblies as the Hague Tribunal, the League of Nations and the Washington Conference, Brazil has stood for universal peace. In Pan-American affairs it has welcomed the friendship of the United States, from the first recognition of its independence down to the present time, and it can be said in all sincerity that Brazil is the most loyal friend we have in South America to-day.

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Writings of Padraic Pearse

(By L. UA GALLCHOBHAI, C.I., in the *Irish Monthly*.)

It is one thing to write for children, quite another to write of them. Profound learning and special aptitudes are in no wise necessary to the writing of stories to amuse little ones, but genius begotten of love is necessary to portray faithfully and graphically the sayings and doings of children. It is of this genius Patrick Pearse—the genius for the sympathetic portrayal of child life—that I wish to treat in this article.

I have said that the genius for reproducing faithfully the actions of children is the outcome of a love for them, consequently I must prove that Pearse loved children before I proceed to illustrate his method of picturing for his readers the various trials, sorrows, and joys of childhood, the miniature dramas enacted before the curtain of life is rung up.

A poet's works are, as it were, a mirror which reflects his thoughts, his emotions, his affections. His inner self stands before us as we read in a far truer and clearer light than that inner self was known to even his most intimate associates. We see the man in his works and the sight changes our whole estimate of his character. Never, perhaps, were these remarks more true than in regard to the author we are considering, and in no portion of his works are these remarks better exemplified than in the works he has devoted to his relations with children. Here he gives us an insight into his very soul, even that we may see the emotions and thoughts and reflections aroused within him when he comes in contact with them:

"Raise your comely head
Till I kiss your mouth;
If either of us is the better for that
I am the better for it.

"He who has my secrets
Is not fit to touch you,
Is not that a pitiful thing,
Little lad of the tricks?"

In these two stanzas we may read the principle underlying his affection for children. Children are pure; children are holy; and "He who has my secrets is not fit to touch you." The child's soul is unsullied, and untainted does it carry its treasure of grace, so Pearse stoops with reverence to kiss that ark and murmurs: "If either of us is the better for that I am the better for it."

This thought of the spiritual beauty of children changes his whole outlook in life. Riches, fame, honors all are found wanting under this new measure:

"I have not garnered gold.
The fame that I found that perished:
In love I got but grief
That withered my life.

"Of riches or of store
I shall not leave behind me;
(Yet I deem it, O Lord, sufficient)
But my name in the heart of a child."

Just one more illustration of his relations with children before we proceed to examine his treatment of child-life. The picture is a beautiful one. He is playing with a little child—perhaps hide-and-seek—the little one is hiding and according to correct procedure he searches everywhere save where he knows her to be. He gives up in despair and calls out that he cannot find her, and then—oh! we all know the sequel—sudden jump from the hiding place, head thrown back, hair flying loose, cheeks flushed with victory and then the clear, thrilling, joyous laugh. We knew it all. Pearse knew it. He was rewarded with the laugh. He saw the intense and real joy on the child's face.

He is happy; and then, very poet-like, he asks himself: "Oh! why cannot this little one's happiness last forever?" He looks into the future. He sees the happy life clouded with sorrow; he sees the laughing mouth twitching in pain; he sees the sparkling eyes welling up in tears; and he breaks out into the lamentation which is perhaps the most beautiful of his works:

"Laughing mouth, what tortures me is
That thou shalt be weeping;
Lovely face, it is my pity
That thy brightness shall grow grey.
Noble head, thou art proud,
But thou shalt bow in sorrow;
And it is a pitiful thing I forbode for thee
Whenever I kiss thee."

If genius for the portrayal of child-life is the outcome of love for children we must expect that Patrick Pearse is possessed of that genius in an eminent degree. Our expectations will not prove false.

The aspects of child-life of which he treats are many and various, and from each picture shines forth the peculiarly characteristic feature of the subject he is endeavoring to portray. Whether we wander in the woods with Iollann Beag, or wait with Brideen the mother's home-

coming with the mysterious present, or endeavor to say Mass out of a Second Reader with Patrick, or listen to the twittering of the swallows whispering their wonderful message to that strange little mystic Eoghneen na n-Ean, we find everywhere the correct atmosphere, while word and gesture chosen with exquisite skill transport us in thought from beside the fire and place us among the children and their playthings. We are taken out of ourselves. We go back to the days of our own happy childhood. We experience again for a little while the joys, the simple joys, of children, and we thank God that a Pearse lived.

The first character I would take up for examination is that of Iollann Beag in "The Master." Ciaran, "The Master," has been abroad, and has been converted to Christianity. He returns to Ireland and, hiding himself in the woods, opens a school for boys. Iollann Beag is the youngest of his pupils and his pet. The introduction of Iollann is characteristic of the child. He is heard coming down the woodland path singing, as it turns out later, a little rann which he has composed himself. He is late, and Ciaran asks him the reason. Of course he has been tree-climbing. He has been up to the top of an oak he has not climbed before and (this with a touch of pride) has swung himself from one tree to another.

We begin to suspect here that Iollann has not over-much respect for Ciaran, neither does he seem to be imbued with that wholesome fear which is a usual characteristic of pupils towards their masters. We begin, in short, to rash-judge Iollann who replies by promptly cutting the ground from under our feet and leaving us blushing shamefacedly by saying with child-like earnestness, fearing that he has hurt Ciaran: "I'm sorry, Master." He is a lovable little fellow is Iollann, and stands up for his friends and for his friends' rights even when such friends happen to be in the enviable condition of sainthood.

Ciaran, "The Master," has asked the boys to name for him Jesus' friends. All goes well until—

Art: "There was Peter who—"

Iollann: "Aye! Good Peter of the sword!"

Ciaran: "Nay, Iollann! It is Paul has a sword."

Iollann: "Peter should have his sword, too. I will not have him cheated of his sword. It was a good blow he struck."

Brendan: "Yet the Lord rebuked him for it."

Iollann: "The Lord did wrong to rebuke him. He was always down on Peter."

Ciaran: "Peter was fiery and the Lord was very gentle."

Iollann: "But when He wanted a rock to build His Church He had to go to Peter. No John of the Bosom then, but the good old swordsman. Paul must yield his sword to Peter. I do not like that Paul."

Surely a formidable champion, and yet we can trace distinctly the workings of the childish mind running through the speech, especially if we notice that Iollann pays no heed to Ciaran's last remark, and continues his line of thought unbroken.

Iollann's little song illustrates how Pearse was able to give expression to a child's thought in a child's language. The adaptation of the subject to Iollann's own environment is a peculiarly true and happy touch. The poem is called the "Rann of the Little Playmate," and Iollann puts the words into the mouth of John the Baptist:

"Young Iosa plays with me every day

(With an oro and an iaro);

Tig and Pookeen and Hide in the Hay

(With an oro and an iaro).

We race in the river with otters grey;

We climb the tall trees where red squirrels play;

We watch the wee lady-bird fly far away

(With an oro and an iaro and an umbo ero)."

The four stories, "Bairbre," "The Priest," "The Thief" and "Eoghneen of the Birds," treat simply of the adventures and the every day doings of children. For this reason the child characters which appear in them are given a wider and more minute development than was possible in the case of Iollann Beag. In these stories, too, does Pearse show his genius to more advantage. Here is no artificial setting. The homes, the cabins, the wilds of Connacht form the naturally beautiful background against which his characters stand out clearly, and in such settings is the portrayal of his children truly life-like.

The adventures are in no wise strange. They happen in the lives of most children, and always with much the same effect—and yet there is a strange fascinating power lurking in these sketches as if an unseen hand had drawn aside the veil and had enabled memory to return to gather sweets and treasures too long looked upon as lumber, as if some power allowed us to retrace our steps in life and pluck, even in manhood, the lost flowers of childhood's joys.

I have never had a doll, but I have sisters, and can appreciate the minute perfection of Pearse's Brideen on the occasion of being presented with that much-coveted and much-loved companion of our sisters' childhood. Pearse must have witnessed a scene kindred to that in which Brideen's mother presents her with the doll, for I defy any "grown-up" to invent such a heartfelt outburst of joy as comes from the little girl when she receives the gift.

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"Ora, isn't it pretty! Ara, mama, heart, where did you get it? Ora, O! I'll have a little child of my very own now—a child of my very own—own! Brideen will have a child!"

True to life and the description of her actions is not less so:

"She snatched the little doll and squeezed it to her heart. She kissed its little bald head and its two red cheeks. She kissed its little mouth and its little snub nose. Then she remembered herself, raised her head, and says she to her mother: 'Kith!' (Like that she would say 'Kiss')."

That one word "kith" uttered in spite of such distractions wins all hearts to Brideen, and again illustrates what a keen observer the author must have been, and by what slight touches he could create a beautiful picture.

Let us glance at the description of the reception given to the second doll, "Niamh Cinn Oir." Her mother has just opened the box for Brideen and they are both looking down at a beautiful doll asleep.

"A queen!" says Brideen in a whisper, for there was a kind of dread on her before this glorious fairy. "A queen from Tir-na-n-Og! Look, mama, she's asleep. Do you think will she waken?"

"Take her in your hand," says the mother.

The little girl stretched out her two hands timidly, laid them reverently on the wonderful doll, and at last lifted it out of the box.

Simple words descriptive of a simple scene, and yet there is a vast power behind them. We seem to feel the wonder and excitement of the little girl. We feel a kind of fear when her hands touch the vision. We are relieved when she draws it from the box and it turns out to be but a doll. But why were we so foolish as to be deceived? Why did we share the emotions of Brideen? Because the picture was drawn so close to life that, for the moment, we forgot it was a picture.

Pearse was anxious to avoid giving occasion for jealousy, and he determined to furnish the male element with a typical picture from the life of a little boy. "The Priest" therefore was added to his creations to act, as it were, as a balance for Barbara.

Patrick is the central figure of "The Priest," and I feel sure that Patrick or, at least, the little boy on whom this character is modelled, became a priest. It is always the case. So much so that Irish mothers have come to look upon playing at priest as an almost infallible sign of a vocation.

"The Priest" is not an easy story to treat in parts. The incidents do not stand out sufficiently from the story to call for individual quotation, yet the description of Patrick's vesting and preparation for saying his Mass are very typical and as true to life as the other pictures we have been considering. His mother looks into the room and this is what she sees:

"Patrick was standing beside the table and he dressed in the shirt again. Outside of this and back over his shoulders he was fixing on a red bodice of his mother's that she had hanging on the wall. When he had this arranged properly he took out the biggest book he had in his satchel—the 'Second Book' it was, I believe—he opened it and laid it before him on the table, propped against the looking-glass. Then he began the antics in earnest. Patrick stood out opposite the table, bent his knee, blessed himself and began praying loudly."

Of course, he made use of any Latin words he knew, and when he had no Latin he made sounds as near the orthodox ones as possible, as I remember another youthful Levite used to do, saying, "Wee, wee, said the Raynas," as the equivalent of "*qui vivit et regnat*" at the end of the prayer at Benediction. It may not be out of place to mention that that "youthful Levite" is well on his way to the priesthood by this.

The final scene is worth quoting:

Patrick was dressed in the shirt and bodice, exactly as he was the day before that, and he praying piously.

At last my lad turned round, and setting his face towards the people as it would be:

"Orate, fratres," says he out loud.

While this was saying he saw his mother and the priest at the door. He reddened and stood without a stir.

"Come here to me," says Father Ronan. Patrick came over shyly.

"What's this you have going on?" says the priest.

"I was reading Mass, Father," says Patrick. He said this much shyly, but it was plain he didn't think that he had done anything out of the way—and, sure, it's not much he had.

"The Thief" takes its name from the chief actor in the story, Anthony. Anthony's little sister being ill he steals the doll of the schoolmaster's daughter, Nance, for her. He tells the little girl that Nance has sent the doll as a present, and his stealing is counterbalanced by the improvement which at once set in. But "conscience doth make cowards of us all," and Anthony is no exception. The struggle between fear and satisfaction in the little boy's heart are very well reproduced. His anxiety in the schoolroom; his guilty self-consciousness in the street; his fateful dreams replete with policemen and gaols—all are wonderfully pictured and all lead up to the climax when Nance pays a visit to the little sick girl.

Pearse treats, as, I believe, only Pearse could treat of Anthony's embarrassment; of Nance's recognition of the missing doll; of her diplomatic sheltering of the guilty boy; of her generosity and forgiveness of the culprit. Anthony's gratitude made tangible in little weekly gifts, closes with a characteristic touch one of the most beautiful of Pearse's stories.

"Eoineen of the Birds" stands in a totally different category from the other stories. Eoineen is a little boy given to wandering over the field and by the sea alone. He has a wonderful affection for animal life and is neither feared nor shunned by the various wild creatures which reside in the country around him. The birds, however, receive the major part of his attentions, particularly the swallows. These he awaits eagerly each year, and if they delay he watches all through the long days until they arrive.

"Come in, pet. It's rising cold."

"I can't stir a while yet, little mother. I'm waiting for the swallows."

"For what, little son?"

"The swallows. I'm thinking they'll be here to-night."

"I mind that it was this day surely they came last year. I was coming up from the well when I heard their twittering—a sweet, joyful twittering as they'd be saying, 'We've come to you again, Eoineen! News to you from the southern world!' and then one of them flew past me, rubbing his wing to my cheek."

Eoineen is a strange little mystic, and the whole story has something eerie and preternatural about it. He is delicate, in fact, fast sinking in consumption, and the south, where, as the swallows tell him: "There is summer always," has a strong fascination for him. He knows he is sinking; he feels himself growing weaker, and he likes to picture Heaven as a happy, sunny country from which the swallows will come to tell him of all its beauties.

"I'm lonely since they left me in the harvest," says the little boy again, like one that would be talking to himself. "They had much to say to me. They are not like the song-thrush or yellow-bunting that do spend the best part of their lives by the ditch side in the garden. They do have wonderful stories to tell about the lands where it does be summer always, and about the wild sea where the ships are drowned, and about the lime-bright cities where the kings do be always living. It's long, long, the road from the southern country to this country. They see everything coming over, and they don't forget anything. I think long, wanting them."

It is useless to criticise Pearse's rendering of the character of Eoineen. It is an unusual one and the setting is more unusual still. Yet we feel instinctively that did we know such a boy he would speak and act just as Pearse has made Eoineen speak and act. Only a child could entertain such thoughts about the birds, and only a child could give them such a welcome when they return to him again.

"O, my love, my love you are! Welcome to me from the strange countries. Are you tired after your lonely journey over lands and over seas? Ora, my thousand, thousand loves you are, beautiful little messenger from the country where it does be summer always."

The description of Eoineen's death is beautiful and infinitely pathetic, but it cannot detain us here. I will only quote the little boy's last words, in which he is seen torn between two loves, words which again impress upon us the force of the genius for child portrayal which the author possessed.

The swallows are flying round Eoineen, who is sitting, very weak, on his mother's knee:

"Mother, they're calling me. 'Come to the country where the sun does be shining always—come, Eoineen, over the wild seas to the Country of Light—come, Eoineen of the Birds!' I can't deny them. A blessing with you, little mother—my thousand thousand blessings to you, little mother of my heart. I'm going from you . . . over the wild seas . . . to the country where it does be summer always."

He let his head back on his mother's shoulder and he put a sigh out of him. There was heard the crying of a woman in that lonely place—the crying of a mother keening her child. Eoineen was departed with the swallows.

I have done. I have drawn but a faint and hazy sketch of the beauties to be gathered from this field of Pearse's work, and I foretell that anyone who reads these works, preferably in the mother tongue, in which they were written, will add to his reverence for Pearse, the idealist, and Pearse, the patriot, a love, a reverence, and a great admiration for Patrick Pearse, the lover and portrayer of little children.

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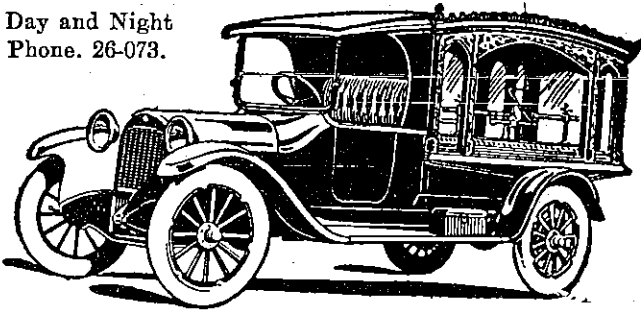
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What France Wants from Germany

If Germany is to get the moratorium she is asking for, she must be prepared to give certain "productive guarantees" is the view of France, which was stated by Premier Poincaré at the opening of the Allied Conference on War Debts and Reparations in London on August 7. An unofficial summary of the French terms, which is supplied by the London correspondent of a New York newspaper (says the *Literary Digest*), indicates that France wants to have wider power given the Committee on Guarantees over German monetary reform, more rigid control of customs in the occupied zone, an immediate capital levy in Germany, which would consist of possibly 25 per cent. tax on all German industrial societies, a like tax on coal in the Ruhr district, and control of State forests and State mines by the Committee on Guarantees. The French feel (said M. Poincaré) that the Treaty of Versailles is observed less and less as time goes on, and France becomes more and more the victim of this non-fulfilment. But Mr. Lloyd George differs with M. Poincaré on this point, and so the French proposals, we learn from London dispatches, are referred to a committee of Allied finance Ministers and their experts. In the view of the Berlin press, the French Premier's stand foredooms the conference to failure. Moreover, it reveals the fact, they say, that the mainspring of M. Poincaré's policy is "political and not economic."

M. Poincaré averred that difficulties of many kinds are being put in the way of reparations, that the Reparations Commission had continually reduced the assessment Germany was called upon to pay, that a partial moratorium had been granted to her from December 31 last, and she was now asking for a complete moratorium to the end of 1924. Also he pointed out that France so far had got nothing, although she has already spent eighty billions of francs upon expenses for which Germany ought to have provided the money. "Interest on this huge sum," said the French Premier, "we must carry in our next budget. It will cause a deficit. France is in an extremely critical situation." London dispatches inform us further that:

"The French Premier then took up some of the criticisms made on the French policy. People asked (he said) why did not France reduce her army. They forgot that she was not yet satisfied that she had real security. Why did she not impose more taxes? Her ten devastated departments could pay nothing, and France had few great fortunes. She had a large number of moderate fortunes, but they were not the same thing from the fiscal point of view. Her indirect taxes were very heavy, and to make further efforts was at present socially and politically impossible.

"M. Poincaré then referred to the reckless expenditure of the Germans in regard to navigable waterways and railroads, and remarked especially on the inflation of her currency. He complained that the report of the Committee of Guarantees was still vague in character, and suggested that it should have asked for control of the Budget and exports

"No mention had been made, he pointed out, of the establishment of control over the German fiduciary currency or of the position of the Reichsbank, and so he declared France had come to the conclusion that no moratorium should be granted until Germany had given productive guarantees to the Allies. If France was alone in that opinion she might take strong measures on her own account, but she wanted to work with her Allies, and that was why he placed all his cards on the table. M. Poincaré enumerated specific measures which he wished the Allies to take into consideration."

In reply to the presentment of the French case by M. Poincaré, the British Premier, Mr. Lloyd George, say London dispatches, quoted a publication of the Bankers' Trust Company of New York which estimates French expenditures at \$37,500,000,000, Italian at \$14,500,000,000, and that of the British Empire at \$49,000,000,000, so he held that British claims for reparations are quite as good as those of France even with her devastated areas. Moreover, Great Britain had raised £3,000,000,000 sterling by taxation during the war, the United States and Great Britain being the only two countries to raise any considerable sums in taxation while the fighting was going on. On the question of devastations Mr. Lloyd George said that no one desired to underestimate the awful French loss, but he pointed out that British trade had been devastated also. The number of unemployed might now be down to 1,400,000, he said, but Great Britain had to face the winter, and it should

be remembered that while the population of the devastated districts in France amounted to 2,000,000, the population of Great Britain affected by unemployment was between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000, and Mr. Lloyd George argued:

"So we must conclude that failure of Germany to pay reparations does not concern one or two of the Allies alone. In addition to our unemployment, we have to bear a heavier debt and heavier taxes than any country, and our burden is at least equal to that of any of the Allies."

Mr. Lloyd George went on to state his conviction that the Treaty of Versailles has been more effective than the French Premier seems to believe, and that as far as disarmament is concerned, statistics of the material surrendered by the Germans enabled him to declare that it would be quite impossible for them to manufacture armaments sufficient to attack France successfully, and he added "Germany could not manufacture as much as she had surrendered in two years even if she had every factory working. As a military power she is prostrate." With reference to reparations, London dispatches inform us that—

"Lloyd George pointed out that every alleviation that had been granted to Germany had been made at the instance of the Reparations Commission, although the Reparations Commission had not been appointed as an impartial body, but as the representatives of the Allies. As a matter of fact, Germany had already paid £500,000,000 or 10,000,000,000 gold marks, although there had been since the Armistice two revolutions in Germany and the Government was obviously not in complete control of the country. Moreover, the Committee on Guarantees had on the whole reported favorably on Germany's effort to meet her obligations.

"It is true," went on Mr. Lloyd George, "Germany is crying out, and has always cried out. We are not required to accept the protests of our debtor without inquiry, but do not forget that we have means of measuring the truth of the situation. The condition of the foreign exchanges is most valuable as a clinical thermometer. When a man has a temperature of 104, we can be sure that he is ill, and German exchange has lately recorded 4000. The Allies are bound to take that into account."

How unwelcome the proposal to amplify the powers of the Committee on Guarantees will be to Germany may be gathered from the fact that the initial financial control laid upon Germany by this commission is considered by the *Vossische Zeitung* to be "morally and practically" a heavy burden and a "grave humiliation," which proves that "the Entente has once more cast stones into the garden of those working in Germany for the reconstruction of Europe." But the Entente will gain nothing, according to the *Vorwärts*, except to increase "the hate of those who are using the enslaving of Germany for their own political purposes" and increase "passive resistance in many quarters, which will be certainly sufficient to make the task of Germany's financial recovery harder." The mouthpiece of Herr Stinnes, the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, charges that the finance control of the Committee on Guarantees is "the maintenance of a financial check on the whole German nation, an economic exploitation that bleeds the corpse white, and completes political enslavement." There can be no question of any such institution as the *Delte Publique Ottomane*, this daily goes on to say, and it adds sarcastically that "no such demands have been made on Turkey as are now made on Germany." Meanwhile "the moratorium" which Germany seeks "only means a postponement of the evil day of bankruptcy." In the judgment of the *Taegliche Rundschau*, the Guarantees Commission's demands "mean nothing more or less than the end of German sovereignty," for the Germans are "delivered up remorselessly into the hands of French torturers, to be bled white by them."

Nations Respond to Papal Appeal

It is too early to know to what extent the Pope's appeal on behalf of the starving Russians will be responded to, but already some generous donations have been received, which are published in the *Osservatore Romano*.

The largest contribution to the fund is that made by the Holy See, which amounts to some £250,000. Spanish Catholics have not been slow to respond to the Pope's noble gesture, and from a committee in Madrid a sum equal to £5000 has been received. An anonymous subscription of 5000 dollars has arrived from North America, and the archdiocese of Malines has sent £1200. But this is not the only response from Belgium, for a generous benefactor who describes himself as a person wishing to remain unknown has sent a contribution that represents a sum of £20,000.

W. F. Short

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Current Topics

Irish History

A few of our friends have already replied to our circulars concerning the History Competitions, but so far we have had only three notifications of the number of pupils intending to compete. As we want to know definitely two things:—(a) the number from each school; and (b) if the local priest is willing to help by superintending the examinations, we respectfully beg those among the clergy who do take some interest in the encouragement of the study of Irish History to give us a practical proof of their earnestness by sending in the details we require as soon as possible. Before long we will publish a series of articles written specially to supply the children with clear and up to date knowledge of the Gaelic League and Sinn Féin. We meet any amount of people who tell us what a fine thing the study is for the children but we want more than words. We want those who think in their hearts that it is worth while to go to the trouble of helping us to make the matter a success.

The War Scare

Unkind people are saying that Mr. Massey put his foot in it by his premature readiness to rush (others) to the colors. What a convenient thing this war would be if it gave him the excuse for repeating that wonderful original remark about swapping horses while crossing the stream, and holding on for three years more without an election. He seems to have overdone things by his reckless denunciation of the Liberal Party and those who take him seriously have been rather sharp in their criticisms of him. He was not playing the game certainly, but perhaps he is trying to find in the flag-flapping a substitute for the sectarian strife policy which helped him to win last time. However that may be, it is evident that himself and Lloyd George and the Ulster Orangemen are about the only people who want a war at this stage. For the present the Empire might be just as well off without it.

A Presbyterian Cloud

There are other clouds besides war clouds just now. For instance, the Dunedin Presbytery complains that the general statistics are not consoling. The report says:—

"Some columns showed an increase, but those were columns of not very great importance. There was a decrease in all the columns that mattered—a decrease in attendance at public worship of 532, a decrease in admissions to membership by examination of 80, a decrease in baptisms, and a decrease in total revenue. There was an increase in the indebtedness of the Church.—(Laughter.) The analysis of the figures was not very encouraging. Though 426 new members had joined, including 80 from overseas, yet there was an increase of only five on the total roll. He thought that was a matter for serious consideration. Some columns could well be dispensed with from the schedule but two should be added showing the number of persons received by certificate and the number of disjunctions. He thought the whole position was serious. There were only 7718 members in the whole Presbytery and he did not think that was at all in proportion to the Presbyterian population. He had analysed the statistics for the past five years and had come to the conclusion that the Church was not a going concern. There had been a total decrease in the membership of the Church of 85 during the past five years. It was about time the Presbytery had a conference and made searching inquiry as to what was really the matter with the religious life of the people and of the Church. The difficulty was either in the home life, the Church life, or the civic life, and they ought to get right down into it."

Evidently the large Prohibition posters at the church gates and the P.P.A. stunts of Professor Dickie and his friends are not a paying proposition.

American Charity

During the war and after it America set a noble example to the effete and hypocritical Powers of Europe whose policy is solely inspired by selfishness. Not long ago, at Farm Street, Father Vaughan paid a well-deserved tribute to the American people in the following words:

"Language is altogether inadequate to express the horrors of the universal famine which, since the war, has pervaded the civilised world. No man, unless his heart has been torn out of him, can help bleeding over the tragic pictures that come before his mind's eye as he peruses the reports of the starvation of whole peoples because of the famine and its consequences which is desolating the earth. The one comfort as one reads the story of starvation, plague, and misery is that the United States knows something about it, which means that they have 'got there on both feet,' and are grappling with the situation while others are groping about it.

"If European Levites and others pass by, the American Samaritan pauses over the starving multitudes, and like the Divine Master, has pity on them. When Jesus Christ saw the multitude in want He opened His eyes to see, He opened His heart to feel, and He opened His hand to give. God bless the citizens of the great Republic for following the Master's example. God bless my untiring friend, Mr. Hoover, and all the American citizens, and may they never want, but be ever prosperous for doing to the least of the little ones what they would do for Christ, our noblest pattern of virtue and our strongest incentive to its practise."

Whatever be America's faults there is no need to despair of her as long as she continues to act the Good Samaritan to the Levites of England, France, and Italy.

The German Centre Party

From the *Catholic Times* we learn that the "leaders of the German Centre Party have decided on a change of programme, returning to the old idea of appealing for support as a Christian party. Of course the move has been prompted by the desire to improve the electoral prospects of the party. The fact is that defeat in the war has been telling against the outlook of the Centre as of other parties in Germany. The damping of hope deadened religious enthusiasm, and amongst the people there has been to some extent a falling away from religious associations.

Why Programme was Extended.

"The Centre have had a difficult struggle in making their political influence as a Catholic party felt by the public, and it has occurred to the leaders that if the basis of the party programme was extended the result would be to increase the number of their supporters and generally to attract to their ranks people who have been suffering from the deadening effects of political despair. They have therefore issued an appeal to the people as a 'middle party.' Doubtless one of the considerations by which they have been actuated at a time when all classes in Germany have been shocked by the murder of Herr Rathenau was to show that the Republic could safely count upon their friendliness. The party's appeal is signed by Herr Marx, chairman of the directors. It declares, alluding to the murder of Herr Rathenau, that the events of the past few weeks have proved how near the German people are to a precipice. The simplification and clarification of the atmosphere of the party was a vital question for Germany.

New Party's Aims.

"The country was in need of a strong party with fixed aim, promoting unity by its attitude and its work of concentration. This party must incorporate modern ideas without abandoning what was best in the past—the struggle for religious and moral progress.

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It must grapple with the great social problems of the day, overcome the tendency towards the separation of classes and bring together different classes and denominations in reconstructive political labors. It must be faithful to the constitution and have root in all parts of Germany. This was the line which the Centre had actually followed, and it was therefore a party fit to undertake the great task before it and to serve the common interests of the community."

Programme of Christian Labor Conference

The representatives of twelve European Christian Labor Unions, assembled at Innsbruck in August, adopted a fundamental charter which appeals for the re-organisation of the economic life of the world on Guild lines. In addition they advocate the strengthening of the labor unions and a programme of social legislation which includes minimum wage commissions, where labor unions are not strong, and social insurance against sickness, old age, accidents, and unemployment. The eight-hour day, Saturday afternoon off, a family living wage for all adult workmen and additional wages to correspond to the value which they put in the product, to compensate for skill and to pay them an indemnity for the risks of their work, are included in their programme.

Declaring that they are working to have Christian principles of faith and morals penetrate the social and economic organisation of the world, they say that "society ought to be organised so as to guarantee every man the possibility of acquiring the greatest possible moral and social welfare."

What is needed, the programme states, is an economic order in which "capital and labor will share in the management of the productive process, and in its returns in proportion to their moral and economic importance." This can be reached, according to the programme, "especially by means of labor shareholding and other similar forms of participation" such as works' councils and industrial councils.

National guilds for each industry are outlined in the programme. These guilds are to be composed of organisations of the employers and the employees are to be recognised by the law as agencies for the regulation of their industry and, in time, should develop to the point where they will act as general supervisors of the whole industry. The guilds are to form then a national congress which will act as an economic parliament to fix the economic policy of the country. Still a further step is the international federation of these national guild congresses to organise production and the distribution of raw materials. The Government is not to assume charge of production except "where private economic action does not secure the necessary purposes, or where the general economic and cultural needs require it."

Vaudeville Religion

The most amusing column of a daily paper is usually that which in the Saturday edition advertises the sermons to be preached on Sunday in the various churches of the towns—of Dunedin, at any rate. The preachers are not devoid of imagination, as is clear from the fantastic titles they display; and if the sermons are as sensational, or as high-flown, or as poetic as the announcements we fail to understand why they fail to draw crowds. But fail they do, and while we, poor Catholics, stick to the plain Gospel and do not advertise, and nevertheless have full churches from half-past six in the morning till eight in the evening, most Protestant churches are neither inconveniently crowded nor made stuffy by a large congregation. Indeed, we are sure that if we did try to imitate the methods of the parsons and indulge in sensational headlines our people would very properly resent it as unbecoming levity. You can imagine the disgust on the face of some pious, simple Catholic if he or she read on Saturday evening that Father Antonio or Father Patrick or Father James was going to preach in the Cathedral on "Why Jonas Swallowed the Whale," or "Did She Fall or Was She Pushed?" We can read with sympathy the following article from an American exchange:

We sincerely sympathise with the scholarly and eloquent Protestant minister of New Jersey, who asserts that he is forced to resign his pastorate because of his inability, or unwillingness, to amuse, entertain, and astonish his exacting congregation. The reverend ex-pastor laments the vitiated tastes of his former flock. "If I made my pulpit a circus," he says, "I'd be a winner. If I stood on my head or ran a minstrel show I could hold these complainants." It is undoubtedly true that young men entering the pulpit are made to feel now that elevated thought in sermons is not as needful as personal mannerisms and entertainment ability. It is, indeed, to be regretted if the Protestant pulpit has ceased to be the rostrum for the exposition of solid and dignified truth. It is lamentable that the craze for frothy vaudeville has penetrated into the sanctuary of Protestantism. Can it be that the knock-about comedian is best qualified to satisfy the tastes and court the favor of our dissenting brethren? We had not as much as suspected that the much-vaunted principle of private judgment and private preference would work itself out to such a bizarre conclusion. Acrobatic stunts and minstrel jokes can hardly be interpreted in terms of religion. But if any Protestant congregation wishes its religion served out to it by the "funny man with his side-splitting gags," we are at a loss to understand how it can be constrained, even though it may be censured. When each one has the inviolable right to judge and choose for himself, we cannot complain, nor should we be surprised, if his personally selected brand of religion does not square with that of his neighbor. Such a faith is bound to change. It will vary, as do the fashions in dress or the styles in hats. It will continuously be accommodated to personal whims and caprices. It may demand that its salaried minister stand on his feet to-day, and on his head to-morrow. It may select three-ring circus tactics for next Sunday and a spicy, cabaret programme for the Sunday after.

A minister may stand on his head; take off his coat; introduce the "movies" and the graphophone into the pulpit; permit smoking and drinking at church services; but all these will not and cannot make his flock more religious. They may draw crowds, but the crowds will not come through motives which are in any way religious. A church is a church, a theatre is a theatre; a minister is a minister, an actor is an actor; they are as separate as the poles, and if they are combined, the church and the minister are completely absorbed and disappear.

Answers to Correspondents

J.P.—Local Canonists all say *Ignoramus*. You know more yourself than we do.

J.B.Y.—Avel Mambpinckin is evidently the name of a place. The other words mean "the oak tree of Abraham." Obviously there is allusion to some local tradition which we are not aware of.

D.C.—We are inclined to think it would be out of order, but it is better to consult a lawyer and make sure of your ground.

R.Q.—If you would overcome your laziness sufficiently to consult any ordinary encyclopedia your difficulty would disappear, but it looks as if you preferred bothering people who have quite enough to do without answering such questions.

TEACHER.—The lessons on Irish History which we promised by way of supplement will shortly appear in our columns.

STUDENT.—All things considered the best guide for Catholics on Social questions is Father John A. Ryan, Washington University. In his books you know you are having the goods delivered all the time, whereas too many Catholic amateur writers only write about what they think is Socialism.

One of the surprises of the day of Judgment will be to learn how many persons have been doing the work of Satan under the guise of religion.

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BOOK NOTICES

Pearls from Holy Scripture, by M. J. Watson, S.J.

To the children of the Catholic schools, Father Watson dedicates this beautiful little volume which is indeed a string of pearls. The stories and verses and pensees are all such jewels as we might have expected from the author, and they make a suitable present for any Catholic child.

Father Justin: A Story of Papua, by M. D. Forrest, M.S.C., Sacred Heart Monastery, Kensington, Sydney.

We welcome the appearance of the second edition of Father Forrest's interesting book. The good type and the numerous illustrations do credit to his printers, Stevens, Melbourne.

Irish History: Supplementary Lessons

A friend in need is a friend indeed. When we promised to supply the children with lessons on the Gaelic League and *Sinn Féin* we were in fear and trembling lest we should have to write them ourselves. Fortunately we have a contributor who loves Ireland and knows the minds of children. To her we turned for help, and not in vain. So, E.D. this week gives us an introductory paper which not only the young people but their elders will welcome. Her genius and her experience have enabled her to write a beautiful lesson for the school children, and it will in due time be followed by others. Teachers are requested to cut out and use these lessons for their classes.

THE GAELIC LITERARY REVIVAL.

(I)

Once upon a time there was a beautiful woman who lived with her children in a wonderful country. Her sons were quick-tempered but very loving. Sometimes they quarrelled, just as you, children, sometimes quarrel. But their rage was as brief as a *toi-toi* fire. Now they had a very powerful neighbor, and one day he stepped into their mother and said: "Your sons need a master. I shall keep order here!"

From that day she grew old, until at last she was the most sorrowful old woman in the world. She would sit and beat her head against the wall and say, "Woe! Woe! Woe!—What is there I have not lost? This is the house God gave me but in it I have no say. My sons are faithful, but they have to leave me, and those that do not go are like to starve. The foot of the stranger is heavy on my floor. What is there I have not lost? Woe! Woe!" Truly she was the most sorrowful old woman in all the world.

Her eyes were almost blind from weeping and her children's sons could scarce believe that she was ever beautiful. From their pity and their suffering they too began to weep and to say, "What is there we have not lost? Woe! Woe!"

Not all, however, wept. One or two began to go apart and to say: "What good are tears? His foot falls heavier every day!" But all their efforts failed and they met death instead of triumph. And sometimes the stranger raised his head and said to them, "Ye say ye are a people! Show me some sign by which God has marked you! Show me something that none hath but you and that none can take from you! Then will I believe!" And through the pauses of his shout came the sob of the old woman: "What is there I have not lost? What is there I have not lost?"

Little by little her sons grew stronger. Day by day she crept a little nearer to her own fire. Bog by bog, field by field she got back her land. But she still had no say and no mastery and she continued to sigh, "What is there I have not lost?" But her children were more content, except the sons of those who in the beginning had gone and muttered apart: "It was better when they cried with her. Now they care more for their fields than for her tears. They are forgetting that we are a people! How can we make them remember?" And for some years they were troubled trying to find a way.

Then one day they went to see their mother, "Rise up, dear grieve, for we bring you joy! We have found

something that you have not utterly lost! We have found the sign by which God has marked us! Now must he believe for none other hath it wholly and none can take it from us." And she besought them trembling, "What is that?" And they answered blithely: "The tongue of our fathers!"

Children, the old woman was Ireland, and the sons who brought the great tidings were the men of the *Connradh na Gaedhilge*, the Gaelic League.

They had nothing to do with politics. They sought only to bring back the people to the musical tongue of their fathers, the tongue of Hugh O'Neill, the tongue of Columbanus. From old manuscripts they gathered glad songs and proud stories. Ah! and the wonder of it! In the hills and the far valleys they found old men who would be judged unlearned and ignorant yet who knew by heart in Irish the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Many a scholar found himself envying his old gardener.

The more they learned the more they marvelled at the holiness, the sweetness, the courtesy of that ancient tongue. Instead of "Good-day!" "The blessing of God on you!" instead of "Hullo!" "God and Mary to ye!" Surely those are fine greetings!

Men like Dr. Douglas Hyde can never be thanked enough for their labor, but, indeed they do not ask thanks—it was a labor of love. Someone who met Dr. Hyde recently says he is so joyous over his discoveries that he is like a merry, mischievous boy!

And the whin caught the flame from the furze! The Irish who wrote in English took up the grand old tales and their works became so famous, that Synge and Yeats are known on the Continent as well as Ibsen or Claudel.

But the greatest of them all said, "I too could write in English books like those. But I will write instead in our own tongue because there is a thing greater than fame and that is Ireland." So he wrote the most wonderful things that Ireland has yet known, nor did he write in vain for soon no child in all the land will not re-tell his tales with joy.

He loved children above all creatures. "If you die for Ireland, die laughing!" he said to his pupils. "The old *Fianna* had the gallant gesture! We have forgotten it." Pride and generosity and faith were what he asked of them.

In *An Rí* the little boy who knows he will die if he takes the King's place asks it even as a favor, saying nobly, "Let me do this little thing. O King!" In another play it is the cry of a boy that summons to earth the Archangel Michael and all the chivalry of heaven. "Stand forth, young Michael!" he cries aloud, and the awful Saint appears.

When he writes of Christ it is as a small boy soothing old Matthias by the shore. When he thinks of Christ it is as a small boy in an orchard between apple boughs.

Let us then love Patrick Pearse for his gifts to Ireland. And loving him, let us try to follow him in his pride and his faith. In Ireland every child has a copy of O'Growney's little grammar. Any child here could master at least the first book. Get your father or your grandfather to help you. If you learn only a few phrases it is still something. It keeps you in touch with the new Ireland that is even dearer than the old.

—E. D.

Profession Ceremony at "Villa Maria," Riccarton

The impressive ceremony of Profession in the Order of Our Lady of Mercy, took place on the 24th ult. (Feast of Our Lady of Mercy), in the convent chapel of the Sisters of Mercy, "Villa Maria," Riccarton, when Sister Mary Michael (Miss Annie McKeefry) made her holy profession. Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., celebrated the occasional Mass and officiated at the ceremony, the Mass being served by Mr. J. H. A. McKeefry (Dunedin), brother of the newly-professed, who was present with his father and mother. Mr. and Mrs. McKeefry are to be congratulated on having their only two daughters professed Nuns in the Order of Mercy.

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St. Joseph's Cathedral Choir, Dunedin

In response to a request for his Recollections of St. Joseph's Cathedral Choir, Mr. W. T. Ward, of Christchurch, a former valued member, very kindly supplied the following interesting narrative:—

Your letter came duly to hand, and I thank you for remembering me in connection with the forthcoming Jubilee. I fear I may not be able to provide anything of outstanding interest, but I will do what I can.

I arrived in Dunedin on transfer in the Department to which I belonged in December, 1885, and on the first Sunday thereafter at Vespers, I became aware that Father P. M. Lynch (now at the Philippines), who was the preacher, noticed my presence, and so I was not surprised when he intercepted me at the church door at the conclusion of Benediction. I had already met Father Lynch in Southland, where he was relieving various priests, and we had some pleasant musical meetings. He at once whisked me around to the choir loft, introduced me to the ladies and gentlemen of the choir, and there and then made me one of a body amongst the members of which I spent many happy years—covering nearly a quarter of a century. I still have my ticket of membership, dated December 17, 1885, and bearing the sign manual of one who was loved by the generations through which he lived, and the memory of whom will be revered while St. Joseph's stands—
“*P. MORAN.”

The choir loft was in a recess on the north side of the old St. Joseph's, and although members were limited in number, I recollect it was a tight squeeze when we were all there. I find it impossible to recall the names of all the members, after a lapse of nearly 40 years. *Labuntur Anni*, and with them glide away into the recesses of the brain the recollections and impressions which at the time seemed unforgettable, but which will no more respond to my call than would the “spirits from the vasty deep” answer to the Welsh Wizard.

Amongst the number were a few who became distinguished vocalists, not only in the choir, but in musical circles outside—Miss L. Corrigan, Miss Walsh, Misses Walker and Carroll, and occasionally Miss Hesford, who afterwards, as Mrs. Angus, became a permanent member of the Cathedral Choir. Of the men I can only recall Mr. N. Smith and Mr. W. Cantwell. I believe the two first-named ladies are still singing. Mr. Cantwell died after a long and most useful career, both as a vocalist and as secretary and the holder of other official positions in the choir. The organist was Mr. Michael Ennis.

Shortly after I joined, practice was commenced under the conductorship of Herr Benno Scherek for the music to be used at the opening of the Cathedral, which was to take place (and did) at an early date. The Mass, as you no doubt are aware, was Gounod's “Messe Solennelle,” and for the evening Mendelssohn's “Lauda Sion.” If I remember rightly the number of vocalists was about 70, and I can recall the terrific efforts, and accompanying *sotto voce* expletives (chiefly in German), of the distracted conductor, to knock the pronunciation of the Latin into his choir, the bulk of whom were outsiders, and as familiar with Latin as a Red Indian. The soloists were also, strange to say, outsiders.

In these days of Masses liturgically arranged and so considerably shortened, I marvel at the patience of the priests sitting through those lengthy works of Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, and others, but I remember we were eventually brought to our bearings by the late Father Murphy: he and the boys simply walked out of the sanctuary while we were still going full tilt at the “*Dona Nobis Pacem.*”

The Cathedral was opened shortly after I became a member—in the following February. I need not describe that tremendous function, at which nearly the whole of the Hierarchy of Australia, including Cardinal Moran, was present. The choir, and a small but efficient orchestra, was under the conductorship of Herr Scherek, with Madame Scherek at the organ. I sang amongst the basses in the Mass, but played with the first violins in “*Lauda Sion*” in the evening. While the procession was coming from the Palace to the Cathedral in the morning, the Salvation

Army came up Rattray Street in all its glory of drum, flags, and vocal display. Most people thought this bordered on rudeness, but my impression was that they intended the intrusion as an honor.

After the opening of the Cathedral, the numerical strength of the choir was greatly increased. Mr. Ennis continued at the organ for some time, until Herr Scherek was appointed organist and choirmaster. The choir increased in strength and experience, but the want of a conductor to give the necessary steadiness was manifest. The Bishop and Father Lynch wanted me to take it on, but the minnow did not feel equal to the duet with the Triton. During Herr Scherek's term of office he organised a successful series of concerts to raise funds for adding two new stops to the organ. Several of those who are now veterans in the choir joined about this time, and the results were on the whole very satisfactory. Herr Scherek's professional engagements obliged him to resign after a not very long innings, and Miss D. Horan was appointed organist, and I was persuaded into the position of conductor, to my great perturbation. However, we got on very well together. The members took a great interest in the work, and the attendance was always very good. There were not the outside attractions or distractions in those days that in these degenerate days are such a drawback to choirs and kindred societies. Mrs. Angus was now a member, and her magnificent contralto was a great attraction.

St. Joseph's was very popular amongst vocalists and instrumentalists outside the Church, and as the Bishop and Father Lynch approved of and were fond of such incidental music, it was often availed of for Offertory or evening devotions. Frequently Masses were sung with full orchestral accompaniment; this was always the case at Christmas and Easter, and no opera company was allowed to pass through Dunedin without being laid under a contribution. Mr. Percy Kehoe, of Williamson and Musgrove's, was well known at St. Joseph's.

I cannot recall the length of Miss Horan's term as organist, but after a short interval she was succeeded by Mr. A. Vallis, who also took the position of choirmaster, and I still retained the position of conductor. We worked together for some years, and the choir reached a high degree of efficiency.

Owing to the nature of my official duties, I was obliged to resign on the 2-st November, 1898. During Mr. Vallis's twelve months' trip to England a few years later I took charge of the choir, Mr. F. Stokes (the present organist) taking the organ.

In the period covered by my choir service, in addition to the stalwarts still in the choir, many have come and gone whose names will not easily be forgotten. Who that knew and heard her will ever forget Miss Kate Murphy, who took her sweet voice to the Angelic Choir. And besides those already mentioned, there were Mrs. Angus, the sisters Rose and Kitty Blaney, and Miss Woods—there were indeed giants in those days. And amongst the men were Ford, Harris, Ben Stevens, William and Joseph Cantwell, both of whom were, alas, carried off at the very full tide of their usefulness. All will remember Mr. O. Feil, with his weird skull and crossbones tie-pin, and his uncanny gift of reading one's bumps, and his highly-strung musical enthusiasm. There are other great ones, but lapse of time has reduced them almost to phantoms.

I had the honor and pleasure of having some of the great singers of the age under my baton, amongst them Mr. Santley, who sang the bass parts of Mozart's Twelfth Mass on Christmas Day, 1889; Trebelli, or Dolores, as she is now named; Signor Foli, and many others.

Amongst my proud possessions is a gold-mounted baton of honeysuckle wood, in a beautiful case, which was presented to me by Bishop Moran on Easter Sunday, 1889.

Amongst other functions, I had the mournful honor of conducting the choir at the funeral obsequies of the late Bishop Moran, and I also wielded the baton at the installation of his successor, the late Bishop Verdon.

None who were members of the choir while Father P. Lynch was connected with it could turn their minds towards choir matters without having him in their thoughts. The rev. gentleman's musical enthusiasm and energy were simply marvellous; he was the friend of each and all of the members; and he left nothing undone to promote the well-being of the choir, and the members who were honored

with his friendship will hold him in affectionate remembrance.

The celebration of these jubilees will be a great event in the history of the choir, and the meeting of, say, Mr. N. Smith, the last minstrel of the old choir, and the latest addition to the present one, will be profoundly interesting.

I regret most deeply that the privilege of assisting at the function, and meeting choir associates, ranging from about the present date back nearly 40 years, will not be mine, but I will be there, as far as one can be, in thought and spirit.

Our Roman Letter

(By "STANNOUS.")

We have had a very hot summer here. In the early days of August we were almost suffocated by a heat wave. Every day for nearly a week the day temperature was over 100 degrees in the shade, and for many days afterwards the mercury rarely fell below 90 degrees. Even the pious Romans felt the exceptional heat, and there were several cases of death from heat apoplexy. Despite the unfavorable conditions the ubiquitous tourist was frequently to be seen strolling along with his guide-book, impervious alike to the blazing rays of the sun and to the murmured pity of the surprised Italians. I often wonder why visitors come here in the summer months. It is scarcely the best time for seeing the sights of Rome. Besides, exposure to an August sun is not without danger here. Yet, still the tourists come, complaining that the shops are closed in the middle of the day and generally blaming the Romans as a lazy people. The wiser Romans on their part courtously shrug their shoulders and murmur a little prayer that God may temper the sun's rays to the unthinking stranger lest, standing unsheltered beneath a blazing unnative sky, he suffer because of his folly. To the dwellers by the Tiber the wondrous ways of the tourist are sometimes beyond the bounds of human understanding. Wherefore in their Christian charity they commend him to the mercy of God.

The passing months have been very remarkable ones in the history of Italy. They have been months especially interesting to those of us here who watch with sympathy the political career of Don Luigi Sturzo, the life and soul of the movement that has come to be known as *Popolarismo*. In this exciting period of political change he has been the one protagonist who seems ever to profess something definite and clear-cut and positive, the one thinker who appears to know exactly what he wants. As the prevailing national difficulty develops, other leaders rise and fall. As the after-war problems become more and more insistent, other political groups unexpectedly achieve momentary power and then as suddenly are lost to greatness. But Sturzo remains. Indeed, he is at least as powerful to-day, at least as menacing a figure to his political opponents, as when three years ago he first launched his *Partito Popolare Italiano* into the stormy seas of Italian political life. And the party which owes to him the foundation of its being, the formulation of its aims, the unfailing inspiration of its parliamentary life, stands thus far justified by reason of the honorable successes with which its activities have hitherto been crowned.

Luigi Sturzo was born in the town of Caltagirone in Sicily on November 26, 1871, his parents being Felice Sturzo and Catherine Boscarelli, both of whom are long since dead. It is not without interest to recall the fact that his father's brother was at one time well-known in the convents of Ireland as a Jesuit preacher of community Retreats; this Father Sturzo was later transferred to Australia where he was Master of Novices in the Jesuit Novitiate and where eventually he died after a long and fruitful life of priestly labor. Luigi, his famous nephew, was one of a family of five children, three of whom were girls. Of the two boys, both became priests. The elder brother, Mario, has long been Bishop of the Diocese of Piazza Armerina in his native Sicily; he is not without renown as an able writer of spiritual works of high literary value, and one of his books, *La conquista del fine* (1907), is dedicated to his brother Luigi. Luigi went through the ordinary course of the aspirant for the priesthood, doing his ecclesiastical studies at the Sicilian

seminaries of Noto and Caltagirone; he was ordained priest on May 19, 1894. Subsequently he came to Rome and read a post-graduate course in theology at the Gregorian University, where he took his doctorate in the summer of the year 1898. Through his study windows the young Sicilian priest had impatiently watched the war of different political ideals among the loosely organised Catholics of Italy. And when his studies were finished he rose from his desk and went down into the midst of the strife. The eight years following his Gregorian doctorate were busy years in Don Sturzo's life. They were years of intense study of sociological needs, and years of untiring propaganda. In the social and political activities of Italian Catholics he allied himself with the forces of democracy; opposed to him and his were the older and more conservative Catholics. The ever-growing section to which Don Sturzo belonged was called the party of the Christian Democrats. Their basic principle was a thorough-going recognition of the distinction between the religious activities of Catholics and the political activities of Catholics; safeguarding always the demands of the individual conscience, they drew a line of distinction between the Catholic as a child of the Church and the Catholic as a citizen of the State. The Conservatives on the other hand refused to admit in practice any such distinction; their political programme, in so far as they may be said to have had any definite programme at all, was negative rather than positive, representing a fixed and constant tendency to be content with the little they had rather than to risk the smallest loss by inopportune demands for something new. To the younger generation of Italian Catholics—to men like Angelo Mauri, Filippo Meda, and Don Luigi Sturzo—this conservative standpoint was intelligible only as a crime against their Catholic heritage. To Don Sturzo particularly, the timidity of the Conservatives was little short of maddening; with his youthful vision of the organisation of the forces of labor, with his dreams of the practical development of the idea of social co-operation, with his hopes for the deepening and widening of democratic life according to the principles of Christian justice, he saw in the Conservative an obstacle, if not an enemy, in the path of social progress. Wherefore during those eight busy years of study and of organisation he was not content with calling on the neutral Catholics throughout the country to rally to the standard of Christian Democracy but he poured scorn and ridicule on the timorous Conservative who feared to claim his just rights as a citizen and who hesitated to take his natural place in the political life of the country. Basing his authority on Pope Leo's great Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, he finally demanded from the Catholics of Italy the immediate formation of a Catholic Party the democratic aims of which should always be inspired by Christian principles. But he spoke out of due time. His proposal was judged inopportune by the ecclesiastical authorities. And in 1905 Don Sturzo obediently retired from the political life of Italy to the municipal activity of the town where he was born.

In that same year (1905) Don Sturzo was elected Acting-Mayor of Caltagirone, and for 15 years—1905-1920—his active brain and skilful hand guided the administrative affairs of his native Commune. So marked was his success that when he laid down the responsibilities of local administration the prosperity of Caltagirone called forth not only the praise of his personal friends but also the admiration of his political foes. The Sturzo rule completely altered the financial outlook of the Commune, changing a relatively large municipal debt into a growing credit balance. It gave the Commune an electrical system, constructed several new roads and streets, rebuilt the Seminary and the official residence of the Bishop, erected commodious dwellings for the workers, re-organised the local educational system, doubled the number of primary schools, and finally enriched the town with a Technical Institute, an establishment for the scientific growth and treatment of olives, a school of ceramics, and a tuberculosis hospital; and besides all this, it saved for Caltagirone the famous cork woods of Santopietro. During those years of a busy local administration, the young communal official took part in municipal conferences up and down Italy, and there is scarcely an aspect of civic life that his unwearying activity has not thrown light on. Looking through the details of his work one cannot but be amazed at his

Mrs. J. Aramburu

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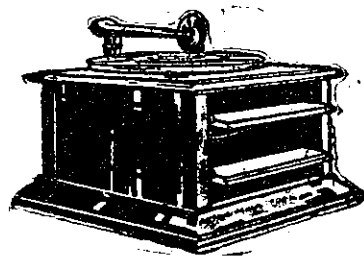
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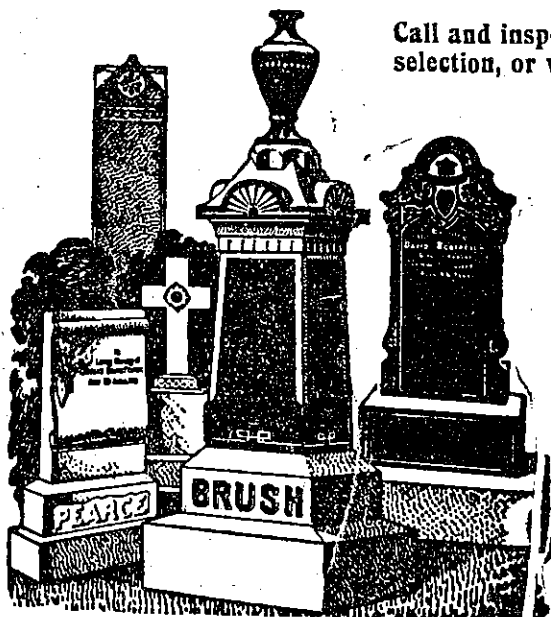
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But during those crowded years he was waiting for the dawn of his inevitable day, patiently and confidently watching for that *immaneabile domani* the hope of which had upheld him in the day of defeat long ago. His chance came with the cessation of hostilities after the Great War. On November 4, 1918, Italy entered upon the armistice. Exactly a week later Don Sturzo made his appeal to the country in an article published in a Roman daily on the problems of the After-War. Six days afterwards, on November 17, he electrified all Italy by a wonderful speech at Milan. This Milan speech was to the Catholics a veritable call to arms. Its essential political merit lies in the fact that it brought home to Italians the pressing necessity of a reconquest of individual liberty against the State invasion of citizen rights which had gone on unchecked during the war. The opportunism of the appeal was not lost on prominent Catholics throughout Italy, and immediately men flocked to the standard of the new leader. During the remaining weeks of that anxious November and even into the new year informal conferences were being held under the chairmanship of the Sicilian priest, till finally, on the night of January 17, 1919, a few men met in Rome round his sick bed and definitely framed the constitution of what was to be a new Parliamentary party. The word went forth through the country and provisional committees were formed in all the principal cities and towns. Meanwhile Don Sturzo was kept busy in his work of detailed propaganda and organisation. The result of all this activity was the famous Congress at Bologna in the second week of June, 1919, where the new movement first gave testimony of its strength before all Italy. But the real trial came in the autumn of that same year when the nominees of the new party faced the electors. Their wonderful success is now matter of Italian political history; they captured 100 seats. Since that hour the Popular Party has lost none of its public strength. And to-day it is represented in Parliament by 106 Deputies, three of whom are in the Cabinet and one other of whom is an under-Secretary.

The *Partito Popolare Italiano* is a democratic party, founded and organised and inspired by the political genius of a Catholic priest, composed of Catholics of every rank or social station, and based on the immutable principles of Christian justice. Why, therefore, is it not called the Catholic Party? Let Don Sturzo himself reply. Speaking at the Congress of Bologna on the constitution and aims of the new party he made this statement:—

"It is futile to ask why we do not call ourselves the Catholic Party. The two terms are mutually opposed. Catholicism is a religion, it is universal. A party is a political thing, it implies a division. From the very beginning we have been careful to exclude religion from our official coat-of-arms, and we have been clearly desirous of taking a definite stand as a political party which has for its direct object the public life of the Nation. It would be illogical to conclude from this that we share the error of liberalism, which regards religion as a simple affair of the individual conscience and seeks therefore in the secularist state a purely ethical foundation of public morality. On the contrary, this is the very thing we fight against when we seek in religion the vivifying spirit of all individual and collective human life. But we cannot change our nature as a political party. We have no authority to speak in the name of the Church. We cannot be a product of any ecclesiastical body, nor can we depend on such a body. Neither in Parliament nor out of it, neither in the internal organisation of the Party nor in

the battles we shall be called upon to wage with political foes, can we call on the forces of the Church to strengthen or to reinforce our political action. We must and can fight our battles in our own name alone, and on the same ground as the parties to whom we are opposed."

Somehow that definite pronouncement cleared the air considerably. While it left the new party free to pursue its special political activities, it refused to saddle the ecclesiastical authorities with any responsibility for its doings. In view of the delicate relation between Church and State in Italy, that brave statement is little short of a stroke of genius. It won thousands of adherents for Don Sturzo. One cannot but wish him well. I like to think of that incident of which one of his closest friends tells us: how one midnight in that anxious week in the January of 1919, after a long evening's deliberations, he brought his friends to the Church of the Twelve Apostles where Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament was being held and how he bade them kneel and pray that God might bless their movement and shower His graces on the activities of the *Partito Popolare*. I cannot do better than re-echo that humble prayer.

Marist Missioners in Dunedin

The missions conducted by Rev. Fathers Herring and Eccleton, Marist Missioners, at St. Joseph's Cathedral, and St. Patrick's Basilica (South Dunedin)—a week each for women and men, were solemnly closed on last Sunday night in the presence of crowded congregations of men. After the concluding sermons there was the renewal of Baptismal Vows and the imparting of the Papal Blessing. At the Cathedral Father Herring also spoke in grateful terms of the great help and encouragement had had received from his Lordship the Bishop and parochial clergy. He also thanked the choir for its lead in the congregational singing, which had proved quite a feature of the mission, and those who had so diligently attended to the various duties which form a part of the general requirements. He very warmly congratulated the men (as he had previously done the women) on their zeal and devotion in attending the exercises in such strong force, and thus making the mission the remarkable success it had proved to be. The manner in which the confraternity had been supported afforded deepest consolation to the promoters, and he congratulated the men on the great numbers who had joined the Sacred Heart Association. This, he trusted, could be taken as an evidence of their sincerity, and their adherence to the association would be productive of untold blessings. The formal reception into the confraternity was then conducted by his Lordship the Bishop, the numerous body of men approaching the sanctuary rails for the purpose; after which Pontifical Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given.

Addressing the crowded congregation at the close of the mission at the Cathedral, Right Rev. Dr. Whyte said:—

I take this opportunity of assuring Father Herring that he has placed this parish under a great debt of gratitude to him for his unstinted and generous services to it during the past fortnight. A great task was given to him when he was appointed to conduct this mission single-handed. How cheerfully, how successfully he has discharged those exacting duties nobody present need be told. In South Dunedin Father Eccleton has done his arduous work in the same spirit of zeal and heroism, and he, too, has seen the reward of his labors in the vast number of men and women who have approached the Sacraments and who, furthermore, have given an eloquent proof of their desire to persevere by joining the sodalities.

Last Sunday I commended the piety and the heroism of the women. To-night I wish to compliment you. You have shown by your presence here every night that you cling lovingly and immovably to the grand old Faith, that you are faithful and loyal members of our Holy Mother the Church, and that you are determined to lead the honest, pure, and noble lives that she desires you to lead.

In a special way I congratulate the women and the men who have joined the sodalities. The gratitude that the Catholic men and women of this city owe to the devoted missioners can best be shown by their becoming loyal and constant members of the sodalities.

If you desire to persevere in the pious spirit that God's Grace has aroused in you by means of the eloquent preachers; if you desire to avoid the dangers against which they have warned you and to cultivate the virtues they have urged you to practise, then I say to you, "Join the sodalities."

I must not omit to convey to the priests of both parishes my warm and heartfelt thanks for their generous and whole-hearted efforts to make these missions so fruitful of good to many souls that had gone astray.

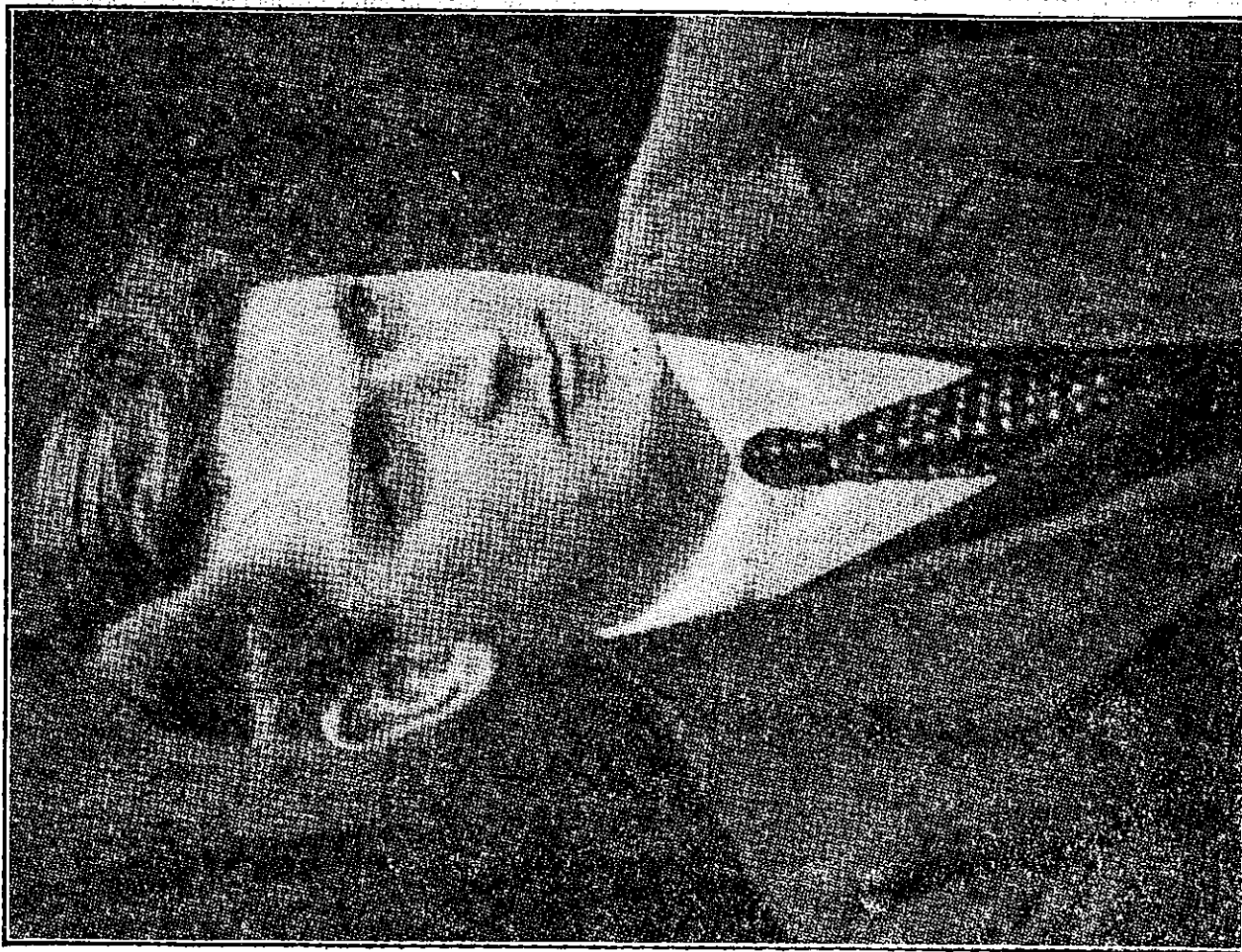
Rev. Father Herring returned North by Monday's express.



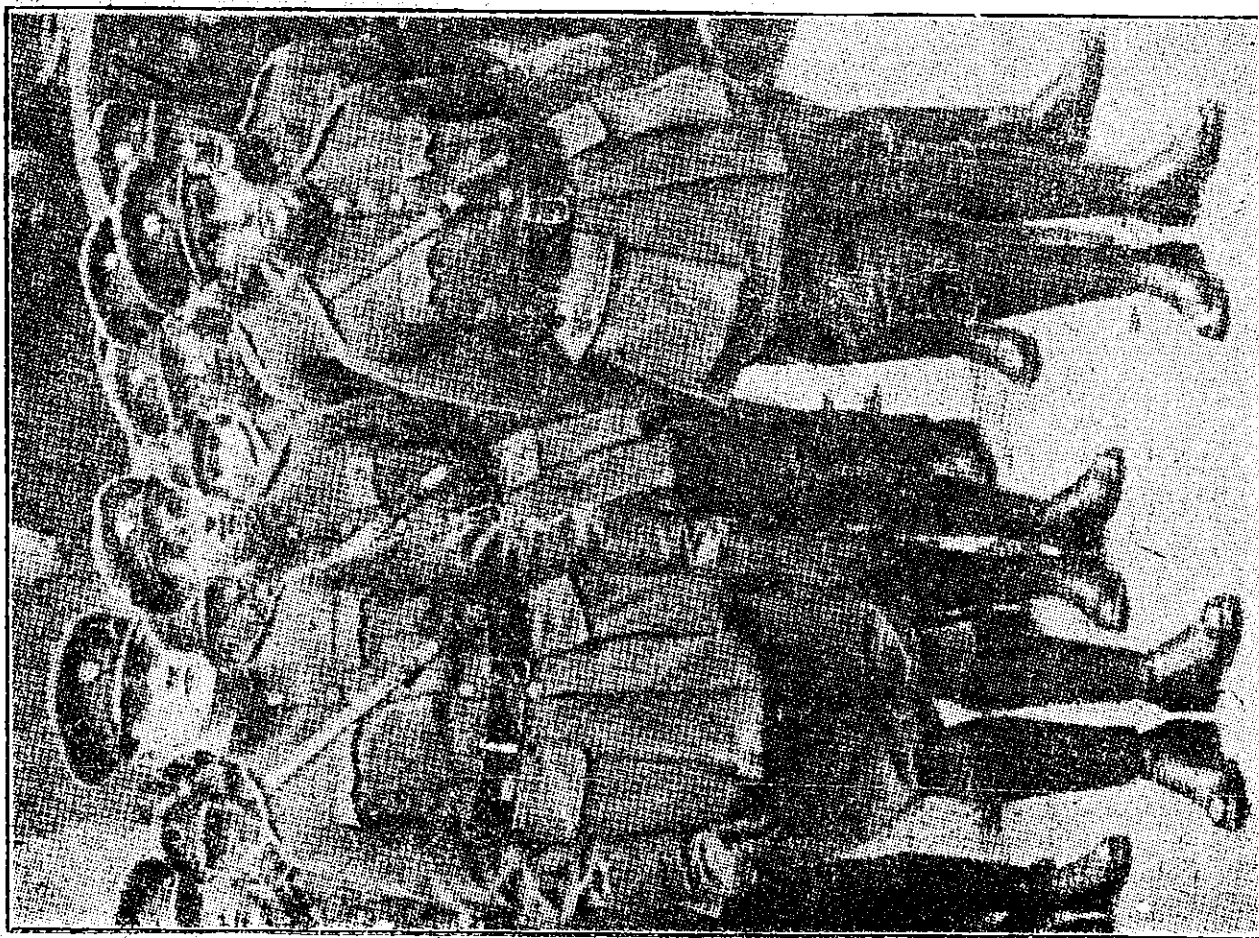
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THE LATE MICHAEL COLLINS



GROUP OF OFFICERS OF THE IRISH FREE STATE ARMY. THE LATE GENERAL MICHAEL COLLINS (COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF) IS SHOWN ON THE FRONT LEFT; R. MULCAHY ON THE RIGHT FRONT

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Michael Collins

When Dail Eireann was debating the Treaty a notable figure in the public part of the hall was a stout and somewhat florid woman of middle age (says the *Manchester Guardian*). She sat near the reporters' tables and murmured approval of all that Michael Collins said. She devoured him with her eyes, but she was never seen to speak to him or embarrass him in those tense moments of work. It was his sister. She had left somewhere in the country a large family of small children and had come up to Dublin to see a splendid brother in a moment of destiny.

It was symptomatic. So far as one knew there was no other of the protagonists in that great drama watched over in this way. There were lots of political theorists who had come to hear Mr. Erskine Childers expound the tables of the law, to warm a doubting faith at the white fire of Mr. de Valera's fanaticism, to get confirmed in political faith by listening to Arthur Griffith's quiet common sense. But this was not any of these things: this was a great affection for a person, not an adherence to a creed.

How much of Michael Collins's power in Ireland was founded upon affection! It is said that he died saying "Forgive them," and those words would come appropriately as the last ones from his lips. A great power and a great kindness met in his face. He was the only Dail leader having the supreme gift of youth, and if something of youth's intolerance now and then darkened his face and stiffened his jaw, the sudden and irresponsible generosity of youth was his, too. How shall one forget that tumultuous scene when the Treaty was approved! It was a bitter January night without, and little crowds were gathered in the murky street waiting to know the result. In the hall the atmosphere was heavily overcharged, physically and emotionally. Then the figures were announced. The room filled with a confused hubbub of excited voices. Mr. de Valera rose and tried to speak. He broke down half-way through a sentence, cast his arms despairingly on his desk, and buried his face in them. His shoulders shook.

A Gesture of Reconciliation.

Then Michael Collins's colossal form rose and dominated the assembly. His good-humored face was grave in that supreme moment, and his commanding voice made itself heard above the uproar, proposing measures for the safety of the State. And then, with the swift transition of affectionate youth, his face changed. He looked at the prostrate form of his old comrade-in-arms and putting matters of State to one side he paid a beautiful tribute to Mr. de Valera and protested his unchanged affection. The offered hand was dashed aside by Miss MacSwiney. This was "soft talk" from a traitor, she said. Looking back, one sees it now as the one movement which contained just the possibility of healing the breach, of preventing all the lamentable things that have come since. Michael Collins was the only man who made a gesture of that sort. The unforgiving minute passed. The other Michael Collins came up. His face hardened again.

His enemies recognised how tremendous to Collins was the asset he held in this affectionate regard. It was against this invulnerable point in the armor that Mr. Charles Burgess directed his venomous invective. Collins was a man of tradition—almost a figure of legend—a merry hero, dear to the hearts of all young Irishmen. To shake this reputation was Mr. Burgess's task, and with the Treaty trembling in the balance he went on with it. The speech tilted that trembling balance over to the side of the Treaty. An attack on opinions is one thing; this was an attack on the personal character of a man held in deep affection; and the result was defeat to the cause of the man who made the speech.

In those hot and troubled days Collins was in a real sense of the word a heroic and romantic figure. There was about him something more romantic than fewness of years. Mr. Chesterton once sang of the Gaels that come from Ireland that they are "the men that God made mad,"

For all their wars are merry,
And all their songs are sad.

A High-hearted Leader.

If Collins did not impress one as a man of song, he looked at all events a man of high heart who would wage a merry war. He had the masterly physique that young men love in a hero. His body was big and burly, and the massive head, set squarely on broad shoulders, was adorned with plentiful hair as black as the traditional raven's wing. When he was in a temper, which was rarely, his eyes flashed and his hand contracted its restless, prehensile fingers into a mighty fist that hammered emphasis into his words with blows like a smith's anvil beats. He sat always in the Dail at Arthur Griffith's side, with the air of a very large nephew being protective to a shy, small uncle.

Next to his power of giving and claiming affection, one thinks of his boundless energy. He did not speak; he shouted. He did not walk; he bounded. He emphasised his words not with a nod or a wink but with a tremendous shake of the head that brought his black mane tumbling down over his dark eyes. And then the hand, at once strong and nervous, would be pushing it back again. It is harder to think of that abounding vitality being cut off suddenly than it is to think of the passing of Arthur Griffith or Cathal Brugha. How they are passing, those who in the winter nights fought over the body of Ireland!

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

October 7.

Rev. Father Smyth, Adm., and the parishioners of Thorndon are making every endeavor to raise the necessary funds for completing their hall. Various functions are being held every week and a big effort was made on last Saturday afternoon at St. Mary's convent grounds, Guildford Terrace, where a garden fete realised the handsome sum of £150. Last Wednesday evening Mrs. Ian Duncan organised a very successful concert at the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall, which was well filled and should result in a good sum being added to the hall fund. It is anticipated that the hall will be sufficiently advanced to permit of it being used for an opening bazaar at the end of the present month.

St. Anne's bazaar, which was opened last week, has been most successful. Large attendances each evening with the corresponding business at the stalls and side-shows has resulted in the bazaar being a financial success. Entertainments each evening were provided by Mr. J. Knowsley's School of Dancing, Miss Phyllis McMillan, Caledonian Society's Class, Miss Kathleen O'Brien, the "Liberian Minstrels," and St. Anne's School. Mr. Reg. Dwyer's Orchestra and the Irish Pipe Band also assisted. There was, too, an exciting tug-of-war contest, which proved a good attraction. The stallholders were "All Nations," Mesdames Wylie and Giles; "Zealandia," Mesdames J. E. Gamble, Black, and Lane; "Hibernian," Mr. S. T. Headifen; Tea Kiosk, Mesdames Maloney, Spinway, and Gibbons; director of entertainments, Mr. T. Murphy; honorary secretary, Mr. W. H. Giles.

The Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Rugby football teams completed the football season by a smoke concert in the Dominion Farmers' Institute Hall on last Saturday evening. The function was most successful, about 200 persons being present. Mr. L. Sievers presided, various toasts were honored and a good musical programme enhanced the pleasure of the occasion.

Bro. J. F. Taylor, who has occupied the presidential chair of St. Patrick's branch of the Hibernian Society for the past twelve months, was recently made the recipient of a past-president's collar and framed certificate in recognition of his services to the society. Bro. P. J. O'Neill, his successor in the chair, made the presentation, and voiced the members' appreciation of Bro. Taylor's services.

The Marist Missionary Fathers will conduct missions in this city commencing on Sunday, 15th inst., at St. Francis de Sales' Church, Island Bay. At the conclusion of the mission in that parish they will commence one at St. Joseph's Church, Buckle Street.

Rev. Father Saunderson, who has been seriously ill, has sufficiently recovered to enable him to proceed to Auckland for treatment at the Mater Misericordiae Hospital. Rev. Father McManus accompanied him to Auckland.

The condition of both the Very Rev. Dean McKenna and his successor in Wellington South (Rev. Father Cashman), who also became seriously ill, has, I am pleased to say, very much improved.

(Continued on page 27.)

WAIKATO RESIDENTS.—All your Drug Store wants can be supplied by F. EDWARDS.

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Selected Poetry

The Dissecting Room

Here death and knowledge dwell: no graveyard gloom
Wakes such a bitter, secret shudder of dread
As this long, empty room.
Stone floored and sunlit, where the unwanted dead
Lie robbed of death's last dignity, denied
Even the mercy of a swift decay.
Yet here we live and work, here we dissect
The limp and lifeless body—taught thereby
To honor it with passionate respect—
With wondering hands lay bare muscle and nerve,
Moulded by service perfectly to serve,
And, touched by wonder yet unsatisfied,
Reach past the bounds of knowledge till we find
A deeper wonder standing, veiled, behind.

—MARGARET EVANS, in the *London Spectator*.

The Wind is Blind

"Eyeless, in Gaza, at the Mill, with Slaves."

The Wind is Blind.

The Earth sees sun and moon, the height
Is watch-tower to the dawn; the plain
Shines to the summer; visible light
Is scattered in the drops of rain.

The wind is blind.

The flashing billows are aware;
With open eyes the cities see;
Light leaves the ether everywhere
Known to the homing bird and bee.

The wind is blind.

Is blind alone. How has he hurled
His ignorant lash, his aimless dart,
His eyeless rush upon the world,
Unseeing, to break his unknown heart!

The wind is blind.

And the sail traps him, and the mill
Captures him; and he can not save
His swiftness and his desperate will
From those blind uses of the slave.

—ALICE MEYNELL, in the *London Mercury*.

Renunciation

"Naked I saw thee,
O beauty of beauty,
And I blinded my eyes
For fear I should fail.

"I heard thy music
O melody of melody,
And I closed my ears
For fear I should falter.

"I tasted thy mouth,
O sweetness of sweetness,
And I hardened my heart
For fear of my slaying.

"I blinded my eyes
And I closed my ears,
I hardened my heart
And I smothered my desire.

PADRAIC H. PEARSE, in the *Irish World*.

Dublin, July, 1922

Peace dwells in Dublin now;
Broken is the green bough;
The high gods have their will,
There are none left to kill;
No more blood overflows
To darken a dead rose.

Peace; in the clammy tomb
'Tis well dead lips are dumb
'Tis well that death-dimmed eyes
See not, nor cold limbs rise.
'Tis well that the dead sleep
Immeasurably deep.

Peace; as the last shot falls
Upon flame-gutted walls,
Darkness and stillness spread
Their requiem for the dead.
Some bore their brows red-wreathed in thorns to-day,
And others looked on them and turned away.
—JOHN GOULD FLETCHER, in the *Nation* and the *Athenaeum*.

Vista Del Mare

[Genzano lies on the Appian Way running southward from Rome, and is celebrated for its wines and the beauty of its women. It looks out from a spur of rock over the untilled plain stretching towards Civita Vecchia, the ancient port of the Emperor Trajan, with the sleek but scarcely visible Mediterranean beyond it.]
Genzano wines are good wines, Genzano girls are chaste,

Genzano from its hill-top looks out across the waste.
And as you sip the white wine or as you sip the red,
Far, far away a beam of light,
A faint and furtive gleam of light
As hazy as a dream of light,
Shines forth and then is fled.

Genzano lads are brave lads, Genzano mules are strong;
In painted carts, with nodding plumes they draw the wines
along.

And if the load be full casks or empty ones and light,
The lads they drive their cattle on
Where Romans once did battle on
The dusty road, and rattle on
From morning until night.

Genzano town has proud men; in palaces they dwell,
And gaze across the waste land below their citadel;
And whether they be single or husband a good lass,
The gladness all men ask of wine
Is theirs in many a cask of wine
Or wicker-waisted flask of wine
They tilt into the glass.

Genzano girls have long locks and wavy locks and black
That lie in coils upon the head or twisted down the back.
Their eyes are shining darkness, a mine that's full of
fire;
Like fillics with their tails a-drift,
They walk amid the males a-drift,
And see them not. The sails a-drift
Are all their eyes desire.

Genzano girls are lovely. I know on what they muse,
It isn't on the wine-casks and whence they are or whose;
But why they flaunt a red cheek or why they hide a pale
Is that far-shining beam of light,
The faint and furtive gleam of light
As hazy as a dream of light,
That shows a lover's sail.

—WILFRID THORLEY, in the *New Witness*.



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FEATURES OF THIS WEEKS ISSUE

Leader—Learning Too Late, p. 25. Notes—Bad Books; Another Macgill Book; *Altar Steps*; *The Holly Tree*, p. 26. Topics—Irish History; The War Scare; A Presbyterian Cloud; American Charity; The German Centre Party; Programme of Christian Labor Conference; Vaudeville Religion, pp. 14-15. Writings of Padraic Pearse, p. 9. What France Wants From Germany, p. 13. Roman Letter, p. 19. Michael Collins, p. 23. The Evils of Paternalism, p. 37.

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, OCTOBER 12, 1922.

LEARNING TOO LATE

WE have more than once called attention to the fact that the leading English papers were unanimous recently in praising the conduct during the War of the Pope whom our New Zealand dailies denounced as pro-German because he was not, like themselves, blind and un-Christian. English journalists, who as a rule are educated men, have admitted the truth; ours who are incapable of either learning or thinking have not even the grace to be ashamed of themselves. To learn too late is unfortunately the way of the British. Events have now taught them that the game of grab which was called the Versailles Conference was a mistake; other events have taught them that atrocities and frightfulness cannot conquer a brave people. They have learned the lesson at a terrible cost, and there are some who think they have learned too late.

*

Pope Leo laid down in a series of brilliant Encyclicals the philosophy of Christian ethics and economics. Succeeding Popes emphasised his teaching and preached to the nations the sound principles by which peace might be secured. Irresponsible gutter-journalists and politicians whose sole tenure of office rested on their bigotry told the deluded people that the teaching of the late Pope was inspired by Berlin; and the P.P.Ass persuaded thoughtless men and women that the Vatican, whence came the doctrines which thoughtful Protestants now admit were the saving truth, was only aiming at world-domination. The masses will never learn; the lower classes of daily journalists will never learn; but it is good to see that, even at this late, if not too late, hour, the English leaders of thought are coming to see for themselves how they were misled and how mistaken the world was to turn deaf ears to the teaching of the Popes. Some time ago, Lord Robert Cecil spoke at a meeting, urging that it was high time to set about correcting the evils of social and political and economic life by a revival of sound Christian principles. He pointed out that most of the current troubles arise from "the twin theories of evolution and false political economy," defining the causes

of the present collapse almost in the words of the Popes. Later, a mass meeting was held in Hyde Park, London, for the purpose of organising public sentiment in favor of the propaganda of Christian principles throughout England. Lord Robert Cecil was the leading spirit and all elements of British society were represented by leading men, religious and non-religious. There were an Anglican bishop, a Jesuit priest, and many notable people from the ranks of capital, labor, and political life present. The opinions of the meeting were expressed in the following grave words:

"In face of the collapse of our existing economic, industrial, and social order, and of so much blindness in statesmanship, this meeting urges all men and women of good will to recognise the solution of the deadlock can be found only in the practical application of the principles of Christianity to all departments of human life. It declares that a persistent refusal to apply these principles of truth and justice and brotherly love is a denial of Jesus Christ, who lived and died for their establishment on earth."

Here, then, we have the thinking men of England admitting that the only hope of reconstruction is by adopting the advice given time and again by Pope Leo and by Pope Benedict. It is good that this should come, even so late, but if it is to be effective it must go beyond resolutions recommending the adoption of ethical principles. Men must go to the foundation of the principles and make religion the basis of reformation, because after all the abandonment of the principles sprang from irreligion and it is the latter that must be attacked first.

*

National apostasy, the banishment of God from the schools, the teaching of the unsubstantiated theories of evolution as if they were proven, the blind adherence to materialistic and utilitarian theories of economics and politics: these are the real causes why Jesus Christ means nothing to the masses, why his principles are forgotten by the men who make war and peace, recking little of the lives at stake; and until religion is restored; until the children are taught that the honor of God is more important than posturing before a bit of bunting; until the eternal and immutable laws of God sway public men and inspire our legislators; until men are returned to Parliament on grounds of fitness and not because they pledge themselves to support a gang of promoters of religious hatred, there will be no reconstruction. In England, where there are large numbers of decent public men, where there are many educated men, men of high principles who are willing to put the common welfare before their own selfish interests, there is some hope. But what are we to say of New Zealand, with its place-hunting politicians, its unprincipled Cabinet Ministers, its debased and demoralised press, its unmanly school teachers, ready to boycott boys whose success is a shame and a reproach to them, its No Popery parsons, its meddlesome and intolerant Council-of-Churches, its records of crime, its corruption in public and social life, its system of education which trains the young people not to think for themselves, its petty tyranny, its pandering to bigots, its retrograde legislation? If New Zealand ever learns at all the danger is that it will have learned too late. It may be that some day England (or Ireland) will take over the Dominion and send out a few men of brains and principles to govern it, but the present indications are that as it has gone down the hill, morally, economically and politically for the past ten years, it will go down more rapidly in the next decade, unless the people awake.

◆◆◆

Music Examinations

At the Theory Examination in connection with Trinity College, London, held at Oamaru in June, the following numbers of pupils of Miss H. Cartwright, L.T.C.L., L.A.B., and Miss M. Cartwright, L.T.C.L., were successful:—Junior division, 8 (honors); preparatory division, 4 (honors), pass 4.

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NOTES

Bad Books

Americans do not like bad books, and their Government acts accordingly. Thus we read that, on June 21, a representative of the Western Society for the Suppression of Vice had John Kidd, head of a Cincinnati firm, fined 1000 dollars for selling Boccaccio's *Decameron* and the works of Rabelais. Copies of the following books were also seized in New York: *Women in Love*, by D. H. Lawrence; *A Young Girl's Diary*, by an Austrian girl; *Casanova's Return*, by Arthur Schnitzler. Boni and Liveright were prosecuted for selling the *Satyricon* of Petronius, and Robert Keable's *Simon Called Peter* was banned. Some people object to such drastic action, but if immoral books are an evil there is only one way of dealing with them. It were no harm if action on similar lines were introduced into New Zealand, and a beginning might be made with the list of blackguardly books by guttersnipes advertised in the Saturday issue of the *Otago Daily Times* for the sake of a few shillings paid by the P.P.A. to that smug daily of pharasaical New Zealand. If the directors of the *Otago Daily Times* make money by such methods their hands are not clean enough for decent people to shake.

Another Macgill Book

Patrick Macgill is known to those who read him as an Irishman who makes money by throwing mud at the country of his birth for the entertainment of English people. His elemental coarseness and brutality, combined with the fact that he was much advertised as a navvy author, secured him a certain amount of popularity until readers grew weary of having the same story retold them in book after book. For some time past we have avoided being taken in by a Macgill novel and consequently are no longer qualified to speak with any authority concerning his more recent productions. For the benefit of those who might be tempted to waste money on his last we quote from the *New Witness* the following expressive review of *Lanty Hanlon*:

Lanty Hanlon. By Patrick Macgill. Jenkins. 7/6 net.

Mr. Macgill has succeeded admirably in providing Mr. Jenkins with the approved type of fictional Irish folk in his latest novel. It is indeed a far cry from the *Children of the Dead End* to the mention of farce and slobber that distinguishes *Lanty Hanlon*, who combines the sentimentality of a Valgian with the dishonesty of a South African millionaire. No doubt it will prove a good selling mixture, for not an Irishman in it but is either fool or knave, the hero being an apotheosis of the two, especially when he does the thimble-rigging stunt in his own village. It looks as if Mr. Macgill either had been away too long from kindly Donegal to remember what his countrymen really are like, or else had determined to present an ideal picture. All the same, we presume that few of the Irish will be flattered, while we even doubt if many of the untravelled English will accept these marionettes' capers as produced by real flesh and blood or their unintelligent jabber as a sample of village wit.

'Altar Steps'

Compton McKenzie holds a prominent place among the leading English novelists of to-day, although opinions differ concerning his real worth as an artist. In the half-dozen novels by which he is best known—*Sinister Street*, *Guy and Pauline*, *Carnival*, *Sylvia Scarlett*, *Sylvia and Michael*—he has amply proved that he has imagination and insight and that he can write English prose. Against that one must set his fondness for neologisms, or even for invented words, his redundancy, and his fondness for dwelling on the sinfulness of young men and women. In fact it is hardly too much to say, notwithstanding his reception

by serious critics, that he is rather an evil influence than otherwise, and that few are likely to be improved by his fiction. Perhaps it is by way of making some reparation for past transgressions that he has now given us in *Altar Steps* a weary, long-drawn story of Anglican clergymen and bishops, and of the differences of opinion among the High and Low Churchmen of England. There is in the book much good character drawing, and if you like long descriptions of all sorts of places you will find them there. But, as a story to read with interest and profit, we have nothing to say by way of recommendation of it.

"The Holly Tree"

This book is by one Gerald O'Donovan, of whom, as of Patrick Macgill, we say frankly that he is not worth while. And, as in the case of Macgill, once upon a time we used to read an O'Donovan book until experience brought us more knowledge of the man. Hence, as a warning to our readers we once more borrow the opinion of a reviewer. In the *Irish World* we find the following plain writing:

The Holly Tree, by Gerald O'Donovan. London, William Heinemann.

To be perfectly frank we look on the author of this work as a rascal. He has been called an Irish "Maria Monk," and we understand he is an ex-priest. He recently brought out a work to which George Moore, a renegade Irishman concerning whom queer things are told, and Francis Hackett, another peculiar type of Irishman, gave their blessing. The book was a labored attack on the honor of Irish girls and women, and was evidently intended to appeal to the meanest strata of anti-Irish and anti-Catholic bigotry.

The author breaks fresh ground here. There is little of the morbid, anti-clericalism that disfigures previous books from his pen. The theme he chooses now is the classic one of the ages—Love. With such simple materials as a couple of West of Ireland families and a strange young man, he weaves an idyll which moves the reader.

The motive is as ancient as civilisation. An unhappy marriage—a girl wedded to a man who never reaches her heart. Then comes the stranger who moves her. It is her child who saves her soul.

The Auckland Catholic Students' Guild

A meeting took place at the Sacred Heart College on Sunday, the 1st inst., for the purpose of forming a Catholic Students' Guild. After his Lordship Dr. Liston had expressed his pleasure at seeing such a large number present, and wished them Godspeed in their excellent undertaking, Rev. Brother Borgia (Director of the college) pointed out the need of having such an organisation. Wellington and Dunedin had their Catholic Students' Guilds, and, although Auckland had been first in the field by the founding of the Newman Society, which had flourished so many years and had done such admirable work, it was felt that it would be better to strike out on new lines and start an association which should have a sound democratic basis. The motion "that an Auckland Catholic Students' Guild be formed" was enthusiastically carried.

The following office-bearers were elected:—Patron, Right Rev. Dr. Liston, Coadjutor-Bishop of Auckland; president, Rev. Brother Borgia, B.A., Director of Sacred Heart College; hon. secretary, Miss Terry; hon. treasurer, Mr. McGrail. It was resolved that the next meeting should take place on Sunday, October 29 when a presidential address would be delivered by Brother Borgia.

His Lordship Dr. Liston then invited members to hold the meeting at the Bishop's Palace, Ponsonby, on that date, and gave further proof of his practical encouragement by promising to donate a complete set of volumes of the *Catholic Encyclopedia* to serve as the nucleus of a library for the reading circle.

His Lordship delivered a very instructive and inspiring address, laying stress on the great ideals to be aimed at if we are to make our lives fruitful in the eyes of God.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was then given in the college chapel.

Sacred Heart College, Auckland

The Marist Brothers' Scholarships Examination will take place on SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2. Entries close NOVEMBER 10.

BROTHER BORGIA, B.A.,
Director.

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Auckland

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

His Lordship Dr. Whyte, Bishop of Dunedin, was a passenger by the north express yesterday (Wednesday) morning on the first stage of his journey to Melbourne to attend a conference of the Hierarchy. His Lordship, who joins the Ulmaroa at Wellington for Sydney, expects to return to his diocese within a few weeks.

Rev. Brother Maguire, of the Christian Brothers, arrived in Dunedin from Melbourne on Tuesday, to replace Rev. Brother Doherty (who recently left for Australia) on the teaching staff of the local boys' school.

Extensive preparations have been made for the celebration of the Jubilee of St. Joseph's Cathedral Choir, which is to be observed by a re-union of past and present members in St. Joseph's Hall this (Thursday) evening. On Sunday next, commencing at 7 p.m., the choir will give a Jubilee Sacred Recital in St. Joseph's Cathedral.

Mrs. J. A. McGrath, who is shortly leaving Dunedin owing to the retirement of her husband, Superintendent McGrath, was entertained at St. Philomena's Convent, South Dunedin, on last Thursday. Afternoon tea was provided by the Sisters of Mercy, and a very pleasing musical programme was contributed by the orphan children of St. Vincent's and St. Joseph's (Waverley). Among the guests were the ladies of the Sewing Guild, with whom Mrs. McGrath has been a fellow-worker since coming to this city. As a memento of her connection with the guild and orphanage, Mrs. McGrath was presented by Mr. A. Clark, on behalf of the members, with a handsomely-bound volume and other gifts, including one for her daughter, Miss Madeline McGrath. As a prelude to the musical programme, one of the little orphan children, on behalf of the whole, voiced sentiments of gratitude to their good friend, and their great sorrow at her severance from them. Best wishes for many years of health and happiness were expressed on all sides to the departing guest.

ST. VINCENT'S ORPHANAGE FUND NOTES.

A jumble sale will be held on next Saturday week (October 21) in St. Peter's Hall, Caversham, in aid of the above fund. The sale will open at 2 p.m., and will be followed in the evening by a Dutch auction, musicale, and social. Afternoon tea will be supplied, as well as supper during the evening. An enjoyable programme has been arranged. Children from the orphanage assisted by other performers will give attractive items at a matinee during the afternoon. Every effort is being made to provide for the entertainment of patrons, and the promoters hope for a full measure of support in an effort to make the function an outstanding success.

A euchre party in aid of the Children of Mary's stall, will be held in St. Patrick's Schoolroom, South Dunedin, on next Tuesday evening, the 17th inst.

A "gift afternoon," of which Mrs. Thompson will be hostess, will be held at her residence, No. 11 North Road, North-East Valley, on Monday next, the 16th inst., in aid of the local stall funds. Every preparation is being made for the entertainment of a large number of visitors.

An enjoyable and successful social, given by Mr. and Mrs. Kinney, was held recently at the "Mansions," St. Clair, in aid of the Children of Mary's Stall. Excellent music was provided by Mr. and Mrs. Coughlan and friends. The attendance was most satisfactory, and as a result the funds will benefit considerably.

A "gift afternoon" will be held in the Mornington Convent School grounds on Saturday next, the 14th inst., beginning at 2.30. Besides other attractions, a first-class children's programme has been arranged. The committee hope to see a large attendance.

Ordination at St. Patrick's Basilica South Dunedin

At the nine o'clock Mass on last Sunday at St. Patrick's Basilica, his Lordship Dr. Whyte, Bishop of the diocese, officiated at the impressive ceremony of ordination, when Rev. Stanislaus Marlow (son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Marlow, Musselburgh) was raised to the dignity of the priesthood, and Revs. Charles Tylee and James Lennon (Dunedin) and Timothy Lenihan (Wellington) had the sub-diaconate conferred upon them. All the above-named are students of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel. His Lordship the Bishop was assisted in the ceremony by Rev. Father Morkane (Rector of the college) and Rev. Dr. Buxton; Rev. Fathers F. Marlow and Eccleston, S.M., assisting in the sanctuary. There was a large congregation, the parents, brothers, and two sisters of the newly-ordained priest who are Sisters of the Order of Our Lady of Mercy, being among those present. At the conclusion of the ceremony these were the first to receive the blessing of the newly-ordained priest, a like privilege being subsequently extended to the whole congregation.

Father Marlow, assisted by his brother (Rev. Francis Marlow), celebrated his first Mass on Monday at the chapel of the Sisters of Mercy, St. Philomena's Convent, upwards of 50 guests being afterwards entertained to breakfast by the Sisters.

The London *Tablet*, the oldest Catholic paper in England, was established in 1840 by Frederick Lucas, a Quaker convert of the Church and a cousin of the celebrated John Bright of England.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

October 9.

Rev. Father O'Connell, S.M., of St. Mary's, has opened his picture screenings in the Memorial Hall, and these have proved successful in every way. The two entertainments already given have been well attended, and Thursday evening of each week is to be set apart for future programmes.

On Sunday afternoon, Mr. Frank Maling, with his "juvenile merry-makers," visited St. Joseph's Home, Middleton, and gave a most enjoyable performance to the inmates. The party was at its full strength, and a variety of items were given. Mr. Maling's kindly action is much appreciated by the Sisters in charge of the Home.

Gisborne

(From our own correspondent.)

October 3.

The devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration was concluded on Sunday with a "Missa Cantata," celebrated at 10 o'clock by Rev. Father Lane. The music was Concone's Mass in E flat, very capably rendered by St. Mary's Choir. Mr. Charles Wood conducted, and his orchestra gave valuable assistance. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given at the conclusion of Mass.

The quarterly meeting of the local branch of the Hibernian Society was held last Tuesday, when the resignation of Bro. C. Moore as treasurer was received with regret. Bro. Moore has ably filled the position for a number of years, and was accorded a hearty vote of thanks for his much valued services. The members are to approach the Holy Table for their quarterly Communion on next Sunday.

The Children of Mary gave an enjoyable social on last Thursday evening. Members of the Hibernian Society assisted at the function, and the gathering of patrons and friends of the sodality spent a very pleasant time.

H.A.C.B. Society, Napier

A special summoned meeting of St. John's branch of the Hibernian Society, Napier, held on the 3rd inst., in St. Patrick's Hall, was very largely attended, among those present being many of the older members who had not put in an appearance at the meetings for years (writes a correspondent). After disposing of the routine business, consisting of the passing for payment of sick pay (£5 10s) and the appointment of P.P. Bro. P. Cunningham and Bro. T. G. Liddle as delegates to confer with the other lodges in the district in regard to medical fees, Bro. Cunningham spoke of the various ways and means whereby the benefits of the society may be better brought to the knowledge of the young men of the parish and the good work it was doing fully explained to them. With this object in view it was decided to hold a banquet and also a Communion breakfast at an early date. A committee was appointed, comprising the executive, with Bros. F. Burns, J. Callaghan, and J. Mahony, to arrange details in connection with these functions.

The Sistine Choir Soloists

(Contributed.)

The Sistine Choir Soloists have come and gone. Auckland music lovers have never before enjoyed such a rare treat. The person who fails to hear this combination of artists—every one of them an artist—will never know what he or she has missed. Bases, baritenes, and tenors are beautifully balanced and harmonised. To listen to the company sing the "Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust" and the "Song of the Toreador" (with chorus) from "Carmen," one is lost in amazement and enthusiasm. The volume of sound would compare with any fifty or sixty of a chorus in this Dominion. The solo numbers are all incomparably rendered, and it was a common thing to recall the performer four and even five times, amidst unbounded and frenzied enthusiasm. And the singers readily respond. Indeed, one often sympathises with the obliging artists. A word for the conductor. He obtains from those under his baton every ounce of energy, while in the tender pianissimo passages he leads and impels his men in a manner not to be denied. He excels at the piano, and much of the success of the concerted numbers is due to his magnificent work. The closing scenes of the final concert here will ever be memorable to all those who were privileged to take part in them. For our southern friends an exceptional treat is in store at the hands of these gifted sons of sunny Italy.

Rev. Father Westropp's Indian Missions

Rev. Father Westropp (per Bert. Gallien, North-east Valley) begs to acknowledge parcels of stamps, etc., from Sisters of St. Joseph, Convent, Hastings; Mrs. B. O'Connor, Timaru; M. A. Slattery, Reefton; Mrs. O. H., Blenheim; Master E. Vaughan, Naseby; S.M. Barbara, Priory; Miss N. Fleming, Riversdale; Miss M. Brien, New Plymouth; Mrs. J. Holland, Gore; Miss M. Mallow, Dargaville; Miss M. Mannix, Taranaki; E. N. Taylor, Linwood; Miss T. Glass, Bay of Plenty; A. J. Corcoran, Island Bay, Wellington; Mrs. P. T. Lynch, Queenstown.

DEATHS

- BURKE.**—Of your charity pray for the soul of William James Burke, of Kanieri (Westland), who died at Hokitika on October 4, 1922.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.
- HANRAHAN.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Hanrahan, brother of Patrick Hanrahan, Ashburton, who died on October 4, 1922; aged 73 years.—R.I.P.
- MOLONEY.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Kathleen Mary, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Moloney of Frankton Junction (late of Dunedin), who died at Palmerston on October 5, 1922.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.
- MURPHY.**—On October 7, 1922, at the residence of his parents, Police Station, Alexandra, Kevin Maurice, beloved youngest son of Edmund J. and Elizabeth Murphy; aged 8 months.
- ROUGHAN.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John, beloved husband of Margaret Roughan, and brother of Mrs. Duffy, Roslyn, who died at his residence, 47 Hope Street, Dunedin, on October 9, 1922; in his 53rd year.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.
- WALSH.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of William, beloved fifth son of Patrick and Mary Walsh, who died at Edendale on October 1, 1922; aged 14 years.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

- ATWILL.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Lieutenant Joseph Atwill, who was killed in action on the Somme on October 1, 1916.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his loving mother, sister, and brother.
- BLACK.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Black, who died at Dunedin on October 11, 1920.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loving daughter—M. McCluskey.
- BLACK.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John, dearly beloved husband of Rosalia Black, and loving father of Mrs. J. Nolan, Otane, Hawke's Bay, who died on October 11, 1920.—Sweet Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.
- COSGROVE.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James Cosgrove, who was killed in action in France on October 8, 1918.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loving parents, brothers, and sisters.
- CROSSEN.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of George Laurence Crossen (9th Reinforcements), who died at Christchurch on October 13, 1919.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loving mother, sisters, and brothers.
- HICKEY.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Private James Joseph Hickey, who was killed in action in France on Passchendaele Ridge, on October 12, 1917.—R.I.P.—Inserted by his sorrowing parents, brothers, and sister (Mrs. M. Cogan, Patearoa).
- KELLY.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of William, dearly loved husband of Bridget Agnes Kelly, who died at Pahiataua on October 8, 1920.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy. Sacred Heart of Jesus, pray for him.
- LUFARO.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Francis, beloved husband of Margaret Lufaro, who died at Lyttelton on October 13, 1920.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.
- MOLLOY.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Captain Cyril Molloy, M.C., who was killed in action at Passchendaele on October 4, 1918.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.
- RUSSELL.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of David Alexander Russell, who died in France from wounds on October 3, 1917.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his parents, sisters, and brother, Manunui.

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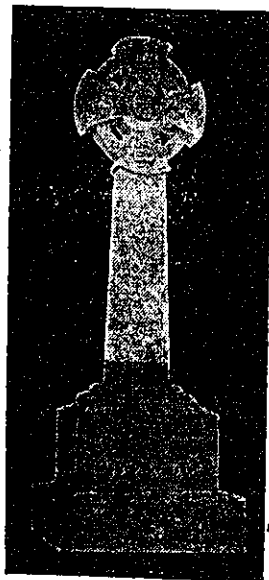
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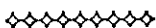
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Commonwealth Notes

NEW SOUTH WALES.

The late Mr. Tighe Ryan, editor of the *Catholic Press*, left an estate valued at about £6000. With the exception of £500 each to his two sisters, and £100 for Masses for his soul, he left the whole of his estate to his Grace the Archbishop for the benefit of the poor schools. By this splendid act of Christian charity Mr. Tighe Ryan crowned a life which was devoted to the services of our holy faith, and thus he deserves that his memory should be preserved as an example to his fellow-citizens and to future generations. On Monday of last week (says the *Freeman's Journal* for September 28) a meeting of his friends decided to commemorate his silver jubilee as a Catholic editor by a presentation. A handsome beginning was made, and there was ample promise that a considerable sum would be received. Mr. Ryan's untimely death made the desire of his friends impracticable; but they feel that the money which would have been freely given to the living man, might fittingly be applied to a memorial for one who lived so worthily, and who was faithful to his principles, even in death. His Grace the Archbishop was approached for a suggestion, and his approval was given to an endowment for St. Gabriel's Home for Deaf-Mute Boys, an institution which makes an appeal to all Australia, and towards which Mr. Tighe Ryan had a special attraction.

Sunday, the 17th ult., was a gala day for the Catholics of Tamworth, the occasion being the celebration of the golden jubilee of the Dominican Nuns. His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, ever solicitous to promote the happiness of each member of his flock, graciously came from Armidale expressly to be present at the celebration of this unique event. The proceedings began with Solemn High Mass in St. Nicholas's Church, at which the Bishop presided. A specially trained choir rendered in a devotional manner Tedesco's Mass. During the course of his address to the very large congregation, his Lordship reminded his hearers that the Sister now celebrating her golden jubilee had formed one of the pioneer band of Dominican Nuns that came to Tamworth nearly 47 years ago. He referred in felicitous terms to the great work thus done for the people of Tamworth by the worthy jubilarian, whose years of devoted service had ministered to the needs of three generations. It was then very fitting, added his Lordship, that they should assemble in such large numbers to do honor to the venerable jubilarian, Sister Mary de Pazzi, and he congratulated the people in testifying in so practical a way their appreciation of the good Sister's useful and noble work in their midst. His Lordship made feeling reference to the memory of the late Mother Mary Regis, who had pioneered the way for the first band of Sisters in Tamworth, and who labored there so successfully during the best years of her life.



SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

His Grace the Archbishop of Adelaide (Most Rev. Dr. Spence), on a recent Sunday formally opened the recent additions to the Sacred Heart College, conducted by the Marist Brothers at Glenelg, and also laid the foundation stone of the new chapel, to cost £10,000, which will serve as a memorial to ex-students of the college who were killed at the war, and also to commemorate the golden jubilee of educational activities of the Marist Brothers in Australia. The Archbishop paid a tribute to the great progress made by the Marist Brothers' colleges since they started in Sydney 50 years ago, and said it was fitting they should honor the brave men who fell in the war.



QUEENSLAND.

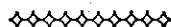
The fifth annual reunion of the priests of the Queensland branch of the Manly Union took place on Tuesday, September 12, at Ipswich (says the *Catholic Advocate*). The Union is an association of the priests ordained at St. Patrick's Ecclesiastical College, Manly, New South Wales, since its establishment over 30 years ago. It was formed with the principal purpose of encouraging and fostering vocations to the priesthood through the various dioceses of Australia. This object is aimed at in many ways, the most notable of which is the self-imposed obligation of assisting by financial aid boys whose means would otherwise be insufficient to enable them to pursue the long years of study necessary for ordination. It is to be feared that not infrequently in the past vocations have been lost on account of financial difficulties of this nature, and to meet so regrettable an evil the Manly Union has founded a number of bursaries to be made available for lads who without such help would be unable to undergo the six to eight years' course of study in the ecclesiastical seminaries of Springwood and Manly.



WEST AUSTRALIA.

An important event at Highgate, on Sunday, September 3 (says the *W.A. Record*), was the solemn blessing and laying of the foundation stone of the new chapel and other additions to the Convent of Notre Dame des Missions, both of which, when completed, will fulfil a long-felt want.

A feature of the chapel is its dedication to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in memory of the "Little Flower," Soeur Theresa of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face. It is the first edifice of the kind to be built in Australia in honor of the Venerable Therese, no small confidence being reposed in her intercession by the Community of Notre Dame. The chapel is commodious indeed, and the additions to the already familiar convent are extensive. When completed the entire building will undoubtedly be an important adjunct to the many achievements of ecclesiastical architecture in the archdiocese. In his opening remarks at the function, his Grace Dr. Clune, Archbishop of Perth, expressed his appreciation of the privilege to help in the appeal to the generosity of the people on such an occasion. His interpretation of the gathering he witnessed there was that it was in the cause of Catholic education towards which the Sisters of the Mission had contributed a quarter of a century of incomparable zeal whose noble lives were spent in that cause, and of whose successful part in that cause no one can question. Their brilliant successes in teaching the young people of Highgate were well known. They were there as a duty to those who were sacrificing their lives for the proper education of children. The building in progress was not a luxury—it was an absolute necessity. It was undertaken in order that the Sisters may be able to better carry on their work. It was the wonder of those who knew how such a large community could be housed in a small convent. There appeared to be not the same concern regarding the self-sacrificing Sisters by the people in their own homes. The community had been compelled to live from year's end to year's end cramped in small space and insanitary surroundings. The health of the Sisters was first consideration. They should enjoy healthful conditions, and for lack of resources they had to put up with many inconveniences and had come not to regard comfort. In a climate like this their oratory must be large to accommodate a large number of Sisters. As was known, the oratory was a place where in proper surroundings and comfort the Sisters could pray before God, where is found the spirit of faith that sustains them in their lives. The faith is kept alive in the oratory; it is there that the spark is ignited which thrills the faculties and sustains the power and energy to work for Almighty God and the salvation of souls; where the spirit is revived and the soul brought near to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord in the tabernacle. His Grace implored the people to help in providing proper housing and decent living conditions, so that health would not be endangered, and give the Sisters a chance to carry on. He was proud of their brilliant and enduring work. The community had assumed a heavy financial burden—he would save a crushing burden were it not for their faith in God and their trust in the people. The atmosphere was full of hope and confidence, and he took that opportunity of again thanking them for their magnificent work among the young generation for the past 25 years.



TASMANIA.

About this time next year (says the Melbourne *Tribune* for September 21) Right Rev. Mgr. Beechinor, of Launceston, will celebrate the diamond jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. Mgr. Beechinor occupies a high place in the Catholic Church in Australia, and in the esteem of the people of Tasmania, amongst whom he has worked for nearly half a century. He studied at Propaganda College, Rome, and still reads and speaks Italian with facility. He was personally acquainted with the great Popes, Pius IX., Leo XIII., and Pius X., and heard both Cardinals Newman and Manning preach on several occasions. The Monsignor is also a great Horatian student, and those who know him well declare that he knows by heart every line that Horace wrote. He is a devout priest, a lover of his people, and in many respects one of the most remarkable personalities in Australia. His reminiscences of the great men of the Roman Curia and of the Irish Hierarchy of 40 and 50 years ago are of absorbing interest, particularly as the Monsignor is a gifted raconteur. Although Mgr. Beechinor is now in the 60th year of his priestly work for God and man, he enjoys splendid health, and his mental qualities are as active and vigorous as ever. He is a member of a family almost as famous in Church history as the Vaughans. His uncle (Dr. Murphy) was Archbishop of Hobart for many years, and died at a very great age; and his brother (Archdeacon Beechinor) has long ago celebrated his golden jubilee. A sister was a celebrated nun, whose work will never be forgotten in Tasmania.



God is trying to make men of us, because He wishes this world to be a credit to Himself and to us.—Father John Baptist Reeves, O.P.

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Our Sports Summary

NAPIER.

With the defeat, by 40 points to 8, of the King Country team by Hawke's Bay for the Ranfurly Shield, football has terminated for the present season in Napier (writes a correspondent). The M.B.O.B. did very well this year in Rugby football, and succeeded in putting five teams on the field every Saturday. The senior team, often playing splendid football, finished third in the competition, whilst the 3rd grade, playing off for the final, was beaten, after a fast and exciting game, by 3 points to nil. The senior team had two representatives in the team which toured the South Island, and several others were picked to represent Napier against outside teams. The Marist School teams have also given a very good account of themselves this season, the junior grade competition being won by the school after very strenuous games, and the senior school team finished third on the list.

ASHBURTON.

St. Mary's Tennis Club opened the present season on last Saturday afternoon (writes our own correspondent). Unfortunately the club is being confronted with an apparent injustice, which is being vigorously resented. After occupying two courts in the Domain for many years the club is now under notice to quit on December 31. A social general meeting of members and supporters has been convened to go thoroughly into the matter.

CHRISTCHURCH.

The annual meeting of the Christchurch Cathedral Tennis Club was held on the 21st ult., Mr. J. R. Hayward presiding over a large attendance of members. Owing to the heavy expenditure on the courts during the year the credit balance in the club's funds is small. With his Lordship Dr. Brodie and Sir George Clifford as patrons, the following office-bearers were elected:—President, Mr. J. R. Hayward; club captain, Mr. J. F. Behrens; vice-captain and secretary, Mr. C. Dix; treasurer, Mr. J. J. Flood; committee—Misses O. Steinmetz, Doocey, O'Brien, Blair, and Brittenden, Messrs. L. O'Malley, O'Loughlin, McNamara, Upjohn, and Roache; delegate to Tennis Association, Mr. J. F. Behrens. A separate court is being set aside for learners, who will receive every consideration at the hands of the committee.

CATHOLIC ATHLETES MEET IN BOHEMIA.

More than 2000 Catholic athletic associations took part in the great contests that opened at Brunn, under the auspices of the Orels, or Eagles—the great Catholic gymnastic organisation in the Czecho-Slovak Republic. There is possibly nothing quite like this athletic meeting anywhere else in the world; for the spirit of religion and the spirit of sport were so closely intermingled as to make the whole gathering unique.

The proceedings began with a solemn act of worship in the Cathedral at Brunn. After that Mgr. Sramek, who is Minister of Railways in the Cabinet and President of the Confederation of the Eagles, gave an address of welcome to the athletes from Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia, and Russian Subcarpathia. The speech was wildly cheered, and at its conclusion the heads of the regional associations nominated Mgr. Sramek as their first honorary member.

The daily contests in the huge stadium began each day with the celebration of military Mass, at which all the contestants and most of the spectators were present.

In a later note, *Catholic News Service*, London, states:—

Now that the athletic contests, organised in Brunn by the Orels, an association of Catholic gymnastic societies, are over, it is possible to give an adequate review of these unique events.

More than 50,000 spectators assembled daily in the vast stadium to watch the events, in which some 12,000 athletes of both sexes took part. From all parts of Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia they came, together with contestants from Vienna; marching into the stadium with six bands of music and more than a thousand flags.

Mgr. Barina celebrated Mass in the stadium, and then 2880 young girls went through their exercises, to be followed by 3520 lads. These contests were kept up each day that the congress lasted.

On the opening day there was a large attendance of official personages, among them Generals Bily and Stehlik, and many Senators and Deputies of the Popular Party.

But besides the Czecho-Slovaks taking part in the contests, there was a very good representation from other States. Among them were members of athletic associations in Paris, Brussels, Florence, Rome, Milan, Laibach, and Czecho-Slovaks domiciled in the United States.

The committee had secured an imposing list of honorary presidents, among whom were found the Papal Nuncio at Prague, Marshal Foch, the Cardinal Primate of Poland, the Archbishop of Prague, the Metropolitan of Moravia, the Bishop of Lwow, and the Bishops of Laibach, Nitra, and Nancy.

Wars and Rumors of Wars

ARCHBISHOP MANNIX'S PROPHECIC UTTERANCES

Speaking at Broken Hill on Sunday, September 10, Most Rev. Dr. Mannix referred to his wartime utterances which, in view of the latest war scare, have special significance. His Grace said:—

"During the war I told the people who attacked me so bitterly that if, as they said they were, fighting to end all wars, they were going a very bad way about it. I told them that if they fought to a finish, as they were then talking of doing, they would probably be nearly finished themselves before they had finished their enemies, and that when peace was made it would be almost as bad as war, and would be only peace while they were taking breath to prepare for another war or many wars.

"For that I was again called a traitor, and it was said that a man who made such utterances ought to be deported from Australia and kept out of the British Empire upon which the sun never sets. Now, everybody knows that the position they have got themselves into is almost as bad as war. Many more people have died of starvation since peace was made than died during the war. To say that during the progress of the war was treason, and the person making the statement a traitor. During the war they were told by a great man that never again would they trade with their German foe; that never again would Australia buy even as much as a safety razor from the Germans. I told them it was ridiculous, and that if they were wise they would hold their tongues and not say such things. I told them that that policy would never succeed, and that if it did it would not be in the interests of Australia, but against her interests.

"What do we find now? We find that Australia has only very recently traded with Germany, and that the rest of the world has been trading with Germany direct for a very long time. Australia has been trading indirectly with Germany, and in consequence has been paying more for certain goods than she would have paid had the trading with Germany been direct. It would now seem that, as the other nations of the world have come to agree with me and those who thought like me at the time I made those utterances, there is no need for the rest of Australia to hold out. We waited until the whole of the world was out of step with Australia, and then we tried to limp up after the rest. Very likely the renunciation of me to which I have referred reached some of you here, and maybe some of you were carried away at the time by newspaper articles and speeches made by politicians. I want to tell you that I had nothing to gain by making those speeches. I am not a politician in receipt of £600 or £1000 a year. I am sure that were I in receipt of those amounts of money my politics would not be worth it."

Retirement of a Veteran Postman

RECORD SERVICES RECOGNISED.

When the other week Mr. W. J. Mulrooney, the veteran letter-carrier of Dunedin, was presented by his colleagues with a morris chair on the eve of his retirement, the chief postmaster (Mr. McCrae) said that the recipient was not only the senior letter-carrier of the district, but the senior letter-carrier of New Zealand. He joined the service on October 31, 1883, at Dunedin, his native town, when Mr. Archibald Barr was chief postmaster and Mr. George Miller had charge of the delivery department, and he has served his 39 years without any serious interruption. Mr. McCrae went on to say that Mr. Mulrooney had been the recipient of similar honors on previous occasions; being presented with a marble clock on his marriage, and with a suitable gift on the celebration of the silver jubilee of his wedding. The daily life of a letter-carrier when Mr. Mulrooney put on the uniform entailed a terrific amount of walking. Three of the runs which he worked at various times were nothing short of pedestrian tours. One included the whole of Caversham, St. Clair, and Fitzroy. Another comprehended the Mornington region. The third consisted of Kensington and South Dunedin to the beach, and took in Anderson Bay to the tram terminus.

In acknowledging the honor done him by his fellow-employees of the Postal Department, Mr. Mulrooney referred with pride to the fact that he was the happy father of ten children, eight of whom are still living. Three of his sons fought in France during the Great War, while a fourth was in camp when the Armistice was declared. Personally he had drawn the amount of his life insurance from the Savings Bank, and invested it in the first war loan. If any man can say he did more than that for his native country, I will take off my hat to him. Mr. Mulrooney was amongst the earliest pupils of the Christian Brothers' School in Dunedin.

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Faith of Our Fathers

[A WEEKLY INSTRUCTION FOR YOUNG AND OLD.]

II. General View of the Liturgical Year.

8. This is not all. In addition to the festivals, properly so called, offices are daily celebrated in the Church, which, though of minor solemnity, give to each day a religious coloring, and make it a kind of festival in which the faithful may participate according to their leisure or devotion; so that, viewed as one magnificent whole, the ecclesiastical liturgy presents the aspect of a perpetual festival.

9. By the word liturgy is understood the order of religious ceremonies adopted by the Church; it may be said to be the compendium of the external worship prescribed and deposited by her in her official books, which are for that reason called liturgical books.

The principal of these books is that which is known to all, the Missal, which the priest uses in saying Mass, and in which the entire ecclesiastical year is unfolded, from Advent to All Saints—the beginning and end of it.

The liturgy is composed of a series of sacred offices relating to the various mysteries of religion, the periodical succession of which, extending over the entire year, is perpetuated through the course of ages.

In this liturgical cycle first appear the three great solemnities of Easter, Pentecost, and Christmas next come the different feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and those of the holy Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, and Virgins; and finally the solemnity of All Saints, on which day we honor the whole multitude of the saints and blessed.

The few days that are not saints' days are, nevertheless, sanctified by offices proper to them, and are called *ferias*, from which name the Church would have her ministers to understand that, though they appear but ordinary days, they are given to them to be devoted to the praises of God.

10. We see, then, that the Church has fully made herself mistress of the time of the present life, which is the prelude to eternity. Knowing that time here below is only given to man as a pathway to lead him to his eternal country, she has divided this time into certain parts, as if into as many stages, broken by various festivals, to render the journey easier and more agreeable.

This division of time, marked by the ecclesiastical calendar, bears the impress of an admirable wisdom, and of the divine assistance of the Holy Ghost. It is based upon the division established by God Himself—the annual period and the weekly period.

11. The hebdomadary period, or the week, which is taken from the history of the creation of the world, represents the short duration of our mortal life—a life of labor and of sorrow—that will be followed by eternal rest in the house of the Lord. The Church sanctifies the days of the week by the holy day of Sunday. She goes so far as even to impress each individual day with a sacred character; so that the attentive Christian may every week behold the principal mysteries of his faith unfolded to his view. Thus, Sunday is especially consecrated to the Resurrection of our Lord; Friday, to His Passion; Thursday, to the mystery of the Blessed Eucharist; Saturday, to the Blessed Virgin; Monday, to the Blessed Trinity; Tuesday, to the holy Angels; and Wednesday, to the holy Apostles. This is indicated by the rules of the Missal, which reveal to us the mind of the Church.

12. The annual period, which is called the ecclesiastical year, rests upon the feasts of Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost, the three greatest solemnities, of which the most important is that of Easter, the movable centre of the whole liturgical order. These three solemnities remind us of the Three Persons of the Adorable Trinity. Christmas is, as it were, the festival of the infinite love of God the Father, who gives His only Son to the world; Easter, the festival of the infinite love of the Son of God, who dies for us on the Cross; and Pentecost is the festival of the infinite love of the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, who communicates Himself to the Church.

The festivals of Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost are like three cardinal points in the ecclesiastical liturgy. To

the festival of Christmas are linked the feasts of the Sacred Infancy and the hidden life of our Lord; to that of Easter, the mysteries of the public life, of the Passion and the Ascension; and with Pentecost are connected the mysteries of grace poured out by the Holy Ghost into the souls of men. The cycle of Pentecost is bound to that of Easter, and terminates with Advent.

During the period of about six months following the feast of Pentecost the eye of faith beholds the completion of the majestic construction of the Church, which, founded on the rock of truth, fructified by the blood of Christ, fortified by all the succors of grace and the helps of the Holy Spirit, constitutes, and will constitute to the end of time, the Ark of the New Covenant; that is to say, the ark of salvation for all who abandon themselves in a filial spirit to Providence with her pale.

13. The ecclesiastical year, then, we find is divided into three parts. The first of these comprises the four weeks of Advent preceding the nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ, and represents the four thousand years that preceded the coming of the Redeemer; the second part, from Christmas to the Ascension, retraces the mortal existence of our Lord when on earth; the third, namely, from Pentecost to All Saints—or rather up to the Sunday which closes the ecclesiastical year—represents the entire duration of the Church militant on earth, until the consummation of ages.

To the final solemnity of All Saints' succeed the Commemoration of the Dead, the Dedication of Churches, and the feast of Holy Relics, which, in like manner, bear reference to eternal life and to heaven.

We see, then, that the liturgical order, which represents to us the history of the world and the whole life of Christianity past, present, and future, terminates in the festivals of heaven, because, for the Christian, all tends to that happy consummation. Heaven, to the eyes of faith, is the watchword of existence.

14. What words can describe the beauty of our festivals, their harmony with the seasons at which they are celebrated, with the mysteries they recall, and the needs of our hearts? Let us for a moment suppose the festivals no longer to exist. Life and joy would have disappeared together with them; a dull monotony would reign throughout the year; the succession of days and seasons would become wearisome and insipid; and life, especially the Christian life, would become as it were impossible.

The solemnities of the Catholic Church, giving to each season of the year its joys and Christian feelings, are a necessity, and we are lifted by faith to that other world, where death shall be no more.

Such is the character of the Church festivals. They instruct, rejoice, fortify, and encourage; and by causing us to regard the Church on earth as an image of the Church in heaven, and, as it were, as the vestibule of paradise, they shed over this valley of tears a few rays of heavenly joy, and make the Christian life a prelude to a blessed eternity.

The Abbey Churches of England

Ampleforth's new abbey church, of which Cardinal Bourne laid the foundation stone during his recent visit to Yorkshire for Abbot President Smith's jubilee, will add yet another to the graceful abbey churches which are arising here and there in England, testifying eloquently to the failure of Henry VIII's policy of exterminating the monks. At Buckfast, Downside, Woolhampton (the home of the English Benedictines of Douai), Quarr, and Farnborough, just to take a few names at random, there are now fine abbey churches where the Benedictine tradition of being great builders is splendidly maintained. Ampleforth already has a fine church dating from the beginning of the 19th century but the new church promises to be on the scale of the fine abbeys for which Yorkshire was famous in past centuries.

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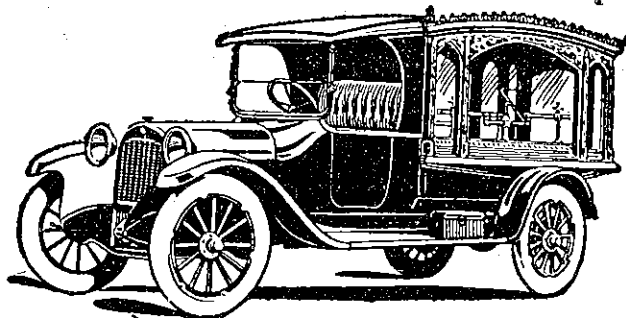
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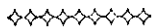
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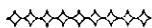
EXPLOITS OF A GALLANT SOLDIER.

Deep regret was felt in Mullingar when it was learned that Captain Peadar Conlon, who had been O.C. of Mullingar barracks for five or six months, had been wounded in an ambush near Ballina. Captain Conlon was a most energetic, courteous, and brave officer, and was most popular in Mullingar. He distinguished himself in several engagements in the Midlands since the beginning of hostilities. He took several barracks held by Irregulars, his latest feat before leaving being the capture single-handed of nine Irregulars whom he surprised in a house in Knockaville. Captain Conlon was put in charge of a flying column in the Western area. On one occasion he had a marvellous escape, a bullet grazing his back and another tearing his uniform.



MR. DEVLIN AT WESTMINSTER.

The London correspondent, in his review of the Parliamentary session at Westminster, says:—Mr. Devlin during the session made things very unpleasant for the anti-Irish forces by riveting the attention of members on the atrocities committed in Belfast and in other parts of the Six Counties area, and in opposing Imperial grants for the maintenance of the Ulster Special Constabulary, the political partisans who masquerade as the custodians of law and order in Carsonia. His vigorous speeches and searching questions brought home to the House the horrors of the campaign that had been organised against the lives and property of the Catholic minority under the jurisdiction of the "Northern" Parliament. His last act was to get the Colonial Secretary to grant an inquiry into the cold-blooded murders of three young men at Cushendall in June last.



THE LATE MR. H. BOLAND: INTERMENT IN GLASNEVIN CEMETERY.

After High Mass the remains of Mr. Harry Boland, T.D., were removed from the Carmelite Church, Whitefriars Street, Dublin, for interment in Glasnevin Cemetery.

The celebrant of the Mass was the Rev. Dr. Brown, Maynooth College. Over a dozen priests were in the choir. The solemn ceremonies were attended by relatives, friends, and political associates of the deceased, as well as by members of the Cumann-na-m-Ban, Fianna Boy Scouts, and representatives of the G.A.A., with which Mr. Boland had a long association. Along Aungier Street, in which the traffic was regulated by the Cumann-na-m-Ban, the general public congregated in considerable numbers to view the funeral cortege. The coffin was draped with the tri-color and the wreaths were so numerous that they had to be conveyed in several of the vehicles which followed the hearse to the cemetery. A guard of honor walked beside the bier, which was preceded by about 30 priests on foot. It was followed by the chief mourners, who included Mrs. Boland (mother), Miss Kathleen Boland (sister), Mr. E. Boland (brother), Miss Boland and Mrs. Shiel (aunts). Companies of the Cumann-na-m-Ban and kindred societies came next in the procession. After them walked a number of anti-Treaty T.D.'s and the members of the general public. A long line of vehicles, which made an impressive spectacle, composed the cortege, which passed down George's Street, through Dame Street, O'Connell Street, and the intervening thoroughfares to Glasnevin. At various points along the route numbers of spectators congregated, and reverently removed their hats as the remains were borne to their last resting-place. In O'Connell Street a touching incident was witnessed. The funeral was met by a Lancia car containing National troops. The vehicle was pulled up, and the occupants, having laid down their arms, removed their caps, and stood to attention until the hearse had passed. On arrival at the cemetery the remains were received by Father Fitzgibbon, the chaplain, and after a brief service they were interred in the Republican Plot. Three volleys were fired and the "Last Post" was sounded.

Madame Markievicz, speaking in Irish at the graveside, said there was no more loyal or faithful comrade than Harry Boland.



HORRIBLE OUTRAGE DURING MASS: BOMBER'S BLASPHEMY.

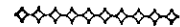
A deplorable and sacrilegious outrage is reported in the following official Army bulletin, recording fresh successes in West Limerick, which was issued from the Publicity Department, Field G.H.Q., South-Western Command, on a recent Sunday:—

"In West Limerick, Rathkeale, Broadford, Askeaton, and Ballingarry were captured after stiff engagements by the troops to-day.

"The people accorded the troops a tremendous welcome on their entry into the captured towns. General O'Duffy and Commandant-General Lynch were present when the troops marched into Rathkeale.

"At the early Mass in Rathkeale that morning, apparently because Canon O'Donnell, P.P., had been for weeks past advising the people to abide by democratic government, an Irregular went into the church with two bombs, avowing in very blasphemous language that he would 'do for' the Canon.

"Some friend of the Irregular followed him into the church and succeeded in getting him to leave without perpetrating any crime."



CANNOT BEAT THE PEOPLE: THE FUTILITY OF FORCE.

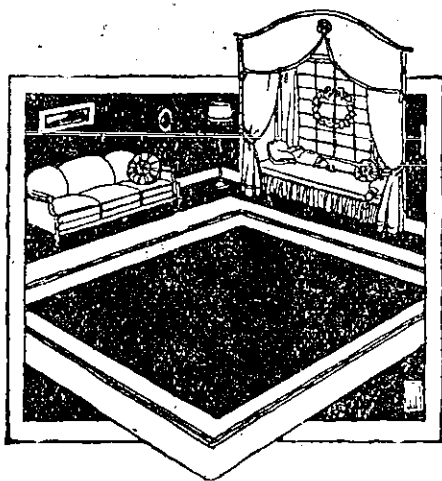
The *Gael*, declaring that "we have four-fifths of the freedom and independence we desire in the Treaty," asks "why not use it as a lever to secure complete freedom?" and describes as "sheer nonsense" the idea "that under the Free State Government loyalty to Britain would develop."

Addressing anti-Treatyites, the journal goes on:—

"You cannot but be aware that your party has not the sympathy and support of the Irish people. You must indeed realise that the vast mass of the people are hostile to you. . . . And yet, as individuals, most of you are esteemed by the people, whilst as a party you are abhorred. Neither is there any dislike for your political aim—an Irish Republic. But the Irish people think, and perhaps rightly so, that an attempt to secure an Irish Republic by force of arms now would fail and that it would also destroy the gains secured by the Treaty—in a word, that it would be national suicide. The Irish people hold, too, that you have attempted to bully them—they resent the revolver-twirling, the free quarters, the commandeering, the interference with their industry. . . . Do you not realise also that a continuance of this fight means moral and material ruin for Ireland, and that if prolonged in guerilla fashion, it will degenerate into a horrible faction fight—murder and counter-murder in every parish in Ireland?"

"You cannot beat the Irish people, and even if you succeeded in beating them, you would merely be a damnable tyranny, no matter how noble your aims were. Freedom must be broad—based on the people's will. Following on your victory over the people you should fight England, and with your meagre equipment you could not secure victory." Finally, the *Gael* urges the opponents of the Treaty to try the better way—an immediate truce, "march back your men to their homes; call in all the loose weapons, and form a Republican party that will, in a constitutional manner, place its policy before the Irish people.

Pointing out that Ireland to-day has a national consciousness she had not for generations, and discussing "the possibility of the actual establishment of the Republic to justify the (present) rebellion," the *Chicago Citizen* (famous as the organ of the wellknown Fenian leader the late Col. John Finney), writes: "We have neither seen nor heard any statement of facts from the rebels, the so-called Republicans, or from their official or unofficial representatives in this country, disclosing either a weakness in England or a great new strength in Ireland and her resources, that would justify a faith in the successful accomplishment of the purpose of the rebellion. The Irish Government," adds the "Citizen," "have handled the situation with rare ability and with great caution and care for the delicacy of the situation."



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The Evils of Paternalism

Invasion of Natural Rights

If the virus of paternalism is permitted to permeate our body politic and incorporate its insidious principles into the Government, it will mark the turning point in the life of our nation (writes John McGuinness, in *America*). The strength of the people lies in their capacity to develop sturdy citizens who, bound together by an unbreakable fibre of unity, will be self-reliant and self dependent, citizens whose relations with one another, public and private, will be actuated by high moral principles, citizens who will be guided by the great principles laid down in the Constitution, always respecting the natural rights of the family and the liberty of the individual.

Paternalism destroys the elements of sturdy citizenship by weakening the moral fibre of the people and killing the spirit of self-reliance, of self-dependency, and of self-sacrifice. Under paternalism initiative and ambition gradually cease and at the same time citizens are developed who turn to the State to fit them gratuitously for their duties in life, and to guide them in their activities. Paternalism finally develops into State Socialism and places upon the State the unnatural duties of parenthood, whereby it must provide for the natural existence of its members.

We have in this country to-day strongly organised groups furthering paternalism. Parading their child before Congress, disguised as a blessing, they have carefully, and with no mean success, concealed its identity, thereby winning the support of many unsuspecting persons, who, in principle, are opposed to it. Among these paternalistic groups there are some who would hasten the day of paternalism through campaigns of education, others through the ballot-box, and still others through physical force.

Examination of the antecedents of these groups fostering paternalism reveals that in nearly every case they are State worshippers who have always sought, as they do now, not only to formulate the duties of the individual, but to force him to surrender his natural rights to the State, bringing under its supreme jurisdiction marriage, maternity, infancy, and education. The most sacred intimacies of the individual's rights are not even omitted from the category of State regulations drafted by these "paternalities." Should their plans mature, we would be deprived of our natural rights, rights which belong entirely to the individual and the family, rights which antecede and are superior to those of the State, and which under no circumstances can ever be conceded to it.

A Slow Growth.

There may be some, however, who will think that if paternalism is as dangerous as said to be, it would mature over-night. If there are any who hold this view they are mistaken. The Empire of Rome took over a century to come into being, but while the way was being well prepared for it, the liberties of the Romans were gradually slipping away from them without their realising the change. This is precisely the case with Americans just now. They do not realise that a continually increasing Federal power showing itself in paternalistic legislation is gradually robbing them of their liberties.

One of the objects of the Constitution, seemingly forgotten, is to protect the citizen in his home from autocrats and bureaucrats at Washington, whoever they may be. Yet, we see well intentioned persons who would not knowingly pervert the Constitution, supporting these "paternalities" in all their efforts even to having the Federal Government enter the sanctity of the home to nationalise the mother and the child on the ground that the mother is not competent to care for her child without the aid of Federal instructors. Have these well-meaning people forgotten that for centuries the flower of American manhood and womanhood has been reared without governmental interference? Do they not know that many of our greatest citizens, like Lincoln, were born in the wilds, and that the mothers of these men had no governmental instructors to counsel them in bringing their children into the world, or in the best methods of training them? These mothers did not look to the Government for instruction in their motherly duties, or for free medical service; but they are the mothers who produced the builders of the nation. The real objective of the group supporting this movement is not to instruct and aid the mother in raising her family, but to

instruct her in the art of limiting it. Evidence of this was given by the character of some of the propagators of the maternity Bill just enacted by Congress.

A Fatal Indifference.

Paternalism is vicious and tyrannical, destructive of every principle of freedom. If the rank and file of American voters would only stop to reflect on the evil of paternalism, food for serious thought would be found. They would discover, among other things, that it places upon them an extremely heavy tax, that it creates a multitude of unnecessary office-holders who go forth to harass the people, and that it establishes in a very much more oppressive form what the signers of the Declaration of Independence set out to destroy.

But as Elihu Root has well said: "*The pity of it is that nobody seems to care.*" Why talk about the liberties of the people, or the Constitution which was designed to protect them against autocracy? Only old-fashioned people worry over these things, and the Constitution is an old document, quite out of date in these days in which the State is regarded as the supreme and sole political and social entity. We can only attribute the apathy of Americans to these dangerous movements which not only threaten the life of the nation, but also their own individual security and freedom, to the fact that they as a people do not reflect on the serious and important things of life. The continual reading of the political press has made thinking a lost art. Ambassador Bryce tells us that the Englishmen of previous generations, intelligent but illiterate, were better qualified to vote on important issues than their grandchildren of to-day who feed on the newspapers. This applies equally to our people and even to our legislators who show much political incompetency when treating the larger issues. Too often they simply vote on these issues without a thorough knowledge of their underlying principles, or what effect they will have upon the nation and people.

Decay of Popular Government.

Aristotle saw the danger of popular types of government sinking into degeneracy. The framers of the Constitution were great students of government, familiar with the views of the old Greek philosophers on this subject. With the strong and weak points of other governments before them, they consecrated themselves to the task of formulating a Constitution that would shape the destiny of this mighty Republic and preserve the liberties of the people. The fathers also knew that the Government which they built upon the people would last just as long as the people willingly assumed the responsibilities of citizenship, and remained appreciative of the exalted dignity and obligations laid upon them by the Constitution.

The evils of paternalism cannot be too plainly or forcibly stated. We need only turn to Rome to see its demoralising effects after she began the free distribution of corn, oil, and wine, which fostered idleness and all its accompanying vices. If we are to endure as a free country our citizens must, like the builders of the Republic, foster self-reliance and independence, never looking to the Government to perform duties for which it is unfitted, or duties for which it was not created.

If the paternalistic spirit which is rampant in this country to-day is not checked and checked soon, it will completely subvert the principles on which our Government is founded. We see strong indication of weakness in our people to-day. Let them continue to shirk their responsibilities and duties by transferring them to the Federal Government and soon the Government, being no stronger than the people upon whom it is built, will collapse and will fall into the hands of despots and tyrants whose slaves we shall then become.

We meet with contradictions everywhere. If only two persons are together they mutually afford each other opportunities of exercising patience, and even when one is alone there will be a necessity for this virtue, so true it is that our miserable life is full of crosses.—St. Vincent de Paul.

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Catholic World

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON'S CONVERSION.

Writing of Mr. Chesterton's reception into the Catholic Church, *Catholic News Service* (London) for August 19, says:—

Mr. Chesterton has never concealed, either in his writings or his public speeches, his respect and admiration for the Catholic religion, and after the conversion of his late brother Cecil, who was received into the Church by the Oratorian Father Sebastian Bowden in 1912, his own acceptance of the Catholic religion has been expected sooner or later.

Of Mr. Chesterton's distinction as an author there is no need to speak. His writings and his fame are known wherever the English language is either read or spoken. His outspoken advocacy of unpopular causes is one of the most striking features of his character, and one that is very pithily expressed in his weekly review the *New Witness*—a journal founded originally as the *Eye Witness*—in which Mr. Hilaire Belloc collaborated with the Chesterton brothers.



TURKISH OUTRAGES ON CHRISTIANS.

An appalling tale of outrage and murder, inflicted by the Turks, comes from Asia Minor, where no fewer than 800,000 Christians, both Greeks and Armenians, have been most brutally done to death.

Frightful as the total figures are, the barbarity of the persecutors of the Christians is more apparent when local statistics are examined. For example, along the shores of the Black Sea are the six Orthodox dioceses of Samsoun, Neocaesarea, Trebizond, Chaldea, Rodopolis, and Colonia, where there are also Catholic missions. In these six dioceses the Turks have destroyed 874 churches, 758 schools, and put to death the Christian populations numbering 303,507 souls. In the diocese of Samsoun alone 134,028 Christians have been massacred, and 303 churches and 316 schools utterly destroyed.



SUMMER SCHOOL AT OXFORD.

The annual Summer School at Oxford, organised by the Catholic Social Guild, has opened its sessions with all accommodation taken up. The students are distributed among Ruskin College, Queen's Gardens, and the Jesuit house of studies, Campion Hall.

Dr. John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University at Washington, one of the best known writers on social topics, has come over from the United States to give a special course of lectures before the school. In addition to the regular lectures, for which there has been secured some of the most distinguished Catholic scholars in the country, an interesting series of discussions is being held dealing with various aspects of Christian Democracy and the most pressing problems of the day.

This venture of the Catholic Social Guild has justified its promoters beyond all expectation. The Summer School is now an annual affair, and quite the most important contribution towards the cause of Christian influence in the affairs of daily life.

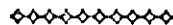


CATHOLIC WOMEN TO HAVE A COLLEGE.

The unbounded success which has attended the first year of the Catholic Workers' College, started at Oxford under the auspices of the Catholic Social Guild and the Jesuit Fathers, has led to the proposal for a similar institution for women in the university city. The proposal has caught on, and already a generous benefactor has come forward and provided a hostel for the women. A little money has been collected, and a scheme is in hand to raise this to a sufficient amount to provide scholarships for the first students. When this necessary amount is secured, the new college will open its doors to its first students. But possibly a start will not be made until next year, as in any case it is out of the question to get the new

college started in time for the new academic year, which opens shortly.

The women's college will be, of course, quite separate and distinct from that of the men, which has Father O'Hea, S.J., as its Principal. But so far as the course of studies goes, the women will follow practically the same curriculum as the men; and the end sought will be the same—to train women for leaders in the Trade Union movement, and to equip them for leadership along the lines of Catholic social principles.



LOURDES THROGGED WITH PILGRIMS.

Never before does Lourdes seem to be thronged with pilgrims as it is at the present time. Of course this unending coming and going of pilgrims from all parts may be the usual routine; but the crowds thronging the holy place seem denser than ever before.

Nor are the pilgrims all from France itself, though the French predominate. On one day recently there arrived two train loads of pilgrims in the diocesan pilgrimage of Saint-Die, and four trainloads from the diocese of Arras. On the same day there arrived the pilgrimage of the English Catholic Association, with the Archbishop of Cardiff at its head, and also a pilgrimage of English teachers and Children of Mary.

These hosts of pilgrims were augmented later on by a diocesan pilgrimage from Albi; and on yet another day by four trains from Nancy. After the departure of these great companies Lourdes was visited by a diocesan pilgrimage from Dijon, one from Nantes, and later on by a large number of pilgrims in the national pilgrimage from Portugal.

And so it goes on. Vast train loads arrive and depart, only to be succeeded by further great concourses, which make Lourdes a scene of animation and religious fervor unlike anything else in Christendom.



PAPAL LETTER ON SOCIAL DISORDERS.

The Apostolic Letter of Pius XI. to the archbishops and bishops of Italy, on behalf of domestic peace, has created the most favorable impression. It is the first time that the new Pope, or for that matter the first time that any Pope since Pius IX., has intervened in Italian political affairs, and both the wisdom as well as the courage of his Holiness have even at this early date been of great effect. Addressing himself to the Italian episcopate, the Holy Father says:—

"Venerable Brethren,—The disorders which during the past weeks have darkened Italy have caused in the hearts of all who love their country profound sorrow and anxiety for the future. Whereas the sad condition of Italy calls in the highest degree for the unanimous co-operation of all classes of citizens to repair the ruin caused by war, party passions have brought about conflicts and bloodshed.

"The sublime mission of peace confided to Us by the Divine Redeemer and love for Our country do not permit Us to remain silent in the presence of this painful spectacle. Natural horror for bloodshed seems to have become extinct. Factions multiply, and all classes are torn by violent conflicts. Immense damages are caused, our good name abroad is affected, and at home social and economic disorders disturb the life of the nation and will bring about material and intellectual decay as the consequence of the fratricidal strife.

"Against this We must appeal to the elemental principles of Christianity and return to the genuine spirit of Divine charity. The remedy is to return to God, to obedience to the law and St. Peter. St. Peter admonishes Christians to be subject to authority, to avoid evil, and to follow good. It will be your duty to work for reconciliation of men and for the pacification of minds, and to this end We impart Our Apostolic Benediction."

The belief gains ground that the Pope will shortly publish an Encyclical, in which there will be some mention of the attitude of Catholics towards political questions. These rumors have been in the air for some time, but they lack official confirmation.

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Rhubarb Marmalade.

Cut the rhubarb into pieces about 2in long, and to every pound allow 1lb sugar, the peel of a lemon, and 1 teaspoonful ground ginger, and 1oz bitter almonds. Put the fruit and sugar into a pan with the thinly-peeled lemon rind and blanched and split almonds. Boil for 1½ hours, then turn into clean, dry pots, and tie tightly down.

Green Gooseberry Jelly.

Put any quantity of green gooseberries into an enamelled saucepan, and cover them with cold water, but not sufficient to float them. Simmer them until reduced to a pulp, and then strain through a jelly bag. To every pint of the liquid add 1lb of loaf sugar, and boil as you would a jelly. You may add 5 drops of essence of lemon, or of almonds, to each pint of jelly.

Lemon Curd.

4 eggs, 3 lemons, 1lb of castor sugar, 1lb of butter. Place the sugar, butter, and juice of the lemons into a double or lined saucepan, and cook gently until all sugar has dissolved, stirring to prevent it burning if it is not in a double saucepan. Then gradually add the eggs (well beaten), and stir until the mixture is the consistency of honey. Place in jars, and when cold, tie down.

Christmas Pudding.

1½lb breadcrumbs, 2lb stoned raisins, 1lb sultanas, 6oz brown sugar, 3oz blanched and chopped almonds, 1 teaspoonful salt, milk as required, 1lb flour, 1lb currants, 4oz mixed peel, 1lb shredded suet, 1 nutmeg (grated), 1 teaspoonful spice, 3 eggs. Clean the fruit well and mix it with the flour, crumbs, sugar, suet, and shredded peel. Stir in the almonds, salt, and spices. Beat the eggs and mix into the dry ingredients.

Almond Macaroons.

Take 1lb of sweet ground almonds, and pound finely in a mortar with the whites of three eggs (more if re-

quired); then take a pound and a half of castor sugar, and mix with the above to a fine thickness, so as to come off the spoon well. Next grease some sheets of writing-paper and place on a flat dish (a plate will do), and with a table-spoon drop the mixture a little distance apart, so as not to touch. Put them in a rather brisk oven, but mind they do not burn; bake to a nice brown color, and crisp; then let them stand till cold before being taken off. If burnt at the bottom they will not come off the paper.

Turkish Delight.

Soak 1oz of leaf gelatine in one-third of a pint of cold water (¾ of a large tea or breakfast cup) for 2 or 3 hours; then mix in an enamelled saucepan 2lb of loaf or fine white sugar with 1 cup of boiling water. Add to this the gelatine already soaked, and boil it together after it comes to the boil for 20 minutes, stirring the mixture all the time. Mix together 1 large teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring and the same quantity of essence of lemon; add this very gradually to the mixture. (This quantity will fill 2 soup-plates.) Dip a soup-plate into cold water, and while it is wet pour in half the mixture. Color the remainder with cochineal. Dip the second soup-plate in cold water, and while it is wet pour in the colored mixture. Let it remain for 24 hours to set; then cut into strips about an inch wide, and again into squares. Then roll the pieces in icing sugar or cornflour, and leave them on a dish to harden.

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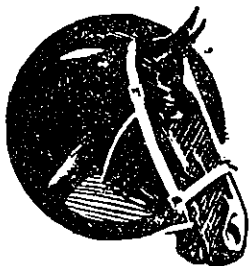
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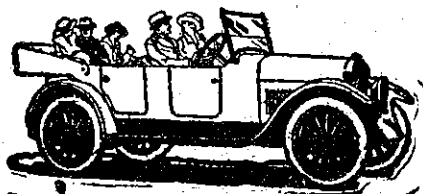
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ON THE LAND

MARKET REPORTS.

At Burnside last week 185 head of fat cattle were yarded, a fair proportion being cows, for which prices were very little better than on the previous week's, while good-quality bullocks advanced from 15s to 20s per head. Prime heifers made £13 10s to £15 5s, prime £10 7s 6d to £12 5s, others from £8, prime cows and heifers £7 15s to £9, others from £4. Fat Sheep.—2196 head were yarded. Prices opened on a par with the preceding week's rates, but towards the end of the sale there was a decline of 1s 6d to 2s per head. Prime heavy wethers made from 34s 9d to 36s, extra to 40s, prime 29s to 32s 6d, good 24s 6d to 27s, light from 19s, prime heavy ewes 31s 6d to 32s 9d, prime 25s 6d to 27s 6d. Spring Lambs.—As a result of the keen competition for the few offered, best lambs realised from 51s to 59s and others from 30s to 35s. These prices are equal to 1s 6d per lb. Pigs.—A large yarding, all classes being represented. Prices at the opening sales were on a par with the previous week's rates, but the market weakened towards the end of the sale. Baconers were sold at a reduction of about 7s 6d and porkers at about 5s per head. Best baconers realised from 5½d to 6d per lb, and best porkers from 7½d to 8½d per lb.

Last week's Addington market was exceptionally good for fat and store sheep, a shade easier for fat cattle, but much improved for store cattle, for which there was generally a spirited sale as a result of the recent rains to some extent. Spring Lambs.—234 penned, compared with 102 the preceding week. The fancy prices previously ruling were not maintained, although prime lambs sold at up to 1s per lb. Values averaged 21s 6d to 31s 9d, the bulk from 24s to 27s. Fat Sheep.—The yarding was slightly smaller than on the previous week, but the quality was particularly good. There was another jump in values of 3s to 3s 6d per head, making a 10s rise over the past month. The keenness was maintained until the finish of the sale. Extra prime wethers 37s to 41s, a few special to 46s 6d, prime wethers 32s 6d to 36s 6d, medium 29s to 32s, light 24s to 28s 6d, extra prime ewes to 35s 9d, prime 28s to 31s, ordinary 25s to 27s, prime hoggets 24s to 26s 9d, ordinary 20s to 23s 6d. Fat Cattle.—306 yarded, including 82 from the North Island. The market was scarcely so buoyant, particularly for big beef. Good beef averaged 32s to 34s per 100lb, extra prime steers to £16 17s 6d, prime £13 to £14 15s, medium £11 to £12 17s 6d, light £7 to £10 15s, prime heifers £9 to £11 2s 6d, medium £6 17s 6d to £8 10s, light £5 7s 6d to £6 15s, extra prime cows to £13, prime £8 to £10 15s. The vealers' market opened at about late rates, but the price eased towards the end by about 5s per head. Runners to £4 12s, vealers £3 5s to £4, small calves from 7s upwards. Fat Pigs.—A good demand for choppers and porkers, but baconers met a poor sale. Choppers £3 10s to £5 10s, light porkers £2 5s to £2 10s, heavy £2 12s 6d to £3 (average price per lb 7½d to 8½d), light baconers £3 3s to £3 10s, heavy £3 15s to £4 (average price per lb 5½d to 6d).

At the fortnightly sale of rabbitskins, etc., held last week, fairly large catalogues were offered to the usual attendance of buyers. Competition for all good quality skins was keen, especially for well-furred, clear-pelted winter bucks, for which there was a great demand. On other grades of skins the sale was somewhat erratic. Quotations: Prime winter does 85d to 92d, first winter does 66d to 74d, second winter does 56d to 64d, outgoing winter does 45d to 54d, prime winter bucks 78d to 82½d, first winter bucks 62d to 76d, second winter bucks 52d to 58d, outgoing winter bucks 36d to 45d, spring does 24d to 28½d, spring bucks 25d to 31d, incoming winter 58d to 62d, late autumn 46d to 54d, autumn 38d to 44d, early autumn 30d to 35d, prime racks 24d to 27½d, light racks 16d to 20d, summer 15d to 17d, mixed broken 9d to 13d, second broken 18d to 20½d, first broken 24d to 32½d, milky 18d to 24½d, prime winter black 64d to 71½d, first winter black 50d to 58d, second winter black 32d to 46d, outgoing winter black 20d to 26d, winter fawn to 70½d, winter hareskins to 40½d, horsehair to 26d.

CAUSES OF TAINTED MILK.

Disagreeable flavors, and odors in milk are usually called taints, and it is well known that some of these are caused by wrong foods, or by foods in a decayed or fermented condition. Further, foods may taint milk in two ways; by the consumption of food by the cow shortly before milking; and by allowing the milk to come in contact with or to stand near foods with offensive odors.

The foods which may flavor milk in one or other of the above ways are turnips, swedes, silage, and other foods, which are in themselves quite wholesome, the risk of taints appearing in the milk, and consequently in the cream and butter, may to a great extent be obviated by giving the foods immediately after milking. An old-fashioned but effective remedy is the addition to the warm milk of a pinch of salt-petre, followed by a thorough but gentle stirring of the milk.

Green clover also gives a more or less distinct flavor to milk. Some cakes and oil meals especially may also deteriorate in flavor when stored during hot weather, and such foods, if fed to cows, may impart characteristic taints. The risk of milk absorbing taints from foods after milking can, of course, be entirely removed by avoiding the storage of strong-smelling foods in the cowshed and by the carrying of the milk to a clean milk stand or dairy immediately after milking.

GARDENING NOTES

(By Mr. J. Joyce, Landscape Gardener, Christchurch.)

WORK FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

The Vegetable Garden.—Ample scope is usually provided this month for gardening operations, as it will be necessary now to sow vegetable seeds of every description, and to use every opportunity to check the growth of weeds. Sow peas, broad beans, radish, and lettuce for succession, also a little cabbage, cauliflower, and brocoli seeds. Sow tomato seed in a box, likewise celery, and place them in a frame or greenhouse; the soil should be watered a day or two before sowing, and a sheet of glass placed over each box. In this connection it is advisable to sprinkle dry soil over the seeds when sown, and gently pat down the surface. The seeds thus sown need not be again watered for some time. It frequently happens that in watering small seeds sown in dry soil in boxes they are washed to one side, hence it is necessary to have the boxes placed level, so that the water will be evenly distributed. Leek seed should be sown thinly in a well-manured trench about 12 inches deep; this saves the labor of transplanting into trenches, which is the usual practice. Sow a bed of turnips and beet in well prepared soil. Potatoes may now be planted in small lots at brief intervals.

The Flower Garden.—The sowing of flower seeds in the beds and borders will now claim attention. These require to be sown thinly, and transplanted should they come up in thick clusters. Bedding plants propagated in boxes require to be placed outside to harden, and planted out towards the end of the month. Give a good watering after planting out. Keep the weeds in check: they make great headway at this period of the year. Mow and roll the lawn at least once a week. Should there be any bare patches, sprinkle some seed upon them, rake in, and cover with a light dressing of soil.

The Vinery.—Rub off shoots from the vines, leaving only the strongest, and one to bear the bunch. Water the floor every morning to cause a damp atmosphere: a tub of water kept for the purpose within the vinery will be found convenient. An occasional spraying of the interior is desirable.

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RICHEST OF GIFTS.

(From a longer poem by the late John Boyle O'Reilly.)
Richest of gifts to a nation! Death with the living crown!
Type of ideal manhood to the people's heart brought down!
Sweet is the love of a woman and sweet is the kiss of a child!

Sweet is the tender strength, and the bravery of the mild;
But sweeter than all, for embracing all, is the young life's peerless price,

The young heart laid on the altar, as a nation's sacrifice.
How can the debt be cancelled? Prayers and tears we may give,

But recall the anguish of hearts that have ceased to live?
Flushed with the pride of genius, filled with the strength of life,

Thrilled with delicious passion for her who would be his wife.

This was the heart he offered, the upward life he gave,
This is the silent sermon of the patriot's nameless grave;
Shrine of a nation's honor, stone left blank for a name,
Light on the dark horizon to guide us clear from shame.
Chord struck deep with the keynote, telling us what can save,

"A nation among nations," or forever a nameless grave.
Such is the will of the martyr, the burden we still must bear;

But even from death he reaches the legacy to share;
He teaches the secret of manhood, the watchword of those who aspire,

That men must follow freedom though it lead through blood and fire;

That sacrifice is the bitter draught which freedom still must quaff,

That every patriotic life is the patriot's epitaph.

CARRYING YOUR POINT.

Carrying your point is not the most important thing in the world. Pride and self-will may urge you to conquer, if you can, but it often happens that yielding is the higher, truer victory. To get the best of an argument by a sarcastic turn which wounds a friend, to get your own way at the cost of discouraging and disheartening someone else, to win by taking an advantage which is doubtful, if not evidently unfair, is to pay too high a price for victory. Other things are better worth while than merely carrying your point.

THE POWER OF GOOD EXAMPLE.

The following letter from a "Grateful Convert" to the editor of the Brooklyn Tablet tells its own story:—

"Your readers may be interested in the story of my conversion to the Catholic faith, though there is nothing unique or sensational about it. Three years ago I was, not only not a Catholic, but a bitter anti-Catholic. I had been brought up in a section of the country where Catholics were few in number. Bigotry and prejudice were the breath of my nostrils. Nothing was too bad for me to believe of the Church; for I was living in an atmosphere of hatred towards all things Catholic. As I look back now, I wonder why it never occurred to me to question the truth of the stories I heard about priests, nuns, etc. But, as a matter of fact, such a thought never came to me.

My mind was simply closed tight to logic and fairness where the Catholic Church was concerned.

"Circumstances forced me to change my position, and I found myself in a large office in which a number of Catholic young ladies were employed. Their dress, conversation, and general deportment were so dignified and modest that I could not but be impressed. They freely discussed their religion, speaking of going to Mass on holy days, to confession, of fasting and abstaining, etc. By accident I noticed many of them going into St. Peter's Church in Barclay Street, spending the greater part of their lunch hour in prayer. Suddenly, by the grace of God I now think, I became interested in knowing more of their faith. I received instructions and a little later was baptised and received into the true fold.—KATHARINE M."

"REWARD A HUNDRED FOLD."

That the only path to peace is in the Gospel of Christ, receives daily confirmation in the lives of multitudes. But ever so often this confirmation is uttered in such circumstances as make it a sharp challenge to the world, as it irresistibly calls attention to the wisdom of those who walk according to the law of Christ.

Recently Brother Dutton, the successor of Father Damien in the care of lepers on the Island of Molokai, gave such confirmation on the occasion of his 79th birthday. For 35 years Brother Dutton had lived the life of a man of the world, very much of the character of a Beau Brummel—dashing, gay, and loving the pleasure of life. Suddenly in his 35th year it dawned on him that he was wasting his life, and he determined to give himself up to the service of God. His first impulse was to enter the Trappist monastery at Gethsemane, Kentucky, but while in the monastery of the Redemptorist Fathers in New Orleans he chanced upon a magazine describing the life of Father Damien, and his work among the lepers in the isolated Kalawao colony on Molokai Island. Inspired by the work of the great priest who had dedicated his life to the service of these helpless outcasts, Brother Dutton determined to go to Molokai if Father Damien would receive him. That saintly man had him come, and early in the summer of 1886 Brother Dutton sailed from San Francisco, and on July 29 reached Kalawao. From that day to this Brother Dutton has never left the settlement, and for 36 years he has ministered with the spirit of Christ to the leper boys and young men, as they awaited the blessed release of death. Brother Dutton is now 79 years of age, and on the occasion of his last birthday he sent from the lonely solitude of his rock-bound leper home greetings to the "world outside," in which he gave this striking testimony: "I expect to die on Molokai. It is my home, and I am happy here—happy because I can live for others, and especially for those who need care and comfort and friendship, as they wait for death in this lonely spot. I have had a full life, but I did not begin to live until I came to Kalawao." God bless Brother Dutton and his glorious work, and may the world profit by the lesson of his life!—*The Missionary*.

BE STRONG.

Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!

Say not, "the days are evil. Who's to blame?"
And fold the hands and acquiesce—Oh, shame!
Stand up, and speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not—fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

—MALTBIE DAVENPORT BARCOCK.

EVERYTHING IN TIME.

A candidate in a country district was getting a firm hold on his electors, and was painting volubly the happy life they would lead if they sent him to Parliament.

"You have not yet got two acres of land each, and a cow, but that will come," he cried.

"You have not got free homes for old people, but that will come."

He passed on to prison reform.

"I have had no experience of such institutions," he remarked, "but—"

A voice: "But that will come, guv'nor!"

CAN YOU "BEET" IT?

Harry, while on a visit to the country, became deeply interested in watching an old gardener. After a while the following dialogue took place:—

Gardener: "Some fine vegetables here!"

Harry: "Rather!"

Gardener: "I once grew a cabbage which, when cut in two and the heart removed, made a grand cradle for kiddies!"

Harry: "It must have been a fine one! But we have

some big vegetables in London. I remember seeing three men sleeping on one beat!"

Gardener: "Three men?"

Harry: "Yes, policemen!"

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THEN HE WOKE UP.

"Smithkins," said that young man's employer, "you may take a month off."

"Oh, sir," replied the clerk, "it is so good of you to suggest it! I have felt the need of a holiday for some time, but have hesitated to ask for it, knowing how busy we are. But it will do me good, and I thank you for your consideration."

"Smithkins," said the employer, "are you crazy?"

"Why, no, sir. Didn't you say I might take a month off?"

"Certainly that is what I said. This is the first of the month, while last month's calendar remains over your desk. Take last month off, and keep it up-to-date. That's what I meant."

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TOO RISKY.

The stranded motorist looked up and down the road. His car had played him false, but a simple spanner would put things right, and, like a fool he had left all his tools in the garage.

But at last along came the hoped-for friend in need.

"Hi! Will you stop a moment and lend me your spanner?" cried the stranded one.

The occupant of the approaching car slowed down and called out:—

"What?"

"Will you stop a moment and lend me your spanner?" repeated the stranded man.

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" replied the other, speeding up again. "That's how I got mine!"

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SMILE RAISERS.

Jackson: "I never know what to do when I call on a sick friend." Johnson: "Well, it's always as well to remember not to look surprised because he is still alive."

Doctor: "Did you take the pills I sent you on Monday, George?"

George: "Aye, I did; but they little boxes be that 'ard to swallow, sir. Couldn't 'ec do 'em up in somethin' different?"

"Papa, will you buy me a drum?" asked a little lad of his father.

"But, my boy, I'm afraid you'll disturb me with it."

"Oh, no, I won't," said the little fellow; "I'll only play it when you're asleep."

Manager: "We must put a great deal of realism into this forest scene. Can you get someone to growl so as to resemble a bear?"

Assistant: "I think so. There are six or seven chorus men who have not received their wages for three weeks. I'll call them."

The politician burst into the lawyer's office, and in an excited manner asked: "What would you do if a paper should call you a thief and a liar?"

"Well," said the lawyer scrutinisingly, "if I were you I'd toss up a penny to see whether I'd reform or pay no attention to the statement."

A political rally was being held in a large hall. The speaker was a man who had a rather weak voice and similar political policies.

A man in the gallery cupped his hands behind his ears in a vain effort to hear; then shouted: "Oi cawn't 'ear! Oi cawn't 'ear!"

Another man, sitting in front of the platform, rose to his feet and shouted back: "Ya cawn't 'ear? Well, thank 'Eaven, and sit down!"

PILES

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT"

Nature's Sunshade.

The first thing with which your friends greet you when you return from the seaside is a remark about the healthy tan of your complexion.

The dark color that appears on your face after a little while by the sea is simply Nature's sunshade. The skin is very delicate, as you may find to your cost if you lie about on the sands on a hot day after bathing. Those who have spent most of their time indoors during the year go away for their holidays with skins that are unprotected because they are nearly white. If the skin remained this color it would be scorched by the rays of the sun.

The brown shade that appears as soon as the skin is exposed to the strong light acts as a kind of filter, straining out the harmful rays which, if unchecked, would work havoc.

Sometimes the brown appears mainly in little patches; these are the freckles which the seaside girl dreads to see appearing on her nose. She does not realise that Nature is merely doing her best to prevent that nose from being scorched and blistered by the sun.

Hotels on Wheels.

The largest and most powerful railway engine ever used in the British Isles has just been introduced by the Great Northern Railway Company.

The new locomotive was built to the design of Mr. Gresley, the company's engineer. It has a total heating surface of 3,455 square feet, or nearly 1,000 square feet more than that of the company's next biggest engine.

The engine and tender together weigh one hundred and fifty tons; the combined vehicles can carry eight tons of coal, five thousand gallons of water, and can haul a load of six hundred tons at fifty-five miles an hour.

This mammoth locomotive will be used to draw the "Flying Scotsman," the express that has left London for Scotland at ten o'clock every morning for more than sixty years.

The same company have also built for their Scottish service some new sleeping-cars which are the last word in travelling luxury. They have a patent device for preventing rocking. In addition, there are specially constructed beds, hot and cold water, semi-indirect lights which can be dimmed for use as night-lights, and switches controlling the lights, fans, heating ventilator, and bell, which can all be operated by the passenger from his bed.

Invading Hosts of Insects.

Though the locusts found near London recently caused some alarm (says *Tit-Bits*), they are by no means the first seen in this country, and French scientists, who predicted not long ago that one of the plagues of Egypt would be added to our other post-war troubles, are not likely to be able to say, "We told you so."

In semi-tropical countries, and even in parts of the Continent, the appearance of a couple of locusts may be of much graver import, since they may prove to be the advance guard of an army of countless millions.

A pair of the pests were found at Port St. Louis, near Marseilles, in 1817. Three years later the whole district was invaded by the voracious insects, and the inhabitants of more than twenty communes abandoned their farms, which had been stripped bare. Trees, vegetables, grass—all had gone. Usually, however, locusts come like thieves in the night, and it would be thus that they would descend upon us if they paid us a visit at all.

A long, dark cloud is seen low on the horizon. Nearer and nearer it comes, and louder and louder grows an ominous sound—a sound which the Wise Man of the Bible compared to that of "chariots of many horses running into battle." Soon the cloud is overhead, and a moment later the air is alive with buzzing, whirring insects, which dash into people's faces, fill their houses, perish by myriads in water troughs, and settle on everything.

Birds by the thousand dart among them, for they have been followed from afar by flocks of bee-eaters and locust-eaters, which in turn have been pursued by hawks, kites, and falcons. But their natural enemies do not appear to diminish their numbers.

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Gents' Red Dral Merino Singlets—7/6.
Gents' Natural Merino Singlets—6/6.
Gents' Cotton and Wool Singlets—7/6.
Gents' Balbriggan Singlets—6/6.
Gents' Fine White Cotton Singlets—3/6.
Gents' All Wool Singlets (Unshrinkable)—10/6 and 13/6.
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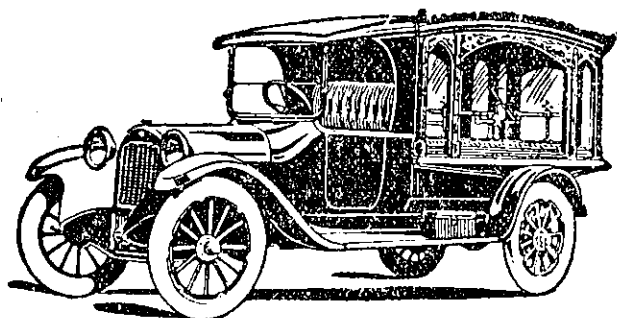
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(Lead, Kindly Light)

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

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

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